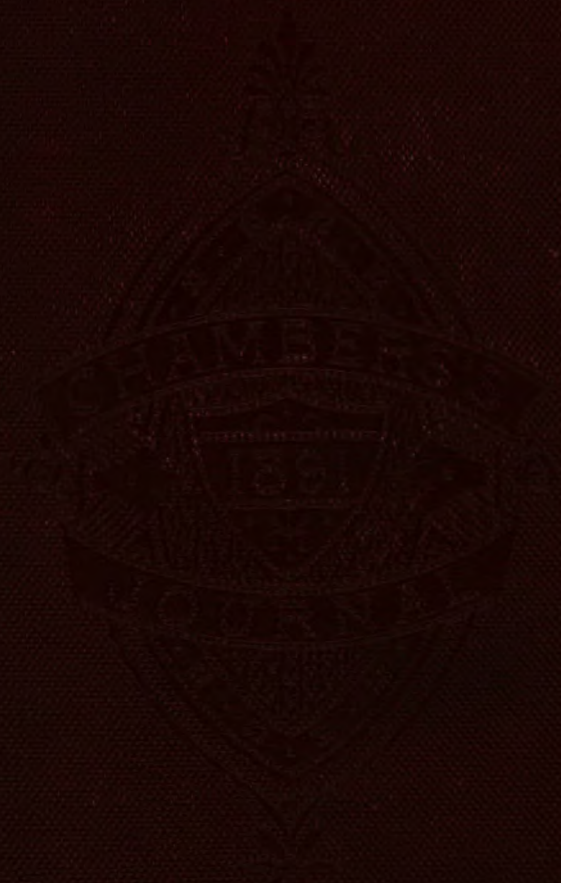
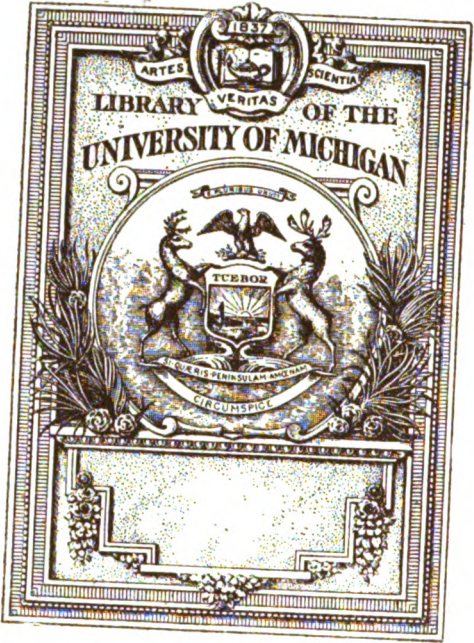


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Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

Being a chronicle of the adventures and misadventures of Edmund Layton of Darehope in Liddisduill, in the troubled years of 1745 and 1746; of his ride from the Border to the Lothian; certain strange events there; his quest farther North to the Moray Seaboard and Speyside, with its result; all of which were occasioned by his meddling in other folks' affairs.

Written by himself, and now Edited by

JOHN FOSTER,

Author of On Old Speyside, The Bernardine, The Ship of Shadows, &c.

PROLOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

*My mistress still the open road
And the bright eyes of danger.*

I KNOW the voice of my river of rivers: her fresh young treble, clear and careless, rippling over pebbled shallows in far solitudes; deep and sonorous when a hundred hill burns, children of her wild and secret places, leap down, red with mountain rain, to brim her banks and speed her singing to the sea. From the mist-crowned silences in the bosom of the moors around her source, to the great sickle of shining sand reverberant with ocean voices, where her ancient music greets the Moray Firth, story or song is linked with every silver mile of Spey, mother river of my fair province, stream of romance and old years.

Far off the beaten track, the tale I am now to tell was wrought to its end in the wilds amidst the dun distances where the river's cradle lies hidden. There, inconsiderable as a hill burn, her voice a whisper attuned to the stillness around, Spey, timorously venturing to the world from her nest among the lochans, sees the great shoulders of Creag Meaghaidh and Carn Leac heaved against the sky north and south of her moorland cradle; a lonely spot, silent but for wandering winds and the stealthy calls of the whaups.

To-day, in a cleft of the hillside a few birches (ragged remnant of a proud battalion that once lined the slopes) bend, listening to the thin tinkle of a hill stream. There, on an autumn morning in a bloody year of history, two chivalrous men met: one the gallant bearer of a great and sad name, the other a young unknown soldier. The wind may well have held its breath for a moment in that secret hollow of the hills, when Pity and Tragedy beheld two pale young faces in a gray September dawn of a long ago; watched

a swift bitter issue, the challenge and collision between cold duty and warm heart.

Chance, on a well-remembered summer evening, led to the story of a young English gentleman, Edmund Layton by name, being put into my hands. I call it a well-remembered evening, for apart from the finding of the story I have another and a tender reason for holding it in remembrance.

I was on leave and at home, home being the old house among the hills that neighbour a delectable valley of Speyside. I was in those good times a youth given to long days on the hill and the river, with a modest reputation for the Spey cast, and a judge (at least so I thought myself) of salmon and trout flies. So it came about that I received a goodly number of invitations, among them one from the Colonel, an old and dear family friend, who gave me hearty welcome to his house, his moor, and his lochs. Needless to say, I went, and there met his niece Dorothy, who instantly drove all serious thoughts of fishing or anything else, except her own hazel eyes, out of my head.

'All the world loves a lover,' 'tis said; but the majority of people refuse to be bored by the egotism of lovers' maunderings, so I shall pass over the first month or two—the hopes, the despairs; the radiant days on the loch or on the hill beside her; the empty, blank weeks when she was away—and sum up by saying that I was on the sunnier side of thirty, and that I was like other men in the same distemper, only more so.

I had not visited the enchanted spot for at least a whole fortnight—a fortnight that seemed to me to be a year. Truth to tell, I had run out of excuses, for I had trespassed on the

Colonel's good nature in the matter of fishing the lochs, and could not summon up courage or guile enough to make an excuse to present myself at the house.

Sitting in my sanctum one still summer afternoon, I was writing, or rather trying to write, certain overdue official documents. Soft, peat-scented winds stole through the window. I could hear the river's steady voice, and birds calling. My thoughts wandered. The pages in front of me remained untouched, their pristine whiteness an irritation and a reproach. A little fit of depression (my friends call it laziness) seized me. I went to the window and looked out at the garden and the big open spaces; back again to the room and its litter of papers; from the great sailing clouds and the towering mountains to the futile mole-heaps of man. 'Vanity of vanities,' I thought, as I looked around at the rows of books.

However, moods or no moods, there was the unsullied paper waiting my pen. It drew my unwilling eyes to it like a magnet. Conscience, thousand-fingered, pointed to it. I sat down at my desk with a sigh, but my thoughts were elsewhere. My leaden pen stumbled and halted. Half-an-hour's staring at the paper produced nothing but the consciousness of the approach of a headache.

I lit a pipe and went into the garden, where I mooned about, vainly trying to shepherd my vagrant thoughts back to work. The postman approached, whistling like Cymon as he went from want of thought. I watched Donald, almost envying him his placid routine, his obvious content with his duty. He stopped at the gates and then went on his daily round, and I walked down and opened the letter-box. There was only one letter, but it wrought magic in my blood. It was an invitation from the Colonel to fish the loch, and dine and sleep under his hospitable roof. My gloom vanished like mist before the sun. I went swiftly into the house, shut up my desk, and, singing, ran upstairs, three steps at a time, to pack.

Next morning I heard the early larks, for I had a short railway journey and a drive of twelve miles after it before I could reach my destination. The Colonel had sent his car to the station for me. The run through the soft morning air was a delight; hill burns sparkling in the sun; all around me the miracle of the gorse and purple waves of heather; overhead the sky, a great arch of blue. The world was good.

The Colonel met me at a cross-road, for he was in a hurry to be off to the loch.

Dorothy was from home, but would be back that evening in time for dinner. The old gentleman gave me this crumb of comfort as we started for the loch.

'I'm afraid she finds it rather lonely sometimes, here with me. I'm her uncle, of course, but I'm a dull old crock,' said he. 'She's not

been herself lately. Do you know, sometimes I think—well—I don't know.' He concluded inconsequently. 'She has neither father nor mother.'

'“And the maid was fair and beautiful,”' I quoted absently, and, to my annoyance, my host heard me.

'Eh? What's that? I seem to know the line. Tennyson, eh?'

'No, Colonel. The Book of Esther. I thought you began the quotation, or I should not have—er—er'—

'Well, well, I suppose she has a share of good looks,' he said, with a great air of conceding something. I diverted the conversation to trout-flies; and, once firmly in the saddle on his hobby, the old gentleman rode it until we reached the loch and began to fish. I got a two-pounder early in the day, but towards the luncheon-hour the weather changed. There was a rumble of thunder, and down came the rain. We made for the shelter of the boathouse, and, after finishing the sandwiches, lit cigars and chatted, watching the wild burst of the storm whipping the loch. The talk drifted down from high politics and books to local affairs, and incidentally to the discussion of a man whom both of us until lately had been proud to call a friend, but who had failed at a supreme critical moment of his career, and, in the dreadful phrase, had 'gone under.'

'The pity of it!' said the Colonel. 'The pity of it! It means that he is "broken," and "broken" to me is one of the saddest words in the language; worse than ruin, worse even than ill-health. It spells hopelessness—the verdict that says, "Look around at the world of men and women. Henceforth, you shall not be allowed to be one of them. You have a known flaw. You can be no part of the machine. You are cast out—broken." It must work hardly sometimes; but on the whole for justice, at least in the few cases where a verdict is an easy matter. But there are countless cases where it isn't such plain sailing, where it is a tremendous matter to sit in judgment, cases where questions of motives and ethics, temptation, generous, ill-guided impulses often enter; cases where to know all might be to forgive all.'

'Or that, knowing all, one ought to ask one's self, "Had I been in this man's place would I have acted otherwise?"'

'In short, "Do unto others;" but this tired old world is as far from that summit as ever. See! the worst of the rain is over, and while we are yarning away over abstractions the trout may be on the move.'

We went back to the loch, but to no purpose. Neither of us got so much as a rise. After a couple of hours I was glad enough to acquiesce in my host's suggestion to reel up.

We walked homeward by another path. The sun had come out again, pearly the wet trees

and grasses, picking out below us Spey, not yet come to her own, a thin steel chain amidst the heather. We were heading for a ford that the Colonel knew, where we could cross on stepping-stones when the stream was normal, and thus make a considerable short cut. Coming to a little wood of birches screening the thread of a streamlet at the foot of a heathery slope, I saw, in an open space beside the water, a large boulder. Its natural symmetry struck me, and I said so to the Colonel.

'That is the Chevalier's Stone, and, curiously enough, it has a story, the end of which is linked with the problem we touched on this afternoon, the weighing of circumstances, the conflict between desire and obligation, the desperate business of judging one's neighbour;' he said. 'Charles Edward slept in the heather near the Stone one night here, on his way to the coast. Come down and let us look at it.'

It was roughly pyramidal, moss and lichen grown, with no inscription to catch the eye except the arresting date, 1746.

'The curious thing is,' he went on, 'that, beyond the vaguest traditions, I could get no acceptable evidence till quite recently of the Prince having been here. I thought that, when he was in the heather on his flight to the coast, to have come here would have taken him some distance out of his course, and therefore I doubted it. But I have found written and indisputable evidence, hidden in the back of a recently discovered family portrait. Coupling it with the local traditions and the date on the Stone, it makes it as clear as daylight that he was here. Further, it contains the story I have just referred to.'

'Tell me it here, Colonel,' I asked. 'We could not have a fitter setting for romance.'

'Romance it is, and written in the chief actor's own hand. I shall give it to you to read to-night. It will keep till then; and, indeed, the writer of it tells his own story far better than any one else can.'

We lingered by the Chevalier's Stone longer than I wished, for I knew that Dorothy probably would have returned to the house. I am afraid that I taxed the old gentleman's walking powers a little on our way home. Twice, at least, he remarked, 'There's no hurry,' and I fancied that I caught a twinkle in his eye. At last the house came in sight, and with it a vision in white muslin, the central figure in the landscape. The vision came to meet us, and laid a cool little palm in mine, and the touch of her, the sight of her hazel eyes, her smile, sent my blood racing for a quick second or two.

'Bad luck on the loch to-day, Dorothy,' said the Colonel. 'We might as well have been at home.'

'Except that I saw the Chevalier's Stone, and am promised its story,' I said. 'I hear it spells romance.'

Whereupon Miss Dorothy threw doubts upon there being romance in my blood.

'I should never have guessed it,' quoth she airily. 'But I shall know when I hear your verdict on the story.—Uncle, let us exhibit the newly found pictures. The audience ought to see them before he reads the story.'

But her uncle suggested that, as the afternoon had waned, the pictures and the story could keep until the best time of day for story-telling—after dinner.

I rashly agreed, on the off-chance of an immediate *tête-à-tête* with Dorothy. It did not come about, for the Colonel buttonholed me, entangling me in a dissertation on dry-fly fishing, and when I escaped it was time to change for dinner.

PROLOGUE—continued.

CHAPTER II.

OLD silver and roses; lamps with just the right shade of red; a twinkling fire; the table a snowy centrepiece; the rich dark lustre of the old panelling; and Dorothy, radiant, deliciously cool in shimmering white, beside me, made a charming picture. We were a cheerful trio. Given these conditions, to me cold mutton and rice-pudding would have been ambrosial; but the dinner was equal to its setting. My two-pounder from the loch appeared in the gallant guise of *truite froide au court-bouillon*, with *sauce verte*, and the Colonel's hock was Steinberg 1883.

Dinner over, the room was robbed of its radiance, for Dorothy, with an injunction to us not to linger too long, left us to tobacco. We were to join her in the hall, where the newly found pictures were.

The Colonel positively dawdled over his cigar, and when at length he led the way to the hall, Dorothy was not there.

There was no rubbish in the little collection of pictures made up of some family portraits, half-a-dozen moderns, a Cavalier Van Dyck, one Sir Joshua, a Jameson, and others; most of the men in uniform, ruddy, purposeful-looking men; the ladies from ruffs and coiffures to Victorian hoops; some fine copies in oil; and a few *genre* landscapes, mostly of the Highlands.

The Colonel stopped at a recess in the hall.

'The two pictures are in here,' said he. 'They have only arrived from the cleaner last week, and we haven't found time to hang them as yet. Come and help me to fetch them out.'

They were placed in a good light in the hall. One was the portrait of a young man, in powdered wig and pigtail, dressed in a red coat with white *revers* and epaulettes, neckcloth, buff waistcoat, and white knee-breeches. The young face was a handsome and resolute one, tempered by big dark-blue eyes, a suggestion of idealism in them;

a fine forehead ; the shoulders broad to massiveness.

When I turned to the other picture I stared at it in puzzled surprise. It was the portrait of a girl, tall, beautiful, with finely modelled white neck and shoulders, in a flowing black gown ; at her dainty waist a single white rose, her face a delicate oval, looking into the distance against a background of summer sky, dark ringlets caressing her face, pearly teeth just showing in the ghost of a smile. Her eyes held me. They were hazel.

'Why, it—it might have been Miss Dorothy when George was king!' I exclaimed. The likeness was marvellous.

A light laugh fluttered from the end of the hall. I turned round, to see Dorothy curtsying demurely in a costume identical with the picture's, a white rose at her waist, her dark hair in ringlets, her eyes sparkling. She might have just stepped out of the canvas.

'Announce me, uncle,' she said.

'I present to you,' said the Colonel, with his courtliest air :

*'Charlotte Macdonell, first of her clan
To leave it to wed a King George's man.'*

So runs the inscription on the back of the lady's picture. As the likeness testifies, she was a direct ancestress of Dorothy. The other is a portrait of the fair Charlotte's husband, Edmund Layton. I will fetch you the story from the library now. You can read and return it at leisure,' said the Colonel, as he went out.

I bowed low, thinking that if the King's man had been as lucky in war as in love, he was indeed a man to be envied. I looked from the picture to Dorothy, and my look must have showed undisguised admiration and more, for there was a heightened colour on her face as she curtsied again, then suddenly turned to the piano.

She struck a few chords, and began to sing the old Jacobite *cri de cœur*, 'It was a' for our rightful King.'

There was something—the song's dream quality, the calling back of the thoughts to the 'last romance of these islands'—something in the choice of the song, in the setting, the eyes of vanished generations looking down from the walls, the glimpse of the afterglow dying on the great hills outside ; something, too, in the pure young voice that conjured up the strange magic of atmosphere, the elusive something that those without the artistic sense may not, cannot, capture. Listening, I felt, I knew, that the girl inherited, understood, the hearts and the dreams of her Jacobite ancestors.

Other old-time ballads followed, passionate, stirring, of love and war ; cadences and battle songs of the glens of her own north country ; fire and dew.

The last trembling note vibrated round the panelling, and died away. We were alone. She

had risen from the piano, and stood, a young goddess, under sweet stress of feeling, the soul of the song in her dewy eyes—eyes that met mine, telling me, without words, that they had read my secret. There came to us both the moment that comes but once to man or woman.

The Colonel, a packet under his arm, came back too soon. It needed no powers of divination for him to translate the silent happiness in my face, and the shy pride in Dorothy's, into words.

'I could have wished for nothing better,' he said, after a glance, a tremor in his kind old voice.

Be sure there was no happier trio in broad Scotland than we were that evening. We sat late, until the Colonel, with a mock martinet air, ordered Dorothy to bed, and he and I adjourned for a last cigar.

'Amidst these important events,' said he, 'I had almost forgotten Edmund Layton's manuscript ; and as it is also the story of Dorothy's beautiful relative, I will give it into the keeping of you both, a glimpse of old Scotland, and a souvenir of this evening.'

He handed me the packet, and went on : 'I was making some alterations in the old wing of the house about three months ago. One day the workmen, on taking down part of the wall, came upon what looked like a bundle of rags. It was carefully opened in my presence. Layers of cloth, most of them rotten, were unwound, and in the heart of the package were the two pictures we have just seen. The inscription on the back of the lady's portrait—

*Charlotte Macdonell, first of her clan
To leave it to wed a King George's man—*

and subsequent events identified them to my satisfaction to be the portraits of young Layton and his wife, Charlotte Macdonell. They had suffered from neglect, so I sent them to be cleaned. Hidden between the back of Edmund Layton's picture and the canvas, the restorer found the papers you now see, and sent them to me.

'Who put them there? Edmund Layton's wife or a descendant? I cannot tell. Very probably it was the fair Charlotte herself, for she lived here in the fifties of the eighteenth century. Indeed, nowadays, when "the King over the water" is but a romantic memory, it is of little consequence. The papers are in Edmund Layton's handwriting, and tell his own story. You can read it at leisure.'

I took the packet home with me, and the story of the open road and 'the bright eyes of danger' is, I think, worth the telling.

The packet consisted of an outside wrapping around a thick roll of manuscript. On the outside sheet was written in a manly hand :

'To Mistress Layton

At Darehope in Liddislaill.

'This by favour of Patrick Maxwell of the Honourable The East India Company's Service, Esquire, sailing from the Carnatic in the King's Ship "Severn."'

Inside was a part of a letter, evidently written to the writer's wife, and separate from the main story. A page was missing, for the letter began in the middle of a sentence thus: 'where I am recovering slowly from the affair, an account of which I wrote you in my last. I have had a closer look at *the Enemy* than I imagined; but I win strength, and hope to be on my feet soon, and to try again to help Robert Clive.

'I have had but one secret you did not share, dear heart, and I am to tell it to you in these pages. You are all for the Chevalier; and I—— But read the story, and, reading it, the great seas between us, you shall remember many things, as I do now: the night at Holyrood

House; the pipes playing "The King shall enjoy his ain again;" the white cockade you gave me; the ride from Kielder into the mist; my quest North in the *Gannet*; and afterwards, Darehope and the brave green hills of the Border. And (if your Jacobite heart can) you shall understand why I sailed out to this far Carnatic, and, understanding, you may forgive my leaving you.

'I am minded to set down the story in full. It may serve to shorten the long days as I lie here, and it seems unlikely that I shall have as much leisure again in this far-away, and, as you would say, *ill-contriven*, country. For the surgeon lays it upon me—though my wounds are mending—not to stir abroad for weeks, an irksome business. Yet I ought not to chafe, rather thank God's mercy that'——

Here the letter ended abruptly, a page having been torn off; but the roll of manuscript contained the main story in Edmund Layton's handwriting, thus.

(Continued on page 19.)

'No. 2 GIVEN AWAY WITH No. 1.'

By E. LATHAM.

THOSE of our readers who are not old enough to remember the palmy days of such periodicals as *The Boys of England* (begun in 1866, and discontinued, we believe, in 1889), *The Young Men of Great Britain* (begun in 1868), and *The Penny Miscellany*, when what are termed 'penny dreadfuls' were in the heyday of prosperity, say forty to fifty years ago, will not readily recognise the once stereotyped phrase which heads this article. The writer is old enough to remember the time referred to, and he has now before him the 'penny numbers' of three of these—novels shall we call them?—of the period. These fair samples will form the basis of our remarks, and enable our younger readers to form some idea of the kind of fiction which was so plentifully supplied, and for which there was such great demand, at the time mentioned. The pernicious literature of the present day is perhaps no better in many respects than it was then, but it is very different. We all know what current literature is; we need only deal with the 'penny dreadfuls' and even 'a penny 'orribles' of the sixties and seventies: our readers can make the comparison for themselves.

Of the popularity of such fiction as we refer to there can be no doubt. A footnote in one of the tales we shall notice, referring to a hope expressed by one of the characters that the hero will be popular, says: 'If a sale of forty thousand of Number 1 of his adventures proves his popularity, he is so.—PRINTER'S NOTE.'

Let us begin with '*Charley Wag, the New Jack Sheppard*, by the author of *The Woman with*

the Yellow Hair, Somebody Else's Wife,' &c. The story is in four books, and is issued in penny numbers. We are both right and wrong in this statement. Each *fasciculus*, published at one penny weekly, consists of sixteen pages and two numbers, numbered on the first and ninth pages respectively, and yet the first week's issue is called No. 1 at the folded edge. This system obtains throughout, Nos. 15 and 16 showing on the edge No. 8, and so on. In this way it may be said that as well as No. 2 being given away with No. 1, No. 4 is given away with No. 3, and so on. There are in this story seventy-two single or thirty-six double numbers, plus three pages of text at the end.

A few extracts will be interesting, either for the purpose of comparison or taken by themselves. Book I. is entitled, 'Childhood in the Gutter;' the first chapter is headed, 'All but Murder,' and begins: 'A woman ran wildly down one of the several steep flights of steps leading from Hungerford Market to the quay below, and creeping along upon the slippery stonework overhanging the water, paused for a moment at the extreme point, cast one fearful, shuddering glance around, and FLUNG HER CHILD INTO THE RIVER. The rain was lashing heavily against the window-panes, and the wind sweeping in fierce and fitful gusts along the deserted streets above, while every now and then a streak of livid lightning rent the air, followed by deafening peals of thunder—— . . . She was young and almost beautiful, but deadly pale; her hair—— . . . Her flashing eyes, set teeth, and knitted brows bespoke her courage and

determination, and her DEADLY PURPOSE. She tore the sleeping babe which a moment since had nestled at her breast, from its warm shelter beneath her thick plaid shawl, raised it high in the air, to give her the more power, and flung it fiercely from her into the black and sluggish waters gurgling at her feet. "Thus perishes the record of my sin and folly." It was more a murmured than a spoken thought, for her blanched lips scarce gave utterance to any sound; but had it been instead the loudest shriek, the raging tempest would have drowned her cry in its boisterous fury. . . . No one had seen her, no one followed her. The darkness hid her retreating form, and Heaven alone was witness to her crime. The would-be murderess fled away, careful alone of her own safety, heeding not how fared the little living bundle the dark waters swept along towards death. What hope was there for it? What guardian angel came to rescue it? None other than TODDLEBOY.

Well, the child is taken to a public-house, 'The Drinking Fish,' frequented by Mr Toddleboy, and under the care of the landlady revives; and the author remarks: 'Of course *you* know very well, gentle Reader, as well as I do myself, that I never intended the baby to die, or else what good would there have been in rescuing it and intruding it upon your polite consideration? No—to ease your suspense—supposing you feel any (and if you are a very young reader, I don't know that you may not after all), I may as well tell you that in an hour's time IT WAS ALIVE AND KICKING.'

Then follow various expedients resorted to by the successive people into whose hands the baby falls, each trying to get rid of it in pantomime fashion, until at last it comes into the possession of a kind-hearted woman who takes care of it. The hero, Charley Wag, becomes in Book II. 'The Boy Burglar,' and in Book III. 'The Jail-Bird.' Book IV., the last, occupies more than half the whole, and is entitled, 'The Most Successful Thief in London.' Of course Charley turns out to be the son of a duchess.

The following is from the last chapter: 'In one of the handsomest mansions in Park Lane a ball, given in honour of some foreign princes, was taking place. In the brilliantly lighted salons were assembled the *élite* of England's aristocracy. All seemed to partake of the gaiety around, and the host, a handsome young man, was about to lead the lovely daughter of the Earl of Dumbledore to join the dancers, when a tall, grave-looking man approached, and requested a few moments' private conversation. The host conducted his fair companion to a seat, and complied with the stranger's request. The stranger proved to be a detective, and the gentleman whom he came to apprehend upon a charge of murder, and with whom he had requested a few minutes' private conversation, was our hero, Charley Wag! . . . A verdict of guilty was

found, and our hero was condemned to death. The sentence was to be carried into effect the following morning, when, to the astonishment of the officials at Newgate, the prisoner was respited, and afterwards pardoned. The Duchess of Heatherland had saved her son's life. On the day before the execution was to take place she had an interview with the Home Secretary; to him she had explained all, and to him she proclaimed our hero, Charley Wag, as the heir to the dukedom and estates of Heatherland. This will, in some measure—in 'some measure' is refreshing, and the respite and subsequent pardon of a murderer, even though he be the son of a duchess, requires a fairly strong imagination on the reader's part—'account for Charley's respite and subsequent pardon. Feeling that the position he had succeeded in establishing in society was gone for ever—we should think so indeed—'our hero determined upon going abroad, where he passed the rest of his life in strict retirement.' Probably he did.

The tale concludes: 'After justice had overtaken Bloodyer, Faversham,' whom the duchess had married, 'had altered visibly, and latterly the duchess perceived that his mind was affected. She seldom permitted herself to lose sight of him; but on one occasion he succeeded in evading her vigilance, and set off for London by the last train at night. The duchess discovered his absence soon enough to catch the same train. Curious to know where he would go, she did not interfere with him, but kept him in sight from the moment of leaving the terminus at Waterloo-bridge. Striding onwards, Faversham made his way to his old house in Bayswater.' We should think the duchess was rather tired if she followed him on foot. 'At the back of this house was an old cellar which Faversham rented; in this he had, years ago, caused a bricklayer to build him another or inner cellar. In this place were the bodies of all Faversham's victims! To this cellar the madman bent his steps. Entering the first cellar, the door of which he left open while he procured a light, Faversham passed into the other chamber without observing that he was followed by the duchess. Here a sight presented itself which curdled the blood of the shrinking woman. Lying about in all directions were the bodies or skeletons—a modern Bluebeard, eh!—'of the unfortunates who had been murdered by Faversham; and in a corner, over a few bones, the madman was crouching down and muttering incoherently. The duchess, unable to control her feelings at the ghastly spectacle, gave vent to an exclamation of horror. Uttering a yell, the maniac sprang to the door and closed it. The unfortunate woman was shut in with this infuriated demon. Vainly did she beg of him to spare her life and return home with her. The madman heeded her not. She must die. *His vow must be fulfilled.* Again giving the terrible yell, he clutched her by the throat, nor

did he relax his grasp until his victim was a corpse. Then, flinging the lifeless body from him, he sat chattering by the bones in the corner until late in the night, when he fell asleep. When he awoke he was sensible of the horrors of his situation! His wife, murdered by his own hand, was lying a corpse at his feet, the bodies of his victims around him, and, oh! horror! escape impossible! The door of the inner chamber closed with a spring, and thus the madman in his frenzy had sealed his own death-warrant. For days the wretched man—wretched indeed—remained fully alive to a sense of what his fate must be; but at length, worn out and exhausted from want of food, and his efforts to make his terrible position known to the outer world, death came to his relief, and the charnel-house of those he had murdered became his own tomb.'

We may mention that there is a copy of this interesting work in the British Museum Library; but the last one hundred and thirty-nine pages are missing; the writer's copy wants pages 529-40 and pages 543-58, but is otherwise complete. The comparative scarcity and bad condition, or incompleteness, of existing copies of this class of literature (!) is probably accounted for by their destruction or ill-treatment, like school-books, by their youthful owners.

Having given sufficient particulars of Charley Wag to serve our present purpose, let us glance at another typical example, *The Blue Dwarf*, by Lady Esther Hope (a pseudonym, we believe). Book I. is called 'The Foster Brothers.' In the first chapter a figure steals into the bedroom of a sleeping youth and replaces a bottle on a small table at the bedside by another similar one. Shortly afterwards a figure crawls from beneath the bed and substitutes another similar bottle for that left by the previous visitor. The second figure chuckles—not too loudly, it is to be hoped—and silently leaves the apartment.

Here is a description of the Blue Dwarf, from whom the story takes its name: 'When the assassin fled . . . it was no imaginary cry which pursued him as he rushed down the dell. A rushing sound followed his escape, and something entered the room in which the foul deed had been done. It was a man with a dark lantern, the light of which was now shed upon the insensible body. And such a man! About four feet high, with short legs, and arms that reached considerably below the knee, this sudden apparition appeared to have no redeeming point in his deformity. His face was hideous; grizzly hair like that of a negro surmounted a low narrow forehead; little red-circled eyes, themselves rather green than any other colour—he preferred green, we may take it—'a huge mouth, revealing teeth filed to a point and died'—'died' is good, but probably this is not the author's fault—'jet black;—we should have thought a

'dead' black more appropriate, had the author known—'a beardless chin—might have all passed still as accidents of nature to be explained by sickness; or premature birth,'—but the filed teeth, how can they be explained in this way?—'or some awful terror on his mother's soul'—a kind of accumulation of birth-marks, we suppose. 'But his skin was blue'—ah, we had overlooked this incontrovertible and inexplicable fact—'blue as indigo, with spots all over his face, neck, and arms of a blue-black.' Stephens' ink must have been nothing in comparison. 'He was shaggy too, like an orang-outang. He wore a fantastic dress like a gnome king in a pantomime, composed of coarse stuff of foreign make.' Enough, or the picture will be too much for our imagination.

This novel, too, is in four books. Book II. has no title; Book III. is 'The Great Rat-trap,' and Book IV. 'The Blue Dwarf's Story.' In this case No. 2 is given away with No. 1, and the rest are issued singly; and with No. 26, so it says, is presented gratis Nos. 1 and 2 of *The Confessions of a Page*. By the author of the Fourth Series of *The Mysteries of London*.

In the last chapter the Blue Dwarf, whose name is Goldy Gordon, *alias* Sapathwa, disappears from the scene in the following manner. A solitary horseman arrives one stormy night at the door of a small tenement adjoining Berlin Cathedral, and, presenting an order to the keeper of the vaults, desires access to Vault 20. 'When they arrived at the entrance to the vaults, "Thank you," said the stranger; "give me your light. I know my way now. I will not trouble you further." "The lamp will not last you long," suggested the old man. "It will last quite as long as I shall require it," said the other. "And when you come out again, may I ask you to be so kind as to fasten the portal after you?" "Yes," replied the stranger, with a strange, sad smile; "when I come out I will do so." The keeper then tremblingly gave him the light, and the unknown descended. "Well," thought the old man, as the other disappeared, "I shouldn't much like to go down there so late, and on such a night as this; but there's no accounting for tastes—he looks quite delighted at it. Well, he's gone, and I will go too." He *was* gone. The door closed after him, and closed after him *for ever*. He never returned; and not until his dying day did the old man narrate to any the story of his strange visitation. . . . It was about the time of the old keeper's death that the foundation of Berlin Cathedral was found to be slowly sinking, and it was necessary for workmen to descend into the vaults. The mystery of the strange visitant was then, at length, cleared up. In that vault, which contained the coffin of Miriam Blakesley, was discovered, clasping the last relic of the inanimate form, the skeleton of him who was known in life as THE BLUE DWARF.'

You see both these edifying narratives end with skeletons in vaults, a murder, and the murderer's involuntary death in the one case and a voluntary death in the other.

The British Museum Library contains two copies of *The Blue Dwarf*, one of the first and the other of a subsequent issue. The earlier copy (1861) is imperfect, wanting all after page 392; the writer's is complete, with 478 pages. The later edition (1875) is considerably abridged, and, as stated in the catalogue, 'after chapter lxxxiv. the text of this edition differs from that of the preceding.' The change comes suddenly in the middle of chapter lxxxv., and there are only one hundred and forty-two pages in all, and the story ends quite differently. It is difficult to account for the alteration, but evidently for some reason it was desired materially to abridge the story.

Another anonymous novel of the period is

Schamyl; or, The Wild Woman of Circassia; and the following are advertised in its pages as 'now publishing in penny weekly numbers: ' *Vice and its Victim*; or, *Phæbe, the Peasant's Daughter*; and *The Ocean Child*; or, *The Wanderer of the Deep*.

Then there was *The Boy Sailor* and *The Boy Soldier*; and, although, as usual, No. 2 was given away with No. 1, these were issued in halfpenny numbers of eight pages each. *The Skeleton Crew* was the enticing appellation of another of these 'a'penny 'orribles,' the vogue of which, we are pleased to see, has passed away. No longer is it necessary, as an inducement, to give away No. 2 with No. 1 of any novel; indeed, they are no longer issued in penny or halfpenny numbers at all. In these days of cheap printing, complete novels are issued at sixpence and sevenpence per volume, and those of the Charley Wag type are 'as dead as a door nail.'

THE DRIVING FORCE.

By MARIAN BOWER.

CHAPTER I.

He fights, as others, to win or fall,
But the spell of the woman is over all.

IN the earlier years of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth of France, two boys were brought up together in the old château of Palud-les-Baux, which is not very far from the border between France and Switzerland. Indeed, on a clear day, standing on the heights which rose above the stately, many-windowed château, and looking between the hills, some of them high enough to have caps of white all through the winter, one could see a patch of intense blue, which those who knew the country recognised as Lake Leman sleeping placidly—the water was quite another colour when a storm raged—in the sunshine.

The two boys saw the lake so often that they knew it in all its moods, but they never dreamed what a part that stretch of vivid colour was to play later in their lives; and Marie-Félicité, when she condescended to climb up the hill with Henri on one hand and Lucien on the other, just looked at it indifferently with eyes which were no whit less vivid in shade.

Almost as soon as Henri Hauteville de Palud and Lucien, his cousin, could remember anything, Marie-Félicité was the centre fact in their existence. Some children are children to the last possible day of childhood; some are potential men and women from the first moment that they think for themselves. Both the boys anticipated time, and indeed the age was precocious enough without their doing that, when lads were married at fourteen and had sons at eighteen; and the driving force in each was the same—this said Marie-Félicité.

She came into their lives on a spring day.

The boys had been climbing a hawthorn-tree in the park which surrounded the château. They elected to cut branches of the white bloom, and Lucien held the knife. As he slashed hard, the point of his knife dug deeply into Henri's right hand. It made but a small wound, yet that wound was deep and ugly. Both boys hurried into the château; instinctively they made their way to the servants' quarters in the basement, and there they met old Gasper, who dressed the wound with 'simples' after the primitive methods of the time.

The boys were just emerging into the sunlight, when they saw, first across the moat, and then standing at the head of the stately steps which led from the terrace before the house on to the level of the park, the Vicomte de Palud, Henri's father, and with him a little girl. The boys pulled up at once. The Vicomte had been from home for two weeks at least—no one in the château had known precisely when he would reappear—and now, when he arrived unexpectedly, it behoved the younger generation to greet him respectfully.

With a sigh, Henri looked over to the green trees, to that white blossoming hawthorn-bush. He expected to be questioned about his hand, which Gasper had put into a sling, and then to be forbidden to go out again. Lucien followed his glance no less willingly. If Henri were sent back to Monsieur l'Abbé and his studies, he would be too.

But the Vicomte, instead of waiting for the boys to come up the great, wide, stone steps, approached them. He crossed the drawbridge over the moat. No house of pretension at that epoch in France was ever left without its draw-

bridge and its moat, though for purposes of warfare they were both obsolete. He came on until he faced the boys, and all the time he held the hand of the little girl, who was dressed in the unchildlike garments of the time.

'My sons,' the Vicomte began, for he called them both his children, though Lucien was but the son of his younger brother, 'I bring you a new playfellow. Treat her as the sons of my house ought to treat one who is an orphan; be kind to her—considerate. Her mother'—The Vicomte stopped. The moment of expansion was over; it gave place to the elaborate artificiality of the age.

'Mademoiselle,' he said to the befrilled, betrailed mite, 'I present my son, the Marquis Henri Hauteville de Palud.'

The boy pulled off his cap with his left hand, and bowed low.

'My nephew and adopted son, the Comte Lucien,' went on the old man—'Mademoiselle Marie-Félicité de Chervenie.'

The little figure curtsied to the ground. The boys bowed again.

Then the Vicomte had leisure to inquire about Henri's hand. 'You should take care; you were foolish,' he said, with the typical intolerance of the day for all that was merely youthful; but he did not send the lads in to their tutor as they expected. Instead, he indicated Marie-Félicité. 'Take care,' he said, 'that you are not so rough with mademoiselle.'

He turned as he said this. He left the three children in the sunshine, looking awkwardly at each other; but hardly had he reached the steps up to the terrace, when Marie-Félicité took command.

'*Mais, dites-moi,*' she observed, as the queen might speak to a subject, 'your hand, it must hurt!' and she looked at Henri.

'It was an accident,' the boy answered hastily.

'It seems to me a stupid one,' returned this little princess.

'Lucien could not help it,' Henri protested.

Mademoiselle de Chervenie—something less than nine years old—looked at the other boy. He did not meet her gaze as readily as did Henri. 'If you could not help it,' Marie-Félicité said to him, 'you can be sorry about it.'

'Who said I was not?' blurted out Lucien, human nature entirely getting the better of all the prescriptions of etiquette.

Mademoiselle smiled as loftily as one could when one was something under five feet in height.

'I knew he couldn't help it,' put in Henri.

The young person before him nodded. '*T'es bien,*' she remarked; 'and'—reluctantly—'of course the flowers, they are pretty.'

Henri might have spoiled his cause by declaring that a boy did not concern himself with such a thing as whether a flower was pretty or ugly, but Lucien broke in.

'Henri,' he cried out, 'we cut down lots of

branches. Let us make—her—Queen of the May.'

The thought pleased every one. The boys hurried up the slope, bringing back each an armful of boughs. They seated the little girl on a throne they made for her; they held the tufts of blossom above her head, and waved them, shouting, '*Vive la Reine!*' as they had heard the courtiers shouting at Versailles. And as they waved their branches the white petals dropped upon the little girl's black gown, and a gleam came into her eyes. She lifted her powdered little head, arranged her stiff skirt, and so began the reign of Marie-Félicité de Chervenie, who was an orphan, but by no means a penniless one, at the old Château de Palud.

Again it was on a brilliant day, when the water in the moat glittered in the sunshine, when all the fields were tender green, when the vines on the warm, sheltered slopes were putting out their young shoots, when the May blossom was abloom, and the sky was a vault of cloudless blue, that Marie-Félicité, albeit quite unconsciously, put the next spoke in the wheel of destiny.

The two boys were on the verge of what at that time was counted manhood. They had persuaded Marie-Félicité to mount the slopes behind the château with them. Of course a young lady of her quality was not permitted to roam abroad without a duenna; but old Madame Buchard, her *gouvernante*, was stout. The three had but to walk fast, and the old lady would take a long time to toil after them. They knew this by experience, so they set out on a joyous frolic; and if old madame complained to the Vicomte, Marie-Félicité, who could mostly do as she pleased with her guardian, just because she was so like her mother, undertook to divert the paternal wrath. But the adventure took a turn very different from what the three anticipated. Long before old madame reached them, Marie-Félicité had balanced herself on a spur of rock, her thin slip of a body drawn to its full height, her head thrown back, her eyes wide open, as though they were staring at something which they had never seen before. And in truth they were.

Marie-Félicité had the two boys before her. They stood, not as companions, not as her followers, eager and willing to obey her caprices, but as suppliants, and they themselves had made her their judge.

The matter was comparatively trifling. It was not until long after, looking back on it with her perceptions sharpened by such trials as fell to the high-born women of that day, for the most part because the blood in their veins was blue, that Marie-Félicité realised that here was the parting of the ways.

The verdict, her verdict, went against Lucien. It was just, but she made the punishment merci-

less. Youth is so cruel, because it does not understand; only one thing can be harder, and that is old age that shuts its eyes on experience and will not understand.

Lucien trembled under Marie-Félicité's condemnation. He looked at her all the time she spoke, and had she but once smiled at him—who knows? But the boy had done a mean thing, and Marie-Félicité had been brought up to think of meanness as not only ignoble, but as against the creed of a gentleman.

He had shifted the blame for a small offence on Henri, and Henri, disdaining to speak, had suffered the punishment for it. But Marie-Félicité was quicker than the excellent old Abbé, who taught the boys and Marie-Félicité herself when the subject was beyond the range of Madame Buchard. The excellent Abbé, who perpetually made what he called 'observations' to madame as to how children should and should not be brought up, was under the impression that his was the paramount influence. He might rule the boys; he certainly did not rule Marie-Félicité. On the contrary, she ruled him; and now, as mademoiselle pursued the subject in her mind with skilful questionings on her part and halting replies on Henri's, the girl intimated that she would make it her business to prove to Monsieur l'Abbé who was innocent and who was guilty.

That being settled in her mind, she turned to Henri. '*Mon cousin*,' she said to him, 'conduct me down to the château.'

She put her hand into the boy's, and in the most solemn imitation of that grand manner which not one of the trio, nor even the duenna, whom they met on the way, hot, and in imminent danger of one of those mysterious attacks she habitually suffered from when Marie-Félicité got more than usually out of hand, thought stilted or foolish.

The two went together down the green slopes. Her ridiculous train trailed over the fresh grass; Henri had his hat under his left arm, the girl on his right; and as they went along, the stateliness to which they had been born warred with the call of humanity in Henri's heart.

For the first time, he realised how small was Marie-Félicité's hand—how soft. For the first time, he wanted to go on holding it. But the boy is father to the man; and to the last day of his troubled life Henri de Palud was that glorious thing—a gentleman. At the great door of the château he relinquished his hold.

Marie-Félicité did not even seem to notice that he had done so. He remarked this with a passing sensation of disappointment which he did not understand at all; and when she found herself on the second flight of the wide steps, with the house stretching the full length of the wide terrace, and a group of dolphins and sea-horses finishing the façade high up before her, she turned as if to say something omitted. But

Henri had walked away. It was Lucien who stood below.

For a moment the two eyed each other. Lucien's face was dark, his eyes were sombre, and his lips were pressed tight together.

Marie-Félicité examined his face. She had never seen it look at all like this before.

'*Ma foi!* but how *drôle* you look!' she observed.

Lucien, for answer, jerked out that which he had followed her down to say. 'You let Henri conduct you home!' he blurted out. 'He does not take better care of you than I should. I will go and tell Monsieur l'Abbé myself now. I will go and tell monsieur, *mon père*, and he will have me beaten, if you will let me bring you back next time.'

Marie-Félicité did not wait a moment. Her words leaped out. 'I let Henri bring me back because you were mean, and he would not tell on you to clear himself. That is what Monsieur l'Abbé tells us heroes always do. Henri, then, is a hero.'

'And I am?' thrust in Lucien.

Marie-Félicité looked down on the boy. Her blue eyes were very blue and her lips were cherry-red. 'You,' she said mercilessly, 'are a coward and a sneak.'

'Then,' returned Lucien—and how still was his voice!—'you will not give me your hand?'

'No,' said the child; 'I will not give a coward my hand.'

And that childish episode was the beginning of everything. Soon after, Lucien left the old château. Marie-Félicité vaguely understood that the Vicomte, who was growing very old now, was displeased with the boy he had brought up as his own son—was troubled about him. At first Lucien came back twice a year; then the intervals became longer. At length he ceased to come at all; and the times grew evil and more evil, for the Revolution, that nightmare when France went mad with bloodthirstiness, was drawing nearer day by day.

One afternoon Lucien returned. He came in the winter-time when there was snow on the ground, when the high hills bordering Lake Lemane rose up cones of whiteness, and when the sky every night on the horizon was red with the burning of some château by the mob. But as yet Palud and those living in it were untouched, partly because it was so far out of the reach of the great towns, and partly because the old Vicomte had dealt so generously by those poorer than himself, had succoured the helpless and tended the sick; so that for the present—one could say no more—his own dependants had not made up their minds to turn him out of his house and hale him to prison.

Lucien came unexpected, unannounced. Marie-Félicité was sitting over a log-fire in the great hall. The flickering blaze showed him her face

as he entered—showed him that she was a woman now, and even more beautiful than she had promised to be. It showed him, too, that nothing was changed in the familiar room. The silver flagons still stood on the carved chestnut sideboard; the armour hung from the roof; the roof itself was still gay with the painting on its beams, fashionable in that day. The old Vicomte had changed nothing. If the mob broke into his house, they should find it as it had been in the days of security.

But after just a cursory glance, Lucien gave no more thought to material things. He went up to Marie-Félicité, stood before her—and, though she never knew it, he hesitated. He looked into her face, and it flashed into his mind that sin was hateful; that vice lowered and did not amuse; that if some women were light, there was one here whose price might indeed be higher than rubies. He stood abashed; it was all he could do not to hang his head. Marie-Félicité rose when she saw him. She welcomed him, told him how glad she was to see him, and chided him for his absence. 'But,' she added, 'of course you are come back to us now when we need you.'

He came a step nearer. When she needed him! *Ciel!* if she took account of his coming and going, might it not be that he had a place in her heart—the supreme place?

If so—if so! He breathed hard. The mist swam before his eyes. He heard voices in his ears—the coarse voices of the Paris rabble; his mind saw all the horrors that had been enacted in that city, and saw them with loathing, as things he would fly from for ever.

In one moment he would have been at her feet; he would have been pouring out his soul to her; he would have been telling this girl that whatever he had done, whatever he had left undone, deep in his heart had ever remained his love for her; but as all the flood of words was trembling on his lips, a door opened and shut somewhere in the back of the house.

Marie-Félicité did not turn her head; but the firelight showed her face—showed it to Lucien. 'Who is coming in?' he cried out fiercely.

'It is Henri,' answered Marie-Félicité.

'And you love him!' ground out Lucien.

The girl looked up at the dark face before her. 'I am Henri's wife,' she answered. 'We were married by Monsieur l'Abbé in the chapel here a fortnight ago.'

The man, who had ridden day and night from Paris, turned away abruptly. He walked down the long hall; he walked past the portraits of former Vicomtes, his ancestors as well as Henri's; he turned to a little door in the wall—he knew his way—he opened it, and he went up the winding stair into the turret where the old Vicomte had a little room.

Here—while Marie-Félicité stood in the hall, a prey to sudden fear; while she asked herself

what this could mean—the uncle and the nephew had a brief interview. The old man learned that the boy he had brought up had forgotten the order into which he was born; that he had forgotten his duty to his kind, to his country—even to his Maker; he heard that he himself was dispossessed, and that if he wished to escape arrest, he must be content to hand the château over to his nephew, and, if he stayed at all, stay on sufferance.

The old man rose up. His head was white, his eyes were dim, and he was oftentimes bowed down by the weight of his many years; now he straightened his shoulders and put his hand on his sword. 'Lucien de Palud,' he said—and every word came out with a stern reproach—'you were but a child when I brought you here. You lived with me as my own son; I loved you only second to Henri. I taught you what I deemed was your duty. I kept nothing back from you. I told you that France needed real men; that to me a man's place was in the home of his fathers, helping those who were weaker and poorer than himself. I told you that I would not make you into a mere man of fashion, a loungeur in Paris and Versailles, but that if you wanted to fight for France I would let you go; that if you wished to work for her, I would let you go. You left the château—left it of your own free-will. I heard of you—and who lived a more dissolute life? Then came this storm, and you turned the colour of your coat. You were as dissolute as ever, as abandoned, but you belonged to the people. And now you have yourself come to tell me of your shame! Go!' and the old man thrust out his right arm—'go, before I curse you; and it may be, since as a lad you were a good lad, that within you is that which will bring you back, not as my supplanter, but to share with us the dangers and the perils; that which will lead you to serve your king and your country, not to betray them.'

Lucien heard; he saw the imperious gesture. He swung round on his heel. He went out of the little room, with the last ray of the setting sun (it was going down behind a bank of dark cloud) lighting up his uncle's face, with the shadows creeping out from all the corners.

He went down into the hall. The log-fire still blazed on the wide hearth; he looked up at the gilded device of the Paluds, cut deep into the stone of the great broad chimney-piece which slanted right up to the roof; he looked at the row of windows, each with a separate coat of arms emblazoned in the upper panes; he looked at the great coffer standing against the wall—it had been given by Catharine de Medici herself to a former Palud; and last of all he came back to what were to him the most valuable things in the whole room. These were only Marie-Félicité's little table pushed up into the circle of firelight; only the bit of needlework on it that she must have been stitching but

a few moments before; only the book she must have been reading, for there was an end of coloured silk in it to mark the place. He took up that book and opened it. He read a line; the printed words were so applicable to his case that he paused, with the page open; then he hurriedly turned back the leaves till he came to the frontispiece. He looked at what was written there. 'From Henri,' was all he read; but it was enough. He dropped the book as though it had stung him. He put his foot on it and crushed it. It actually gave him pleasure to see that he had torn a leaf; that he had discoloured another page.

Lucien de Palud, and such as he, had unchained a force of whose strength, it must be remembered when one tries to weigh their merit or their guilt, they had at the beginning no conception.

Heaven alone knows what France suffered in

those dreadful days. If there were guilty ones—and there were—the innocent paid for them a thousand times over. And so it came to pass that though Lucien hesitated to dispossess his uncle, the Vicomte did not long enjoy the pleasures of his home. He was set on and murdered at his own door. His home was wrecked, and the mob—for it had reached Palud at last—having tasted blood, clamoured for more. Every one knew that the old man had a son. There had been a woman, too, in the château. The fancy of the multitude turned especially to that woman. They wanted a refined, delicate creature whom they could bait and insult, whom they could drag about with them until her limbs gave way under her.

But for the moment they were balked. There was no trace of Henri de Palud or of Marie-Félicité, his young wife.

(Continued on page 25.)

THE DUTIES OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

By R. A. FLETCHER.

HOW and where does the British navy do its work? and what are the conditions under which its never-ending duties are performed? are questions of paramount importance. Recent events have now shown more conclusively than for many years that the possession of a strong navy is essential for the protection of this Empire, and must have converted to this view even those who have been disposed to carp at naval expenditure.

The navy is maintained in peace for two distinct but inseparable purposes. The first is that it may protect our oversea commerce, the constant stream of ships conveying raw material and food-stuffs to the United Kingdom, and also our manufactures abroad, thereby ensuring the country's commercial activity and prosperity; and, in the second place, it is maintained in order that it may announce the world-wide power of Britain, and her ability to protect by force if necessary those trade routes and commercial resources upon which the very existence of Great Britain depends. Nor is it only Great Britain which has to look to the navy for its safety. The whole of the British Empire, from its most important to its most insignificant unit, now unanimously recognises the necessity for an adequate navy. The protection of British interests in times of peace is accomplished as much by the ubiquity of British war-vessels as by the actual force each vessel possesses, for behind each vessel is the knowledge that it represents the British fleet. The British Empire is scattered all over the world, and British warships are generally to be found either near British possessions, on the routes between them, or patrolling the main ocean routes adopted by British commerce. Thanks to the possession of a numerous fleet—

whether sufficiently strong numerically time will reveal—Great Britain is able to indicate to all and sundry in all waters that she will assert British rights and protect British interests when necessity compels, whether the occasion be a 'scrap' between two rival chiefs on some Pacific island, a gun-running affair in the Persian Gulf or the Red Sea, the suppression of illicit trading on the East or West African coasts, an encounter with Chinese pirates, the punishment of turbulent Malays or other East Indians who have looted a stranded steamer, or one of the many other incidents, often of a far graver character, in which our navy does its duty, though scarcely noticed by newspaper readers.

Britain's proverbial disposition to compromise and avoid threats and hostilities whenever possible has created a general impression abroad that she will go to any lengths rather than resort to force. The means which Britain is able to employ to disabuse the German mind of this erroneous impression are no doubt equal to all requirements. The pity of it is that there should be among Britons, at any time, differences of opinion as to what constitutes an adequate navy, one able to uphold British interests wherever these are endangered. The navy, however, is not intended to supplant diplomacy, but is one of the three great weapons which diplomacy can wield; in some out-of-the-way places it is the only weapon. The other two are the army and that diplomatic pressure which is veiled under international commercial negotiation.

It has long been the custom to assert that the British navy holds command of the sea. Sentimentally and in peace this may be admitted to a certain degree, for no one then is likely to dispute it. From the naval and strategical point

of view this is not the case, for no fleet has technically and actually the command of the sea so long as there is another fleet in existence to challenge or oppose it. This has been exemplified admirably by the situation of the German fleet from the beginning of the war to the end of October, and to a less extent by that of the Austrian fleet. It is essential to the integrity of the British Empire that the British navy should be able to assume the actual command of the sea whenever circumstances demand. It can only do so by virtue of its superiority; and, for this, ships and men and discipline, combined with the sense of comradeship between officers and crews, are indispensable. At the time of the Boer war Britain was able to exert a virtual command of the sea because she was strong enough to assure the safety of her transports, and at the same time produce a fleet superior to any naval combination likely to be brought against her. For this among other reasons, no such combination was attempted, and British naval supremacy, though envied and hated, was unchallenged. Then powerful fleets of battleships and fast cruisers were disposed where they could guard our shores most effectively, and other cruisers patrolled the trade routes upon which our food-carriers went back and forth. It was simply patrol work, for our then enemy had no fleet at all. But the British navy was where it was wanted, and was ready and anxious to do whatever was required. At one time it appeared as if the imperial sender of a certain telegram would have found that to his cost.

Now Britain's naval superiority has been challenged under conditions of surpassing gravity, and at the time of writing the fleet is justifying its existence alike by the silent pressure it is able to apply to the German fleet, and by its readiness to show that it is equal to the other and grimmer purpose for which it was created. The bulk of the naval fighting, it is believed, must be between the British and German fleets. On the German side, as long as Italy remains neutral, the only possible assistance is that afforded by the small Austrian navy, which, however, is too far away from the German fleet to be of any actual use to it, and is not considered strong enough, on the ordinary bases of peace calculations, to hold its own against the French navy—nearly all the vessels of which are in the Mediterranean—particularly when the last-named is reinforced by that portion of the British Mediterranean squadron understood to be operating with it. The other French cruisers are in the Atlantic, assisting the British vessels in oceanic police work. The value of the Austrian fleet continues so long as it is a fleet in being, and as such it must receive the watchful attention of British and French warships of sufficient number and power to induce it to remain in port, or defeat it utterly if it should venture into the open sea.

Until the fighting value of the Austrian fleet is destroyed by the allies' combined fleet, the latter is restricted in its activities by the duty of incessant watchfulness over a limited area, and is not wholly free either to suppress a German raider or warship, or to go to strengthen, if need be, the British fleet operating in the North Sea, or the British and French warships cruising about the Atlantic and the Channel for the protection of shipping and the capture of ships belonging to the enemy. Inactive though it may have been, except when individual vessels have emerged from their retirement, usually to their detriment, the Austrian navy has nevertheless exerted a somewhat inglorious influence upon the Anglo-French command of the sea in the Mediterranean.

In the North Sea a somewhat similar situation prevails, though on a vaster scale. The German fleet, which, according to flamboyant German writers, was to sweep the British fleet before it at the command of the self-styled admiral of the Atlantic, and according to more or less official German despatches—likely to make Baron Munchausen and the celebrated Ananias blush for their reputation—achieved by the beginning of September the flight of the British fleet, and the loss of some of its best vessels in the North Sea, to say nothing of wrecking a few destroyers off the Golden Gate of San Francisco—this detail perhaps being considered *à propos* of the Panamá Exhibition to be held there next year,—this German navy, thanks to British naval pressure, has been waiting, sheltered behind the Heligoland fortress, a propitious moment for initiating this programme. In such encounters as have taken place up to the end of October the German fleet has had the worst of it. The British navy can play a waiting game also, as its history proves, but it is not necessarily inert. It has always been famous for its daring raids and cutting out expeditions. The engagement off Heligoland early in August was of this character; and, though no prizes were secured, or perhaps wanted, the Germans suffered heavily enough to justify the result being claimed as a British victory. The net result was that Germany is the poorer by two or three cruisers and several destroyers. With the exception of the few German cruisers and commerce destroyers which have still to be accounted for, the British navy acquired the virtual command of the sea; and when these vessels have been silenced it will hold the actual command of the sea, for the ships on cruising duty can see to that while the vessels in the North Sea continue to hold the German navy in check. The German fleet, moreover, has to operate in the Baltic Sea against the Russian Baltic fleet, which, although not very powerful, is not to be despised, and may be relied upon, except when the Baltic is frozen, to aid the Russian land forces operating in the East Prussian provinces along the Baltic. It will be interesting to see whether either navy will make

use of ice-breakers during the winter to enable them to operate.

The fighting power of the German fleet is formidable. Its delay in coming out for battle caused an unfortunate tendency to be adopted in many quarters to attribute its masterly inactivity to cowardice. This is the last thing of which the German naval officers should be accused. We in this country cannot pretend to know the reasons for Germany's naval inactivity. It may be based on the glaring discrepancy between the numbers of her own fleet and those of the relentless foe waiting with grim persistence and a watchfulness unrelaxed by day or night to greet it, and determined to blow most of it out of or under the water. It may be based on strategic reasons, in the belief that it can best support Germany's campaign in France after a certain unrevealed aim has been attained, in which case Germany's difficulties will cause a change in the programme. It may be founded on a desire to use the fleet as a last resource when the gathering strength of the British Empire is brought to bear. It may be that it is intended, in whole or in part, to enter the Baltic, attack the Russian navy, and advance toward Petrograd. It may be that it is to be held in reserve as an evidence that Germany is still able to strike when events begin to shape themselves toward bringing peace nearer. It may be Germany's last card in the great game of diplomacy as a substitute for the rattling of the broken sabre. These are all suppositions, every one of which has found expression at one time or another in the German press; but they do not allow for any alteration which the British navy may make in the situation. They are, however, all founded on the knowledge of Britain's naval power. There is also the recognition of the human, apart from the material, efficiency of the fleet, the former being a factor which is as evident in the comradeship of officers and men as that comradeship is conspicuous by its absence from the German navy, where German disciplinary methods prevail.

In ships, in guns, in personnel, the British navy is superior to those of Germany and Austria together. Prior to the introduction of the modern Dreadnoughts it was not customary to place more than four of the biggest guns in any one ship, and, in addition to these, four or five descriptions of smaller guns were carried. The Dreadnought was designed to carry ten big guns, and most of the smaller type were eliminated. This became known as the all-big-gun type of vessel, the smaller guns retained being intended to repel vessels making a specialty of torpedo attack. The design was quickly improved upon, and super-Dreadnoughts were soon produced. The advantage of the all-big-gun ship, of whatever type, is that it is able to maintain an engagement at far longer range with its principal armament and do more damage than was possible with the best battleships of the pre-

Dreadnought era. The naval battles in the war between Russia and Japan were held by experts to have demonstrated that a vessel carrying a greater number of heavy long-range guns is superior to any other type of battleship. The big ships' volleys in that war, and especially in the final naval battle, were largely at distances ranging from two thousand to four thousand yards. Britain secured a lead with vessels of the Dreadnought type, and by virtue of her vast resources has been able to maintain that lead, notwithstanding Germany's frantic efforts to profit by her example, build Dreadnoughts, and lessen the discrepancy between her fleet and that of Britain. Germany, however, has no battleships to compare as equals with the ten British and best super-Dreadnought battleships; each side has three under construction, of which the British trio will probably be ready first.

The secrecy of naval movements is as important to-day as it ever was, perhaps more so. This is surprising to some on account of the many inventions for improving communications, particularly wireless telegraphy. If, however, the public can be prevented absolutely from using wireless, and the invention is retained entirely for State purposes, the authorities can impose that secrecy which is so necessary to the successful development of the campaign. The whereabouts of the British ships are known only to the Admiralty and the King, and their movements are recorded daily. So numerous is the British fleet that out of the five hundred odd vessels—including non-combatants—of which it consists, it is considered to have between three hundred and four hundred in the North Sea waiting to settle accounts with the German fleet, which has scarcely half that number. These totals include ships of every description—battleships, battle-cruisers, heavy armoured cruisers, protected cruisers, light cruisers, scouts, destroyers, torpedo-boats, submarines, mine-sweepers, and repair-ships.

Virtually, at least half the navy is always in commission; the balance includes the ships in various stages of readiness to be commissioned and the ships under repair. With the exception, perhaps, of the last, it is little more than a matter of days, of a week or two at most, to commission and place on a war footing every available ship in the British navy.

In regard to weapons and armour, it must be remembered that a warship is a floating gun platform or fort, and that the armour is added to protect that ability to keep afloat and change her position upon which the effective performance of her duties very largely depends. The armour of the hull extends from the upper deck to four or five feet below the normal waterline; there is also a thick armoured deck, which, for most of its width across the ship, is higher than the waterline, but slopes considerably at the sides to join the lower edge of the armour.

The coal-bunkers are arranged to afford a further element of protection to the engine and boiler rooms. The upper deck is also armoured, and extends practically the whole length of the ship and across it to the upper edge of the armour-belt. With the exception of the turret guns, most of the weapons are in the space thus protected. The barbettes of the big guns have armour about a foot thick, and revolve according to the direction in which the guns are to be fired. The fighting effectiveness of a modern battleship depends upon the number of the heaviest guns which can be brought to bear at the same time upon any given point. The statement that some vessels are able to train all their big guns at once in any direction is incorrect; no super-Dreadnought has been designed in which this is possible, nor is it likely to be while steam is the propelling power and more than one turret are carried at the same level. Internally, to save weight and reduce the risk of fire, steel replaces wood wherever possible. The big guns are arranged in the latest ships to fire on either broadside, and the end-on fire has been increased by the introduction of the superposed turret, which enables the guns of the higher turret to be fired over the next turret. An end-on fire of six or eight great guns is thus arranged when the middle turrets are *en echelon*, and of four guns when the turrets are arranged on the centre line of the ship. The guns themselves range from 12-inch in the Dreadnought to 13·5-inch in the *Orion* and subsequent vessels, excluding those under construction. Where the firing of the guns of one turret is interfered with by the position of another turret, a system of electrical danger-signals operates automatically. The heaviest guns in this country are 15-inch guns of 45 calibres, to be placed on the *Queen Elizabeth*, which is to be finished next year, and these are capable of throwing projectiles weighing eight hundred and fifty pounds to an effective distance of over ten thousand yards. Experiments and calculations have shown that the 12-inch gun of 40 calibres can hurl a projectile weighing one thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds to penetrate at that distance Krupp cemented armour even if it be eight and a quarter inches thick. This, however, is far exceeded by the new 15-inch gun, which at that range, and with a similar projectile, can penetrate the same kind of armour of eighteen and a half inches thick. In the never-ending contest between the gun and the armour, the honours lie with the gun at present. The effective range of the guns is limited by human eyesight, aided by telescopes, for there is not much use in blazing away without knowing whether the target is touched. The risk of missing the target increases with its distance; but such is the accuracy of modern guns, and so careful the training of the gunners in most ships of the British navy, that an effective range

of from three to five miles, or even more, is expected in the next engagement.

This accuracy is attained by using a number of devices for range-finding. The exact power of the weapons and of the explosive and the velocity of the projectile are known, and a calculation of the angles at which the guns are to be elevated at the moment of firing should ensure the projectiles striking where required. The finding of the range is done by the officers or spotters in the fire-control stations high up the masts, whence they signal electrically to the men who have to lay the guns at the precise angle each gun shall take. Then at the right moment a button is pressed in the conning-tower, and instantly a discharge follows. Modern practice favours the discharge of the big guns in salvos, instead, as is often thought, of the big guns in each turret being loaded and fired irrespective of the others. When a salvo is fired it is comparatively easy to see whether the target has been struck; and if it has not, the elevation of the guns is altered accordingly. The simultaneous firing lessens the inconvenience of the smoke from the most windward gun interfering with the sighting of the others. This is an important point, for when once the range has been ascertained the big guns may be fired at intervals of half-a-minute. The accuracy of these immense weapons is such that it can be calculated where a broadside will fall within a space of less than two hundred yards even at a range of five or six miles. If, then, the range be determined accurately, it is very evident that those foreign ships which receive the attentions of the best shooting ships in the British navy will experience the proverbial bad quarter of an hour. Of course, neither the attacked nor the attacking ship would be standing still, except that the former might be in the event of a surprise, and the fire-controllers or spotters have to take into consideration the speed and direction of their own ship and that of the enemy, to allow for the time of the flight of the projectiles, and train the guns so that the projectiles will not miss.

All the guns in the big battleships and cruisers are worked by hydraulic machinery, including the elevating and loading, though hand-power is provided if the hydraulic machinery be disabled. In all classes of vessels hydraulic machinery is used to save hand-labour in every conceivable way.

Torpedoes, which have already figured prominently in the war, are fired from tubes either a short distance above the water or submerged. The average torpedo is about twenty-one inches in diameter, weighs about twenty-eight hundred-weight, and is about thirty feet long. Improvements have been made in these weapons, as in all other branches of war, and details of the latest kinds are not available. What is described as the decisive battle-range of the most powerful modern torpedoes is roughly eight thousand

yards, though the torpedoes are capable of travelling a great distance farther before their propelling power is exhausted. They do not make their journey through the water by reason of the impetus given them when discharged from the tubes, but are driven by their own machinery actuated by compressed air, and are fitted with appliances which cause them to return to their correct depth and course if anything should happen to deflect them. The 18-inch torpedo, which was the most destructive up to a few years ago, had an explosive charge of over two hundred pounds of gun-cotton in its head, and still had a speed, after travelling more than three miles from the discharging ship, of twenty-seven knots. The newest torpedoes, of twenty-four inches diameter, carry considerably more than three hundred pounds of gun-cotton, and even after travelling nearly five miles under water, and gradually losing speed, are still able to progress at the rate of half a mile a minute. The chief protection of ships against torpedo attack is the rapid fire of the smaller guns, and the big ships have in addition steel torpedo-nets, which are hung at the ends of booms some distance beyond the sides for the greater part of their length. A submarine can be sunk by gun-fire; and the course of a torpedo, when betrayed by the bubbles which rise to the surface, may at times be deflected by the lucky explosion of a heavy shell close by it and some feet under water. The recent loss of a German submarine in the North Sea, when a British cruiser shot away its periscope, and thus obliged it to come to the surface, then blew away its conning-tower and sank it, is a case in point.

The direction of a fleet in battle will be managed from the conning-tower of the admiral's ship. In an engagement at long range the navigating officers will probably have their places on the bridge at first, but this position is too exposed to permit of its being occupied for long during an action. Under the flying-bridge there is a small circular apartment known as the conning-tower. This is very heavily armoured, and protected above as well. A narrow slit about a couple of inches wide is made round the tower, through which the officers inside can see what is going on around them. The tower contains the steam steering-wheel, compasses, and various means of making signals to other ships, and of communicating electrically and by telephone with every part of the ship. With the navigating officers in the conning-tower, others in the armoured fire-control stations, others attending to their duties elsewhere, and the men behind the armour of their guns, in the magazines, working the ammunition hoists, or in the engine-rooms and stokeholds, a modern battleship may glide into action with perhaps not a man visible to the enemy.

The most remarkable features of the present

war are the employment of the numbers of immensely powerful big guns already mentioned, of submarines and aerial craft, and of wireless telegraphy. Since submarines were last employed in warfare they have undergone such development that there is no more comparison between the submarines of the past and those of the present than between Noah's Ark and the latest super-Dreadnought. They are propelled by their own engines, usually of the internal combustion type, have periscopes which enable them to find their way even when submerged, carry several torpedoes, and are able to travel hundreds of miles under their own power whether beneath or at the surface of the water. When all their torpedoes or fuel are exhausted, they return to the 'mother-ship' for more. It is anticipated that the worst enemy of the submarine will be the aeroplane, especially in clear weather. It is easier to see a considerable distance beneath the surface of the sea from a height above it than from near the surface, and scouting aeroplanes, if not flying too high, will be able to detect and report submerged submarines which would be invisible to ships unless the periscopes happened to be seen.

The latest types of submarines and some aeroplanes carry guns specially designed to meet their requirements; those of the submarine are attached to a platform which is taken bodily into the vessel before submersion. Both carry a wireless outfit. The advantage of the seaplane over the ordinary aeroplane is that the former can rest on the water when not in flight. The danger of aeroplanes or airships dropping bombs on an enemy's vessels is held to be exaggerated. It is exceedingly difficult to drop anything to hit a given mark from a height of five thousand feet, which is the theoretical aerial safety limit from rifle-fire, though the experiences of aeroplanes during the land fighting have shown there is not much danger at from three thousand to four thousand feet; while if airships descend sufficiently low to make sure of hitting so small an object as a ship must appear from a great height, they will probably be detected by the searchlights by night and lookout men by day, and shot to pieces by gun and rifle fire before inflicting any damage.

THE TWO GLORIES.

BEYOND the sea in glory sinks the sun,
Weaving a pathway of his golden rays,
'Mid glamouring veils of twilight-woven haze;
And when his western couch at last is won,
And all his lone, magnificent journey done,
The Night, with velvet tread and sweet delays,
Immaculate from her home in starry maze,
Brings lovelier glory than the glory gone!

Death is a twilight 'twixt two glorious days,
Whereof with passionate choice we cling to one
As if no gleam had from another shone;
But when we mount the silent, starlit ways
God's glory bursts upon the cloudless gaze—
Glory which lived ere life had yet begun.

PERCY SCHOFIELD.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

STRANGERS IN THE LAND.

By Colonel AYMER MAXWELL.

[It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Aymer E. Maxwell, son of Sir Herbert E. Maxwell, Bart. of Monreith, Wigtownshire, who was killed in action at Antwerp on 7th October while in command of the Collingwood Battalion of the 1st Naval Brigade. Colonel Maxwell had not leisure to revise this article in proof before leaving for the front.]

FOR man to intervene in Nature's arrangements without duly weighing the results is always likely to be a hazardous experiment, and has often been attended by consequences as unexpected as they are unpleasant. Early settlers light-heartedly turned down rabbits in Australia, and now the whole desert centre of the continent is a vast rabbit-warren, and the farmer has to wage unceasing warfare against the coneys, or he would be eaten out of his homestead in a single year. A later generation imported weasels to keep down the plague of rabbits; but these fearless little hunters could not cope with the amazing fecundity of their quarry, and have only served to bring to the verge of extinction interesting forms of wingless birds peculiar to the island-continent. In Victoria, foxes, whose staple food in our own country is the rabbit, were at one time procured and turned down to combat the growing evil; but the new-comers, under changed conditions of life, soon developed a marked partiality for an easily obtained diet of lamb, neglected the rabbits, and became a most unwelcome feature in the life of the colony.

Even apart from such practical considerations, the naturalist of science—as opposed to the field naturalist—will usually be found to be much averse to any attempt at adding strangers from other lands to the roll of our native fauna. He has a clear survey of the natural distribution of species mapped out in his mind, and objects to any infringement of his well-ordered scheme. To him the most beautiful foreign bird which can be induced to make its home among us remains only an undesirable exotic; it offends his delicate sense of the fitness of things; and while he would use every means in his power to preserve and protect the fauna assigned to these islands by the hand of Nature, he sternly sets his face against any endeavour by the hand of man to add to their number.

This is doubtless a correct view from the standpoint of science; but to the ordinary mortal—incapable of drawing such nice distinc-

tions—there is something peculiarly fascinating in the endeavour to induce some foreign species to become a permanent resident in the land, to watch over and care for the stranger's first efforts to adapt himself to his new surroundings, and, finally—if success crowns the undertaking—to see the new-comer increasing his numbers and spreading his range, thriving under natural conditions without adventitious aid.

So wide a field for conjecture and suggestion is offered by this interesting question of the possible acclimatisation of species that it becomes necessary to restrict inquiry to one branch only of a wide subject if the matter is to be comprised within the limits of an article. Let us, then, confine our attention to members of the bird-world in their relation to sport.

Our indigenous game birds are few in number, the gray partridge, the grouse, the ptarmigan, the blackcock, and the capercaillie completing the list; and of these the last-named can no longer claim to be of pure native descent, the last of the original stock having been killed more than a century ago. For forty years the great cock of the woods was unknown in the country till the Marquis of Breadalbane imported a few from Scandinavia. From these foreigners the whole race which now inhabits the Highlands of Scotland is sprung, and that they have thriven well the fact that over fifty brace have been killed in a day should serve to place beyond doubt. Some attempts have been made to introduce capercaillie into the woodland districts of England, especially at Woburn Abbey in Bedfordshire, where seventy cocks and one hundred and fifty hens were turned down in a few years, and where a few pairs nest every year in the extensive woods.

The old game-books of most country houses have a column devoted to the quail, and it is sad that we may no longer expect to add this interesting variety to a day's partridge-shooting, for a gluttonous generation has decided that it is better to eat the quail than to encourage his presence as a visitor, of interest as well to the naturalist as to the sportsman. And so, when the great spring migration of quail sets northward from Africa and Asia Minor, the whole seaboard of the Mediterranean is beset by miles of nets, in which millions of quails are taken, to be subsequently fattened in darkness and cap-

tivity to meet the demand of the dwellers in cities. The few that escape this persecution spread over northern Europe, but only a scanty band of stragglers, dwindling in numbers every year, now reaches these islands. Nor could sportsmen in this country do anything to mitigate the evil; for, while quails turned out in this country would do well enough for a time, the deeply implanted instinct of migration would eventually bid them turn their faces southward, only to swell the catch of the Mediterranean nets on their return journey in the following spring.

The Californian quail would be a very desirable addition to our game birds; but, though it is hardy and exceedingly prolific, difficulties of food-supply and an ineradicable disposition to migrate seem to make it improbable that this beautiful tufted quail will ever obtain firm foothold on our farms, though it has been successfully introduced into New Zealand. In the only attempt which came under the writer's personal notice, the few pairs thrived exceedingly on the light arable soil of one of the Mulls of Scotland's western seaboard. After a few years their numbers had increased to close on two hundred. But one day the whole race began to gather together on a slope overlooking the sea; here they remained for about a week, and then took flight in a body, never to return. In similar fashion, many attempts to introduce the Virginian colin have always ended in failure, although the 'bob-white,' as it is popularly called in America, has often been known to breed with us after liberation.

The study of bird-migration is yet in its infancy, and many and intricate are the problems therein which await solution; but it seems certain that the habit of migration has become through long ages so much a part of the very life of those species whom questions of food-supply originally forced to change their quarters with the seasons, that no assurance of comfort and ease in a land of plenty will induce them to abandon the instincts of their kind. Thus any attempts to introduce a species of migratory habit seem foredoomed to failure, though all practical conditions for successful existence may be present.

Game-preservers now have their attention largely occupied by the question of pheasants. The pheasant is by far the most successful bird of chase which has ever been introduced; and though millions are now annually reared artificially to furnish our winter covert shoots, he has shown himself able to hold his own in a wild state. History has no record of the first appearance of the old English pheasant in our woodlands; early Phœnician traders may have brought this native of Asia Minor to our shores, or his arrival may be attributed to the later times of a Roman occupation. In any event, we cannot gainsay him a respectable antiquity as a denizen

of this country, for, in a bill of fare under the Saxon kings, *Unus phasianus* is assigned to the canons of Waltham Abbey as the alternative to a brace of partridges in the daily commons. It was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that the ring-necked pheasant was brought from China to challenge, and eventually to oust, the black-necked bird from pride of place in our woods. The two interbred freely; but the ring-necked proved the stronger breed, and became the predominant strain in the ensuing race, a true specimen of the black-necked pheasant being now rarely met with.

There are no less than sixteen varieties of pheasants, all closely akin to the original common pheasant, which will freely interbreed and produce fertile offspring. Several of these have been imported in large numbers, and have proved very beneficial in improving the native breed both in size and health, the first cross especially being usually a far larger bird than either of its parents. Among these recent introductions are the Mongolian pheasant, the finest of all the colchican strain, a handsome and hardy bird, and of good repute for the table; the Japanese pheasant (*versicolor*), with distinctive plumage of deep bronze-green, a variety till lately much thought of, but now only considered useful for producing a splendid first cross when mated with the common or Chinese variety; and the Prince of Wales's pheasant, brought from Afghanistan by Colonel Saunderson ten years ago, and successfully acclimatised by him on his Hampshire estate. Closely resembling our common pheasant in appearance, this last variety is easily recognised by the distinctive light colouring of the wing-coverts; as a prolific member of the family, a strong flyer, second to none for the purposes of sport, and as the pheasant best able to hold its own under adverse climatic conditions, this sub-species deserves consideration. Of the other kinds of colchican pheasants which have not yet been tried in this country, the Oxus, Yarkand, and Hagenbeck's pheasant seem worthy of a trial in our coverts. The eventual result of the successive introduction of these different varieties will be the evolution of a type of pheasant which will probably be harder than the older kinds, and which will preserve some traits of all its parent stocks.

Of pheasants which will not interbreed with other species—or at least not produce fertile offspring, which amounts to the same thing for all practical purposes—the splendid copper pheasant of Japan, the giant Reeves pheasant well known to us in our aviaries, the *monaul*, and the Chinese *impeyan* seem worthy of the sportsman's notice. The first of these would do admirably in our coverts; the Reeves has proved a great success in the wilder parts of the Highlands, and deserves a more extended trial in many of our mountain districts; while the other two, although somewhat difficult to obtain, are

noble and striking birds, inured to a cold climate, and seem well adapted for the northern parts of the kingdom.

In the world of partridges, the Frenchman has proved a valuable addition to our native stock. Long persecuted by gamekeepers, it is now recognised that the redlegs in no way interfere with the gray partridges, and, further, that they will thrive on barren and waste lands and on heavy clay soils where the native bird cannot contrive to do aught but eke out a precarious existence. Many foreign varieties have been suggested by naturalists as suitable for introduction, but few have been found to repay the trouble of importation. For the purposes of sport, a variety would be most acceptable which would thrive on our waste-lands, especially in elevated and exposed districts. For this reason the mountain partridges of other countries can be recommended as fit subjects for experiment; and it might possibly be found that one of the handsome lerwa partridges, or even a member of the

family of snow-cocks—kings of the partridge race and dwellers on the mountains of Asia—would be content to make its home with us.

Of the grouse family, the hazel hen—a plentiful species throughout eastern Europe—would make a welcome addition to the ranks of our native game birds. Akin, as it is, to the sage grouse of the New World, we have no member of this genus resident in Britain. This forest-dweller has the reputation of being the best game bird in the world to eat, and finds its natural habitat in large stretches of woodland.

These few examples may well serve to show what a wide field for enterprise in this direction is open to both the sportsman and the naturalist. Patience and a long purse are the two requisites for success; for the cost and difficulty of safely transporting birds from distant lands, alive and in good health, are easy to underestimate, and often a boy with a catapult or a poaching cat may bring an interesting and arduous experiment to an untimely close on the eve of success.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER III.—IN WHICH I TAKE THE NORTH ROAD.

I AM Edmund Layton, second son of Sir John Layton, who was Lord of the Manor of Durrinston in Westmorland, where I was born. There are fierce and troublous times here in Southern India, far from home, and it may very well come to pass that never again shall I set eyes on the fells and dales around my birthplace, or hear again the voices there that I love. It may be written that these things are lost to me; and if they are, I pray that I may lose them in the way I wish, like a soldier, my sword for King George—I, who once did His Majesty a wrong. So I set down here, as clearly as I can, the narrative of how a chance current may press, full hardly, an honest enough swimmer in this passing Affair of life.

I was a slip of a youth, twenty-three only, on a September morning in 1745, when I threw boot over saddle and set out for the town of Edinburgh from Durrinston. It was very early, for I remember that I dressed by candle-light, and as I rode off, and looked back at Durrinston, the thin daylight had just begun to awaken the windows of the old house and set them blinking. There had been a touch of frost, and the morning air, sweet and keen, caught my breath as I put my horse to the North Road.

My business in Edinburgh lay with a Mr Peter Scott, who was a Writer to the Signet there. It concerned a small property in Liddisdail that had fallen to me from my mother, an Elliot of the Border.

I rode leisurely on my way, for the matter entailed no great haste. Further, this was my

first long journey from home, and I mightily enjoyed every turn of the road; the great green whale-backed Westmorland hills on either side sloping down to the clear streams in the valleys, the morning shadows curveting and making play on them; the sun rising higher behind the hills as I rode on, melting the little mists that clung like lace round their shoulders; all around me birds whistling and whistling; and the blue smoke curling from the houses up near the folds on the hills, where the hill-folk were setting about their day's business. The air was like wine, so that I sang out of sheer light-heartedness. I had four rare things in combination: careless youth, health (I could wrestle any lad of my weight in Westmorland), a goodly number of broad pieces in my purse, and a well-bred horse under me. I have never felt so free from care since.

I rode on towards Carlisle, up the valley of the Eden, and in the evening reached the red old city that lies among meadows and clear streams. There I put up at 'The Crown and Mitre,' where, to show my experience, I damned the hostlers like a lad of spirit.

Next morning the landlord, seeing me at the yard gate, well breakfasted and in the saddle, civilly asked my destination. I told him that I purposed visiting Edinburgh.

'Th' folk say that t' Yoong Pretender, as they ca' him, will ha' ta'en Edinburgh afore tha' sees it,' said he. 'But I know nowt about it. Traveller's tales, belike! But haste tha' safe back, sir.'

He ran after me to recommend 'The White

Horse Inn' in the Canon Gate in Edinburgh; a place, he said, good for man and beast, and kept by a kinsman of his wife.

I held on by Netherby, new worlds at every turn of the road, and thence eastward into Liddisdail. There I found much to interest me vastly, for this was the first time I had set eyes on my little inheritance of Darehope, a house that lies sweet and sheltered in a dip of the hills, a few farms along with it, by the sound of the Hermitage Water, begirt by great fells, with a network of streams running down their silver ladders to the valleys. There I spent two days looking over the place, making my tenants' acquaintance, discussing accounts and such like matters with the steward. I was loath to leave, for the place and the folk were pleasant. It came about afterwards that I was to spend the most of my married life there, and there my brave wife waits me. Here, many cruel leagues away, how often have I been fain for a sight of the gray house and the green hills of the Border, and for the time when I may have been back, with my work here honourably done!

On the forenoon of the fourth day I was riding along a road, bordered by narrow strips of green, beyond them the uplands slanting to the high tops. One of the hills on my right, a shepherd told me, was called Coomb Edge. I remember a wholesome stream that plashed alongside the road. The day was hot. I was tired and dusty, and, seeing a still pool, I was tempted to bathe. So I tethered my horse amidst a clump of trees a little way off, stripped, and plunged into the pool, deep, but so clear that I could see every pebble at its bottom, and the quick tails of the trout steering over them. I could swim like an otter, and went round and round the pool in great content, when I heard a sudden shout, and looking towards the trees on the bank, I saw a man on horseback come galloping off the road, straight across the little field to the place where I had left my horse and clothes. He shouted again to me, waving his hand, and I came out, naked and dripping in the sun, not in the best of tempers at being interrupted, and in a wonder at his excitement.

He had reined up and dismounted in a great hurry before I reached the bank, and was pointing with his riding-crop to the slopes on the other side of the road.

There, crouching like hares as they ran behind rocks and bushes, I saw a couple of ill-conditioned-looking fellows.

'The nick o' time, I warrant ye,' said the horseman. 'Another couple of minutes and the rascals would have had your saddle-bags as empty as a drum. They were just beginning to *rype* them when I cam' roun' the corner. It's little use trying to catch them, though they weel deserve a man-handlin'!'

He turned and gave a great bellow towards the running men that echoed among the hills, and sent the thieves quicker on their flight. I thanked him profusely, and made haste to see that my belongings were safe. Luckily the knaves had not found my purse, which was in my coat pocket. They had only begun to search my saddle-bags, and had been so suddenly disturbed that they got nothing.

'It would be an ill thing, indeed, for me if I made for Edinburgh with an empty purse,' I said. 'You could have shared mine,' he said instantly.

I had heard the Scots were 'close,' as the saying went; but here was my first experience. I made haste to thank him for his good-hearted offer to a stranger.

'No that it would set ye up much,' he went on, with a laugh, his brown eyes a-twinkle. 'I see by your horse that you have a longer purse than mine. But if you are for the road, forgi'e me for saying that ye'll be none the worse for the putting on o' your clothes.'

He had an engaging smile, and his voice rang kind and honest.

'Are ye acquaint with these parts?' he asked.

'Tis my first time across the Sark,' I answered.

'I thought ye were a bit off your road, if ye are for Edinburgh. I have been over the Border on a fashious business o' some sheep at Kielder-Head Moor, and now am making for Edinburgh. I ken a short cut to the Hawick turnpike, a drove-road through the hills,' he said.

He was Walter Irving, the son of a Buccleuch tenant in Roxburgh, he told me. I gave him my name.

'I press my company on no man, Mr Layton, laird or tinker,' he went on; 'but ye can see by what happened, when ye were in the water there, that there are gentry along the road that I'd rather see the backs o' than their faces. So for safety, let alone company, if ye are willing, we might tak' the road together.'

This was entirely to my mind, for I was never a solitary, and in a few minutes we were riding slowly along the road past the Knot o' the Gate. I had time to take a look at my companion. He was tall and good to look upon; well apparelled according to his degree, from his broad blue Border bonnet to his riding-boots; and, so far as I saw, carried no arms. Striking the drove-road to the left that he had spoken of, we came into a lonely country, with no signs of man but the sheep-tracks, and shepherds and their dogs here and there, mere crawling specks up on the hillsides. We had ridden slowly for an hour or more, and at the crest of a steep brae, halting to breathe our horses, we fell a-talking of our destination.

'There will be blood on the Edinburgh causey soon, I'm thinkin'!' said my companion. 'Are ye'—— He broke off suddenly, and looked at me with narrowed eyes.

'You mean, am I for fighting? It depends,' I answered warily, for I knew nothing of his politics.

He said nothing, but began to whistle an air, looking straight between his horse's ears. It was the tune of a doggerel rhyme, beginning:

*From Yetholm braes to Tynron Doon
The King's redcoats in ilka town.*

The jingle was one of the many that had been in vogue at 'The Fifteen,' and now, revived, was wandering over the Borders. It had reached the Cumberland and Westmorland fells and pikes, so that I knew it. I said nothing, but took up the lilt at the third line.

'Ah! Ye have a nice ear for the music, Mr Layton,' he said, and looked me fairly in the face. I stared back at him, both of us looking so solemn and unreal that we broke into a sudden peal of laughter.

'I am for King George, like my father and all Buccleuch's tenants,' he said, giving his thigh a slap; 'but I'm for Edinburgh on decent business. Lairds and fire-eaters can fight when plain work-a-day folk canna. No shoulderin' a musket for me! Forbye, there are gossips sayin' that the Edinburgh folk are waitin' for the cat to loup. They are thinkin' more about their trade Guilds, and wha's to be Deacon, what profit they'll win or lose if the Stuarts gain the day, and sic like huckster things, than the crown o' Britain. Maybe they are wise in their generation. And if the Provost and the rest o' them can keep their canny skins whole, I dinna see a call for Walter Irving to shove his head in a noose. I'll never raise a finger one way or the other, unless I'm fairly forced; but in the meantime I'll ape some o' my betters—that is, say little, and go about my business. I seem to mind on your name, sir.'

'I own Darehope in Liddisdaill, and my errand in Edinburgh concerns it. I am a Layton of Durriston.'

'In Westmorland?'

'The same.'

'Then if you are for the white cockade, you'll be the first o' the breed.'

'My father was with his regiment in "The Fifteen,"' I said coldly; but he held up his hand as he saw the blood rise in my face.

'I only said that to rouse ye, sir,' he said, and laughed. 'I ask your pardon. Besides, ye whistled the bit tune ower weel for a Jacobite. No offence meant. I see ye are on my side o' the house.' He held out his hand for me to shake, his good-natured smile inviting friendship. I took his hand, and from that moment we made the journey together in great amity.

There was no gainsaying Walter Irving's good humour and shrewdness. He may have been my inferior in rank and station, but he never jarred on me through any lack of breeding or, in his own phrase, 'aping his betters.' Tall, dark-

eyed, lithe, with a dare-devil handsome air and carriage, he would have been a noticeable figure in any company. He spoke the Lowland Scotch pleasantly, and had a store of legends and tales of the places we came to that made the hours pass quickly. Indeed, it would have been a duller journey without him. Sometimes at nightfall, when the weather was good, disdaining the roofs of the country inns, we would light a fire, and, wrapped in our cloaks, sleep under the stars dreamlessly, till the cocks answering each other at dawn awakened us. He knew the ways of the wild things of the country-side, bird and beast, and many a good trout did he 'tickle' and land for our breakfasts. And often he would break into a song with a great mellow voice. Altogether, between his high spirits, his good looks, his resource and manifest cleverness, I own I conceived an admiration for him that grew as the days passed.

Walter's errand to Edinburgh took some time to discover. He hummed and hawed and reddened over it, until in the end a child would have seen there was little business (in the money sense of it) in his journey. At last, over an evening stoup of claret at a hostelry, he admitted that he had lost his heart, and that he was a-courting. He did not condescend on details, nor did I press him to. Sometimes I might rally him a little, when he would say, 'Ay, "Laugh last" is an old saying! Your time is coming sure enough!' a safe enough prophecy to a sprig in the early twenties, as I was then.

We got wind of the drift of affairs in the North now and again. Sometimes, perhaps, a traveller going southward, or it might be a wandering packman, would come our way. My companion was extraordinarily eager for news, and would entangle the sourest-looking wayfarer, if there was but the slightest chance of breaking speech with him. I could not but admire his skill and address. He had a faculty of half play-acting, a chiming with the mood and degree of the folk he met, that often was of vast service to him; and I remarked that although he contrived to engage all and sundry in conversation, and was as inquisitive as a weasel, yet he said very little regarding himself. I never knew a man who found out more from his neighbours and gave less in return in the way of information.

We put up one evening at the Old Forest Inn in the town of Selkirk, and there, resting after our day's ride, we saw a company of the King's soldiers, very fine in scarlet coats and yellow facings, stepping out briskly to the sound of the fifes and drums. The landlord of the comfortable house told us that they had been billeted in the town for a week; that there was great secrecy kept concerning events; but a sergeant, over a bottle, had told him that they were hourly expecting orders for the North, for the Jacobite army had fared better than most men thought. The Young Chevalier, he said (and this, as we soon

discovered, was true), had entered the town of Perth, where an advance-guard of his troops had proclaimed his father James and himself King and Regent. While there, he had got reinforcements—numbers of the gentry of Struan, the tenants of Athole, and a great many others—and was on his way south to seize Edinburgh. I was for pushing on post-haste, in order to arrive there before the Highland army; but Walter was all, as he put it, for being 'siccar.'

'Sir John Cope canna be far away, and I would as lief see the outcome between him and the Pretender before I take up my quarters in Edinburgh,' said he. 'I've heard tell o' the wild Hielanders. If Sir John gets into Edinburgh first, all's well; but if the Hielanders win the town, you and I might be as comfortable outside it.'

We finally decided that as neither of us was in the firing line, we would go on without forcing our horses, until we came within reach of Edinburgh, and could gather undoubted news of the fortunes of the Rising.

'If we keep our tongues quiet, at all events,' quoth Irving, 'they canna hang us;' and this was precisely the advice that Mr Peter Scott, the writer, gave me afterwards. So, without haste, we put the miles behind us, and, favoured by dry weather, travelled in comfort.

The days were shortening. It was nearing the middle of September; the harvesters, busy in the fields, as unconcerned as though no Highland rebels were marching south. Indeed, I found all through my ride through the Lowlands that few folk were inclined to take the Rising seriously.

One day, towards evening, Walter Irving and I had come to a rising moorland, brown and bare. There were no houses and no human beings in

sight, and presently at a fork in the road I was for one way, he for the other. There was nothing to choose between the roads. Both showed equal signs of hoof-marks. We stood pondering for a moment, when Walter spied a bird perched on a branch in a little knot of firs.

'See!' he said; 'we'll take the road he favours.'

We watched the bird until it saw us coming. It rose and flew off down the road to the left.

'Tis a magpie,' quoth Irving. 'One's a marriage, so they say;' and he turned his horse to the left road, with a smile and a nod to me.

We had not ridden more than a couple of miles when the road steepened to a high hill, and we were glad to draw rein. When we reached the top, the country spread out before us like a picture, green fields and woods, corn-stooks and the country-people's houses—a fair sight. In the distance was a great plume of smoke trailing in the wind over Edinburgh; the Castle held up through it like a huge fist; and, beyond, the shining sea and ships beating up the Firth. The scene moved me like a sudden burst of music.

Without speech, we both stopped our horses and looked.

The Castle, we discovered afterwards, was held for the King by General Guest, the governor; and, as we gazed, the boom of a gun, followed by another, split the silence, and rumbled away among the hills we had left behind.

This was the greatest city I had seen, and the sight of it, its smoke-clad height, the sudden throb in the air after the sound of firing, and the moving neighbourhood of the sea, all made up such a surprising sense of adventure and distance that my young blood fairly tingled.

(Continued on page 35.)

FINLAND IN WAR-TIME.

By Professor E. H. PARKER.

FOR a week after the spasmodic and intermittent declarations of war (say 1st August) it was impossible for any one to leave St Petersburg either by boat or train. At last, on Monday the 10th August, the visitors (mostly Americans) 'caught' in the capital found that a roundabout communication had been provided for them by way of Raumo in Finland and Gefle in Sweden; the boat was to run thrice a week—that is, passengers leaving by the 9 A.M. train from St Petersburg on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays would catch the Raumo steamer on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. Gefle and Raumo being north of the intricate and well-mined Aland archipelago, the German fleet could not interfere. Parenthetically it may be observed that the fleet of fifty or sixty men-of-war which I saw at Reval on the 25th July would (supposing they

were properly constructed and manned) have been able under British captains to dispose of the whole of the second-class naval forces reserved by the Germans for Baltic uses; but it is doubtful whether the ships 'made in Germany' or even those built at St Petersburg (before British supervision was introduced) durst 'toe the line' with the Germans whilst under comparatively inexperienced Russian officers. Rozhdesvenski's fate in 1905 is ever before them, and they have scarcely got their new sea-legs 'to them.'

But to return. A second train left for Viborg only at 4.40 P.M. There were innumerable droshkies in waiting at all stations, Russian or Finnish, with the exception of Viborg itself, where we were surprised at 8.30 P.M. not to find a single conveyance or porter to convey our baggage to the hotel. It turned out that a zealous governor had, amongst his numerous

other war regulations, decreed that no stranger must be seen in the streets after nine o'clock. It was fortunate that delivery of our heavy baggage was effected by an hotel porter with a good pair of shoulders one minute before that fateful hour.

We had decided not to flee precipitately all the way to Raumo, but to spend a week at or near Viborg, in roaming amongst the lakes and canals of east Finland (Karelia), and our sudden introduction to Finnish life at Viborg after the happy-go-lucky Russian experiences at Pskov and Novgorod was striking. In the absence of other assistance, we put up at the Turistenhôtel Suomi, which, from its name—*suo* means 'marsh,' and *suomi* means 'marshmen' or Finns—and still more from its manners and customs, was evidently meant for the entertainment of natives only. The entrance from the street led to a lift and nothing more. The porter or liftman showed us two excellent and spotlessly clean rooms on the fourth floor; and when we asked for the office he took us down again to the second floor, where also was the dining-room. In the centre of this room was a long table stocked with innumerable dishes. Each guest walked up from time to time from his seat at one of the many small tables, spiked a sausage or a piece of meat, poured himself out a glass of *kvass*, milk, buttermilk, or tea, selected some cucumber, beetroot, potatoes, fish, cheese, or what not, and carried his own store of food to a table. Few words were exchanged even between persons who had come to eat in company, and the general sensation or 'atmosphere' was quakerish, solemn, and slightly depressing. At first we thought these pick-as-you-please dishes were merely *zakuska*, or appetisers; but it turned out that that was all the supper provided, so, falling back on rye bread, oatcake, and white bread, we made the best of it.

We had to imagine what the city of Viborg looked like that night, for we were not allowed to show our noses in the street at all, and of course our passports were at once demanded for police inspection. Viborg is really a charming and up-to-date little town, admirably served by a good electric-tram service, with transfers. All Germans and Austrians had been obliged to leave so soon as ever war was declared, and all English visitors previous to our arrival seem also to have thought it prudent to leave Russian dominions. I had got one hundred roubles for a ten-pound note at St Petersburg on the morning of our arrival, so on Tuesday the 11th I expected to get two hundred and fifty Finland crowns at the Finnish Bank in the Salu Torget, or Market Place. What was our surprise to find that all the visible bank staff consisted of females, and the intelligent young lady to whom I handed my ten-pound note promptly turned up the *kurs* of the day and handed me 252·75 Finnish, besides changing my rouble-notes at

a correspondingly good rate! At the Russian banks this operation would have occupied half-an-hour, and involved several entries and copies. She said it was ten—or was it twenty?—years since Finnish women had been entrusted with banking operations, and five years since they had been admitted to Parliament. I understand that within the past few weeks a woman has even been appointed 'stationmaster' at an important centre. It is true that many Finnish women are dour and masculine in look and bearing; many of them, however, are solemn and severe without losing their charm of femininity; the pretty ones are sometimes even frank, obliging (but only when asked), and attentive; yet they are never gushing, playful, or in the least light-headed. This particular hotel we stayed at was a temperance one; but in any case the landlady said, when we proposed to begin with a drink, that the Governor-General would not allow beer to be sold anywhere after nine o'clock during the war; and the mere suggestion of a glass of *vodka* was received with a horrified shudder (*vodka*, as it is often written, is the genitive case). Prices all round are absurdly cheap in Finland as compared with Russia. We preferred to take early breakfast in our own rooms rather than to stand up and pick a bit at the round table; we therefore ordered coffee, two eggs, white bread (black barred), and jam for two. A bounteous feast at one mark—that is, a franc—a head was supplied as follows: two pots of coffee, four eggs, four plates of jam, unlimited bread and butter. At dinner (eleven to five) we again went in for the stand-up affair. The price was one and a half marks. Not a word was said by the weird company present, and there was no attendance except to take empty plates away. There was on the table a tureen of good soup, besides any number of cold *zakuskas*, cucumbers, beetroots, salt-fish, sardines, ham, &c.; and there were also large dishes of chops and cutlets, besides huge puddings and cooked fruits. Accordingly, as these good things disappeared under the inroads of successive determined but silent guests, the young waiting-girls took the dishes away and brought them back refilled. Finally, the same thing happened at supper (5 to 9 P.M.). At first we did not fancy the plan, but now we rather like it, for the cooking is excellent.

The Finns are an exceedingly go-ahead race. Expensive machinery, liberal lifts, telephones, and various electrical and other modern conveniences are met with on all sides in the least expected places; but apparently these same Finns have found that the ultimate result is worth the initial cost. It is extraordinary how much in the way of public works and services they manage to achieve with a total revenue of some seven million pounds a year. Public instruction is extremely effective, and not only is education compulsory, but neither man nor woman can marry unless a paragraph chosen

and submitted to them by the parson is not only correctly read out, but correctly explained; this assurance was given to me by a responsible Government inspector whose father was a parson, and he had frequently himself witnessed such tests, which are of course only of real service in the case of poor and obscure people.

Finns of all classes, without making any secret of it, seem entirely out of sympathy with the Russian Government, which, however, in spite of political changes and raids upon the old Finnish Constitution made within the past twelve years, seems to leave the Finns as much to themselves and their own laws and customs as is possible in view of the political dangers which threaten or may threaten Russia on the part of Germany and Sweden. Of course, the Finns are interested in the great war which is now going on; but this interest is chiefly an economic one, as their own trade is greatly interfered with. Trade sympathies are entirely with Germany, for there is very little commerce with Russia. Either Britain, France, or Germany would (negatively) be as welcome a master as Russia, with whose sovereignty the Finns have no great desire to quarrel; but they have never been a perfectly independent state, and seem to have lost any natural instinct to form one. What they do want is their own laws and customs, freedom of thought, and so on. They seem passionately fond of their beautiful country; and out of half-a-million Finns in America, twelve to fifteen thousand come home annually for the summer, or to stay permanently, in each case with a store of dollars saved. In Finland itself the females of the population are largely in excess of the males, and female rights are now more developed probably than in any other country. Public spirit seems to run very high, and the power of economical co-operation is clearly understood. The national demeanour tends rather to the silent, contemplative, and gloomy; but great courtesy is shown in a quiet way both to each other and to strangers, always provided no aggressive, overfamiliar, or complaining attitude calls for an exhibition of that passive stubbornness at which the Finns are such past-masters.

Practically the whole population belongs to the somewhat dreary Lutheran Church, though of course there are a few Catholics left from times when Catholicism was the only Christianity known in north Europe. There are about five thousand Orthodox Finns (apart from the Russian garrisons) in the country, but few of them understand Russian, or indeed the religion which for one reason or another they have passively inherited.

Lake Saima is about two hundred and fifty feet higher than Lake Ladoga, which is only a few feet above the level of the sea; the northern half of Ladoga is Finnish, the southern half Russian. The Finnish frontier is about forty

miles from both St Petersburg and Schlüsselburg, on the west coast; the chief island lying north in Lake Ladoga is Russian, though nearer to Finland, and on it is a celebrated monastery. The waters of the Vuotsen carry the contents of Lake Saima with great rapidity over the comparatively short distance to Lake Ladoga, and in some places—as, for instance, the well-known Imatra 'Falls'—a fierce rapid or race is developed. The rest of east Finland is an intricate, shapeless mass of lakes, rivers, and islands, the small islands, thousands in number, being nearly all uninhabited and thickly covered with birch, larch, or pine. In many features a sail through this network resembles a voyage from Stockholm to Göteborg, through the Swedish Canal, and the locks are about as numerous. Between Viborg and Willmanstrand there are seen on the banks of the Saima Canal stone monuments to Ericsson, the chief maker of the canal; Count Hartmann, whose economic assistance was very great; and the Governor-General Berg, who saw the enterprise to its end. There are also stone inscriptions to the Emperors Nicholas the First and Alexander the Second, who visited a point near Lauritsala about seventy and sixty years ago respectively. There are some fine celluloid factories in the Willmanstrand-Lauritsala tract.

All the way between St Petersburg and Viborg, by train, there are numerous *datcha* stations, Russian and Finnish, to which St Petersburg residents flock for the summer. As scarcely any average well-to-do Russian possesses a town house of his own, it is a relief, after stewing during nine or ten months of cold weather in overheated and comparatively cheerless flats, to betake himself to a wooden *datcha*, bask in the sun, and feel that he has a home of his own. At the beginning of summer about 10 per cent. of Russians seem to get toothache or neuralgia in the face owing to the sudden appetite for fresh air. The majority of these *datchas* are rather seedy, unfinished, and not too neatly kept structures; moreover, the surroundings are flat and sandy; but still there is a sense of escape from responsibility which acts as a good tonic for the coming year. Some of the smarter Russians go instead to Staraya Russa, a sort of Harrogate on the river Volkhov, south of Novgorod, where there are a high-class Casino Hotel, a well-kept park or garden, and a succession of amusements and distractions. Of course the rich ones go to Monte Carlo or some other gay place on the Riviera, to Geneva, to Paris, &c. The Finns have also their *datcha* life in summer; but they are not an extravagant and convivial race, and their holiday is more of a temperate roughing it amongst the woods.

When you are once settled in Viborg, the innumerable small steamers which infest the canals and lakes can take you comfortably all over the

country; in fact, it is quite possible with one short land-stage to go by water 'overland' to Uleaborg. We seriously thought of doing so instead of taking the Raumo-Gefle route; but finally we were satisfied with Joensuu and the numerous places between it and the Imatra Falls, which themselves furnish enough matter for a fortnight's cruise; the air is perfect, and the sudden changes of scenery a never-failing pleasure.

The Finns are more than usually obstinate and stupid in the matter of language. Even in the case of Finnish steamers running between Hull and Helsingfors the female attendance is largely inarticulate; inland amongst the lakes the girls not only cannot speak a word even of Russian, let alone French, English, or German, but they show the most provoking slowness in guessing what the guest wants; on the other hand, the slovenly and ignorant Russian servant or cabman is extremely alert mentally.

The laws of Finland are based on those introduced by Sweden six or seven centuries ago, and Russia lets law alone. Senators are of two classes, the economic and the juridical; these are the highest civilian officials under the Russian Governor-General. Husband and wife have equal rights. A man can only leave to strangers what money he has made for himself; all inherited property must go to wife and children

in equal halves; if no wife is left, then all must go to the children, and *vice versa*. The Finns and Esthonians—that is, the 'marsh' people and the 'east' people—belonged to the same *souche*, and being driven from 'Mongolia' (as it is vaguely termed by the knowing ones) by the Slavs, took different sides of Lake Ladoga when they settled on the Finland Gulf. The Lapps (apparently distant kinsmen) were driven farther north, and still bear a very Mongolian—that is, really Mongol, as now seen in China—appearance. The Finns and Esthonians can understand each other as well, say, as the Spaniards and Italians, and it is now securely established that a small percentage of Madjar or Hungarian is unmistakably connected with Finnish and Esthonian. Swedish is compulsory in all Finnish schools; even German is 'measurably' within the compulsory category in certain grades of schools; Russian much the same, with wider limits; English and French are never compulsory. Most scientific works are read in Swedish; but world-renowned works like Shakespeare, as also English and French novels, are translated into Finnish as well as Swedish. In cleanliness the Finns rank with the Dutch; but they are not so careful about vermin in their trains, boats, carriages, &c., nor are they quite perfect in the management of lavatory arrangements.

THE DRIVING FORCE.

CHAPTER II.

NOT long after, with one of those little refinements of cruelty to which Robespierre and the more intelligent of his satellites were prone, Lucien was sent down to this very district to assist the local Committee of National Safety in hunting out the very men and women who had been the friends of his youth. He quite understood the meaning of the appointment. He had been born an aristocrat, and was therefore a creature suspect in the natural order of things. The mission was to try him, to see if any humanity still remained in him.

Lucien, it almost seemed, had determined to outdo even the most merciless. His zeal was such, and his success, aided by his intimate knowledge of the country, so great, that soon, from being an instrument to execute commands, he was advanced to a position where he issued them.

It was he who received intelligence; it was he to whom spies and informers addressed their reports. If any château was burned down, he was told of it; if any aristocrat—he called them 'pestilentials' as glibly as any one else now—was known to be at large, it was he whose business it was to organise bands to hunt them down; and so, in the course of days, he came to the conclusion that there was what he called a 'leakage.'

Some one was helping the proscribed men and women to escape. It was evident that there was some organised method by which these hunted men and women were passed over the French frontier, probably by way of Lake Lemane, into Switzerland.

That conclusion set him thinking; made him double his guard at certain points. But day by day he heard nothing; no arrests were effected, no information brought in; and so many were the fugitives known to have escaped that the authorities in Paris began to hint, in terms which left no doubt about their meaning, that unless there was a change things would assuredly become unpleasant for the man in charge, who, as the reminders he received never failed to remark, must always remember that the taint of noble birth clung to him.

Lucien began to have visions of his own arrest; he thought unpleasantly often of that guillotine which was erected in practically every town in France. His mind was troubled with just such misgiving one afternoon in the late summer. There had been a more than usually audacious evasion in his district but a few days before, and every time he heard the rap of a horse's hoof on the flags before the window of

the room which served for his official bureau he could not help holding his breath for a moment until he made sure whether it were or were not a messenger from Robespierre himself with a warrant of arrest in his pocket.

But this time the noise was only the door into the street opening roughly. Lucien glanced over his shoulder; he saw that a man was coming in who filled the office of clerk to him, but who, according to the usage of the moment, was known as an 'official,' lest his feelings—and those in like case to him—might be hurt by a suggestion of honest work for honest wages.

'Thou,' he said, for both principals and subordinates had perforce to use the second personal pronoun to show that all men were equal.

'Yes,' said the clerk curtly. He was undersized, he had a sallow face, and as he had opened the door noisily, he shut it with a bang.

'Any news?' Lucien inquired.

The man perhaps heard the anxiety in his superior's voice, for he smiled evilly.

'A report from the emissary you sent to go round the lake, *citoyen*,' he returned.

Lucien stretched out his hand. 'Has he heard anything?' he asked.

'Read for yourself,' retorted the 'official' insolently, and he tossed several sheets of paper on to the table.

Lucien took them up and began to read eagerly; then he looked up. 'It is always the same thing,' he muttered angrily—'pages about nothing, and not a single word of any use.'

He fluttered the sheets in his hand. He turned to the very end. Here was a supplement headed, 'Remarks on individuals.'

Lucien began to glance at these descriptions. He was just about to put the papers down, to say that he did not want to read line after line of minute detail about quite uninteresting peasant men and women, when a single word caught his eye. He read it eagerly. He went back to the beginning of the sentence. This sentence ran: 'This man is without any particular mark of identification except that in the palm of his right hand is a deep dent which might have been caused by the bite of an animal, but more probably by the point of a knife.'

The words arrested Lucien; and well trained as he was to the repression of any outward manifestation, he had much ado to keep an exclamation from his lips, which his subordinate, apparently writing at the next table, would be sure to make a note of.

He turned back a page. The description referred to a young fisherman who hawked his catch in the villages adjacent to Lake Lemman from the shore right up to the ruins of the castle of Palud. The fellow, so the report went on, was young, vigorous, seemingly not over-intelligent, but ready on all occasions to cry, '*A bas les aristocrates!*' especially when he was promised a mug of wine for his patriotic exertions.

Lucien read that paragraph over once—twice. He recollected—could he ever forget?—the day, so long ago, when he and Henri had cut down boughs of hawthorn, the day when Marie-Félicité first came to live in the château. It was his knife that had gone deep into Henri's hand; the mark of it—just one round, deep dent—had always remained.

He stopped a moment at that recollection. He breathed hard. 'Bring the identification-book,' he said curtly, in his excitement, to his 'official.'

The man who was addressed seemed to ponder whether he would or would not obey. Then he apparently concluded to condescend so far. He brought a great book, bound—by an irony that occurred neither to him nor to Lucien—in white parchment; he pushed it roughly to his chief. 'Hast thou got something?' he inquired familiarly.

Lucien was about to answer eagerly; but he changed his mind. 'As little as usual,' he said, with no set plan as yet, but just to gain time.

He opened the sinister catalogue. Many of the pages were filled, most of them with Lucien's own neat writing. In it he entered particulars of any proscribed individual, of any man or woman suspected of lukewarmness—the colour of their hair, of their eyes; the build of them; above all, any peculiarity. He dipped his pen in the ink, turned back the leaves of the report, and then he suddenly dropped the quill.

His better self rose up within him. His heart asked himself if he could hunt down his own kith and kin. The next minute it was a very different thing which kept him still. If he entered a description of this fisherman, his subordinate might—or, rather, assuredly would—read it.

Any person mentioned in this book became at once an object of surveillance. The 'official,' whom Lucien shrewdly suspected to be a spy on him as well as his underling, might take the matter up himself. He might send information on his own account to another Committee of Public Safety. Lucien had reason to think the 'official' had done so once already when an important capture was impending. That time the *aristo* had escaped; so the 'official' had probably been snubbed for his interference. This time he might have better luck, and if the prisoner should turn out to be Henri de Palud, Lucien saw at once how awkward that would make his own position, precarious enough as it was already. As his mind ran quickly over these things, he determined how to act.

'Call the Captain of the National Guard, *citoyen*,' he said. 'And to-morrow you will be in charge here; I am called away on business.'

He had said the same thing several times before, and each time, as the 'official' heard, he received the news with the same scowling displeasure. It meant that the *ex-aristo* was on the scent of something that would bring him

into prominence, while he, a man of the people, was tied to his desk.

The underling rose with a frown; he put his thumbs into the arm-holes of his striped red-white-and-blue waistcoat, badly lacking in its first freshness. He walked, not towards the door, but up to his chief. 'Send me,' he said, as a man demanding his rights might. 'You have had your turn; I want mine.'

Lucien looked at the 'official.' He threw up his head. For a moment he forgot his rôle; he was about to put this low fellow in his place; and then he recollected. '*Citoyen*,' he said suavely, 'you are indispensable here. Have but a little more patience, and you will see what I am reserving for you. I have mentioned your zeal in the very last report I sent to Paris.'

The other man leered. He considered a moment. 'I suppose you are lying,' he said rudely. 'But take care. I am clean all through. You can't say so much for yourself.'

Lucien's eyes blazed. 'I repeat, have patience, *Citoyen* Thoud,' he returned. 'And have the goodness to call the Captain of the National Guard.'

This time the 'official' thought fit to do as he was bid. The portly Captain of the Guard came in, and Lucien had a brief interview with him. He meant to set out that night for the lake, and wanted a few men as escort.

After arranging this, Lucien was left alone. He impatiently scattered some sand over the newly written pages, swept it from the leaves of the identification-book on to the dirty floor, and rose. He looked up at a door on the other side of the room. It was not only locked, but it was barred as well.

His face darkened as he thought of what was on the other side of that door. It separated him from the men and women whom that very morning he had helped to condemn to death. The suspects were confined in the old church where so many of them had worshipped. The altar was desecrated now; it was a criminal offence to say as much as a prayer at it; the high windows of the nave had been hastily provided with iron bars; and where the glass was broken the wind blew in upon the prisoners, and sometimes the rain came spattering through; not infrequently a stone or filth was thrown by those without, who would lose no opportunity of insulting a 'pestilential.'

Yet Lucien could not but remember that these aristocrats had looked at him, without a single exception, as if they, bound, bedraggled, worn with fatigue, half-fed as they were, could afford to pity him. Each silent expression of disdain had hardened his heart; each open expression of scorn—for he did not go altogether scathless—had but made him the more vindictive; and now the question that would persist in intruding into his mind—though by his own action he had seemed to settle it a few moments before—was,

should he or should he not set the seal on his own infamy, and he himself hunt down his own kith and kin?

He was sure that the fisherman was his cousin Henri disguised; that dent in the hand seemed to him conclusive evidence. And it was probably Henri who was arranging for the fugitives to escape across the lake. Henri always had been a powerful oar, full of daring, full of resource. He knew every path across the hills, every little cove where a boat might put out on to the lake. He knew of a cave here, a hollow there, where a fugitive might lie *perdu* until he or she could be smuggled across. It was possible that some peasant man or woman so far forgot the times as still to be faithful to him who had been born the master, and helped him.

Lucien stepped back from the table. He stood in the room which in the old days had been the sacristy. The sacred emblems were defaced; the mocking words *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité* were painted over the outer door; the vestment-cases were emptied of their robes; and the sliding shelves now held papers of arrest, summonses, requisition orders, and volumes similar to that book of identification which still lay open on the very table where so often had rested the beautiful silver vessels used to commemorate the perfection of all self-abnegation, of all love for sinners as well as saints.

Lucien thrust his hand into his pocket. He moved impatiently about the still room. His long hair dangled over his ears; his eyes looked out sombre, dark. He went to the window. Through the leaded panes upheld by ribs of delicate tracery, he could catch a glimpse of the market-place, where every day, as the evening wore on, in the midst of the flagged space, the guillotine would be erected, and before the moon was fully up men and women, sent by him to their death, would mount those steps; and as each head fell, the mob, with not one single impulse of human kindness, would yell, '*À bas les aristocrates!*' would call on him, Lucien, to provide them with yet more spectacles of the same entertaining nature.

If he were to bring them Henri Hauteville de Palud, the man who rightfully was the owner of more than half the town, what would the mob have to say to him, Lucien? There was not a man, not a woman, watching who would not know what relation the judge and the prisoner bore to each other. And if, as Henri's head rolled down into the sawdust, the escape of the fugitives over the border ended, what would the authorities at Paris not say to him, Lucien?

The man in the long, dark-blue coat, with the tricolour of office round his waist, with his eyes sunk deep into their sockets, and his mouth telling its own tale, dreamed his dream, saw his vision; for both dreams and visions can be bad as well as good. He saw himself advanced by what was called at this moment 'his zeal,' first

to be the ruling authority, not in this poor little town, but throughout the province; then transferred to Paris, competing with Robespierre, with Danton. Where those two men had ascended, why should not Lucien Palud (he was careful to drop the 'de') mount? That notion dominated him. If he had ever thought of sparing Henri, he now swept the idea from him. The capture of Henri was necessary to give an impetus to his career. Henri must die that he might be uplifted.

He swung round from the window. He went again to the book open on the table. He was about to close it, when a sudden thought struck him. He had not a doubt that he was being watched. His subordinate would know that a paper about some individual or individuals had been brought in; he could tear that report up. He stooped and took it off the floor; but if any curious eyes looked, they would find that no new entry had been made in the identification-book. He took up his pen, convinced that he must write something.

The first column was headed 'Name.' Lucien instantly wrote in the space for that, 'Unknown at present.' The next was headed 'Appearance.' That gave Lucien pause. He must not make it too unlike Henri, in case he was arrested; and yet he must not make it so like him that if he escaped it could be urged from this very book that he, Lucien, had let his relative go. He put down things in general terms. The height he might as well make correct. He knew it, for it was the same as his own. He would say that the eyes were brown; plenty of men had brown eyes besides himself and Henri. He could say a few other such unimportant things. Then he came to the column devoted to the description of a suspect's calling. That he wrote down, quickly enough, 'Supposed to be fisherman.' Finally he came to the marks of identification. Here he paused. Should he or should he not mention the very thing that had given him the clue? He decided he would not. The fewer who knew of that the better.

He finished and closed the book with a snap. He thrust it into a red velvet-lined space. He locked the door of the vestment-cupboard, and put the key in his pocket. His mouth twisted as he did that. He had reason to believe his subordinate possessed a duplicate. That man Thoud was in the way. Lucien hated his presence. He was but waiting until some slip gave him the pretext, and then would not he hurry to denounce him!

He was thinking of this, when he found that he was thirsty—very thirsty. He crossed to the little lavabo, where, century after century, the priests before the office and after the office had washed their hands. A little cup still stood on a ledge of marble at the right hand; it was attached by its slender chain; it had been there for years, and many a good man had drunk his cup of cold water out of it. Lucien filled it

greedily now. He tossed it off at one draught, and filled it again, when, with the metal rim almost touching his lips, he paused. It suddenly leaped into his mind to wonder where Marie-Felicité might be. He had heard no news of her. He put the cup down on the slab with so violent a movement that the metal rang against the stone and the water was spilled over.

The agent made no mention of a woman with the fisherman. Probably Marie-Felicité was safe in Switzerland. Lucien ground a hard word between his teeth. Though he knew better than to wash often, since to be dirty was to be patriotic in the eyes of his masters, he turned the water on. It splashed into the marble basin carved in the form of a shell. Lucien plunged his hands into it, and dashed it on to his face. There was a tumult within him. He did not know what he wanted. With one turn of his mind he gloated as he thought of Marie-Felicité imploring him to spare Henri's life, and of the deaf ear he would lend; with another, he was not sure that he was not glad to think of her as safe in Switzerland. But, whether he realised it or not, it was the thought of Marie-Felicité, who had preferred Henri to him, which had brought the blood to fever-heat in his veins, which made him gasp as he splashed among the water with hands which trembled.

All the rest of that summer day Lucien waited, filled with so violent a mixture of feeling that he could hardly distinguish one sentiment from another. Only one thing was clear. He meant to arrest Henri if he could. Sometimes he hoped Marie-Felicité might be with him; sometimes he hoped she was safe across Lake Lemman.

He was doomed, however, to disappointment. After a long march through the dark, he and the guard came to the point by the lake where the fisherman was said to land. They waited, while the moon got up, while the silver light flooded all the beautiful lake, but not a single boat drew in near the shore.

When dawn flushed the sky, Lucien cursed his luck. The fisherman was not on French soil that day. If Lucien had consulted his own inclinations he would have lingered by that shore; but certain considerations, and, above all, Thoud, drew him back to the bureau in the old sacristy.

He left a man to spy out the land, a fellow whom he thought he could trust, since he had heard him and his 'official' exchange anything but complimentary opinions of each other.

One day went by; two. Lucien began to fear that the fisherman had received a warning; and then came the news of a new evasion. At least three suspects had got safe away across the lake.

His 'official' was with Lucien when he heard this news. The man looked up at his chief with an expression there was no mistaking. 'You don't seem so fortunate as you were,' Thoud remarked. 'The rabbits get across the

water every night now. You had better let me go and see what I can do, as you always come back with your hands empty.'

Lucien put his subordinate off for the coming night. If he heard nothing before the next twenty-four hours were past, Lucien realised that to save his own skin he must let Thoud take his place, and trust that he would fail.

But before that day drew to twilight, while the hammering that went on at a fixed hour every night in the *Place* was raising the guillotine before the windows of the sacristy, the man whom Lucien had left by the shores of the lake appeared at the sacristy door and asked for the Citoyen Commissioner Palud.

Thoud introduced the new-comer, and coolly announced that he meant to be present through the interview by taking his seat and beginning to bite his nails.

But at all costs Lucien felt that he must receive this report alone. 'Summon the guard, please, *citoyen*,' he said.

Thoud looked up. 'There is time enough yet,' he retorted significantly.

But Lucien held to his point, and at last the 'official' got off his stool. As he went out, however, he fired his parting shot.

'It looks queer, queer for you, *citoyen*,' he said, jerking his head at Lucien, 'that you want to make a secret of public business. I am wondering what Citoyen Robespierre would think if he knew.'

The threat was apparent. The spy looked at Lucien, and his face showed how afraid he was.

But Lucien laughed. 'I will tell you what the Citoyen Robespierre thinks,' he said to Thoud, 'when I get the answer to the report that I shall write to-morrow.'

After that the door out to the street banged, and Lucien and the informer were left alone.

This time the informer's report was full of encouragement. The man had watched the shore of the lake in vain for a day and a night; then it occurred to him to try a little farther inland. There he heard of the fisherman, and following the trail, he discovered that the man he was searching for often passed a night at a certain little cottage perched up against the side of the hill known locally as the *Colline Valcaulx*. And this time the agent added another item of information. The fisherman was not alone now; he had with him a young lad, whose business it seemed to be to help to carry the baskets of fish.

(Continued on page 39.)

THE FIRST ARROW.

By ERNEST LYLE.

THOUSANDS of years ago—nobody knows how long—while the world was still in its infancy, a man sat at the roots of a giant tree in a glade of a mighty forest. The strong noonday sun shone down upon him, setting his body in a conspicuous light, and revealing his undeveloped form, narrow chest, and frail limbs; for as a type of the early human race he was a mean specimen. Yet, in spite of his physical weakness, there was that about his head—a gleam of intelligence in his eyes—that would have distinguished him from the other men of his tribe were they at hand for comparison. But they—the strong men, the mighty hunters—were away on the annual food-getting expedition; and he, the frail and puny one known to them as Reed the Weak, had been left behind.

Reed's position in the tribe was precarious. At his birth his mother had died, and he had grown up without even the little care that these primitive people bestowed upon their children. When he reached adult age the other young men of the tribe ignored him; while the old men denied him the right of manhood—he was not allowed to have a mate. As for the women and the children, they treated him with scorn, taking liberties with him which they would not have dared to do with a normal man of their kind. In their subconscious way they all saw in him something unlike themselves, something unfinished

and imperfect, and in their primitive unreasoning they made him an outcast.

As he sat in the blinding sunlight he was not idle. Beside him lay a bundle of rods and the tendons of animals, while at his feet were pieces of flint and shells, and a number of gaudy feathers. He was busy with these simple materials, and his hands worked with skill. In his savage brain an idea had taken root. One day, while he was pushing his way through the forest, a light branch of a tree which he had brushed aside sprang back and struck him on the face. For a few moments he stood, dazed by the unexpected blow. Then, as he recovered from the slight shock, the seed of the idea dropped into his brain: What was the force that had caused the branch to rebound and strike him? Why did it not remain in the position to which it had been moved? These questions slowly presented themselves, and his mind groped vaguely on the problem. Taking the offending branch in his hand, he pushed it back to its farthest limit and suddenly released it. The result was the same as before—it sprang back into its former position. He did this many times, his mind beginning to act in a way it had never done before.

For months he pondered over the idea. The other men were absent on their hunting expedition, and so long as he kept out of the way of the women and the children there was nothing to

disturb his thoughts; so he spent his days in the forest learning the secrets of the trees.

The result of these months of thought was his daily work in the secluded glade. The supple branch of the tree had taught him that other branches, even when torn from their parent trunk, would act in the same way. The rude spears used by his tribe had suggested an arrow; and had he not seen the birds—the mighty eagles and swift hawks—swoop down on their prey, guided by the tuft of feathers in their outspread tails?

He had chosen this secluded spot for secrecy. Some instinct warned him that he must not be discovered at his new occupation. In those early days, as at a later period, death was often the reward of those who sought out inventions.

In spite of his precautions, he did not work unobserved. Cowering in the dense underwood of the forest, a girl lay watching him, her big tawny eyes glowing with interest as she gazed at his strange toil. In striking contrast to the man, she was a magnificent specimen of the world's first children. The tattered girdle of skin that hung about her hid none of the glorious symmetry of her maiden body, while a mane of strong yellow hair flowed down her supple back. Known to her people as She of the Hair, she was the most sought after maiden of the tribe. She was now mate-old, and soon, when the hunters returned, she would be claimed, and her girlhood brought to a sudden close.

This was not her first visit to the glade. She had stumbled on the place some time before, and had ever since been a secret spectator of the man's labours. She had witnessed with awe the short flight of his first arrow, and in silence had shared his jubilation. Every day she had followed him when he stole away from the rude habitations of the tribe, and had taken up her place in the thicket, fascinated by the strangeness of his work.

These two were not the only living creatures in the neighbourhood of the glade. Crouching on the limb of a tree in the forest twilight was a monster cat, deadliest enemy of the tribe. The great beast was behind the girl, so that the three were almost in a straight line, the man facing the other two; but he was too deeply engaged in his work to notice either. Only a short distance separated the girl from the cat, as the brute lay on the branch with muscles taut, ready to spring.

The man was setting a newly made arrow to the string, when the girl, eager to see the tiny spear make its wonderful flight, leaned forward. Reed's ear caught the sound, and his quick eyes immediately found the spot from which it had come, there to encounter the girl's wondering gaze. For a moment a scowl crossed his face, but only for a moment, for at that instant he caught sight of a pair of glowing eyes, cruel and terrible, behind her.

It was then the cat made its spring, and it

was at that moment that Reed loosed the arrow on an arrow's first flight for the protection of a member of the human race. With unerring accuracy it sped forward, meeting the cat in mid-air, and penetrating the soft underpart of the animal's body. The force of the shaft, weak though it was, shortened the leap, and, instead of alighting on the girl's shoulders, the beast came down on the impaling arrow, driving the slender rod to a vital spot. Howling with surprise and agony, the animal rolled over on its back, pawing the air, and then, after a few fierce struggles, it lay still. Man's skill had triumphed.

From out of the thicket leaped the girl, and, running to the man, she threw herself at his feet, clasping him about the knees and muttering strange sounds. For a few moments Reed stood over her, conflicting emotions raging in his breast. His first impulse was to seize one of his arrows and bury it in her flesh; for had she not discovered his secret, and would she not reveal it to the tribe? Then, as he gazed down on her, he remembered that she was something different from himself, and sensations—not chivalrous—seized him. Here at his feet lay a thing he had most ardently desired, but because of his weakness it had been denied him. What chance had he of a mate—he the outcast? Soon the hunters would return and the mating season begin, but he must hold himself aloof from a contest where might was the only right. Now lying before him at his mercy was a prize which, once his, would redeem him from the insults which he daily suffered. No longer would the women drive him from their huts or the children call out derisive names at his approach. She was his; he had saved her from the great enemy which all men feared; but could he hold and keep her for himself? Unconsciously he made the resolve that he would try; and, stooping down, he touched the girl's head.

Trembling all over, she arose and stood before him, inches taller than he. Her attitude gave him self-confidence, and again unknowingly he determined that she should be his. It was the only law his instinct knew, and unquestioningly he obeyed it.

Then, in barbarous words and strange movements, he explained to her that henceforth his secret was her secret, and that she must not betray him. With mute signs the girl signified her submission. Her woman's instinct had discerned the latent genius in the man's rude composition.

The girl then pointed to the dead body of the cat, and between them they dragged it out of the thicket. Reed extracted the arrow, and hid it, with his bow and other tools, in the hollow of a tree; but it was on the strong shoulders of the girl that the dead monster was carried to the habitations of the tribe.

The story that Reed the Weak had, unaided,

killed the great beast was received with cries of derision. He was laughed at and jeered at. None believed the tale, and in the feast that was made on the animal's flesh he was not allowed to share.

The comradeship that had sprung up between the weakling and She of the Hair was, however, a more serious matter. The tribe openly disapproved of it. Whenever the two were found together a crowd of savage women would separate them, driving them apart with blows and stones.

Early one morning wild shouts of triumph told that the hunters had returned, and the people rushed out of their huts in a state of the wildest excitement. The expedition had been successful; the mighty men had brought back from the chase great stores of meat and skins. For days the tribe would give itself over to the grossest orgies of feasting, but in none of these festivities would Reed be allowed to take part. He might hang about the outskirts of the crowd and fight with the wolfish dogs for the scraps that were thrown them.

During all this time the heart of Reed was heavy. Since his wonderful discovery he felt his position more sorely than ever, for his undeveloped mind had realised that he had done something that made him superior to them all. Night and day he pondered over his invention, wondering how he could use it to win himself a place among the men of his tribe. He knew that if he were to express his claim to She of the Hair the voice of all the people would be raised against him, and his position made more galling than it already was.

For several days the feast lasted; and then, while the warriors were sleeping off the effects of their gluttony, the girls might have been seen shyly slipping away to the forest. Soon afterwards the young men would follow, and drag home their half-willing brides.

But of all the girls, only one did not retreat to the woods; She of the Hair stayed at home with the elderly women. Such a thing was unheard of in the short annals of these people, and great was the abuse and cries of shame that were levelled at her. The women sought to drive her away forcibly, but neither threats nor blows were of any avail, and they had to cast about for some explanation of her unprecedented action.

The cause was not far to seek. Now the women and the old men remembered that since the day when she and Reed had brought in the great cat these two had sought each other's company. That a girl—particularly the most sought after maiden in the tribe—could find attraction in the weak and undersized Reed was something they could not understand. There was but one solution of the problem: the weakling had by some strange means—the nature of which they could only guess at, some powerful magic the existence of which they believed in

but could not even try to understand—cast a spell upon her.

The remedy, of course, was simple: the offender must be driven forth from the tribe out into the forest, to wander about until overcome by starvation or until he fell a victim to the ferocious beasts of the woods.

The old men sat in council, and after much deliberation and lengthy speech Reed was brought before them to be given the rudiments of a trial. The light of justice was glimmering in their savage minds, and they were not wholly unfair.

Undaunted he stood before them. Even in those early days Nature was carrying on her work of compensation; and, though he was frail of body, his courage was great, and he had the gift of eloquence. He answered the charges brought against him, firmly denying that he had made use of any devil's power, and then astonished the council by demanding that She of the Hair be given him as a mate. His demand was received with the usual cries of mockery. They knew of but one way of obtaining a mate—the law of force. Still greater was their astonishment when Reed announced his intention of winning her in the manner they prescribed; and when he concluded his discourse by offering to fight the mightiest hunter of the tribe, their amazement knew no bounds.

Bor the Strong—a powerful stripling, broad of shoulder, strong of limb, tireless in the chase, dauntless in courage—was by universal consent the acknowledged champion of the tribe. It was against this warrior that the feeble Reed had set himself.

The prospect of a fight to the death—for such it must inevitably be—roused the people to the greatest enthusiasm, and a day was appointed for the contest. That Reed would fall at the other's hand was a foregone conclusion; indeed, such was the desired result, for the weakling was merely tolerated, a burden that ate of their food and gave nothing in return.

The evening before the fight Reed mysteriously disappeared. No one had seen him go away, and it was assumed that he had turned coward and hidden himself in the woods. Nevertheless the preparations for the contest were made. Two rudely shaped rings were traced on the earth, inside of which the combatants would stand. An equal supply of stones would be allotted to each. These they would hurl at each other; and then, if neither had fallen by the time these rude missiles were exhausted, they might rush out of the circles and join in closer combat.

While these arrangements were being made Reed had returned to his old haunt, the quiet glade in the forest, and had withdrawn from their hiding-place his bow and arrows. Taking the bow in hand, he practised shooting his arrows at the trunk of a tree, which, for the moment, he regarded as the mighty Bor. Until long after sunset he continued the exercise; and then,

when light had failed, he climbed a tall tree to be out of the way of beasts of prey, and there fell asleep.

A large crowd of people—in fact, the whole tribe—asssembled around the place where the contest was to take place. The fight was to commence when the sun had reached a certain point in the sky.

At the appointed hour Bor—great and terrible in his savage strength—was at his place, and a shout of admiration went up from the people; but it was followed by a murmur of disappointment when they noticed that Reed was not forthcoming.

She of the Hair, trembling with fear and excitement, stood on the outskirts of the crowd, and her heart sank when her champion did not put in an appearance. She realised that she was the cause of the trouble, and were Reed to fail her she instinctively knew that the wrath of the people would be turned upon her.

Then suddenly the shrill cry of a child—always the first of observers—was heard above the angry murmur, and Reed was seen approaching. All eyes were turned toward him, and a scoffing howl greeted his arrival. Fearlessly he took his place behind the pile of stones that had been collected for him. A shout of scornful laughter arose when they saw him take shelter behind the boulders, for they well knew that instead of hurling them at his enemy, he could scarce lift even the smallest to his shoulder.

A gray-haired old man gave the signal for the fight to begin. Bor the Strong immediately raised a big stone and hurled it at his enemy; but the missile fell short. Then he raised another and threw it with all his might. The second shot was truer, but still wide of the mark. Stone after stone followed, all of which Reed managed to dodge; but at length one struck him, and he fell to the earth. A loud cheer went up from the assembled crowd; but it ceased immediately as the little man was seen to spring to his feet, apparently hurt, but still undaunted.

The stones were now falling about him like hail, but he managed to evade them. Not a missile did he attempt to raise in defence, and the crowd, sick with disappointment, yelled out its vilest terms of abuse. All the time Reed was keeping careful watch on his enemy, preparing for the moment when Bor's supply of stones would be exhausted and the champion would rush out of his ring to attack him at close quarters.

Scarcely had the last stone left Bor's hand than Reed inserted his fingers beneath the rough skin robe that partly covered his body, and withdrew his clumsy bow and three short arrows.

A hush of surprise overcame the crowd as they asked themselves what was this strange thing the little man had brought to battle.

With steady fingers Reed fitted an arrow to the bow, and, taking careful aim, let slip the

string. The people stood spell-bound as they watched the strange proceedings, and an exclamation of admiration escaped them as for the first time they witnessed the flight of an arrow from a bow. But the shaft flew wide of its mark, and the exclamation ended in a grunt of disapproval. The second arrow sped truer, and buried itself in Bor's shoulder. With an awe-struck cry the big man stopped in his rush, wrenched the dart from his flesh, and again rushed madly at his foe.

With undiminished confidence, Reed waited until his opponent was almost upon him, and then, fixing his last arrow to the string, took a hasty but careful aim and fired. With unerring aim the shaft flew on its way, and struck Bor in the body, penetrating between the ribs. Without waiting to see the result, Reed dashed forward and hurled himself at the other's feet. Blinded with rage and stupefied by fear of Reed's strange weapons, the strong man stumbled and fell, driving the arrow to his heart. The fate that had befallen the great cat was now the fate of Bor the Strong.

A loud cry went up from the people when they saw what had overtaken their champion, and they rushed around Reed, eager to inspect and handle the wonderful new thing that for unmeasured ages was to be man's chief weapon in his struggles for supremacy over savage beasts and against his fellow-man. But Reed, caring nothing now that he had established his right to the claims of manhood, rushed through the crowd to where She of the Hair was standing alone, and, throwing an arm around her waist, hurried her away to the forest.

Another loud cry, full of victory and jubilation, went up from the people as they began to realise the importance of the great new power that had come to them—a cry that has echoed down the ages as each new invention has proclaimed the triumph of man's intelligence over savage force.

MIDWAY.

THERE is a season in each fleeting year,
Twixt summer glory and the break of spring,
When morning dawn and eastern skies appear
In robes round which the wintry shadows cling.
The beauteous flowers creep 'neath the snow-clad
ground,
And slumber there in restfulness awhile,
Till radiant spring her silvern trumpets sound,
And calls them forth once more to bloom and
smile.

When as we pass through life's fair summer land,
Oh love of mine, and gently fall on sleep,
Let us bear hence joys gathered hand in hand,
Those blissful days within our memory keep.
Like happy children homeward let us go,
Though, for a while, at midway we must part,
Content, dear one, in life and death to know
Love binds in heaven the faithful heart to
heart.

GILBERT RAE.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

CONCERNING THE DARDANELLES, AND THEIR FUTURE.

ONE—and by no means the least interesting—of the results of the present 'War of the Nations' seems likely to be the disappearance from practical politics of the vexed question of the passage of the Dardanelles, perhaps the most historically important of the 'narrow waters' of ancient and modern times. From the fifth and fourth centuries before the Christian era, when Xerxes and Alexander both bridged the Hellespont (as the ancients called the Straits), up till the present year of grace—some twenty-four centuries afterwards—the Dardanelles may be said to have contributed some very stirring chapters to the history of Europe. Perhaps the final one is now developing, for on the 14th of October Sir Louis Mallet, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, announced that the Dardanelles had been closed by the German commander of the Turkish fleet because an Ottoman destroyer, with German officers on board, had been turned back by the British fleet. Our Government had previously informed the Porte that so long as its fleet was officered and manned by Germans we must regard it as part of the German fleet—which indeed it practically is, as between three and four thousand officers and men of that country's forces, wearing the German uniform, are reported to be on board it, or available to work the new Krupp guns of heavy calibre mounted in the forts and batteries that defend the Dardanelles, whilst British commerce had ceased to pass down them for many weeks past, owing to the military requisitions. The Ottoman Government, meantime, had been falling more and more under German influence, so that a rupture with the allies became almost inevitable.

Now, as the importance of the Dardanelles is derived from the military strength of the position created by nature and art combined, it will be in order to describe this, as the writer saw it some time ago; and since then these defences have been very greatly strengthened by General Liman von Sanders. Some of the old forts have been practically reconstructed, and the latest type of Krupp guns have been placed in position at the most effective positions in the Straits. The heights of Cape Hellas have been re-armed, and powerful steel protected fortifications have been constructed at Chanak and Kilid Bahr so as to command the narrowest part of the passages. An arrangement of torpedo-tubes has been set

up at the water's edge, whilst all down the Asiatic coast of the Sea of Marmora from Omali to Lapsaki strong earthworks on 'the terrace' system and containing heavy guns are now in evidence. Not only are the Straits thickly mined, but they are patrolled day and night by steam-trawlers. Powerful searchlights have also been placed at the entrances and at various commanding positions on both coasts, whilst the approaches to the Dardanelles by land have been protected by earthworks and trenches supported by detached forts, most noticeably so in the direction of the Gulf of Saros. But it is quite characteristic that the Turks—being, as always, Turks, and not perhaps having then had their German mentors at their elbow—should have left an old type of 12-inch gun at the forts guarding the entrance; hence their destruction, with the loss of ninety German and Turkish officers and soldiers, at the hands of the British men-of-war. But the control of the Straits by an unfriendly Power has greatly affected British interests in the past, and will affect them still more in the future. This is due to the great and increasing supply of wheat which is derived from Russian and Roumanian sources, the present value of which exceeds twenty-two millions sterling per annum. It is not in the interests of either Russia or Roumania, therefore, any more than of Great Britain, or, for that matter, the people of Turkey—who also export wheat—as distinct from their pro-German Government, that the control of the Dardanelles should be in the hands of a strong and unfriendly Power; but as 'possession' is said to be 'nine points of the law,' we will pass to a description of the defences, as they exist to-day, at this the 'outer gate' of maritime entrance to the Black Sea, just as the Bosphorus, one hundred and thirty miles farther east by north, is the interior one.

The effectual shutting of the Dardanelles 'gate' against a fleet in the Mediterranean belonging to the Western Powers is now an accomplished fact, because—as they are less than sixty miles in length and from one to four miles only in width, with a deep channel that approaches now close to the European and now the Asiatic shore—they are easily defended by land fortifications and batteries, reinforced by mine-fields, submarines, and torpedo craft. The fire of the fortifications and batteries prevents the removal or destruction of the mine-fields. Then there is the danger from explosives dropped by aircraft. Needless

to say, none of these perils existed on the occasions on which the British fleet succeeded in passing the forts and batteries, though even then well-placed artillery of sufficiently heavy calibre would, with gunners more efficient than the Turks, have made these attempts a failure. The fortifications proper consist of, first, the old castles of Sestos and Abydos, now known as Seddul Bahr and Kum Kaleh, standing one on either side of the entrance. These ancient edifices, however, may be almost disregarded by the super-Dreadnought, the real defences lying higher up the channel at Kilid Bahr and Chanak Kalessi, where the shores are but a mile apart.

From the entrance the European bank is the higher, rising abruptly but not precipitously from the water's edge to a height of between one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet. At Kilid Bahr there is a point, and here there is some low ground between the water and the hill behind, and on this low point are some batteries almost flush with the water. On these are about forty Krupp guns, some of them mounted on earthworks, others *en barbette*. The latter could not be worked when a fleet approached in fighting its way up the channel, as the fire from the small arms and machine-guns of the ships would sweep them. The guns in the earthworks are better protected, though even these would probably be silenced by those of the fleet; but above, on the crest of the hill, some hundreds of feet above the water, are some very powerful batteries. These constitute the greatest danger to an advancing fleet, as from their elevation the projectiles from the ships' guns would pass over them, while they would be able to play upon the enemy's decks, the most vital part in the modern battleship. Immediately behind this point the shore falls away almost at right angles, and this greatly increases the difficulty of an ascending squadron, for the force of the stream runs across the channel, and tends to take the bows of vessels across towards Chanak. This is the course that merchant steamers going up the Dardanelles usually follow, though from the entrance they have to pass along within fifty yards of the European shore, under the very muzzles of the guns of Kilid Bahr. Thence they cross the stream in a direct line for Chanak, and then sweep abruptly round again and make for the European shore at a point called Dagumen Burum, a mile and a half above Kilid Bahr, where there is another, but less formidable, fort. A fleet following this line would be met as it advanced by the fire of Kilid Bahr and Chanak. It would, too, have to pass the guns of the former within pistol-shot as it crossed Chanak, whilst it would be raked fore and aft by the guns of both forts, and would also receive the fire of Kilid Bahr on its broadside.

Chanak is not so strong naturally as Kilid Bahr; but the fortifications are much stronger,

the Krupp guns being for the most part in casemates. When it is remembered that, in addition to these very powerful forts, there would be all the obstacles that the scientific skill of the greatest military Power that the world has ever known could design for destroying an attacking fleet, the forcing of a passage at the present time would seem an impossible undertaking.

Having glanced at the position from the point of *might*, we may pass to that of *right*, incidentally remarking that a common-sense view of the matter was well voiced by Lord Lansdowne when he stated that 'it will have to be considered sooner or later to what extent a belligerent Power should control these narrow waters, which form a great avenue for the commerce of the world, and whether such a Power is justified in entirely closing them in order to facilitate hostile operations in which that Power finds itself involved.'

The point of right—that is, of international law—seems to lay down that 'it might be possible to put aside as irrelevant Article 2 of the Treaty of London (1871), Article 10 of the Treaty of Paris (1856) and its annexed convention, and Article 63 of the Treaty of Berlin (1878), under which, so long as the Porte is at peace, no foreign ships of war are to be admitted into the Straits, as these Articles have exclusive reference to 'the ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire.' But by Article 3 of the Treaty of London, 'the Black Sea and its approaches are to remain open as heretofore to the mercantile marine of all nations,' and this, evidently, both Germany and its catspaw, Turkey, have treated as a mere 'scrap of paper,' to the great detriment of commerce.

In concluding this paper it may be interesting to recall the conditions under which the British navy has succeeded, despite the great difficulty even then of the task, in *forcing* these celebrated Straits, if only to show that no such chances are likely to occur in the future; and that, therefore, when, at the end of the present great war, 'the map of Europe is rearranged,' this country must see to it that a satisfactory settlement regarding them is arranged. The first occasion was as far back as 1807, when Admiral Sir John Duckworth, in the *Royal George*, led a British squadron through the Straits, catching the Turkish garrison apparently unprepared; but on his return—Turkey being then as much under the influence of the Emperor Napoleon as she is now under that of the Emperor William—he found that he had been detained by the Emperor's representative and the Porte long enough in fruitless negotiations to ensure him a very warm reception in sailing back, his 'wooden walls' being badly holed by the enormous marble round-shot fired from brass guns. Some of these guns still remain, or did so a few years ago.

The next successful attempt was in the month of January 1878, when the British fleet of eight ironclads, formed in 'two columns of divisions,'

four ships in each, steamed up the Straits. When the vessels were approaching Fort Midjidieh, on the low projecting point of the Asiatic shore, the batteries of which fort are nearly level with the water and heavily armed with Krupp guns, Admiral Hornby's tender was sent ahead to warn the Turkish authorities of the arrival of the fleet, for it was reported that permission to pass had been first granted by the Turkish Government and then withdrawn. But the tender (the *Salamis*) soon signalled that the passage would not be disputed. So H.M.S. *Sultan* (his late Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh's ship) then saluted the Turkish flag; and, to the disappointment of all on board the fleet, the vessels were ordered to return to Besika Bay.

What may be called the third attempt, however, seemed at one time likely to be a far more serious affair. On the 16th of February 1878 sudden and secret orders to leave Besika Bay created intense excitement in the fleet, and on the following Tuesday orders were given that the passage was to be forced at all costs if resistance were encountered. The six British ironclads at this time composing the squadron then prepared for action, boats being hoisted aboard, davits topped, guns loaded and run out, and crews at quarters, the ships steaming up the channel in two lines at the rate of six knots an hour, the

Alexandra, *Sultan*, and *Achilles* as the starboard, the *Agincourt*, *Téméraire*, and *Swiftsure* as the port division, with the *Salamis* as tender between them. Precautions were taken to prevent firing without the admiral's orders; but as a heavy snowstorm was falling and it was blowing smartly, navigation was very difficult. At one o'clock land was seen by the starboard division, and the flagship *Alexandra* put her helm to starboard; but the *Agincourt*, not seeing the shore or the flagship's manœuvre, failed to do so immediately, which necessitated the *Alexandra's* stopping, and to avoid collision she ran ashore. The other ships, noticing this, sheered off, and made for the rendezvous at Gallipoli, with the exception of the *Sultan*, which remained to assist the *Agincourt*, which was got off about 5 p.m., little the worse for the accident. The *Raleigh* had also run ashore the day previously at a point where she had gone to succour some Turkish fugitives, and had in consequence to be sent to Malta for repairs.

From these experiences of a British fleet, when battleships were only half or less than half their present size, some idea can be formed of the difficulties in the way of navigation which modern battleships would have to contend against now, even were the Dardanelles placed in the same position internationally as the Suez Canal.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER IV.—TO THE CITY OF UNREST.

WALTER IRVING'S voice snapped the thread of my thoughts. 'See!' he said, and pointed towards our left. A wisp of smoke hung over the lip of a valley two or three miles off. 'I'll take my oath there's a camp of some sort over there. Listen!'

He leaned forward, his eyes very bright. A faint sound, droning, swelling, dying, rising again, reached us now and then on a fickle wind, and once, twice, the thin clear notes of a cavalry trumpet. Irving sat stock-still, listening eagerly, man and horse as motionless as a statue. Plainly, for all his resolve to take no side in the affairs ripening around us, alarms and excursions stirred him like wine. He drew a long breath, and the colour ebbed and flowed in his face.

'The pipes!' said he, and his voice had a new note in it. 'Faith, the Young Pretender's men are making no concealment.'

As he spoke I saw in the distance a body of horse appear as suddenly as if by magic, wheel swiftly, then whisk over the rising ground and dip out of sight into the valley.

It was clear, so far as we could judge, that the Jacobites were in camp outside Edinburgh. It surprised us to see no reconnoitring parties from the city, nor did we meet with a solitary picket. The road before us was as empty as my hand.

There we stood, in two minds whether to wait or push on, when a sudden and strong gust of wind again lifted the sound of the pipes to us; but this time shrill and manifestly nearer us.

Walter looked quickly round at me.

'We'll press on. I'm in no mind to get a bullet-hole in my waistcoat, or at best to be trailed off to kick my heels a prisoner in the Pretender's lines; and your looks belie ye if ye differ from me.'

'So far from differing from you, I'll set the example,' I replied, and sent my horse forward.

The way lay down a gentle slope, girt by fir-trees standing like anchored ships in a green sea of bracken on either side of us.

We had covered barely half a mile, when, taking a sharp angle in the road, our horses reared so suddenly that we were both in danger of being thrown. The cause—an apparition as unexpected as though from the Pit itself—turned out to be a man standing in the middle of the road. He was so wild a figure that it would have been little wonder had our horses bolted altogether. As it was, riding loosely, the marvel was that we were not unseated. I am sure that such was his intention, for he threw up his hands with an uncouth guttural shout. We steadied our mounts, the man glowering at us, with broadsword up-

lifted. He wore kilt and plaid, and little else that I could see, except a shock of hair on his head and face. I was so incensed at the fool, as I thought him, that I was on the point of spurring my horse at him, when, from the bracken on either side of the road behind him, a score of men sprang up, all armed to the teeth. They streamed swiftly out, and for a horrid moment I looked down a musket-barrel.

'An ambush!' I shouted to Walter, and turned my horse. Behind us stretched another line of armed men, with an officer mounted, pistol in hand! We were trapped. Walter Irving, I am bound to say, took it all very coolly. 'They're twenty to one,' was all that he said. Half-a-dozen of the ambuscade surrounded us, and the muskets were lowered. The men were all in the kilt, a few with muskets, but most of them equipped with targe and claymore, tall and wiry, but uncouth and savage-looking to a degree. I should not have cared to be thrown on their mercy. Indeed, most of them looked more like cut-purses than soldiers. Walter, a model of composure, walked his horse up to the line of men behind us.

'Who is in command?' I heard him ask. A mounted officer, wearing the White Cockade, rode forward, and the two men came face to face, their eyes measuring each other.

The Jacobite was sparing of speech, but civil. The Prince Regent (so he designed him), whom he served, had issued an order for the detention of disaffected or suspected persons. He did not say that we were either of these, but it was his duty to satisfy himself. Walter dismounted, and I followed his example.

'I can answer for myself and my friend,' quoth he to the officer, a smile in his eye, 'if you give me your private ear. We are on our personal ends on the road for Edinburgh, and neither for Stuart nor Hanover. I doubt your warrant to seize even suspected persons without evidence, even by the rules of war; but 'tis neither here nor there. Do you but step aside with me for a moment, and I will give you a sight of my credentials.' There was a change in his voice, even in the manner of his speech. The tone was, to my mind, one of easy confidence, and I looked admiringly on at his exercise of management of affairs and the poise of his handsome head.

The officer hesitated for a moment, running an alert and masterful eye over his prisoner.

'I am unarmed,' continued Irving. 'I carry not even a small sword, as you see; but it is not unfair to you for me to allow myself to be searched.'

There was, I thought, even a hint of impatience in his attitude.

The officer bowed. 'Come with me,' he said. 'Your friend may wait.'

He dismounted, gave his horse's bridle-rein to a soldier, and Irving and he withdrew to a clump of fir-trees a little way off.

I could see their heads close together. They were soon talking earnestly, Irving's voice pitched low, the other man's tricorne hat nodding now and then slowly as he listened. Two men were told off to guard me, the rest sitting down by the roadside, gabbling in undertones in the Gaelic. The officer and my companion were away for about ten minutes. When they returned the Jacobite came straight up to me.

'Mr Irving has made it clear that I should be exceeding my duty were I to detain either of you,' said he, speaking good English, but with a slight Highland accent. 'His Highness the Prince Regent is punctilious in such matters. I have the honour'—he raised his hand in a salute—'to wish you a safe journey, and to offer you my regrets for the delay.'

We both bowed, mounted our horses, and rode slowly off; and when I looked back, a moment afterwards, the Jacobite patrol had formed up and was marching briskly away in the other direction.

'A Highland gentleman that,' said Walter when they were out of earshot.

'He took a long time to convince,' I answered.

'He did; but he never even speired for your credentials. I showed him my introduction to my kinsman in Edinburgh, and convinced him that we were honest travellers, and no fighting men either for King or Chevalier. Man, I got the right side of him!'

'Judging from his eye, 'tis much better than the wrong side. Who is he?'

'Alasdair Stuart, his rank a captain. He gave me his name as if it had been a king's. We exchanged courtesies. Oh, the pink of politeness he is! As I thought, the Jacobites are encamped over yonder. I could get but little out of him, though, concerning the Chevalier's prospects.'

We pushed on at a brisk trot, for the day was beginning to fade. Lights appeared one by one in the distance as we drew near Edinburgh, until the great cliffs of houses that rose sheer and dark against an indigo sky were studded with points of flame. No one said yea or nay to us until we came near the Water Gate and dismounted. There an officer of the guard challenged us when we had come to about forty yards from the Gate. We made reply that we were peaceable travellers; whereupon they ordered us to draw up closer. This we did, and no doubt those inside took stock of us, for there was a great amount of caution shown, ludicrous it seemed to me, when I considered that the objects of their suspicion were two tired horsemen, and they the armed guardians of a city. But the truth is that the defence was a mere shell without heart, as I was to see later for myself.

Presently a voice hailed us in a tongue that I did not understand.

'If that be Gaelic, neither of us kens it,' called out Irving. 'It is a ruse,' he whispered to me, 'to find an excuse to keep us out. Faugh! Their hearts maun be in their boots.' Then again aloud, 'We are plain travellers, and are here on business of our own.'

It would be tedious to tell of the parleyings, the questions and answers, that followed. We were kept outside there for half-an-hour (so great was the defenders' caution), and in the end admitted singly. I was first, and showed my letter of introduction addressed to Mr Scott, the lawyer. It was fortunate that I had this to show, for it appeared that he was a well-known Whig, and a respected citizen. They passed me, after a few minutes' talk among themselves. I told them, as I had been charged by my companion, that I knew nothing concerning him beyond his name, and that he was a chance acquaintance, picked up on my ride from Westmorland. I was taken some fifty yards away when Irving was admitted and questioned. I had little fear of him once

he got into conversation with them, and, as I anticipated, he soon joined me; and a caddie (as they call them), a garrulous fellow smelling grievously of stale spirits, led the way for us to a close in the Canongate, where stood the White Horse Inn. There we got rooms; and, after supper, tired out, I slept soundly until late next morning, when I was awakened by the din of many voices and multitudinous feet on the causeway.

Edinburgh was a hive of excitement; crowds were passing, talking and gesticulating in a flutter of interest and anxiety; sleek burgesses clustered at the street corners; armed volunteers were assembling, and some squadrons of horse from their quarters in Leith went past at a hand-gallop, their sabres jingling. I learned afterwards they were some of Hamilton's dragoons.

The sudden sound of the kirks' bells broke strangely over the city of unrest, for this was a Sunday morning, the fifteenth of September.

(Continued on page 52.)

IN HONOUR OF THE FLAG.

By JOHN D. LECKIE.

THE recent intervention of the United States forces in Mexico was ostensibly due to an insult to the American flag; though President Huerta declared that such an insult could not have taken place, as no flag was hoisted on the boat which carried the American marines whose arrest brought matters to a head.

The Americans as a people are peculiarly susceptible to any insult, real or supposed, to the national emblem. The loyal British subject instantly resents any slight which may be shown to his reigning sovereign, whom he does not regard in a personal light, but as the head and representative of the nation; and any slight to the King is looked on as an insult to the entire British nation. You may tell the loyal Britisher that the Premier is an old woman or that the Lord Chancellor is a fool, and he will show no sign of being offended, though he may not concur in the opinion. But use language half as disrespectful in speaking of his sovereign and his every hair bristles with indignation; he feels that he himself, as a member of the nation, has been insulted.

The American, who has no hereditary ruler, looks on his flag in much the same light as the Britisher looks on his monarch—as the emblem and representative of the nation. The national song 'The Star-Spangled Banner' is a rival to 'Yankee Doodle.' No better evidence of this fact can be adduced than some of the events of the great Civil War which for four years devastated the country. A few episodes of that great historical drama are here recalled.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war, a

Southern sympathiser hoisted a Confederate flag over his house, which was in such close proximity to Washington that the offending emblem could be plainly discerned from the windows of the White House. The owner of the flag had publicly declared that he would shoot any man, no matter who he was, who dared to haul it down. A Federal officer, with a squad of soldiers, was detailed for the purpose of removing it. The Southern ensign was lowered, and the man who hauled it down, on passing the owner of the house with the colours in his hand, was instantly shot dead. The owner of the flag had kept his word, but was cut down the next minute by one of the squad. Terrible indeed must have been the infatuation of a man who, in the face of certain death, could dare to act as he did. The Southern papers extolled him as a hero 'who died a death which emperors might envy, and whose fame will go down to endless generations.' The incident is graphically described by Sir William Russell, who was special correspondent of the *Times* during the great Civil War.

Very noteworthy was the sudden revulsion of feeling against the American flag which prevailed in the South. At Nashville (Tennessee) a ball was held shortly after the secession of the state, and the ballroom was carpeted with a huge American flag, over which the dancers held their revels, being thus able to say that they had literally trampled under their feet that emblem which but a few days ago they had regarded as sacred.

The flag of the seceding states was suggested

by the design of 'the old concern,' as the United States Government was now called in the South. There were eleven stars, to represent the eleven states of the Southern Confederacy. These were arranged in a circle, instead of a scattered galaxy, as in the old flag. The 'fly' part, instead of numerous stripes, showed three horizontal bars. A Southern paper, in alluding to the new design, gave vent to its feelings thus: 'We object to the use of the word "stripes" as descriptive of the horizontal bars of the Confederate flag. "Stripes" is quite correct when applied to the Yankee ensign or a barber's pole; but "bars" is the proper word to use when reference is made to the glorious emblem of the Confederacy.' And so it came to be 'Stars-and-Stripes' *versus* 'Stars-and-Bars.'

The Confederate flag was as great an improvement on the old United States emblem as 'Dixie' (the national anthem of the South) was on 'Yankee Doodle.' It would have been a stroke of diplomacy if the United States Government, on the downfall of the Confederacy, had adopted the Southern flag instead of the old one, and 'Dixie' as the national anthem instead of 'Yankee Doodle.' As conquerors of the Confederacy they were quite entitled to do this, while the action would have placated the South and done much to remove that bitterness of feeling, which is not yet entirely effaced, between the two great sections of the country.

The Confederate flag waved victoriously on many a tented field; and when at last General Lee, struggling in vain against overwhelming numbers, surrendered at Appomattox, he could look back on a long series of successes gained over an enemy much his superior in numbers and resources.

The Americans, who affectionately allude to their flag as 'Old Glory,' refer contemptuously to the British ensign as 'the Blood and Entrails.' The British retaliate by calling the Stars-and-Stripes 'the Gridiron.' But these are gibes which are not used by serious-minded men, and each nation may be said to show a becoming respect for the emblem of the other.

The act of tearing down the British flag by a foreign official in time of peace is a serious matter, and one which, without instant reparation, would probably lead to war. Such an act was performed by the Portuguese Major Serpa Pinto in 1890. Pinto was a famous explorer, and one of the first to cross Africa from ocean to ocean. Finding the British flag hoisted in territory in Central Africa which he considered to belong to his own country, he hauled it down and hoisted the Portuguese flag instead. Only an immediate disavowal of the act on the part of Portugal averted war. But Pinto was not punished for his action; rather was he looked on as a hero; and a local paper eulogised the explorer as 'the man who routed the Makalolos, and, standing in the path of British usurpation,

tore down her sanguinary flag, hoisting in its stead the white-and-blue of Portugal.' Pinto was lionised and fêted on every hand. The following is an illustration of his ephemeral popularity. A Lisbon shopkeeper had in stock a large supply of hats of an antiquated pattern which he could not get rid of at any price. But a happy idea struck him. He put the unsaleable stock in the window, and labelled it 'Latest Style. The Serpa Pinto Hat.' In a very short time he cleared the lot. The white-and-blue flag of Portugal no longer exists. At the revolution which drove out the monarchy and established a republic it was abolished, and a different design substituted; as happened in France during the great Revolution of 1789, when the old flag of lilies on a field of blue gave way to the tricolour.

Nine years later an incident similar to Pinto's act occurred, also in the interior of Africa, the 'Fashoda affair,' which many will still remember. The French had hoisted their national ensign on territory which the British claimed as within their sphere of influence. The outlook was serious, for in the meantime Lord Kitchener had arrived on the scene and hoisted the British flag in opposition to that of the French, and the matter could only be settled by the backing-out of one or other of the two parties. Ultimately the French withdrew their troops, and war was averted.

To go still farther back in history, reference may be made to the *Trent* affair, now almost forgotten, which at one time threatened to plunge Great Britain into war with the United States. This happened in 1861, during the Civil War in America. A United States man-of-war stopped a British passenger-steamer while on her way from Havana to St Thomas (West Indies), and took off by force two Confederate commissioners who were on their way to Europe. They were taken to Boston and imprisoned in Fort Warren. Intense excitement prevailed in Great Britain when news arrived of this outrage on the flag. Instant preparations were made for war, which seemed at one time inevitable, and would certainly have taken place had not the American Government, at the last moment, decided to release the prisoners. This kidnapping action was upheld by the United States Government on the ground that they were only following the precedent set by Great Britain, which at one time claimed the right of stopping and searching American shipping on the high seas, and even of taking off by force any deserters found on board. This was one of the causes which led to the war of 1812-14 between the two countries. The American Government argued that if the British had the right to search foreign vessels and to take off deserters, they had an equal right to search foreign vessels and to take off by force any rebels found on board. This right had never been officially renounced

by the British Government, not even after the peace of 1814, though the matter had been tacitly dropped, and they had not afterwards sought to enforce the principle. But Lord Palmerston, who was then in office, was firm, with the result above stated.

Still less known and less justifiable is the case of the Peruvian ironclad *Huascar*, which in 1877 caused great excitement. The *Huascar* was a powerful ironclad, at that time in revolt against the Peruvian Government. As she was unable to obtain coal in any seaport, she took to stopping British vessels on the high seas and taking coal from them by force. The Peruvian Government naturally denied all responsibility for her action, and would have been only too glad to see her punished. Two British men-of-war were sent in pursuit of her, but their action proved futile. Not long afterwards she surrendered to the legal Government of Peru. Her subsequent career is worth recording. Shortly afterwards war broke out between Chili and Peru, in October 1879. Off Angamos Point she engaged in battle two Chilian ironclads, of newer construction and better armour than hers. She was defeated and captured after a desperate fight, in which nearly all her officers were killed. After the action her deck resembled a shambles. Several of the officers in command were killed in rapid succession. Among these was the heroic Admiral Grau, who was literally blown to pieces by a shell. The only part of his body that could be identified was a foot, recognisable by the boot which still contained it. This was taken to Lima and interred with gorgeous military honours.

Some of the incidents which occur during South American revolutions might seem ludicrous enough had they not also their tragic side. The present writer arrived in Rio de Janeiro shortly after the revolt of the fleet under Admiral de Mello, and saw the ruined forts and the destruction caused by his guns. He would have bombarded the South American Paris had it not been for the intervention of the foreign warships then in the harbour. Nearly twenty years later there was another revolt of the fleet in Rio harbour. The sailors mutinied, killed some of their officers, and took possession of the best part of the fleet. The ringleader was a negro named João Candido. Again the city was threatened with bombardment; but on this occasion the foreign warships

took no action to prevent it, for the flagship of the negro admiral, the *Minas Geraes*, was reckoned at that time the most powerful ship of war afloat, and could have blown any one of them out of the water; while another of his Dreadnoughts, the *São Paulo*, was almost as formidable. The rebel admiral held a review of his squadron, which formed in line and saluted his flag. Now and then, to show his power, he would fire a shot or two from his heavy guns at the forts on shore, which, however, did not reply. He sent a wireless message to the president, dictating his terms, which included increase of pay to the crew, better fare, and abolition of the 'cat' as a mode of punishment. No immediate reply was given to the audacious message; but later a private emissary was sent, who treated with the mutineers and practically conceded their demands. This shameful submission was followed by the wholesale resignation of officers of the Brazilian navy, who felt that the honour of the flag had not been upheld.

During the disastrous war which the little republic of Paraguay waged for five years against the combined forces of Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay, many heroic feats were performed in honour of the flag. On one occasion a sergeant entrusted with the colours remained at his post though his comrades all around him were shot down. Finally he also was wounded and captured. When asked by his captors why he had not surrendered before, as he had no possible chance of escape, he calmly replied, 'I had no orders to surrender.' With him, obedience to orders and not self-preservation seemed to be the first law of nature.

Not less heroic were the feats performed for the honour of the flag during the war between Japan and Russia. On one occasion the man who bore aloft the emblem of the Rising Sun was shot down, but his place was promptly taken by another. He also soon fell, and was succeeded by a comrade. After several standard-bearers had fallen in a very brief space of time, the Russian officer in command of the firing-party was touched at the sight of so much devotion; for the Japanese, instead of being daunted at the sight, seemed to delight in thus rushing to certain death, deeming it an honour to uphold the flag. 'Don't shoot down the man with the flag,' he shouted; 'it will be planted, anyway.' And planted it was.

THE DRIVING FORCE.

CHAPTER III.

LUCIEN, when he heard this, raised his head. For a moment he forgot where he was. His mind travelled backwards, and he saw Marie-Félicité as she had been in the old days. She was not far from him now; he might see her

soon. His eyes glittered. Love is so near to hate that for the moment he longed to make her prisoner too; to make her feel that he was her master.

The wave of personal feeling died down in a

moment, and gave way to merely business-like conclusions. If anything was required to make Lucien still more certain that the fisherman and his cousin Henri were one, this choice of a refuge on the Colline Valcaulx supplied it. Lucien knew the little hovel. It was perched against the side of a steep hill; it was made of rubble, it had a door and a window, and it stood quite alone half-way up the height. But he knew more. He knew that the tumble-down dwelling was but a mask to a smuggler's retreat, and that behind it, cleverly concealed, opened back into the hill a series of caves, where in the old days contraband had been stored.

He made all the necessary arrangements then and there. He would raid the hut on the Colline Valcaulx. He would make his plans definitely as he went along; but his present idea was to surround the hut—to starve out any one who might be in it.

He was on his way by midnight. His mind whirled as he marched along. He was on the point of stopping the worst 'leakage' in all France. When he returned successful, maybe with a band of captives behind him, what could he not demand as his reward?

The word 'reward' made him tingle. If he did well, if he brought a whole catch of fish into his net, surely he might demand one of them for himself? In other words, if Marie-Félicité were among the prisoners, aristocrat as he was, might he not claim her for his reward?

The sun rose. Lucien hurried over the green fields, past the vines planted against the sunniest slopes of the hills, which cut right up into the blue sky, and as he went he perceived one fatal objection to his first plan. It was possible that when Henri knew he was surrounded, when he knew that his way to the lake was cut off, he and Marie-Félicité might elect to die together then and there. Lucien knew that more than one man had killed the woman they loved rather than let her face the horrors of imprisonment and trial. That would spoil his triumph. He wanted Marie-Félicité for himself, and he wanted also to show every man and every woman in that town that he had not hesitated to bring his own cousin back to execution.

Before him the grass was spangled with dew, over the heights still lingered the tender mist of the sunrise, and above his head rose a bird trilling for very gladness that it lived. But Lucien saw none of these things. He quickly made a new plan. His band were to lie in waiting, behind some bushes at the foot of the rise. They were to be on the lookout, and at the first sound of a pistol-shot they were to rush upon the cottage. As for himself, he meant to take Henri by surprise, to arrest him single-handed. He began to walk quickly forward. His informer had watched the hut for days. The night before, the fisherman had been seen to go in alone. On other occasions he always

left the hut about an hour after sunrise. Lucien concluded that Henri's work was suspended with the break of day.

He mounted the rise a little to the back of the cottage. He went up what was evidently a dried-up watercourse. The ascent was steep; his late occupations had hardly kept him in exercise, but he went on. He had no time to rest, until, when he was above the roof of the cottage on the slope, hidden from view, he pulled up. Something that he had forgotten for years came into his mind. Ages ago, had not he and Henri discovered another opening to the caves somewhere near where he stood? He kept very still, endeavouring to force his mind backward. At first the memory was so dim that it was but a vague impression. Then he began to piece his recollections together. He and Henri had found an opening into the caves, or they thought they had.

He began to search among the stones and the bushes. He scrambled very carefully from point to point. It was essential that he should not be seen; neither must he loosen a stone which, rolling down, might betray his presence. It took him a long time. He was almost giving it up, almost about to conclude that he had mistaken the locality, when, by chance, he slipped, and to save himself caught hold of a large rock. It moved as he hung on to it. There was a moment when he feared that he should go rolling down the steep incline, and that the boulder would crush him. Then he steadied himself. The stone had moved; it showed the beginning of an opening. An evil smile drew back his lips. He had found the smugglers' passage into the cave. He could take Henri in the rear. Before the night was out he would be even with him, though Marie-Félicité had preferred Henri to himself. As soon as the opening was large enough he lowered himself into it. For about a man's height it was no more than a narrow neck; then it widened into an incline, where, though a man could not stand upright, he could scramble along. Lucien trod cautiously. He noticed that the path was worn into a smooth, shining surface in places. It was evident that it had been much used recently. He stopped as he thought of that. What if he, a man alone, came on a whole band of fugitives? He took out his pistol, and held it ready. It was too late to retreat. If he tried to get back and summon his guard his prey might escape him. The fisherman would never come back, and the authorities might say that he, Lucien, had given a warning and let the man go.

There was a final drop to the level on which the hut was built. He let himself down. He stood listening. There was not a sound, not a whisper. He slid on to the earthen floor; he waited in the dimness. Cautiously he stretched out his left hand; in his right was the pistol,

his finger on the trigger. He had expected to be at the entrance to the cottage, but instead he found that he had some way to go along the level. He crept along. He perceived that a very faint trickle of daylight came round a mass of rock which at first had seemed to bar the way. He went towards it; he saw that a few yards before it there was a second barrier, and as he pulled himself up to it and peeped to the side, he saw that at last he had come to the cottage itself.

He looked into the one poor room. It was seemingly deserted. There were two chairs and a table in it, and some fishing-tackle in one corner; and there was that which assuredly had no connection with fish or fishing—a close-cropped wig on the table. Lucien's eyes glinted when he saw it; then he stepped hurriedly back into the shadows, for he heard some one trying the handle of the door.

He waited. It was little more than an instant in time; it was far longer, counted by all the mental stress Lucien put into it. Then he heard the grate of the latch, the creak of the door; a wedge of brighter light shot slantwise into the room, a breath of the fresh morning air; a figure appeared, entered, and shut the door. Lucien saw who it was, and saw with not a touch of compunction, but with a triumphant leap of his pulses. He clenched his fist. Henri de Palud was before him, his own cousin Henri, the man who had been as a brother to him—Marie-Félicité's husband. If he could not have love, he could at least have revenge.

Henri set down his basket, and the wig instantly caught his eye. He took it into his hand, and looked apprehensively around him. He came with a quick step straight on toward the opening.

This was Lucien's opportunity. Things were going even better than he had hoped for. He had the advantage of being in the shadow, Henri the disadvantage of the light. He let his cousin come still nearer; he examined him narrowly. There was no mistaking Henri de Palud. Even disguised, he was finer than the average man, stronger in the limbs, and more graceful in his bearing. Lucien told himself that indeed the mob, who liked their victims to be everything that victims traditionally should be, would be pleased with so fine a man when they saw him mount the scaffold.

There was yet a moment more to wait. Henri, still with that close-cropped wig in his hand, with his blue jersey across his chest, with his seaman's trousers, walked on another step. Lucien never took his eyes off him. He had still time to change his purpose; but no thought of that ever came into his mind.

Henri was all but at the turning round the rock. One footfall more, and Lucien would have taken the first step of his scheme of revenge. There was not a sound; even Henri's

footsteps made no noise as they padded into the sand on the floor of the hut.

The light grew within the bare little room. The sunshine began to come through the slits of the unglazed window, which up till then had been in shadow from the hill. A wedge of brightness struck on a tin utensil hanging from a nail against the wall; on the hearth, amid the ashes from the wood-fire, were still one or two live embers.

'Halt!' cried Lucien.

The fisherman started. His face showed his dismay; he looked anxiously at the shadows. He dropped the wig. He put his hand into his jersey; in an instant more he would have his pistol out.

But Lucien anticipated him. 'Henri Palud,' he cried, 'it is no good your shooting! I am in the shadow; you are in the light. I am armed as well as you. Besides, at the first shot my guard have orders to surround the hut. I have ten men with me; they are behind the bushes at the foot of the slope, waiting for precisely that signal.'

Henri de Palud heard. There was a little space—a very little space—while he seemed to deliberate. He stepped back, pace by pace, until he stood in the centre of the room, with the rough little table before him; and then he leaned his hands on that table and looked over it, and at last he spoke.

'Lucien,' he returned, 'even if I did not know your voice I should still be sure that it was you. You only would know of these caves; you only would know the way up by the water-course; all along it was you, and you only, I feared. You have tracked me.' There was the faintest touch of hesitation before the pronoun. 'You have come to gloat over me yourself—you, who must be without heart, without feeling. Come out; show yourself. As you say, it would be useless for me to shoot. You are quite safe. Come out; show yourself.'

There was a pause. There was stillness again, but the sun was growing higher each moment, and more and more light came through the window. A long, bright ray slanted to the ground just behind Henri de Palud. It showed him up—his calm, set face, his fearless eyes.

Henri waited one moment—two. He leaned yet farther over the table. He began to speak again. There was a driving quality in his voice. It sounded like urgency, but perhaps it was scorn. 'Lucien de Palud, my cousin, the boy whom my father loved as his own son, you hesitate to show yourself,' he went on. 'You cannot fear for your life, though traitors are always cowards. You hesitate. Why?'

The taunting speech served its purpose. With a great oath, Lucien stepped into the light. He, with his pistol in his hand, walked almost up to the table; Henri leaned over the other side.

The cousins faced each other. Lucien's brow was darkened, his eyes were dull, and his lips were thrust out. Henri was almost gay, his air was easy, and his lips had a smile on them.

'If you are not in a hurry to be going'—he began, and then he suddenly stopped the speech that was so debonair, stopped it with its latter half unsaid. He looked, instead, past Lucien, past that unbrushed blue-cloth shoulder, towards the opening, and as his eyes travelled along there suddenly came fear into his face. A patch of gray came out through the tan and the sun-burn on his cheeks, and his lips pinched in.

Lucien saw the sudden change. 'Oh!' he cried out; 'then, after all, you are not so anxious to die as you wished to make out. The guillotine isn't over-pleasant, I can tell you. It will require a good slice to take your head off your shoulders.'

Henri did not seem to hear. His eyes were fixed before him, fixed in urgent, though mute, supplication. He kept them so; and then, with his lips tight, he laughed uncertainly.

'*C'est vrai*,' he admitted to the man who was watching him. 'I do not want to die.' He broke off. He looked hard at Lucien. 'We were boys together,' he mumbled. 'Give me a little respite.'

Lucien, in his eagerness, came a step nearer. Henri was begging for a few minutes' grace from him. The man Marie-Félicité preferred was asking, and asking humbly, for a few seconds more of life from the man she had rejected. 'No!' he flung out. 'No! there shall be no delay. Quick! turn about! march out, or'—

Henri had given a last look past Lucien. His face had cleared. He was turning his powerful frame about, was going, it seemed, as meek as a bleating lamb to the slaughter.

Lucien laughed sardonically. He began to move towards the door. He meant to make sure of Henri, and then to lie in wait for Marie-Félicité. He calculated that she would come to look for her husband even if she were safe over the lake.

The two went on, one cousin before the other—one with a cruel death ahead of him, the other with the guilt of that death on his shoulders; and then both men suddenly swung round.

A voice, a woman's voice, was crying out, and it was crying not Henri's name but Lucien's.

The cousins both looked back into the little room. Lucien looked towards the opening into the cave, but no one was there; Henri looked towards it, and when he had glanced that way but once, he cried out to Heaven.

'*Ciel!*' he cried, 'did I not go willingly? Did I not hasten my own going that she might be spared?'

Lucien heard. He put his hands to his sides and laughed aloud. So that was why Henri had played the coward. He wanted Lucien to hurry him off. But did Henri think that he, Lucien, would not come back to find who else might be in the hut?

He was about to say that, but he restrained himself for the moment. Then what both men looked for happened; she came into the light—Marie-Félicité herself. It was she unmistakably—though her feet were in poor fisher-lad's shoes; though a fisher-boy's garments replaced her sweeping brocades; though her face was burnt brown, and her slender hands were worn with hard work. Her hair was unbound now, and it fell in a rippling wave down over her shoulders; and as Lucien looked, it somehow came to him that it was a pity to hide such beautiful hair under the wig he had seen in Henri's hand.

Marie-Félicité looked up once at her husband. There is a man now and again who receives such a look from a woman; it is generally when she pledges herself to him; and if he be a man at all, it remains in his mind as long as they both live.

It was such a glance that Marie-Félicité bestowed on Henri. Lucien saw it, and bit his lip. Even now they had the better of him, those two. They belonged to each other, and what was revenge against possession?

He tried to spur himself, to tell himself that indeed he was the master; he tried to anticipate Marie-Félicité's supplications. She might perhaps kneel to him, and he would spurn her. He looked down at the toe of his boot. He told himself he would push her aside with that.

But do what he would, he could not recapture his old exultation. His prisoners stood awaiting his pleasure. But they stood side by side, and now Henri put out his hand, and Marie-Félicité placed hers in it. Lucien might end their lives, but he could not end their love, and he knew it. Something seemed to mock at him, to tell him that his revenge had failed, and failed miserably. He flung up his head.

'*Nom de nom*'—he swore below his breath, still striving to goad his own passions—'*Nom de nom*, what has come to me?'

He thrust his hands into his pockets; the long lock of hair he wore down by his ear strayed across his cheek; he planted his feet wide apart.

'You are my prisoners'—he was beginning.

But Marie-Félicité let go Henri's hand; she came round the table. She walked toward Lucien—up to him; she stood very near to him.

(Continued on page 55.)



THE DOMESTIC FUEL OF THE FUTURE.

By F. SWANN.

RAW coal is by no means an ideal fuel for household use. Indeed, Sir Oliver Lodge has told us that to heap coals in the fireplace, and then set fire to them, is a barbarous method of obtaining heat. Whether barbarous or not, it is certainly a wasteful process.

Experiment has shown that from 4 to 5 per cent. of ordinary bituminous house-coal passes unburnt up the chimney in the shape of steam, smoke, soot, tar, ammonia, and vaporised oils, all of which have a commercial value far too great to be thus poured indiscriminately into the atmosphere. Nor does the loss end here. A large percentage of the available heat-energy of the coal is expended in preparing the coal for combustion, as may readily be perceived by watching what takes place when a fire is 'mended.'

'Mending' a fire usually means spoiling it by covering the incandescent cinders with a mass of coal, thus lowering the temperature of the whole bulk. Not until the smoke, soot, &c. have been driven off does the fresh fuel begin in its own turn to glow and throw out radiant heat. Nevertheless, for all the heat-energy wasted in performing the preliminary distilling operations, as well as for the distillates projected into the atmosphere, the consumer has had to pay in hard cash.

The question, therefore, presents itself whether domestic fuel could not undergo some preparatory treatment before it comes into the hands of the householder, leaving a material which would ignite promptly, and spend its whole substance in shedding radiant heat, instead of frittering away a large portion of its available heat-energy in distilling itself into a suitable form for combustion. In other words, could not our household fuel be half-coked previous to delivery into our coal-cellars? Gasworks coke does not satisfy the necessary requirements. Having been carbonised at an intense white heat, it has lost all its volatile constituents, and is consequently difficult to ignite, and unless burnt in a strong draught yields a sullen, unkindly fire. It serves excellently for closed stoves, but is quite unsuitable for the open grate beloved of Britons.

Hitherto the cost of making and distributing a partially distilled fuel has stood in the way of its general adoption. Certain economic forces, however, are now at work which will lead inevitably to the introduction of a lightly coked coal as the domestic fuel of the future. Chief of these forces is the increasing use of oil as a fuel, a modern development which is leading many eminent engineers and chemists to ask whether by a more rational use of our coal resources we could not produce in this country

all the oil we require, whilst furnishing at the same time a household fuel more economical and more satisfactory in every respect than raw coal.

The domestic fuel of the future is likely to come to us as a by-product in the manufacture of oil from coal. Already oil is supplanting coal as a source of power in innumerable industries. From its application first of all to stationary engines, and subsequently to small vessels, oil, whether used for internal combustion or for burning under the boilers, has proved itself a safe, efficient, economical, and highly convenient form of fuel.

The adoption of oil fuel by the Admiralty in its latest battleship, the *Queen Elizabeth*, may be said to mark a definite epoch in maritime industry, and the problem now arises as to the possibility of the home production of oil in sufficient quantities for our naval requirements. It is manifestly an unsatisfactory and possibly a dangerous position for this country to be dependent on overseas supplies for the motive-force with which to drive our battleships. Attention is, therefore, being turned in many directions to the provision of a native supply of this prime necessity of modern engineering practice.

For the last half-century the bituminous shales of Linlithgow, Midlothian, and Fife have been distilled for the production of paraffin; but the supply is far below the fuel demands of the present day, whilst the grade of these oils is too high for burning under boilers. The best hope of securing an adequate output of fuel-oil lies in the treatment of coal at a low temperature in 'ovens' designed to recover the largest possible proportion of liquid by-products. By carbonising at a red heat, it has been found possible to produce from a ton of ordinary bituminous coal about fifteen hundredweight of a coke-like residue, and approximately twelve gallons of oil. Other by-products consist of about five thousand cubic feet of a high-illuminating-power gas, a gallon or two of motor spirit, about twenty-four pounds of sulphate of ammonia—the finest of artificial fertilisers—and a quantity of pitch.

If the seventeen million tons of coal required every year by London alone were thus treated, over two hundred million gallons of fuel-oil would be produced, or almost one million tons per annum. As it is usual among engineers to reckon that sixty-six gallons of oil are equivalent to one hundred tons of the best Welsh steam coal, we find that London alone could contribute in liquid fuel the equivalent of one million three hundred and thirty-three thousand tons of best coal—a quantity that exceeds half the entire

fuel requirements of the navy, as per Navy Estimates for 1913-14. The production of this vast bulk of oil would at the same time yield about twelve million tons of a lightly carbonised coal, constituting an ideal domestic fuel. Containing, as it does, about 10 per cent. of volatile matter, it is easy to ignite, and when ignited burns with a cheerful and absolutely smokeless flame. Weight for weight, there would appear no good reason why the low-temperature coke should not be sold cheaper than coal. The purchaser would certainly secure more radiant heat for his money than from an equal weight of coal. It would be better for their purses if householders generally were to acquire the habit of reckoning fuel in terms of heat-units rather than in pounds avoirdupois. The kitchen-range and the ingle-nook would then be viewed from a somewhat different standpoint.

At present the supply of low-temperature coke is limited to those districts in which the process is being carried on. Several collieries, however, are now installing low-temperature carbonising plants, and it is but a matter of time before the supply overtakes the demand and the price of the new fuel adjusts itself to the economics of the case.

There is a national aspect of the whole question which ought not to be overlooked. The conservation of our coal-deposits is of the utmost importance if we are to remain a manufacturing nation, and no process has yet been devised that

is better calculated to prolong their life than the low-temperature treatment above outlined. Though designed primarily to render this country independent of foreign oil-supplies, it has the happy effect of recovering every valuable constituent of the coal, whilst incidentally producing the ideal domestic fuel for which sanitary reformers have so long sighed.

Public opinion is setting strongly against the contamination of the air we breathe with coal-smoke. A general use of low-temperature coke would render the atmosphere of our cities as free from pollution as that of New York, where it is obligatory upon all inhabitants to burn anthracite or some other form of smokeless fuel. Through wantonly wasting the valuable constituents of coal by burning it raw in the domestic fireplace we suffer a double penalty. Not only do we pay directly for the fuel that is discharged unconsumed up the chimney, but we pay indirectly a second time in the labour spent in removing it when it comes back to us through the windows in the form of smuts and dust. We pay, too, in deteriorated health and obscured sunshine.

The whole subject affords an interesting illustration of the solidarity of scientific progress, and demonstrates forcibly the fact that one advance inevitably brings another in its train. The growth of twentieth-century engineering science, which demands oil in ever-growing volumes, is thus tending to promote a sanitary reform which is long overdue.

ADVISERS AND RULERS.

By VERNON RICHARDS.

'DO you know how the Malays poison their enemies?' said my host cheerfully, as he helped himself to a slice of melon. I had arrived only that morning at the capital of one of the more remote and uncivilised native states in the Malay Peninsula, and was staying with the British Adviser, the official provided by a kindly and far-seeing British Government to 'advise' the Sultan, which means in practice to administer the state.

I disclaimed all knowledge of the poisoning habits of the Malays, and the B.A. (as he is called here) explained.

'They invite their friends to eat a slice of melon, and to show there is no ill-feeling they cut a slice for themselves from the same fruit. But,' he went on, demonstrating at the same time with the knife he was using, 'they smear one side of the blade with honey and cyanide of potassium, and take care to offer the guest the slice which has been cut with the poisoned side. They eat the other slice themselves. By the way,' he went on, with apparent irrelevance, 'have you been told that

the Sultan has asked you to breakfast with him to-morrow?'

I said I had, and that I should be very pleased to go. As a matter of fact, I had been shown on my arrival a card covered with Arabic characters, which I was told was an invitation to 'His Highness's faithful and honoured friend who was enjoying the best of health' (I don't know how he knew that); and also a letter already written for me in the same language, which stated that I had the honour to accept the invitation, and took about three pages to say so.

'You'll meet the whole European population there,' said my host. 'We shall number about a dozen, including the ladies. Doesn't it seem absurd that we are practically ruling the whole state—thousands of square miles, thousands of Malays—and only about two hundred Europeans, if you rope in all the planters and miners up the river?'

'And *why* are we ruling it?' I asked.

'Force of circumstances,' was the reply. 'You can't stop Europeans coming here to dig for tin and gold, and where they go law and order must

follow—two things which these native Sultans are quite incapable of enforcing. If they weren't looked after by some other Power they would very soon be deposed and murdered, and the country would be in a state of anarchy. We don't want this place. We could have had it years ago if we had liked. It is still a Malay state, and all our officials are in theory the servants of the Sultan.'

'And you "advise" him. Does he like the advice you give him?'

'I don't expect he does,' said the B.A., laughing. 'I had an instance of that only this morning. You know that this is one of the great Mohammedan festivals, and it has always been the Sultan's custom to release certain prisoners at the feast.'

I nodded. The phrase sounded familiar.

'Well, last year all whom he released had to pay handsomely for the privilege. He must have made an enormous sum out of them. So I wrote to him the other day, and suggested that this time it might be as well to ask the jail superintendent which were the deserving cases. He professed to be delighted with the idea; but I got a letter from him this morning to say that he does not intend to release any prisoners this year. So much for the royal clemency—no money, no mercy.'

'You will see the jail this afternoon,' said Mrs B.A. 'You have to drive over it from the fifth tee, and if your ball hits the tin roof you can hear the prisoners laughing derisively.'

'So you have a golf-course here, have you?' I said, in surprise.

'Yes, and a bowling-green; and we have a piece of ground reserved for a racecourse, but that, of course, is in the dim future.'

The royal breakfast was held in the huge veranda of the Sultan's palace. It was entirely open to the courtyard on one side, and when we arrived, at nine o'clock, it was a perfect feast of colour. There, in their best clothes, sat all the Sultan's sons and brothers and uncles. Every one wore the national costume, and such an array of silks, such a medley of gorgeous colours, I had never before seen. If only they had squatted native-fashion on the floor instead of sitting on English chairs, the picture would have been complete. The more nearly-related sat about the veranda more or less at their ease, and gossiped to one another in an undertone. The lesser people, who did not come to the palace every day of the week, sat silently and hungrily in two weary, waiting rows.

In the background, breakfast was being laid on a raised dais—the 'high table' of an English college—and another table was being prepared for lesser notabilities lower down.

The Sultan received us in the centre of the veranda, and shook hands affably. He also had on this occasion discarded his European clothes, and was in the full Malay costume, which one

seldom sees nowadays except on festivals. He wore a thin jacket and trousers of coloured silk, with a silk *sarong* or native kilt round his waist, and another *sarong* to wrap round his ancestral *kris*. A pair of dusky bare feet gave rather an unfinished look to the costume; but I noticed a pair of carpet slippers under the table, which had evidently been kicked off from the royal toes. The table itself and the chairs round it were cheap modern productions which almost cried out that they came from Tottenham Court Road. A brass vase-shaped spittoon near the Sultan's chair was much more in keeping with his person. After shaking hands with him I joined the row of solemn English men and women, who sat for the most part in silence. If conversation is difficult in the drawing-room before dinner, it is doubly so in a Sultan's palace before breakfast.

'Do you see that benevolent-looking old man over there?' whispered my neighbour. 'We call him the Wicked Uncle. He murdered the last two Sultans, and failed to get made Sultan himself, after all. Hard luck, wasn't it?'

I thought of the poisoned-melon trick, and wondered whether I should have to sit next to him. Presently a Malay servant appeared with a plan of the table in his hand. With all that air of mystery and secrecy assumed by an English host marshalling his guests, he allowed me a furtive peep at it. I found I was to sit at the 'high table' between two of the uncles, one of whom was the Lord Chief Justice. (Mentally I named him 'Koko.') The other uncle I was not introduced to, but I was glad to find it was not the 'wicked' one.

The tedium of waiting was relieved by a sudden outburst of laughter on the part of another of the uncles. This, in that solemn atmosphere, seemed such indecorous behaviour that I looked towards the Sultan to see how he was taking it. But he appeared not to notice it, and it was explained to me that that particular uncle was mad.

'Nobody minds him. He laughs like that at everything one says. And if you offer him your cigarette-case he will take the whole lot.'

But if these be symptoms of madness, then he is not alone in his lunacy.

So we sat and waited, while the attendants round the table got busier and busier, and the rows of relations looked hungrier and hungrier, and the Sultan chatted genially to his adviser in an admirable manner. At length the Chief Butler began to stalk the Sultan's chair from behind. Nearer and nearer he crept, until he succeeded in arriving at it without being seen or heard. Then he squatted down and waited in silence beside it until he should be perceived. I expect that in reality the Sultan knew he was there all the time, but he pretended not to discover him until he half-turned to flick the ash from his cigarette. The servant took the ash in his face without winking, and, putting his hands together as though in prayer, he bowed his head

two or three times, and neatly regained his feet without putting his hands to the floor. Breakfast was served.

The table was covered with dishes containing curried meats of various kinds, while other dishes were handed round; but the groundwork of the meal, so to speak, was a plate heaped up with boiled rice in front of each guest. There was apparently no limit to the number of additions you might make to your rice, and I looked round anxiously for melons; but I could not see even a *kundur*, or native pumpkin. So, with a sigh of relief, I picked up my spoon and fork and waded into my rice.

Presently Mr Koko asked me in Malay whether I spoke that language. 'A little,' I replied truthfully, for I had come out from England only two months before. Our conversation was consequently rather limited, especially as Koko, having opened the ball, seemed to have exhausted his ideas in doing so, and left the initiation of new subjects to me. With the uncle on my left I had no conversation. He sat at the table nursing his left foot on his knee, and I had an absurd longing to tickle the sole of the bare brown foot that was turned so invitingly towards me. Perhaps the knowledge that he was wearing his *kris* restrained me. It is only on such occasions as this, Koko told me, that the *kris* is worn. It was found safer for the general public to make the wearing of it on ordinary occasions illegal, and a genuine *kris* is very rarely seen nowadays. Koko was kind enough to unwrap his *sarong* and show me his, which he said had belonged to his grandfather, and was fifty years old. This kind does not come into the market very easily, but they make a very nice line of old *kris*es now in Birmingham.

At this point the Sultan rose from the table, and we said good-bye and filed out into the blazing sunshine.

'I wonder what they think of it all!' was my comment as we drove home. 'They seem so pleased to see us, and yet they must really hate us for coming into their country and taking the control of it out of their hands.'

'There is one factor in the case you have

overlooked,' said the B.A., 'though I believe he was pointed out to you just now.'

'You mean the Wicked Uncle?'

'Yes. But for us, the Sultan would have been a dead man long ago, and he knows it. Then, again, we do enforce justice in this country, and the ordinary Malay appreciates that. How does Magna Carta run? "To none will we sell, to none will we deny, justice." We have enforced that clause here. Formerly the law was on the side of the longest purse. Now every man can get a hearing.'

'In theory,' I said. 'How does it work out in practice?'

'It depends a good deal on the D.O.' (District Officer). 'If he knows his people as he ought to do, they will come to him when they are in trouble. A Malay will walk miles through the jungle to the D.O.'s bungalow, squat down on the veranda, and send in word that when the *Tuan* is at liberty So-and-so would like to speak to him. Of course no one is ever sent away without a hearing.'

'If the D.O. "knows his people," you say. How does he manage to do that?'

'By walking miles along jungle paths in the heat of the day; by sitting for hours chatting in dirty Malay houses and drinking Malay drinks; by camping out in damp and unhealthy places, and by generally sacrificing himself for the good of his people. Oh yes,' he added after a pause, 'and by being vaccinated. Smallpox is rife among the Malays, and we are trying to make vaccination compulsory. They have no conscientious objections if the *Tuan* gives them a lead.'

'Then do you mean to say,' I asked, 'that a D.O. may have to be vaccinated several times over *pour encourager les autres*?'

'"Several times over" is a weak way of putting it. G—— in —— holds the record at present. He has been vaccinated forty-three times in one year.'

'Thank you,' I said, as the carriage drew up at the Residency. 'Now I begin to understand what people mean when they talk of an Englishman's capacity for governing natives.'

All the same, if a Malay asks me to eat melon with him I shall not accept the invitation!

HOW YOU GET YOUR FURS.

By WILLIAM J. STEVENSON.

JUST about the time when my lady's furs, coat, muff, and all the rest are sent home from the stores, where they have been lying snugly in cold storage—no one nowadays relies on camphor and oil of cedar as safeguards against the all-devouring moth—the trappers of the great fur companies are setting out on their toilsome journey for the great white hunting-grounds to provide the pelts which keep her and her friends

so snug and warm. Far from the haunts of civilisation they lie, these hunting-grounds once sacred to the folk of the wild and the almost as savage Indian or Eskimo. The trackless wilds of northern Canada, the dreary forests and plains of Siberia and Asiatic Russia, the ice-bound isles and inhospitable coasts of Labrador and the Hudson Bay region, these it is that supply the rich furs which my lady loves, and which shield her so

well from the winter blasts. Well they may do so, indeed, for no wind that ever blew in England can compare with the icy breath of those frozen solitudes. There, with the mercury at thirty, forty, or fifty degrees below zero, any living thing—Indian, white man, or denizen of the wild—must needs go warmly clad, or die.

Four big companies, and only four, handle between them practically the whole fur-supply of the world. Despite a certain rivalry which exists, these companies work together to control supplies and prices, especially of the more rare and costly pelts. First and most important is the Hudson Bay Company, dating from Stuart times, and long practically the sole ruler of British North America. Next we may place the Russian-American Fur Company, with its headquarters at Moscow. In addition to Russia and Siberia, this company holds the monopoly of the sealeries of the frozen islands in the north of Asia, of which those of the Commander Islands are the most important. Russian gunboats patrol these continually to keep off the daring seal-poachers—Jap, American, and even British—who occasionally, in spite of everything, make a rich haul. The Royal Fur Company of Greenland, a Danish association, and the great French house of Revillon Frères complete the list. The latter has the exclusive monopoly of no special region, but draws its supplies from every fur-producing country on the globe.

Ultimately, however, all these companies depend for their supplies on the trapper—white, half-breed, or Indian. A wild, fierce life is his, always at war with nature and the forces of the wilderness; sometimes, too, though more rarely now than formerly, with his human rivals, when knife or rifle may be called in to settle the right to some specially promising hunting-ground or cached store of pelts. The autumn leaves will be falling fast when he bids good-bye to the remote trading-post to which he is attached. With only axe and rifle and traps for comrades, he must depend for his food on his hunting-skill, just as do the denizens of the wild against which he must match himself; and, as a hunting animal, not one of them, be it the mighty grizzly or the fierce-eyed lynx, can count itself his equal.

Through the summer he has been busy enough. The skins of animals do not all come to perfection at the same time. Autumn, for instance, is the best time for trapping the beaver and muskrat, before they retire for their winter sleep to the snug-built houses which the trapper knows too well to interfere with. Summer or autumn, too, is the best time to deal with the bear—black, brown, or grizzly. Sometimes these fall to his rifle; but, besides the damage done to the pelt, the last-named at least is a foe not to be attacked light-heartedly. Any hunter will tell you tales enough of the giant grizzly of the Rockies: how, after receiving bullet after bullet through heart and brain, he has yet retained life enough

to avenge himself on his slayer. So traps, cunningly constructed with a gigantic tree-trunk suspended in such a way as to fall and break the unfortunate animal's back, are generally used instead. Sometimes a heavy revolver is so arranged that it will be fired at any animal disturbing the bait. Only the other year a trapper in Ungava was killed while carelessly examining such a trap; and a bear, coming later and endeavouring to drag away his body, also received its quietus from the deadly automatic pistol. Afterwards another trapper found the bodies of both, though the bear had dragged itself some distance before it fell.

With regard to the animals of the farther north, January or February is the time when the skins are at their best. Shooting being out of the question, they are usually taken in steel traps. The ermine, however, is an exception. This little animal—it is really a variety of stoat or weasel, which, like all animals in those frozen lands, turns white in winter—is too precious for any risk of injury to its skin to be incurred if it can possibly be avoided. So how do you think the trapper proceeds? His method is ingenious. When he comes across the tiny dotted trail which shows his prey has recently passed, he takes out his hunting-knife and rubs the blade with a piece of fat, then lays it down in the animal's track, knowing it is almost sure to return. When the little creature comes along, fiercely hungry, as are all the animals during the long winter, it sniffs the tempting odour. Very timid it is, but there is nothing to indicate a trap. So at last, putting out its long red tongue, it licks the blade. But in that intense cold, where a rifle-barrel will peel the skin from the naked hand which touches it, the tiny tongue freezes to the steel and cannot be withdrawn. The knife is too heavy to drag away, and soon the trapper's store is richer by a choice pelt.

More valuable even than the ermine is the fox—blue, silver-gray, or red. A common gray fox skin is worth a dollar to the trapper, and a silver fox will net him anything from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars. Nor is this to be wondered at, as a fine specimen, untreated, will sell in London for close on four hundred pounds.

Of late years black foxes have been reared on Prince Edward Island, and blue and silver-gray foxes in Labrador and the Aleutian Islands. An old trapper I knew told me that a son of his anticipated this kind of stock-rearing many years ago in Manitoba. The lad had taken several minks alive in specially constructed traps. The mink, it may be worth mentioning, is a species of stoat or marten, and produces a very fine fur, worth to the trapper some five dollars upwards per specimen. The lad tried to rear his prizes in captivity, built a house for them, and found they thrived well and bred freely. For a good many years he derived quite a large income from the sale of their skins. Later, however, he

went to Winnipeg, and the mink-house fell into decay. Ever since, however, trappers of the neighbourhood say that the place has a strange attraction for the wild minks, and that no place far or near offers such good prospects of taking them in traps.

Otter, skunk, wolverine, and dozens of other fur-bearing animals of greater or less value complete the tale of the trapper's spoils. The capture of the skunk needs care. If the trap is not so arranged as to kill the animal instantly, a foul-smelling liquid is ejected, which renders the fur valueless. So well is this unsavoury property known that even the grizzly bear fights shy of the skunk, and no animal, however hungry, will tackle him.

Even the wolf is not despised, though the two and a half dollars bounty on his head is perhaps a greater temptation to his slayer than the skin. Still, if the skin is in good condition, it brings a fair price.

In March the trapper comes back with his spoils. At the trading-post the factor or agent values the skins, and hands over the price. The whites take theirs in cash, the Indians in tallies exchangeable at the company's stores for such things as they require. Each tally is supposed to represent the value of one beaver-skin, and will pass current for one dollar.

A journey of some six thousand miles awaits these spoils of the North. By canoe, rail, and steamer they find their way at last to London or Paris, where the great fur sales are held. Here they are disposed of by auction to the dealers, some twelve million pelts changing hands in London alone last year. Next comes the preparation of the skins. They must be dyed, dressed, and treated in various ways before they can be made up into the costly garments they are destined to become. This is done at Leipzig, in Germany. Practically all the high-class furs of the world pass through the hands of two or three firms there. Jealously guarded secrets handed down for centuries account for the pre-eminence of these firms in this business. Even furs destined to be worn in the lands where they were procured—say in Canada or Russia—take the same long journey before they reach their wearers. This process of preparation is an intricate one, and only the most skilled workmen are entrusted with it. In all, it lasts about a year. It is this fact which accounts for the great difference between the price of the raw furs, costly as these often are, and the finished garment. Even inferior skins—rabbit, for instance—treated by this process, may sell for quite a surprising figure. Sable, fox, sealskin, and sea-otter are probably the most expensive furs. Of the genuine skins there are really very few on the market. 'Sealskin,' for instance, when not coney (rabbit), is almost invariably musquash or musk-rat cut and dyed. A high official of a leading fur-trading firm told me a

few years ago that only twenty-eight genuine sealskin coats in all were produced that year. What their price would be may be imagined.

In fox, whether silver, blue, or red, only small articles, such as muffs, can as a rule be procured, and these are mostly secured by royal personages and American millionaires. A sable coat might cost anything from three thousand to eight thousand pounds. Of sea-otter, too, perhaps one of the loveliest furs of all, the supply is failing. Indiscriminate killing in the past is responsible for this, and now strict measures of preservation are necessary if the species is not to become extinct. Only four hundred skins were brought to market last year. So if you want a sea-otter jacket you may imagine what you will have to pay for it. It is just possible, dear reader, that it may be outside the range of your purse. But, on the other hand, it may console you to learn that four and a half million musk-rat pelts figured on the London lists, while one little lot of house-cat skins reached the tidy total of thirty-five thousand!

A REMBRANDT ETCHING.

THE broad fields stretch to where the dikes oppose
The creeping, hungry sea;
And in their midst a wooden mill outthrows
Its tattered sails in glee.

The land is still. The mighty clouds, which pass
Above the pastured herds,
Frame, as they cast dark shadows on the grass,
A flight of homing birds.

There's many a patch upon the wooden walls
About the mill's warm gloom;
And on the miller's roof a sunglint falls
On grass and weeds in bloom.

This is the homely scene which Rembrandt chose,
That always it might live
Clothed in that perfect beauty of repose
His mastery could give.

He chose it; and I think he loved the best,
And bade his needle trace,
Those marks of simple human toil and test
Which are upon its face.

His boyhood's home was such. To him each wall
Spoke with a message clear;
Sea, sky, and welcoming homestead, one and all,
Made music for his ear.

And so he set it down—the glimmering plain,
The evening calm and still,
The crazy dwelling, and the sails a-strain
Upon the lonely mill.

F. W. SAUNDERSON.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

FROM my upper window in one of the main thoroughfares of this city I see a long line of soldiers come bravely up the street, making the music of its even stepping, for this steady thudding monotone seems to be music now, as with swelling hearts of pride we listen to it. Some are old soldiers, many in the file are new ones, but they are scarcely distinguishable; all are fine and strong and happy. They wait for their turn to go to the battlefields, and then they know they will be happier still, for it is declared, and we believe it, that, with all the trials and the dangers and the fearsome but unfear'd happenings, there are out across the Channel the thrills of the fight and the joy of duty in the full power of British manhood, so that those gun-blown lands are in a sense happier for life than poor, gloomy London. It is hardly good to be anything but a soldier now. Presently, the band being silent, the men of this khaki line, with their faces lit with the great life that their frames embrace, break out into a lusty marching song, and before one realises that a note has been sounded the full company is pouring the melody from its lungs. It is impossible to say where in the line it is started, for in a short moment the chorus reaches its full strength, and how thrilling it does seem! Men who watch feel a little twitching in their nerves, and women must sometimes wipe an eye. This soldier-singing, the like of which has never been heard in London before, stands for such an all. Then the line turns a corner, and the soldier-music fades. In a few minutes another file of men comes marching along, but they are in kilts, and at the head of them are pipers skirling the far northern airs; and all these Scots, with their magnificently proud bearing, do let you see from their manner that, the days of peace being gone, they are going to do their own soldier business now. And it will be done. When one turns away from looking upon these marching soldiers, just waiting in London for their turn to take their place in the fighting lines, one must ponder upon many things, and realise that now, as for the very first time, the crystallised, definite spirit of the Motherland is abroad. It is just that exactly—the Motherland. Not, indeed, that there has been no patriotism, and no strong expressions

of it, in Britain before this day; but they have not been the same in our time. This beloved soil of Britain was not in danger then; and now, when the hosts of the enemy have an ambition, vain but still threatening, to tread with their barbarous feet upon it, we know in our hearts the fullness of our passionate love for our British home, and feel that for the love we could fall down and kiss with our lips this dear earth of ours. The patriotism is out, all are brothers in Britain, and the land is so good to us, so dear to us. This land is England; these are England's trees. See the beauty of the woods and fields, the nobility of the hills, and the sweetness of the dales. Oh the rippling chant of the rivers and streams as they seem to answer the command of David, and worship the Lord as they flow along! Our Motherland! And it is that for which our soldiers are going out to fight, and that which makes them look and be finer, surely, than they have seemed to us before. When did soldiers smile and sing like this? When did their faces bear such a look of fire and ardour, the true look of the brave sons of the Motherland? Yes, it is a fine thing to be a soldier now. Happy is the home that has given a soldier to the armies; noble are the mothers who smile at their departure. And there are soldiers from nearly every home, for it is borne in upon the people at last that this is a time for yielding to the full of the national limb and blood. To every one of us this war has given a comradeship that no other war in our time has ever done. Peer and peasant have alike torn themselves from their loved ones and have grasped rifle or sword. A dear brother of mine, who played with me in childhood days in northern fields and lanes, has left wife and two children to shoot the big guns of the Royal Garrison Artillery. There is another line of them coming along the street, and this time the band is flinging out the music of the challenge of the nation for ages past, and the soldiers are singing—no, not singing, but shouting—'Britons, never, never, never shall be slaves!' How well they will fight for their Motherland!

* * *

There are many matters of great moment to dwell anxiously upon in connection with this war business at the present time; but yet

there are some of us who, having calculated, and not in a way of ignorance, the possibilities and probabilities of the situation, think that it may be over far sooner than other people suggest. And when the time of peace comes, a hundred other new questions of the highest degree of interest and importance will arise, and will occupy the attention of the Government and the newspapers for a long period. But there is one matter that will then absorb the attention of the people as human beings, and not merely as sons of the State, to the exclusion of others, and it is this—that the soldiers, with all their honour and glory heaped upon them, will be coming home again, coming home in the full joy of their victory to the Motherland that they have fought for and saved. Were I an old man, and already being given cause for thinking upon churchyards and the moaning of evening winds through cypress-boughs, I would offer fervent prayers, and get them supported by all that the medicine men could do to keep me living to that day when the soldiers march again down these big streets, for it will be such a thrilling sight and experience of its kind as Britain has not yet known in our day. But when the cheering—poor weak word for what will be!—and the kissing, and the embracing have all been done and done again, the question must come up with a tremendous insistence as to what shall be done for those dear soldiers, the soldiers who have saved the Motherland. Lately we have been occupied with thoughts as to what we can pay them, and what we can give to the wives and the children they have left behind while they have gone to the war. Mean questions these have appeared to be in the way they have of necessity had to be dealt with; for the soldiers have not gone to fight because they had to do so for money, but for love and duty, and often enough the pay that is made to them and their dependants is far less than what they have sacrificed to give their help to the overwhelming cause. What can we give them when they come back again? Cheers, kisses, fervent thanks will be theirs. We will give them love and honour always. The King will review them and thank them from the royal and imperial lips. The Queen will smile with Her Majesty's own sweet graciousness upon them. Parliament will pass votes of thanks also. Municipalities will do the same, and hold public meetings and banquets in honour of their own soldiers. And, yes, every man who fought will have the medal which will be the priceless possession, the honour and glory, of his family through this age and down the next, and for many afterwards while the War of Right and Honour shall be remembered, which will be always. But is there nothing else that we can do for the soldiers when they come home to the land to which they have restored the full sense of safety besides all these things—a goodly lot,

but such trifles, most of them, in consideration of the service that will have been done? Yet the soldiers themselves will not be wanting anything, nor half so much. They will have a divinely satisfied conscience of a great duty nobly done. They ask for nothing more. But, still, cannot we give them something besides their discharge, something such as never has been given to soldiers before, because such a war as this has never before been fought, such a call upon men has never before been made, and such a fearful crisis has never before been reached? This, then, is a time for exceptions in everything, and this idea is substantially signified in the way that the public have of saying among themselves, 'Nothing will ever be the same again; this war will alter the lives of all of us.'

* * *

In rumination upon this matter a number of fancies flit across the mind, and are one by one disregarded because of their being so utterly unconventional, for in the way of honours and rewards, and in the arrangement of public conduct generally, we are still bound round by convention, more so indeed than we were at the time of the last great war which threatened our country a hundred years ago. Yet this is a thing that the present conflict will surely change; and so some of the fancies that are cast aside because they might be ridiculed by the conventionalists, those in authority who have close regard for customs and precedents, come back again for another thought. As against service rendered by large bodies of men, in what way do we honour individuals when they have been of high service to the State? We give them titles. These titles may be empty things in their way, but they do serve for a continual and public recognition of merit. They place a dignity upon their possessors, and it has to be continually recognised by all others. The titled men are marked men. We give titles for many things, and we commonly give the loftiest not so much for services rendered to the State as for the accumulation of immense wealth in business, by which the persons who have gathered it become of great influence. If one man by some inconceivably stupendous service won the war for this country and her allies without the assistance of any others, what kind of title should we give him then? We have none that would be adequate, and something new and unconventional would have to be invented for the magnificent occasion. As it is, titles innumerable will be distributed among the officers in the campaign when it is ended, and richly deserved they will be. But what of the men who voluntarily went to fight for king and country, and who were at least as necessary? Perhaps they would like titles too, since every man loves a title. But, it occurs to one, a country cannot distribute a million or more titles; and if it could, there is no title that

could suitably be awarded to the man who has *merely*—begging pardon of the soldier for that word which is the only one—served as a private soldier, and has not risen above the ranks, perhaps not because he was without special merit, since all cannot do so. Yet is there no title that would suit the occasion? If there is one it should be a military title, for most of these men are soldiers only for this one time in their lives, and they will have pride in remembrance of it. The lowest military title that is used for general social purposes of address, and which is valued accordingly, is that of captain. One refers to 'the captain,' and to be Captain Somebody is to be a somebody. Then, to be out with it, why should not every soldier who has volunteered for this great new army which is saving the country, and who, in accordance with his enlistment, retires from it at the end of the war and goes back to his shop or his works or his office, retire with the honorary rank of captain, which he would hold with pride for the rest of his days? The idea seems absurd, of course. More than a million captains, and many of them shop-assistants, a small proportion little more than street loungers, and yet some of them professional men and business men who have been doing well at their work! In the war they all started equal, and they have in general deserved equally well of their country. But a million captains! And if that were the only price to pay, would it not be well if there were three millions of them? It may be said that such a thing has never been done before, and it is answered that such a war as this has never been fought before. And, again, high military personages may object that to obtain a captaincy in the ordinary way a man must graduate through the service schools at great expense, and serve a long period as an officer in the army, when he will be granted his rank in the usual course of seniority, a slow and costly business. True; and such a captain might never have seen any active service at all, while these million men have come forward voluntarily in the hour of national peril and at enormous risk and sacrifice to themselves. If to do this thing would be contrary to all that deeply cherished military custom and system that has been built up through centuries, and regarded with the strictest respect, it must be remembered that nearly everything in this war is contrary to all previous ideas of military things. What was the Waterloo of a day to the great battles of this terrific struggle which have gone on for weeks? Conventions and susceptibilities in military matters have gone by the board all the way, and they might well do so in this matter. There would be no interference with the military system afterwards, for these men would have gone from the army never to return. There would be no danger from the precedent thus made, because nothing is more likely than that after this there will be no other great war in our time. If objections are

made on social grounds, what a paltry consideration is this when we reflect that these men volunteered to save the Empire, and fought and bled for it in the trenches of France and Belgium! There will be fewer of such objections when this war is over than ever there were before. In the future times of peace everybody would know who these captains were, and how they gained their distinction. And again, finally, if a man may be made a peer for the mere accumulation of business wealth, cannot a humble gentleman be made a captain for fighting for his country, when, had he and his like not done so, there might have been no more place for peers? Fanciful as this suggestion may appear at the first thought, it is one that grows in the mind, as I have found from the fact that those to whom I have first suggested it, and who then smiled, have since written urging me to press it forward.

* * *

There is another thing that has to be said about these fine soldiers who go to fight in the new army, and to whom Lord Kitchener paid a tribute the other day for the wonderful efficiency they had so quickly gained, and that is about the news that we get of those who are fighting, and the lack of news. The question of the Press censorship that has caused so much difficulty in the course of the war is much too wide and deep to be dealt with in the course of a few brief notes. The military necessity of a strict censorship is generally and freely admitted; indeed, it is quite obvious. On the other hand, it has clearly been overdone, and there have been the most extraordinary suppressions of news by which no military purpose could be served. The people have a right to some information, and a gigantic struggle such as this cannot be conducted so much in the dark as it has been. Lately I have been looking through the files of the newspapers of a century back, when the art and science of journalism was in its very infancy, and when the resources for obtaining intelligence and circulating it were as nothing compared with what they are now, and the comparison between the journals of then and now is not so much to the advantage of the latter as might be imagined. They reported the battle of Trafalgar in less time than it took our Admiralty, with its careful reluctance, to give out the full detailed story of the first great battle in the North Sea, in which our ships so much distinguished themselves. At least, when men volunteer their services for the country in her hour of need, they have the right to expect that by some means their families shall be kept acquainted with their whereabouts and what their regiments are doing. Apart from this consideration, which, however great, may be looked upon as being of a private or sentimental character, narratives of thrilling events have been sup-

pressed which, had they been published, would have set the zeal of Young England so much on fire that the need for more recruits might have disappeared long ago. For example, there is the case of the first great transport of Canadian troops from their own land to Plymouth, which stands for such a magnificent display of sea-power and imperial loyalty and enthusiasm as the world had never known before, and, so far as the spectacle is concerned, will probably never know again. Thirty-two thousand of the Canadian troops were on the water for twenty days, and they sailed all the way across the sea in three great columns of transports, some thirty-five ships in all, each the same distance apart and the parallels of the columns being perfectly preserved, the whole covering a vast area of the ocean many miles in extent. The pace of the flotilla was regulated by that of the slowest ship, which was put in front. There were British battleships at the head of the columns, battleships at the back, battleships at the sides; and half-way across the ocean another

great British battleship came up, and, steaming down the passage between two of the columns and then up the other passage, played the 'Maple-Leaf for Ever,' to the cheering Canadian soldiers. Any other ships that came in sight were, if considered advisable, ordered to follow in the wake of this great flotilla lest they should go to circulate the news of the mighty enterprise that was afoot in places where it was not considered good it should be known. And here is the most marvellous thing: those thirty-two thousand loyal Canadians were on the water for twenty days, and not a single life was lost! Thus, so far as death-rates and such statistics are concerned, it would appear that for these three weeks the safest and healthiest place on earth or sea was with that great flotilla! Here, indeed, was the story of an Empire! Never had the sea known such a sight before, and Neptune himself, with ages of wonders of the waters to reflect upon, must have been astonished. Some day the full story of this great achievement should be told. It must be.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER V.—ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS.

WALTER IRVING had risen early, so I was told. I breakfasted alone, and went to the outside stairs of the inn, where I stood watching the scene. It was all a great change to me, this bustle on the streets, the great high houses, and the press of folk waiting for the Highlanders, for I had been living up till now quietly at home in a Westmorland dale. Now and then I might hie me to merry Carlisle, where I had many friends; but I was soon back at Durrison again, among my horses and chase-dogs. I had seen little of the world there, the nearest approach to fighting being the many wrestling meetings in Westmorland and Cumberland, so that the sense of danger in the air and the crowds of people moved me mightily. I would have given much to have King George's commission and be with my father's old regiment, for I guessed that soon it would be on the edge of adventure.

While I stood watching the crowds the city's fire-bell rang out an alarum, and the streets were flooded with the people who had been at worship. The ministers, so I heard, preached with swords by their sides. No one seemed to know exactly what the occasion was; but while the bell rang out a man leading a steaming horse came up, surrounded by a great crowd of people. The Prince's army, he said, had come within eight miles of the city. He had seen it, he said; and this, the first direct news of the Pretender's whereabouts, put the town in a ferment.

At first there was a great show of valour; but, from what I saw and heard, it was plain

there was an undercurrent. There was a deal of talk of prudence, for those inside the city were far outnumbered by the Prince's army; but I put another and an uglier word than prudence to what happened. In plain speaking, some of the city's leaders were as poor defenders as the old pieces of cannon that they had scraped together from the countryside. Irresolution—to call it by no worse name—was rife in their counsels. At first, when two regiments of dragoons—Hamilton's and Gardiner's—were riding up the Lawnmarket, there was some heart put into the mob. Huzzas were raised, and hats thrown in the air. The volunteers had been drawn up, ready to defend the walls or march out to meet the Jacobites; but there was so little discipline that I saw many women, some weeping, some shrill with abuse, persuading or blustering their husbands and sons into staying at home. A sorry sight this; but worse followed, for an officer, stung to action and ashamed of the scene, led his company off down the West Bow. When he reached the Port, his men, except a few of his own friends, had quietly deserted him, slipping down the closes and side streets on their march.

The day was ruled not by military law but by women and parsons, excellent comptrollers in their own peculiar affairs of the care of home and souls, but indifferent guides in the ultimate resort between men. At the West Port I heard several clergymen begging the volunteers not to venture outside, but to remain and defend the walls. A message came from the Provost in

terms that saved the faces of the officers, who dispersed their men; and, of all the soldiers within the city's bounds, less than a couple of hundred men of the Town Guard and the Edinburgh Regiment marched out to meet the enemy; and if I am any judge, their valour was but skin-deep. The truth is that the whole city had a dismal attack of nerves.

I came back to my quarters at the 'White Horse,' and found Walter Irving in the yard by the stable door. His eyes looked tired, and his long riding-boots were covered with dust.

'Ay, Mr Layton! I was up early, and, as you see'—he dusted his boots—'I have been in the saddle; but where my horse is I dinna ken. I set out to see a kinsman who lives past Corstorphine; but I only got within a mile of him. There's no' a footpath that isna hotchin' with Highland skirmishers and outposts. I just missed fallin' into the hands of as ill-conditioned-lookin' a company as I've a wish to see. Ye see, the Pretender's men are no' a' like Alasdair Stuart, the officer we met on the road. If I had been taken I should have had little time for courtin'. I just managed to jink into a wood and lie low until they passed.'

'And your horse?'

He groaned. 'Man, that's weighin' on me. I liked the beast. I had tethered him to a tree, and ran on, on foot, until I found a hidin'-place. When the coast was clear I went back, but there was no horse there, nor any signs of him beyond his hoof-tracks. He's carryin' some Hieland officer by this time, poor beast. My hope is that he'll break his rider's neck!' He stared at the empty stable, the picture of gloom, and all I could do would not rouse him from brooding.

'I'm no' the best of company,' he said, turning towards the inn. 'Twill be better to leave me to my own device for a day or so.'

He would not leave the house, so I left him moping, and came out, as the evening fell, in search of news or adventures. I watched the Town Guard and the Edinburgh Regiment marching out to help the dragoons who were stationed at Corstorphine, and then wandered idly about. It was clear that the citizens expected an attack would be made that night. The trained bands and a few nondescripts guarded the city walls; but even with me, who knew but little of war, the thought lodged that the defence was a matter with little heart in it. The leaders were silent and dispirited. The magistrates took but little concern with the disposition of the city's forces. The whole business rang hollow and untrue; and I heard afterwards that the Bristo Port, nearest the Pretender's lines, had been left open, without a sentry!

Men's minds were strung to a pitch. It needed but some sudden influence to dissolve their shreds of courage, and this came suddenly in the affair called in derision 'The Canter o' Coltbrig.' The dragoons had made a reconnais-

sance near Corstorphine. On the rebels coming nearer, two or three of their horsemen galloped forward. They were merely scouts, and kept, I was told, well out of range; but from sheer bravado they fired their pistols towards the dragoons. These must have carried their hearts in their boots, for they incontinently wheeled about, scurrying like rabbits to the main body without firing a shot. A pell-mell retreat followed; nor did the cavalry fall back on Edinburgh to defend it, but galloped in a lamentable and needless haste to the open country beyond. The whole of the inhabitants saw them fly along the low ground on the north, pursued by nothing but their own alarums. The Jacobites in the town jeered openly, and the town's-people tumbled clean over the edge of panic. Clamour arose. Crowds collected, as men do in a common danger. It went to my heart to hear grown men shout 'Surrender!' and to see their chalk faces. A meeting was held in the New Church aisle; and, while its members were wrangling, I stood outside with the crowd. A gentleman—I never heard his name, but I remember his gray horse—suddenly appeared and galloped along the Lawnmarket. Here the volunteers were drawn up, and to them he shouted, 'They are on us! They have thousands o' men!' There are some who say that he was a Jacobite. If so, he did his side great service, for his news had the effect of a cannon-shot. Four companies of the volunteers marched up to the Castlehill, and gave up their arms to General Guest. The panic was complete. One solitary gleam of hope remained. The fleet with General Cope's army was reputed to have arrived at Dunbar.

I came back to the inn that night tired out. Walter Irving was not there. Marvelling what business could have kept him so late, I waited as long as I could for him; but I was drowsy, and getting into a comfortable chair in the public room of the inn, I fell asleep as I was, in my boots. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a hand shaking me by the shoulder. It was Walter Irving. He was very pale and hollow-eyed.

'Rouse ye,' he kept saying, and I came to my feet. He took my arm and led me to the casement. It was on the frontier of day, the light just beginning to touch the shadows cast by the tall houses. Through the open casement came a murmurous sound, and then, through it, I heard the neighing of the pipes.

'They are here!' I said. He nodded, listening intently.

The volume of the sound grew steadily. I held my breath. I remember hearing some one snoring peacefully in the next room.

Presently two or three men, in the cocked hats of the Town Guard, came running past. They were literally the forerunners, for in a trice numbers of others came as swiftly as their

legs could carry them. At the sound of their stampede windows were thrown open. I could hear women screaming; doors being opened and hastily shut again and barred; and all the time the sound in the Nether Bow direction swelled and became steady and continuous.

'Come, Walter,' said I, 'let us go out.'

'Not I. Coward or no, I'll bide here. I'm quite content. Ye'll get nothing for your meddlin' but a bullet or a clout from a Lochaber axe. The town is as guid as lost to King George.'

'I have no purpose of meddling one way or the other,' I said. 'But I—I'—

'Ye canna sit still, ye mean to say.'

'I warrant I'll see more outside in the heart of affairs than from a tavern window. I'll risk a clout, as you call it.'

He shrugged his shoulders, as one who would say, 'As you please;' and the next moment, wondering at his caution, I went swiftly down the stairs and out to the street. Scared faces appeared at the heads of the closes; but, considering the occasion, there were few people astir. I made my way to the High Street, and

joined a knot of the town's-people near the guard-house. The sound of the pipes was now so clear that one of the company declared that he knew the tune, that it was 'We'll awa' to Sheriffmuir,' and that he was right glad to hear it. This he said in a loud voice in presence of the Royalist guard! The tramp of feet grew from a murmur to a great noise, the approach of the advance guard of the Highland army. They came rapidly on, in good formation, with drawn claymores and targes, uttering loud and uncouth war-cries, swarming right up the street. There were no shots fired, and indeed I saw no resistance. A Highland officer disarmed the guard, and his men seized the guard-house. I heard orders given for the posting of guards at the ports and round the walls, and by six o'clock in the morning they had lined the streets to await the Prince, and the whole city, except the Castle, was in their hands.

It was but a month since the Prince, without money, without munitions of war, and with but seven followers, had raised his standard at Glenfinnan.

(Continued on page 69.)

CHRISTMAS DAY WITH THE WAR-PLANES.

WHETHER the enemy be quiescent or not, the steady daily tasks of the war-plane men will continue on Christmas Day without change, without rest. Should any of the crews not be ordered to work in the air, there are engines to overhaul, stores to replenish, adjustments, repairs, replacements to make. The war has destroyed every possible chance of Christmas leave among this highly trained and hard-worked corps; and until the Allied flags are flying in Berlin there will be no days of rest for them. Writes Denis: 'Four days since I had a wash, a month from my last bath; but I planed into a rain-cloud yesterday, and my face is not so very dirty.'

Christmas Day on the mid-European plain passes pretty much like any other day since war called our boys out; and beyond the seas and from letters received from the front one may sketch something of the day's possibilities. As the first ghostly gleam of Christmas creeps over the sodden, muddy fields there is the loud rumble of artillery fire; in the semi-darkness a despatch-rider on a motor-cycle roars up to the hut by the roadside which is *pro tem.* the headquarters of the military aerial corps. A few minutes ago the airmen were lying in the shelter of their planes—'There's comfort in coming under the wing,' quoth Denis when rain had soaked the tent and his kit was floating in a pretty puddle—now every one is astir, alert. Those guns are in a new position, the enemy has been moving in the night, and the General will want to know what is happening beyond 'the fog of war.'

Pilots and mechanics move swiftly here and there in the half-light, and the ring of tools making new adjustments, tuning, strengthening, is heard from every plane. 'Nos. 2 and 6,' go the Orders, 'to reconnoitre the enemy's artillery to the north, Nos. 1 and 5 to locate movements to the east and to signal ranges to our guns. Crews of Nos. 3, 4, and 8 to report at once to headquarters for instructions.' A grisly programme for the great Christian anniversary, for the war-planes carry bombs, and there are revolvers, rifles, machine-guns fitted. The crew and No. 7 are missing; a fluky, long-range shell smashed her wing, and down from a thousand feet elevation she fell. Gallant souls—rest in peace!

A breakfast of tea (from an old meat-tin) and dry loaves is taken inside five minutes, there is a roar as of Maxims working at express speed, a cloud of petrol-smoke, a jerk, a hop, and No. 2 is in the air, screwing up and up by a giant spiral before setting his course for the neighbourhood of the enemy's heavy batteries; and before he has completed his second twist, No. 6 has shouted, 'Merry Christmas, everybody!' and his machine too is rising. Nos. 1 and 5 rise less steeply; their action does not necessitate rising to so great heights. The three remaining aircraft are deserted save for the guard of infantry, the while their crews are facing an unshaven captain and a grimy lieutenant for instructions, grinning the while at the luck which has apparently selected them for some specially daring

work. There is a consulting of maps, a study of detailed plans, and the men of the war-planes, still grinning, salute and file out to their machines. 'There'll be a grand wireless lie from Berlin about this,' chuckles Denis.

Only persons who have actually been aloft can appreciate the difficult task of the airman in war-time. Modern methods of warfare have taught the importance of concealment against aerial scouts as against attacks on the level; and a battery of great guns painted neutral colour, with their crews in dull uniforms, is bad to pick out against the neutral tints of fields and woodlands, while battalions of infantry may lie, invisible from above, in any scrub or covert. So down floats the war-plane lower, lower, until a marksman below can fire with a fair certainty of reaching pilot or observer or engine—'Though,' says Denis, 'it's lucky the wings are more generally punctured.' Carefully searching the fields below with his binoculars, the observer is carried over the enemy's country, noting, recording every suspicious movement. A crooning whistle, another, another—all misses—show that the enemy is alert beneath; but where? And is that a straggler wandering alone, or merely the outpost of a hidden column? Soon, however, a quiver among the trees there locates a battery, and out of the dun level more and more of the enemy's position becomes clear. 'To report' is now the object; the observer makes up his notes, folds them together, and fastens the packet and its pennon to a thin sliver of steel. The war-plane is rushing like a swallow back to the Allied lines, to a point at which lookout is being kept for its messages.

Sometimes the routine of being fired at by infantry and artillery is varied by a brush with the eagle-shaped war-planes of the enemy. Then life and success alike depend on the swiftest, steadiest machines. You have seen on a warm day a pair of peacock butterflies engaging in mimic battle, swinging round and round, dodging, twisting, ever rising up and up until they are lost to sight in the sunlit air. On this Christmas Day our troops on the great mid-European plain may see in the cold air a sight not dissimilar, but infinitely larger in scale and full of murderous impulses. For the end of the great climb in mid-air may be a sudden losing of control as bomb or rifle or revolver does its

terrible work, and a five thousand feet drop of machine and crew. But the spectacle is too ghastly to link, even in thought, with our respect for the day of the Great Birth.

Toward sunset the firing slackens off, and the aeroplanes, more like gigantic birds than ever, return to their roosts, the base by the muddy roadside. In our camp four come in early; for the other three, as the night draws in, signals are set. But just as the last gleam of rose dies away there is a rattle in the high heavens, a dim shape is visible, then the engine stops, the plane swings this way and that in descent, and finally alights softly. It is Denis the imperturbable. 'Berlin will tell the world to-morrow,' he laughs; and only a year or so ago he was at school, delighting in the hard shot at goal, the drive to the boundary.

Besides this camp on the Continental flat there are other haunts of the war-plane. In the many training schools and camps some pretence at merrymaking will be observed; but Britain's young men are busy with a terrible task, and have no leisure for amusements. Over the wild North Sea a special type of machine will be patrolling, the best scout of all against the lurking submarine, the bubbles of whose wake are apparent to the observer sitting in safety far aloft. He is waiting, too, in the cold and damp for that threatened airship raid, and will welcome its advent to relieve the monotony of the back and forward flight of his craft. No Christmas joys for him this year.

Even more responsible is the work of the dirigibles flying low over our great cities and their environs. How soft gleams the once busy street, how quiet the once roaring thoroughfares! Hour after hour the aerial patrol glides on its way, the only message from the densely populated area a thousand feet below being the chiming of the hours. A year ago one might have heard the waits singing:

Christians, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;

but the vigilant watchers above little desire to be reminded of such pleasant, happy things. They are watching against the coming of an implacable enemy, and must not for one sweet moment relax the vigilance of their duty.

THE DRIVING FORCE.

CHAPTER IV.

LUCIEN put out his hand, and as he saw that Henri darted forward; but Lucien's arm fell to his side. He looked again at the woman whose courage was so magnificent. Marie-Felicité drew herself up. She waited one moment—two. The morning was getting on, but none of them

thought of that. The ten men waiting by the bushes might be getting impatient; but who had time to remember them?

'How did you know we were here?' began Marie-Felicité.

'Information was brought to me of a fisher-

man who frequented these villages. I had all along been sure that some one who knew the country well was assisting the proscribed to escape.'

He hesitated over the word 'proscribed.' But it never seemed to occur to him that it was strange that he, the judge, should furnish information to the prisoners.

Marie-Félicité nodded, as though she were supplying the details in her mind. She fastened on but one item of the speech; answered but it. 'Yes,' she said, 'Henri—my Henri—is at the head of the league for helping people persecuted as we are to escape. He has saved more than one hundred lives. One hundred men and women, their wives and their husbands, their mothers, and perhaps their children, bless Henri daily. How many bless you, my cousin, Lucien?'

Lucien heard. His head dropped down. How many in all this wide world blessed him?

Marie-Félicité went on again. She asked another question. 'Lucien de Palud,' she said, 'can you say how many curse you?'

His head bent still lower. He could not say; but he knew they must be many—very many.

He began to speak again. He was like a man repeating a part mechanically. 'As soon as I knew of this fisherman,' Lucien went on, 'I came here.'

'Knowing you would find Henri?' demanded Marie-Félicité.

'Yes,' admitted Lucien.

'Hoping you would find Henri?' went on Marie-Félicité.

'Yes,' admitted Lucien again.

'Did you know I was with him?' she continued.

'I heard of a fisher-lad,' Lucien mumbled.

'And you suspected it was I?' Marie-Félicité demanded.

'Yes,' admitted Lucien; 'I suspected it was you.'

'So,' wound up Marie-Félicité, 'you came of set purpose to betray us both, to do us to death. You have been very successful, *mon cousin*. Both Henri and I are in your power. You can make your revenge as complete as you please.'

She had finished. She swept round; she went back to Henri. 'We await our cousin's pleasure, do we not, *mon ami*?' she asked.

'Yes,' answered Henri, and both of them spoke as easily as if it were a question of no importance at all; 'we await our cousin's pleasure.'

Lucien understood. He had but to open that door, march them out, and deliver them to his men.

All at once it came to him that the sky was very blue without; that the grass was still as green as in the first spring days. A bird began to trill, and he heard its note right within the hut. He stood as if he were dumb. Marie-Félicité seemed to have forgotten him. She was

pressed up against Henri's side; his arm was about her.

Lucien looked—and looked. He thrust his hands into his pockets. His face went white. He did not know himself why he delayed. Then a memory came to him again—a memory from out the far past—a memory connected with the time when Marie-Félicité was little, when they were all three young and happy together. 'There was a second cave,' he said. 'Where is it?'

Marie-Félicité answered. 'The embers on the hearth conceal it,' she said. 'Henri calculated that if you took him away I should have time to conceal myself in it, and that you would never find me.'

'But you showed yourself,' Henri put in reproachfully.

'To die with you,' his wife answered.

Perhaps even yet Lucien did not really know what he meant to do. Perhaps still he might have opened that rough wooden door and delivered his cousin and his wife to the guard; but suddenly all three heard voices without. Marie-Félicité looked at Henri.

'Be brave,' he whispered to her.

Lucien raised his head and listened. He thought the guard had grown tired of waiting, and was coming to see for themselves what might be passing. Suddenly he saw in imagination the scene that would be enacted as soon as the cottage door was opened. He saw Marie-Félicité roughly handled by coarse men; he saw them lay their dirty hands on her; he remembered that she was very beautiful, and the small respect these men would have for beauty in distress.

The picture his mind presented to him was more than he could bear. He had but two minutes—three at the very most. The slope up to the cottage was steep, but then it was only such a very little way. He looked fearfully towards the door.

After all, though he had prided himself that he could, that he would, trample everything, any one, under his feet to get to power and place, he found that there was one thing which he could not do.

'Get into the hidden cave!' he cried to Marie-Félicité.

She heard—understood. Henri heard. He drew in a sharp breath; he put out his arm; he pushed his wife away from him. 'Go,' he breathed, too moved for anything but the one bare monosyllable.

But too big a price can be paid for everything on this earth, even for life. Marie-Félicité threw up her head and looked back at the man who offered to save her. 'No,' she said, 'I will not hide myself and leave Henri.'

Lucien heard. He looked stonily down at her.

She made a few steps across the little room to him; she took him by the arm and shook

him. 'Do you not understand?' she cried vehemently. 'I love Henri. I will not live if he is to die.'

Again Lucien de Palud understood. Again he was baffled—worsted. Marie-Félicité would not even receive the gift of her life from him; it was worthless to her if Henri did not share it as well. His face twitched. He felt how far outside all this he was. He told himself he would leave Marie-Félicité to her fate; he would feast on revenge.

The voices without were growing nearer. The men could not be less than half-way up the slope. Marie-Félicité heard them too. She turned about and went back to Henri. She stood by his side. He bent down to urge her to reconsider her decision; she silenced him with a gesture; and then she stood there, her head erect, her eyes shining, her mouth just curved as though her lips were beginning to smile, while the sunlight, flooding more and more into the room, touched her beautiful hair, and spangled it with points of shining brightness.

Lucien watched. His chest laboured; his breath came in gasps. He leaned over the table; he looked hard at the two before him. It was now or never, and he knew it. He had yet time to save Henri as well as Marie-Félicité; but if he yielded to his better impulses he realised what the consequences would be. At the least, he would be shipwrecking his career, his ambitions; at the worst, he was putting his own head into danger. For the last time he tried to get himself in hand. Revenge was sweet, self-sacrifice mere foolishness. Every man had a right to play for his own hand.

The bird that had been singing before began to trill again. Marie-Félicité looked at Henri. 'In heaven, *mon ami*,' she said to him, as though she were telling him when next they would hear the note again.

Henri smiled down at his wife. 'In heaven,' he said; 'and there will be no more partings there.'

Lucien heard. So even in death they meant to cheat him of revenge! He shot out his right hand. Then Lucien de Palud tried to speak, but his voice failed him. At the second effort his voice rang out—rang out in one hoarse sentence. 'Go, both of you!' he said.

There followed an instant of incredulity—an instant, because the words meant so much, when neither Henri nor Marie-Félicité could take in their scope. The light broke first over her face, the glorious light of a great thankfulness. She did not speak; words were inadequate. She went up to Lucien; she held out her hand. He took it—held it. It was peace now—not war, not hatred, not revenge. The tears came into the man's eyes. He was going to speak, when those voices without pulled him up. They were near—so horribly near. If he spoke he felt that they might hear him.

He threw out his arm and pointed to the hearth. He drew Marie-Félicité that way; Henri followed. The aperture was still open. Lucien could just see into the cave. 'Is there a way out?' he asked. 'There used not to be one.'

'I have had one made,' whispered back Henri.

It was Lucien himself that handed Marie-Félicité in. 'Escape quickly,' he said, and then Henri entered; but as he stepped over the white ashes he looked at his cousin.

'Come with us,' he said.

Lucien smiled sadly. 'Then the guard would search the caves, and they might find this one as well as the others,' he answered.

'But'—went on Henri.

A hand was on the latch of the door. Henri heard its rattle. Lucien heard it. 'You forget,' he whispered as he pulled to the stone, 'I am in command; I shall be all right.'

He made one final effort. He closed the aperture. Marie-Félicité was safe; so was Henri. He bent down; he arranged the white ashes; he looked round; the door was opening. The first man of the guard was within the room. Lucien was about to ask him why he came, seeing he had given no signal, when he saw entering not ten men but twelve. His 'official,' Thoud, had joined the party, and with him was an unknown man. The sight made Lucien realise his own peril. He drew himself up; he walked quietly away from the hearth. 'A cold morning, *citoyen*,' he said to Thoud. 'But why have you come to help us?'

The underling grinned. He did not deign to answer. Lucien looked from him to the other men. They were ranging up behind Thoud, and away from him. They seemed eager to put as much space as possible between themselves and the very man at whose orders they had marched out that morning.

Lucien understood. It was to be a fight for his life. Yesterday his one thought would have been to save his skin at any price; now, though he had lost none of his fear of death, he felt calm. Come what might, he had done that which gave him a new, a great strength.

Thoud began at once. 'Citoyen Commissioner,' he said, pointing to Lucien, 'this is the *ci-devant* aristocrat, Lucien Palud. I denounced him to the head-committee in Paris, and the incorruptible Robespierre has sent you to take my evidence. What better proof can you have than the evidence of your own eyes? See! he set out last night to entrap a suspect. He left his guard behind him. They say they have been waiting close on three hours. What has he been doing? *Nom de nom!*' the notion but just striking him, 'I say this Lucien Palud is himself the supposed fisherman; that he, and no other, has been assisting pestilentials across the lake every night.'

Lucien heard, and the guard heard as well. They at once began to roar, '*À bas les aristocrates!*'

Lucien turned to the Commissioner. 'I raided this hut,' he said. 'I have found no one. It is absurd to say that the fisherman and I are one.'

The Commissioner answered harshly. 'Your conduct is suspicious, *citoyen*,' he said. 'I arrest you, pending further examination.'

Lucien bowed. He knew—no one better—the farce of such examinations; he knew that to be arrested was practically equivalent to being condemned.

He stood still. The men he had brought with him gathered around him; one of them, though Lucien had given him his orders that very morning, tied his hands behind him. Thoud pulled the Commissioner out of the hut, and Lucien knew some fresh charge was being trumped up against him. But he was surprised how little he cared. His world seemed to lie behind those slowly dying wood embers on the cottage hearth. Once he raised his eyes and looked round the little, bare room. The mud walls all at once grew beautiful to him; the small unglazed window seemed to shine as though it were the glorious coloured glass in the little chapel at Palud; the very table he leaned against

ceased to be of coarse, hardly planed deal—it was glorified because Marie-Felicité's hands had rested upon it, because over it her great blue eyes had looked at him, and because, as she turned with him, he could still feel the touch of her little fingers on his palm; and the whole room seemed to be alight because she had smiled at him.

Lucien's face softened, and as he stood there, serene, undismayed, the Commissioner roughly told him to march, and Thoud came up and leered at him. Lucien never had any illusions. He knew from the moment his hands were tied behind him that he was a doomed man.

Thoud, doubtless for purposes of his own, persisted in his accusation that Lucien and the fisherman were one and the same. He produced the identification-book to prove what he said. The very notes that Lucien had written down so carefully were used against him. But Lucien neither denied nor admitted the accusation.

When his trial came he refused to plead. He was content to die—happy to die. His whole mind was filled with, was uplifted by, the thought that he had saved Marie-Felicité and the man she loved better than herself.

THE END.

THE SOLDIER AS WAR CORRESPONDENT.

This war is nothing but an artillery duel.—*Private Homeward.*

One forgets what death is! I tell you we are no better than brutes out there.—*A Cyclist Despatch-Rider.*

THE war correspondent, having been kept in the background during the great war, has been forced to adopt many ingenious methods to supply news for home consumption. How enterprising and ingenious he has been we may never know; but at least he has managed to get news regarding the great conflict, if not always personally from the front, at least from the men who were fighting there; and if the censor of the Press Bureau has taken liberties with the copy supplied, this has happened all round, and everybody is agreed that it is unwise to give the enemy any useful information. The late Lord Roberts, while approving that all military movements should be kept secret, was of opinion that the country should receive more information regarding the actions of the Allies. Some very vivid narratives have come in letters from officers and privates, and from interviews with the wounded in hospital. These narratives of personal experiences, if restricted to a narrow area, are manly and straightforward, as the fighting has been. If lacking in the journalistic touch, this is more than atoned for by their air of reality and truthfulness. An expression, a sentence even, reveals between the lines the ghastly horror of the conflict, which the soldier says has been an artillery duel. It would be a hopeless task to attempt to glean information from German

sources. Some German officers set down the truth in their notebooks, as when one writes: 'This war is horrible. Nobody will ever be able to describe it.' As has been pointed out, the modern evolution of warfare has stripped the conflict of picturesqueness, and reduced hostilities between nations to continuous killing.

An American journalist with great experience in following modern armies has recorded his conviction that the British troops still are, as they always have been, the best in the world. The British soldier feels sure of himself as regards good military training, superiority in shooting, in the use of sword, lance, and bayonet, and in the advance in open order. He has kept his hands clean of the devilry of destruction and atrocity which has imprinted an indelible stain on German militarism. In this most sanguinary struggle in the history of the world, where millions of men have been engaged, a notable feature has been the wholesale slaughter by artillery—by shell fire, the mitrailleuse, and the Maxim gun. In the battles of the Marne and the Aisne men were slain in heaps. One private said, 'It is not war; it is murder.' A wounded officer, who had seen more than half of the battalion which he commanded swept away by mitrailleuse fire, said, 'This is not a war of men. It is a war of machines. We are soldiers, not butchers. A battlefield should not be an abattoir.' With appalling suddenness these automatic death-dealers carpet the earth with dead.

Hundreds have been killed without seeing the enemy or having a chance at reprisals. 'If this be civilised warfare,' says one, 'then civilisation had never so much to answer for.' 'And yet,' as one correspondent points out, 'it is the man who counts.' 'Every battle,' an officer said, 'is won by the bayonet in the last issue.'

The fleet need not be forgotten, which made our safety possible. A writer in the *Times* suggested a sentiment for British children in war-time: 'Thank God and the British navy for a good dinner to-day.' A doctor at the front wrote home to his wife: 'When you get this letter, fall on your knees and thank God that our homes are safe on an island, guarded by a powerful navy'—

This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war. . . .
This precious stone set in the silver sea.

'Hell with the lid off' is how an officer of the 12th Lancers described what he had been through. There have been curious adventures and misadventures, and narrow escapes from the eccentric behaviour of bullets, every one of which did not find its billet. A wounded British soldier in a Paris hospital showed a visitor a pocket Testament. There was a scar right across the cover. During an engagement, the book, which was in his left breast-pocket, was struck by a bullet, which glanced off, striking him in the neck. Instead of entering the neck it cut a track about three inches long, which was now healing. Naturally the soldier had decided never to part with the little book. Four men of the Royal Scots had a curious escape from one of the 'Black Marias,' as the howitzer-shells are called. Two of them were flung head over heels by the explosion, while two others were, without being hurt, tossed into the excavations made in the ground by the shell. A shrapnel-bullet hit a soldier, and would have been fatal but for his tobacco-tin, which deflected it. Another man was saved by his tin of bully-beef. One was shot in the mouth; the bullet carried away most of his teeth on one side, and passed out behind his ear. A battery of Royal Field Artillery was shelled in the early morning while the men were breakfasting on porridge. One of the shells smashed the porridge-pot after only three spoonfuls had been taken out. A British cavalryman in France had three narrow escapes. While his company was being forced back by artillery fire, a shell fell under his horse without exploding; another time, while they were being shelled out of a village, his horse was grazed by a fragment of shrapnel and lamed; a sharpshooter missed him, but the bullet went through his rifle-bucket and flattened itself on the nozzle of his rifle. A fourth time, after being shelled for six hours in a village, where the houses were demolished like packs of cards, the company had to retire one by one over a pontoon bridge; and a shell burst and killed the man crossing behind him. Lieutenant F. Longman, of the

Royal Fusiliers, son of Mr C. J. Longman the publisher, had a bullet through his right arm, one through his left sleeve, another hit his pistol-holster, another went through his puttee, another went through his Burberry without touching him. Later, we regret to note that he was killed. One officer thought he bore a charmed life, as a bullet went through the elbow of his jacket, another through his equipment, and a piece of shrapnel found a lodgment in a tin of bully-beef which was on his back. While under a continuous Maxim fire in the trenches a soldier read aloud from *Marmion* to keep up the spirits of the men. A French bugler, who died of wounds received at the battle of Lunéville, was struck by four balls, and had his arm blown off by a shell, but he continued heroically to sound the charge on his bugle until he fell exhausted by loss of blood.

The Germans fear the British bayonet, and many have been stabbed in the back; the British private fears the artillery more than the rifle fire of the Germans.

A correspondent, writing of the rout after the battle of the Marne, says: 'It was a strange and terrible experience. All along the route death and destruction—dead men, dead horses, villages in ruins, railways torn to pieces, telegraph wire scattered over the bare fields; here a great water-tank, hurled from its base, lying derelict amongst ruined haystacks; there a transport-wagon, its wheels smashed, leaning giddily over the bodies of the brave men who failed to save and refused to leave it. Farther on a reaping-machine, its work half-accomplished, beside the decomposing carcasses of its team. And away to the eastward a red glow against the heavy cloud-wrack, lurid and menacing, marking the grim work of the scavengers by fire of the battlefields of Sézanne and Meaux.' Near La Ferté Gaucher, in a château pillaged by the Germans, the dining-room table was found heaped with the wreckage of a drunken meal. There were empty wine-bottles all around, and across the table was a crimson splash from an overturned tureen of beetroot soup. The telephone was smashed and the gramophone records trodden under foot. Another château was reduced to a shapeless mass of stones and sticks, mingled with broken crockery and furniture and uniforms of French and German soldiers. Some hillocks close by showed where the dead had been buried. In another house German officers had evidently just sat down to dinner when surprised. On the table were three plates of lentil soup served from an ancient Sèvres bowl. The champagne poured into ordinary cups had not been tasted. Raw ham and sausage, and plenty of black bread, lay uneaten. That the fumes of the French three-inch shells have an asphyxiating effect in an enclosed space was thought to be proved by a scene which met the eyes of the French when they entered a château occupied by the Germans, which had just been bombarded. On entering

the drawing-room they found a company of Würtembergers petrified in action. Some were standing at the windows taking aim, with their fingers still pressed on the triggers; others were playing cards and smoking cigarettes. An officer was standing with his mouth open in the act of dictating an order. The figures looked absolutely lifelike, and had preserved the positions which they had occupied scarcely an hour before. The German howitzer-shells are nicknamed by the British soldier 'coal-boxes,' 'Black Marias,' and 'Jack Johnsons,' because on impact they send up a column of black, greasy vapour.

A motor-cyclist despatch-rider said he had counted six hundred shells falling in a small space within three-quarters of an hour without killing a single man. On the other hand, a private who was in the trenches at Mons said, 'People who say that the German artillery fire is no good simply don't know what they are talking about. I can only figure it as being something worse than the mouth of hell.' And the despatch-rider already quoted said the men when in the trenches, with shells bursting around them, became mere machines. They got thoroughly dehumanised under the continuous fire, which he believed was the only alternative to going mad. They forget what death is. 'I tell you we are no better than brutes out there.' German soldiers carried bombs of various sizes, and each soldier was supplied with a quantity of small black discs little bigger than a sixpenny-piece, composed of compressed benzine, to start fire after the use of an explosive. A great array of automobiles, military motor-cars, and motor-cycles played an important part in the methods of communication. Efficient field-telephone and telegraph systems were also installed. It is said that a peasant ploughing in a field near Melle was shot for accidentally wrecking an underground wire. The use of the aeroplane, and the information gained thereby, have saved thousands of lives to the Allies.

Some of the most illuminating things regarding the Russians engaged in their wonderful campaign in eastern Europe against Austria and Germany have come from Mr Stephen Graham.* He knows Russia well, and the dwellers there, as he has lived amongst them as one of themselves. He tells us in a communication in the *Times* that Moscow at one time was receiving in the course of each day five thousand wounded, and that during the war the number might run up to a million. When he visited one of the hospitals not one in twenty of the wounded was lying in bed. Every hall was full of gaiety and life; soldiers were walking about in their white under-garments, talking, reading, laughing, or playing cards. He saw many men with bandaged legs, hands, heads,

and bodies, with feet stuffed into hospital slippers. One wounded man had only his boots and cap whole after the fray; all the rest of his clothes had been cut and torn to bits. He asked a young Russian officer how it felt to be under fire. He replied that it was at first unpleasant, but after a while it became even pleasant, exhilarating. 'One feels an extraordinary freedom in the midst of death, with the bullets whistling round.' The wounded all wanted to get well and return to the field. The Russian forward movement is sometimes accomplished to singing. The Germans did not seem to like the songs of the Russians as they fought. The young officer thought that there was great beauty in so going into action, with songs on their lips.

In this great modern war extraordinary things have happened. Among the captures were an air-ship by a destroyer, a steamer by a seaplane, and another vessel by a submarine. Off the coast of Belgium, ships and submarines, air-craft and land artillery, were all engaged in fighting one another.

Dr Sarolea doubts whether in the whole of human history there has ever been such universal and harrowing suffering concentrated into so narrow an area, condensed in so short a time, as took place in Belgium. These atrocities included the shooting of civilians. There have been instances of field doctors having been shot, and the shelling of hospitals. To these have to be added the destruction of Louvain and Visé, Malines and Namur, Dinant and Termonde, and the shelling of Rheims Cathedral.

To set over against this gruesome side of war we have the skill and compassion of doctor and nurse shown to sick and wounded by the Army Medical and Red Cross staffs. Sir Frederick Treves, who visited the hospitals which received British wounded, considered the American hospital at the Lycée Pasteur as the best of its kind in Paris.

An officer of the R.A.M.C., who was once under fire, described it as 'like hell.' In lying down to escape it he felt like a drowning man; the whole of his life passed vividly before him. He saw his people at home, spoke to them, and also saw the future, and wondered when a piece of shell would come and end it all. A member of an ambulance corps serving in the French army described how, as the din of battle grows less and night draws on, their task begins. With acetylene lamps to light them, the members cross the battlefield in all directions and pick up the wounded. The dead may be very numerous, lying as though petrified, in their last attitude. The crying and moaning of the wounded come poignantly to the ear from the cornfields and damp meadows. The rifle-bullets seemed nearly always to go right through, the wounds in the chest and abdomen being fatal. In other parts, however, unless a bone is broken or some organ pierced, there is always a chance of recovery. A shrapnel-bullet is more

* His journey as a Russian pilgrim was the subject of an article here, 'In Pilgrim Garb' (1914).

dangerous, as it may carry a mass of extraneous matter with it, of trouser-leg or dirty sock, into the jagged wound, which may thus be poisoned.

As has often been pointed out during this great struggle, the German troops had been encouraged to believe that the Russians were backward, the British contemptible, and the French an outworn race, none of which things was true.

A British officer of considerable experience at the front expressed the opinion that the German army itself, except for its overwhelming numbers and the undoubted skill of the general staff, was no match for the British, as on each and every occasion, in his experience, when the latter had met their enemies, they had outmarched, outmanœuvred, and outfought them.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE HYDRAULIC MINING CARTRIDGE.

CONSIDERABLE development appears to have taken place in the hydraulic cartridge for mining and excavating purposes in confined places, where the use of explosives is either dangerous or difficult. Although many attempts to supersede the latter method have been made, few of these appear to have met with practical success. It was for this reason that an effort was made to utilise hydraulic energy for such work. The system is novel, and during the past few years appears to have been considerably improved, so that it may now be regarded as a really practical and effective weapon. The hydraulic cartridge consists of a steel cylinder containing a number of small pistons which move at right angles to the longitudinal axis of the main cylinder. These pistons expand on the application of water, which is injected by means of a hand-pump. A hole is first drilled to a sufficient depth to receive the main cylinder, which is inserted, and then the hand-pump is set to work, and the tiny pistons expand, their free extremities bearing against the mass of rock. The effect is so great that the rock is gradually fractured under the tremendous pressure. The outstanding advantage of this system is its perfectly safe application, combined with its effectiveness. Moreover, blasting by this method is cheaper than the ordinary method, while greater areas may be disintegrated and excavated at one operation. The cartridge is applicable under conditions where ordinary blasting would be impossible, such as in submerged positions. It has also proved highly useful in the breaking up of concrete foundations, where the conditions are somewhat exacting, inasmuch as a concrete mass is able to withstand a considerable amount of compressing or crushing action before it will yield.

AN INDELIBLE INK.

In workshops and workrooms where dampness exists or where chemical fumes are present, it is sometimes difficult to make labels adhere to vessels to which they are attached, with the result that difficulties occur, and even serious accidents. These may be avoided by using an ink which can be prepared inexpensively and

readily. It comprises a solution made up as follows: shellac, 20 grammes dissolved in a hot solution composed of 30 grammes of borax to 400 cubic centimetres of water. This mixture should be filtered while hot. Another solution, containing 8 grammes of aniline black, 0.3 gramme of tannin, 0.1 gramme of picric acid, and 15 grammes of ammonia dissolved in 10 grammes of water, is prepared. The second solution is added to the first while the latter is still hot. The ink thus prepared works freely, produces a strong inscription, and will be found to resist the action of dampness and chemical erosion.

WAR V. INVENTIVENESS.

While war is undeniably the greatest curse to civilisation, it is not without some compensations. It acts as a decided stimulus to inventive effort, not necessarily in the interests of destruction, but of economics. One of the greatest boons of to-day, synthetic butter—or, as it is more commonly called, margarine—was directly attributable to war. Napoleon III., realising the position of his numerous poorer subjects, and the fact that they could not afford to purchase butter, concluded that it would be better for them to consume a wholesome and nutritious substitute in preference to a dangerous and adulterated article. The outcome of this was the concentration of the efforts of Mège Mouries upon the solution of the problem, which culminated in the perfection of a process for the manufacture of margarine from animal fats. To-day one is able to appreciate the significance and economic value of the illustrious Frenchman's discovery. Margarine is in favour throughout the world, and its production is one of the most prosperous industries. The manufacture has undergone extraordinary development, and has led to still further remarkable conquests of science, especially the superseding of animal fats by nut oils, which have been rendered tasteless and odourless. At the present time there are possibilities quite as golden as those in 1870. The man who succeeds in reducing the cost of manufacturing sugar, even by a halfpenny per pound, will be appreciated by humanity at large. If he can evolve a practical and inexpensive means of manufacturing this commodity from the

common root vegetables he will have achieved a greater success; while the discovery of a synthetic sugar which can be sold at half the price of the natural article will bring him a tremendous fortune and an imperishable record on the roll of fame. The discovery of a non-intoxicating beverage that may be sold profitably at one-half the price of the ordinary beers, and yet have the characteristic flavour of the latter, will also bring undying fame. Mercerised cotton has wrought a widespread revolution in the textile trade, and an equally striking effect will be produced by the man who perfects the means of producing a cheap artificial wool. The margarine of to-day is as dissimilar from that of 1870 as chalk is from cheese, a result due to the wonderful concentration of energy for which the achievement of Mège Mouriés was directly responsible.

THE ELECTRO-MAGNET IN SURGERY.

The shrapnel-shell is the alpha and omega of warfare to-day. The havoc it inflicts is indescribable, the flying splinters and the bullets it contains striking down everything within range. Soldiers have suffered terribly from its effects, and the extraction of the splinters is a supreme ordeal for the surgeon. A French surgeon has called electricity to his aid in this work, and at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Science Dr A. Dastre explained the success which had been achieved thereby. Electricity in the form of a powerful electro-magnet has been employed for some time past by a well-known Swiss oculist for the removal of steel particles from the eye. Its application to general surgery, however, is more recent. Professor Rolet, who is exploiting the idea, has achieved widespread success with the electro-magnet, having withdrawn splinters of shell from the human body at a depth of six inches, and steel-jacketed bullets from a depth of two and a quarter inches. The process is rapid and clean, while it has the advantage of achieving the desired effect without recourse to the knife and with the minimum of pain. Dr Doyen has attracted much attention by his discovery of an antitoxin for tetanus, whereby the mortality from this dread disease has been reduced almost to the negligible. It is interesting that these discoveries of inestimable benefit to the wounded have all been made by French scientists.

GAS-LIGHTING BY SWITCHES.

One of the great advantages of electric lighting is the facility with which the light may be switched on and off from a point near the entrance to a room. This convenience makes electric light preferable to gaslight, which involves the use of matches and ignition and extinction of the light by the manipulation of a tap near the burner; but this has been overcome by the automatic lighting and extinction system, so essential for domestic purposes, which is con-

trolled from a distant point and operated in the same way as the electric-lighting switch. In this system electricity has to be utilised, which is provided by a six-volt battery, and the *modus operandi* is not very dissimilar from that of the electric bell. The igniting device is placed immediately above the gas-burner. There are a copper ribbon and two small insulated copper tubes, called a 'spitfire' igniter, which are attached to an insulated block or two-way piece on the controller. These convey both gas and electric current to a small bunsen-head connecting the tubes, these last being bent so as to bring the head about half-an-inch below the incandescent gas mantle. This bunsen-head contains a small coil of hard-drawn platinum wire, and is placed in the circuit of the six-volt electric battery, together with the switch or push, which may be placed at any convenient point. When this push is depressed the electrical circuit is completed, and the platinum wire is raised to incandescence, producing a white-hot, sharp-pointed flame, which, coming into contact with the gas issuing from the burner, causes ignition, but without the explosion that results when the gas is ignited with a match. Consequently there is no risk of shattering the mantle. One electric battery will suffice for all the lights in a house, with a switch for each light or group of lights. This system dispenses with the ordinary bypass; and although the gas continuously consumed by the bypass may appear to be insignificant, yet in the aggregate it amounts to an appreciable volume and value in the course of a year.

THE WONDERFUL 'SEVENTY-FIVE.'

No gun used during the present war has been the subject of so much interest as the seventy-five millimètre, or, as it is termed affectionately by the French soldiers, the *soixante-quinze*. This is a light artillery field-piece, the design of which was kept a secret by the French Government. It is admitted by the artillerists of the world to be a wonder of gun design. Its outstanding features are the velocity of the missile and the rapid fire. The gun throws a three-inch shell weighing about fifteen pounds, the projectiles hurled being either bullet-shaped with distance-limit rocket or explosive, the latter being charged with mélinite. The shell strikes the ground at a very sharp angle, owing to the flatness of its trajectory, and immediately rebounds, and as it explodes with terrific force it hurls the contents and splinters forward over a wide area, mowing everything down. It is this mowing effect which has wrought such havoc among the massed German formations. In fact, it is possible to clear a thousand square yards of every exposed form of life in about ninety seconds. The rapidity of fire is astonishing, it being possible to discharge twelve rounds in twenty-five seconds. The Germans have a gun of similar calibre—seventy-seven millimètres—throwing a shell of similar

weight; but its rapidity of fire is less, while, owing to defective ammunition, the damage wrought is infinitesimal. It is its rapidity of fire and the havoc wrought by the *soixante-quinze* which render it such a fearsome weapon. The system of recoil is of the very latest pattern, which works upon a principle closely allied to that of the ordinary bicycle-pump. In one engagement a battery of these terrible engines of destruction hurled around three thousand five hundred projectiles in three hours. The gun has proved extremely deadly in what the French term *raffaële* tactics.

RAILWAY PROGRESS IN SCOTLAND.

Some highly interesting particulars concerning the progress of railways in Scotland were narrated by Mr Benjamin Hall Blyth, M.A., in the course of his presidential address before the members of the Institute of Civil Engineers. In 1864 there were two thousand one hundred and five miles of railway open for traffic north of the Tweed. Fifty years later this mileage had increased to three thousand three hundred and two miles. During the fifty years under review the capital invested in the railways had increased from forty-seven million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds to one hundred and eighty-five million pounds, while the number of passengers had risen from twenty millions two hundred thousand to eighty-eight millions seven hundred and fifty thousand per annum. Locomotives and rolling stock also had increased considerably in weight during this interval; since, whereas the locomotive of 1864 turned the scale at sixty tons, that of to-day weighs one hundred and twenty tons. So far as rolling stock is concerned, the augmentation of weight is even more startling, inasmuch as in the first-named year it was only five hundredweight per passenger, whereas now it is three tons per passenger.

A NEW RAILWAY BUFFER.

Entering a railway station with a heavily loaded train when the rails are slippery probably constitutes the most difficult problem which the driver of the locomotive has to face. At times the train cannot be pulled up within the allotted distance. Crashing into the buffers, it mounts the platform, causing considerable damage, if not loss of life. In order to meet such conditions many ingenious stops have been devised. There is the hydraulic system, with stops mounted upon long cylinders which in reality are the pistons of hydraulic cylinders. When the train crashes into the stop the buffers give way, though with increasing resistance, thereby bringing the train to a standstill. The pneumatic stop works upon a similar principle. A modification of the latter idea has been perfected recently. The stop itself is mounted upon a kind of heavy carriage which slides along the rails. When a train strikes this stop with a

velocity exceeding a predetermined limit, the pneumatic stop is not only driven into its cylinder but the whole carriage is forced along the metals, the increasing friction serving to arrest the momentum of the train. In a recent test it was found that a train travelling at three miles an hour and weighing some eight hundred tons was brought to a stop by the buffer alone; at a speed of four miles an hour the stop-carriage was pushed nine inches along the metals; at eight miles an hour the displacement was three feet; at thirty-two miles an hour it was moved a distance of forty feet. It may be pointed out that although the stop serves to pull the train up within the shortest possible distance, no damage whatever is inflicted on the train, and the passengers receive no inconvenience from the impact or collision with the stop.

THE UTILISATION OF BY-PRODUCTS.

The events of this year make it clear that every discovery of new food-stuffs for man or beast will be of special benefit to humanity. Owing to the great war and the withdrawal of so many men from agricultural pursuits, there are unmistakable signs that there will be a shortage in our supplies of food for cattle. This can be remedied to a much greater extent than hitherto by making use of the refuse and by-products from our numerous large breweries, which is made possible by the employment of a system devised by Professor Barton Scammell, M.S.C.I., one of our leading experts on the chemically intrinsic value of food-stuffs. Briefly described, the process consists in reducing the by-products to a fine impalpable powder, which is then mixed with a solution of radio-phosphate of potash, and pressed into cakes; the action of the radio-phosphate being to assist the assimilation of the food-stuffs by the digestive organs of the animals, and to promote healthy and vigorous growth. The importance of this process may be more clearly understood when it is known that from one brewery alone the quantity of refuse by-products amounts to over fifty tons each week, which, instead of being burnt or put on the soil as manure, is now utilised in a far better way, economically considered, and to the advantage financially of both the brewers and the users. The value of foods depends, apart from flavour and digestibility, on their chemical constituents. A remarkable instance of this is sugar. The war existing in the beet-growing countries, and the consequent shortage in the supply of beet sugar, have again brought into prominence the importance of cane sugar. The analysis of cane sugar shows that, in addition to a better value in saccharine matter, it contains a small percentage of silicon, in a special form, which is entirely absent in beet sugar. This compound of silicon goes to form a strong enamel for the teeth; and children in particular should be

supplied with cane sugar in preference to beet sugar, the result being that their teeth would be of greatly superior quality, and, the enamel being thicker, they would last much longer in adult life. The increased consumption of cane sugar would benefit the nation's health and increase the prosperity of our colonies and oversea dominions. *Scientia omnia revelat!*

AN 'EVER-READY' DRESSING.

Injuries to life or limb form the saddest chapter of mining experience, and the numerous plans for their mitigation or prevention have deservedly occupied a great amount of attention. A large percentage of permanent injuries arise from slight wounds in either the legs, body, or arms becoming poisoned by the entrance of dirt, which sometimes necessitates amputation. To combat the evil of blood-poisoning, a new ever-ready ambulance dressing has been placed on the market. The dressing takes the form of a single bandage, having a suitable piece of boracic lint sewn on at equal distance from each end. The bandage, instead of being rolled, is neatly folded on either side of the lint, which enables it to be more quickly applied to the wound. As a result of recent legislation all underground stations in coal-mines must be supplied with ambulance requisites. In mines the ordinary requisites become readily soiled, and are therefore useless for dressing a wound. What the makers of the 'ever-ready' dressing had in view was something which would serve as an immediate 'first-aid dressing' for use in minor accidents in mines, engineering works, &c., where the exclusion of dirt was the first consideration. The dressing is made up under the most aseptic conditions, and when finished is sealed in an envelope; thus it is kept absolutely clean till the moment it is required. The pink lint does not need wetting, as it is thoroughly saturated with a healing and cleansing agent in the form of boracic acid, and as this comes in contact with the wound it has an immediate beneficial effect.

ROYAL AUCTION BRIDGE.

Mr W. Dalton has lately brought out the third edition of *Royal Auction Bridge*. Besides being thoroughly up to date in the way of new rules, counts, and leads, the work contains many other items of interest. Mr Dalton says: 'No sooner does one card game seem to be thoroughly established, no sooner do we begin to appreciate the niceties and intricacies of it, than some new game is sprung upon us, and—pouf!—out goes the old one like an extinguished candle. Whist had its reign of supremacy; then bridge looked like staying with us for a long time, but in its turn it has been killed by its own degenerate offspring, auction bridge. The old auction bridge was never really a good game. It was fascinating at first, but was spoilt by the overwhelming value of the "No Trump" call. It was left to America

to introduce a new variation of the same game by bringing the values of the different suits closer together, and inventing a new call, "royal spades" or "lilies," which is simply a spade suit with the value of nine points per trick, the old value of two points being done away with altogether.' What is the origin of the term 'lilies'? Mr Dalton gives us an interesting bit of information. He says the origin of the term is doubtful, but one account of it is that when the new count was first introduced in a club at Boston, one of the players said, 'If we are to have a black royalty, let us at least have one from our own country. I make "one Liliuokalani," the dethroned queen of Honolulu.' It is said that from that moment royal spades were called 'Liliuokalanis,' or 'Lilies' for short. The new system was formally adopted by the Whist Club of New York early in 1912. It was, however, played in America for some time before that, and also at the Travellers' Club in Paris. It became popular in England in the latter part of 1912, and gained ground very rapidly. It is a game where the holder of high cards must win; no amount of skill can prevail against aces and kings. Its most ardent admirers cannot call it a restful game; it is not to be recommended as the solace of a peaceful old age. It is all rattle and rush and hurry. You have to be on the *qui vive* all the time, with all your wits about you, and there is no time to exchange courtesies with your neighbour, and scarcely time even to light a cigar. It is essentially a modern game, in keeping with the restless spirit of the present day.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

A NEW YEAR GREETING.

GOD bless for thee the new year's days—
The winter frosts, the budding Mays,
Summer's glad carnival of flowers,
And autumn's harvest; all thy hours,
God bless for thee.

God bless all sights unto thine eyes,
Even the clouds across the skies;
May night make beautiful for thee,
With stars, her dark infinity.

God bless the labour of thy hands
Till all seem good that life commands,
That so the soul-light in thy face
May gladden many a shadowed place.

God bless for thee those times of stress
When human aid is powerless,
And human comfort all in vain;
God give thee peace and joy again.
This, and all other years to be,
God bless for thee.

C. FARMAR.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

PEDRO'S WAY.

By G. TREVOR ROLLER.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun beat down on the little Mexican town; the whitewashed walls of the houses looked yellow, the sky above dark blue. Not a breath of wind; nothing to relieve the blinding heat. On the outskirts of the town, where the wide, cobble-paved street suddenly ended, sat a lame beggar. He was propped with his back against the last house. The overhanging roof afforded some shade; but for professional purposes, or because he liked it, he had thrust his painfully obvious lame foot out into the sun.

The street was deserted, for it was high noon. Even the children seemed to avoid the intense heat. Out in the desert a man was riding toward the town. The beggar, lazily watching him, also pitied him for his exertions, for the man was riding hard. His pony was going at a good strong lope, beating up the alkali dust around him, dodging the cactus clumps.

A man in a hurry in the heat of the midday was unconventional. The beggar groped for his crutch and arose; here perhaps was something happening. The horseman, obviously a cowboy, clad in tight-fitting blue trousers and white shirt, headed straight for the beggar, pulled in to a walk, and, 'Is this the Calle de la Tran?' he asked.

The beggar, with a graceful sweep of his right hand, pointed to the name-plate on the other side of the street. 'Truly,' he said. 'The *señor* can see for himself.' His elbow came to his side, his forearm at right angles to his body, his palm outstretched. Certainly this man was a *peon*; but he owned a horse, also a saddle, possibly *centavos*. Anyway, there was no harm done.

The horseman looked at the name-plate, then at the beggar. 'Ah, *señor*,' he said, 'you have the advantage of me in that you can read. But tell me, where is the house in this street of one Ignatio Galvan?'

As he said the name a look came into his face that the beggar liked; it spelt 'something doing,' so, with great relish and a tap of his crutch, he indicated the house against which he was leaning. 'In this house, *señor*,' he said, 'lives Don Ignatio.'

The horseman dismounted and came toward him, letting the two separate reins fall to the ground.

'Certainly he is worked up,' thought the beggar, for out of the man's dark face peered a

pair of anxious, fierce brown eyes—the eyes of a hunter rather than those of the hunted, not wicked, only eager, vengeful.

'Tell me,' the man whispered, 'is he in that house now?'

'*Si, señor*,' nodded the beggar.

'And alone?'

'Always alone,' the beggar went on; 'his wife went back to her people at Tamez some months ago. She did not like the way Don Ignatio has of carrying on with other girls.'

A half-dollar changed hands; then the horseman took hold of the beggar's arm, and the beggar winced. 'Listen!' he said. 'There are things I would say to this Ignatio Galvan that would not be good for you to know. It would not be good for you to be here when I come out. So go! Practise your calling in another street. Forget that you have seen me until I am five minutes from this town. Five minutes is all that I ask.'

The beggar cringed and leered. 'Ah,' he thought, 'this Ignatio has overdone his gallantries amongst women. He at last has reached trouble.' So he leered and cringed, swearing by the saints that he would neither see nor hear anything. Then, with many blessings and salutations, he hobbled round the corner of the house. The horseman watched him disappear, then tried the door. It opened; he passed through, and closed it behind him. It had hardly shut when, with surprising agility, the beggar was at it, his ears open, his eye to the keyhole.

'Don Ignatio!' shouted the man who had just entered.

A muffled voice from the back of the house replied, 'Coming. Who calls?' Then silence, to be broken soon by footsteps. Suddenly the voice burst out hoarsely, 'Mother of Heaven, you?'

The man at the door replied slowly and quietly, 'Yes, I have come, *señor*; late perhaps, but I have come.'

And the other voice broke in, 'But what would you with me, *señor*?' and he stopped with a gasp, as if he had just caught sight of something, some horrid thing that he feared. 'Not that, *señor*,' he rushed on; 'not that! You forget I was not to blame. She loved me, and— Besides, *señor*, I knew not till afterwards that she was your daughter.'

There was a pause; then the man at the door took up the tale. 'Truly,' he said, 'you did not know she was my daughter then; but you knew she must be some one's child. You should have counted the cost then, *señor*, not now, seeing that now it is too late.'

Ignatio gave another gasp. 'But you, *señor*,' he muttered—'you will have costs to pay. Have a care, *señor*; they will be heavy.' Then, as if gaining courage, he went on with his pitiful excuses. He pleaded drink; the inevitable Mexican plea—passion, love.

The man at the door breathed hard. 'Stop!' he cried. 'I have heard enough. I am the one that should do the talking; but what I would say you would not understand, my words would not reach your heart, so I have brought an interpreter with me. See if you understand him.' There was a hiss of breath drawn between clenched teeth, then silence, a tragic silence, ended by the shivering crash of a revolver. As the echoes died away there was a dull thud. Ignatio Galvan was a heavy man.

With a skip and a jump the beggar was behind an angle of the house, and the door opened. Out came the horseman and glanced up the street. Not a soul stirred. The sound of a shot in Mexico never attracts attention; it is a land of grown-up children, where fireworks are cheap, and where they let them off at all hours and on all days. Don Ignatio had found a rocket in his house, and had fired it in the *patio*; that was all.

The horseman jerked open his revolver and replaced the spent cartridge, then walked to his horse. His eyes no longer gleamed; they looked tired, and he passed his hand over his face, smudging the dust and sweat. He swung into the saddle, and rode out of town. Soon he was a speck out there in the desert among the alkali and the cactus-bushes.

The beggar watched him, then turned toward town and proceeded to report to the first policeman he met. That worthy, in blue linen uniform and with sandalled feet, became suddenly very important; and as the Mexican law insists that all those who are able to give information with regard to a crime should be locked up, kept apart, and fed by the Government until the trial, he arrested the beggar.

This was exactly what the beggar wanted, as he had much rather the State kept him than be obliged to keep himself.

Again the sun shone—it is generally shining in Mexico—down upon a beautiful *plaza* in the small town of Uruapan, in Michoacan. It had rained in the night, and everything was fresh and green. The colonnades were full of merry, happy men and women busy about their various walks of life. In Mexico after a downpour every one seems energetic; but as the sun's rays grow stronger they begin to lazy. However, at

this moment every one seemed on the rush, with the exception of one man, who sat, content to watch, in the *plaza*. This man was English—English from the crown of his well-groomed fair head to the soles of his well-built polo boots. He smoked, watched, and enjoyed the jolly, fresh, bustling scene before him.

Across the *plaza* a picturesque figure came toward him—tall and venerable, long white beard, black alpaca coat, white trousers, all denoting respectability—a man of parts. The Englishman, Billy Harding, jumped up and took off his hat. This Mexican coming toward him was one of those men who command respect. Also, he was the *jefe politico* of the town. Now, a *jefe politico* in Mexico is a big personage in his own jurisdiction; he is the political chief or head magistrate of the district, he is hand in glove with the commandant of the small garrison, and in fact is a law unto himself. Because of all this, Billy took his hat off; also Billy liked and respected the man. He had heard great stories of him, pointing to the fact that during the French war he had been a great fighter. And Billy so far forgot his insularity as to bow. He admired great fighters.

'Ah, Don Fernando,' said Billy, 'I am glad to see you!'

The Mexican sat down and accepted one of the proffered cigarettes.

'That, my young friend,' the *jefe* smiled, 'is good hearing. But why are you glad to see me?'

Billy laughed. 'For two reasons,' he answered: 'one because I always like talking to you; the other because I want to use you for my own ends.'

A Mexican likes candour, because he himself is so seldom candid. Don Fernando laughed, and lapsed into English. 'You son of a gun!' he chuckled. 'All ri'. What you want?'

This sounded rather frivolous from a man of his years, but it happened to be all the English the *jefe* knew. Billy threw back his head and indulged in a hearty laugh. Now, when Billy laughed he endeared himself to every one; his jolly blue eyes twinkled, his white teeth gleamed, and his fair moustache fairly bristled with delight.

The *jefe* caught the laugh, and joyously smacked Billy on the back. 'Ask what you will,' he said in his own tongue, 'and it is yours, *señor*; everything that is mine is yours.' Then, as an afterthought, he added, 'With the exception of my gray mare and my wife. They are both old, but both are inseparable from me.'

'Well,' said Billy, 'I don't want much; only you to recommend me a *mozo*. You see, they are so hard to find—good ones. Some are excellent guides, and don't understand horses; others the reverse. But what I complain of is that they talk. As you know, I have to cover a lot of ground in order to buy cattle, and I have to carry money. It's no fun if you can't

trust your guide and servant, when you feel that he may be telling all the *ladrones* in the country that you carry money, and one day get you held up and robbed. It does not help you to sleep, that sort of thing, *Señor Jefe*. And when I am in the mountains I love sleep.'

The *jefe* stroked his beard. 'Oh,' he said, 'they are hard to find, I know. What you should do, *Señor Harding*, is to place one of these men under a deep obligation to you. Render him some great service, and he would not forget; his honesty—to you—would be unimpeachable.'

'Easier said than done,' murmured Billy.

'It is quite easy,' went on the *jefe*. 'Now, at this moment I have in the jail an excellent man, excellent in every way. I propose that you should stand *confianza* for him. You will understand better when I say bail him out.'

'What is he in for?' asked Billy.

'Murder,' casually announced the *jefe*, with a wave of his aristocratic hand.

Billy sat up with a jerk. 'Thank you, *jefe*,' he said; 'I don't think I'm taking any.'

The *jefe* looked grieved. 'But, *señor*,' he went on, leaning forward, 'there were extenuating circumstances. Oh, they quite exonerated him—the circumstances. He shot the man more in justice than anger. It happened in a northern town. He called on the victim, one Ignatio Galvan by name, taxed him with'—Here the *jefe* looked round, saw two ladies passing behind him, and whispered to Billy, then leant back with palms outstretched. 'And so, *señor*, he naturally shot him, all in the light of the noonday heat.'

'Well,' said Billy, much relieved, 'he did the right thing; but why on earth send him to jail?'

'There,' said the *jefe*, 'you strike the point. You see, it is not quite for murder that he is in; it is because he borrowed a horse to ride north to administer his righteous punishment; or, rather, he forgot to borrow the horse—he just took it. Had the owner known at the time to what estimable use his horse was to be put, undoubtedly he would have lent it. But he did not know, and was very irate; so that when this man—his name is Pedro Olvero—came back to return the horse quietly, he was met by a military escort to arrest him. Whereupon he grew very angry, and fought the escort, and wounded several before they overcame him. So the court took a serious view of the whole matter, and sentenced him to twelve years.'

'Poor devil!' said Billy in English, for Billy loved fighters.

'Of course,' continued the *jefe*, 'he is a bit wild, untamed, and half Indian; but to any one who did him a service I know he would be faithful. As for the bail, I can arrange that—merely a matter of a few hundred dollars. Now I will take you to him.'

So saying, he and Billy rose and walked across the *plaza* to the *comiseria*, or courthouse and

prison combined. They made their way through a throng of women—the wives and sisters of prisoners—who stood about with basins of beans and *chili con carne*, patiently waiting to get one of the guards to convey these delicacies to their respective menfolk.

The *jefe* reached his room, gave an order, and without delay the prisoner stood before them. In Mexico things can be done without delay when the order comes from the right quarter—that is to say, the strongest.

Pedro Olvero stood sulkily in front of the *jefe*. He had had about enough questioning and badgering to last him a long while, and he took no pains to hide his displeasure. He was a fine specimen of Mexican Indian, slim but athletic, with jet-black hair and dark eyes that looked sometimes fierce and then wistful. As his eyes wandered round the room they encountered Billy's. At once they began to twinkle, for Billy grinned and nodded in a most friendly way. Pedro lately had lost sight of friendly looks, and with something of sorrow his eyes dropped.

'*Ingles!*' he murmured. 'Perhaps he understands.'

Then the *jefe* suddenly became very business-like and severe. He told Pedro many things, amongst them that he would probably die in prison; that in any case he deserved to die; that he was a 'bravo,' a 'bad man,' a 'man without shame;' but that he—the *jefe*—believed there was some good in him. He had spoken to the English *señor*, who possessed the kindest of hearts, and had voluntarily offered to stand *confianza* for him, provided that he—Pedro—would work honestly for the said English *señor*.

Pedro at the end could say nothing; his big eyes were full of tears.

Billy looked at him and grinned again. 'I like this fellow!' he thought. 'Why, he's a great kid, and I'll bet he's full of beans once he gets away from here.'

Then Billy explained that he bought cattle for the packing company that owned the plant down the river, and wanted him as his *mozo* or guide; and told him that he, when released, must find his way there, and start on his duties at once. Then, to show that he already trusted him, he gave him a five-dollar bill.

'For clothes,' he said. 'Those are dirty, and I like my men to look smart.'

Then Pedro was led away, and Billy went through many formalities. When he had signed innumerable papers and paid over five hundred dollars, he said, 'Look here, *jefe*, if your murderer takes it into his head to bolt, it seems to me that I stand to lose my money, and perhaps be executed.'

'That's so,' amicably smiled the old gentleman; 'but you are safe; in fact, you will find the greatest difficulty in ever getting rid of Pedro, for Pedro likes you.'

(Continued on page 82.)

'NOT CRICKET.'

By EUSTACE MILES.

THE man who coined or set in circulation the phrase 'not cricket' deserves the thanks of a sports-loving people. We do not know who he was, nor can we find out; but he was a benefactor of the race and a moral genius, showing a happy gift of driving a lesson home by a vivid illustration taken from the favourite summer recreation of the people. He was the forerunner and the founder of the new and more sympathetic and less academic school of English moralists. For generations past his predecessors had been telling us that our code of honour in business was very lax. It allowed us to do many things that we ought not to have done, and to leave undone an even greater number of things that we ought to have done, as well-disposed men. And the same applies to politics also.

With all his regard for our true welfare, the moralist of the old school failed to alter the state of affairs. For one thing, he was too fond of the wrong kind of preaching—the monologue sermon, for which, at heart, the healthy Englishman has a strong dislike—and he was decidedly dull and tedious and narrow and puritanical. He was not, as a rule, pleasant to look at; he was objectionable in manner; he was unsympathetic in voice; he spoke as from a higher and superior plane, which really on the part of such a man was a very serious offence. Further than this, he deliberately used words which were hopelessly stilted and out of date, instead of making his message clear (as the great teachers of the past have done) by illustrating his meaning from the daily life and interests of the hearers or readers. He could not well have chosen a vocabulary less suited to his purpose; and when he did choose illustrations, they were mostly taken from what the present generation would find either uninteresting or unmeaning.

One can say of him that he knew his moral text-book by heart, and that once his illustrations may have had some meaning. The world since then, however, has changed, and the moralist has failed to adapt his language to the needs of the times. The moralist has failed to extract the spirit of the old teaching and put it into modern language. What was needed was a series of vital and helpful illustrations, drawn from the everyday pursuits and pastimes of the people. This calls for a rare insight and sympathy with the people themselves. It demands a close study of the life and interests of the people. Of this need the moralist was quite unaware. He kept to his old dull phrases, while the world moved on.

No wonder, then, that he failed to influence us for our good, or to show us what was wrong with the sharp 'business' practices, that were oftener due to mere thoughtlessness and the blind force

of custom than to malice and cunning. Then, when he had failed so ignominiously, there came upon us this other unknown seer, arresting our attention at once, and convincing us with the skill and subtlety of a past-master of the art of teaching. With his long, thin, delicate rapier he pierces the vulnerable point in a man's moral armour.

'That deal which you have settled so smartly just now was "not cricket."'

'Not cricket!' the man gasped. 'Of course it was not cricket; we never said it was. That particular transaction was business pure and simple; we do not confuse our play and our work.'

'It is a thousand pities you don't,' replied the new censor of morals, with a pleasant smile, 'for your business would be infinitely cleaner and more honest if you would only set yourself to it in the same spirit in which you try to keep up your end at cricket.'

And with this our new and sporting moralist turned on his heel and left the person. He did not stay to rub the lesson in, or to irritate him by insisting that immediately he should run his business on hard-and-fast lines, according to the new kind of morality. He was content to let the living kernel of his teaching find for itself some suitable soil in the heart, and there take root, come up and flower, and bear fruit in due season. He spoke tersely, good-humouredly, and then passed on, so modestly that we were not even inquisitive enough to ask who he was. He has now passed on beyond us; he belongs to that unrecognised army of 'third-floor backs' who step out occasionally and bring a new rough gladness among men. All that we know of him is that, like a far greater One than himself, he came to us with 'publicans and sinners,' and that he had none of the puritan's coldness of heart and hardness of speech. He played with people, and he talked and laughed with them, and as he left he flung the new conscience-haunting phrase back at us over his shoulder. Yet, ever since the day when he went through the market-place, increasing numbers of people have tried honestly to bring their work into closer organic relation with their play, and to put the play-spirit into their work. They have realised, as never before, that one of the best services games can render us is to bring a welcome freshness of moral outlook upon the world.

It would be absurd to pretend that we have already mastered the lesson; but the new spirit has taken root already; not because it was brought as a denunciation, but because it was put to us as an interesting and appealing comparison. There is no doubt that in our vocabulary of sport we

have a splendid method of attack on a low standard of morality in business and politics and elsewhere. There is an open-air ring about such phrases that lets the sunlight and wind in upon our petty indoor higgling and scheming. They are to a sports-loving people the equivalent of the old-time parable which struck vividly home to the hearts of men when they understood the full meaning of it. One cannot hear the phrase ‘not cricket’ without feeling that it creates a new and higher scale of virtues. Sometimes, when all the circumstances of a possible ‘deal’ have worked insidiously towards a very smart or ‘cute’ *coup*, the man who is being hard pressed in the bargaining will appeal to the other’s sense of fair-play, and tell him that the thing is ‘not cricket.’ Then, as the words leave his lips, the walls of the narrow, stuffy office fall away, and there is before the eye of the bargain-driver a new vista—the

fresh green turf of an early English summer, the bright sunshine of June, and the happy and healthy movements of the white-flannelled players as they move about the wickets. Here, at least, is a world where sordid meanness and excessive ‘smartness’ have never yet found a permanent footing. A man who has come out on top in his deal knows exactly the code of honour which obtains in this manlier world of open-air comradeship, and the play-spirit in him instinctively rises and challenges the business Adam to a struggle that knows no quarter. For in the play code (as in religion itself) justice is invariably tempered with mercy; and when the play-spirit in any man who acknowledges the code and tries to live by it grips the old business Adam by the throat, the grip invariably means sure and speedy death to the ‘deal’ that is ‘not cricket.’

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *On Old Speyside*, *The Bernardine*, *The Ship of Shadows*, &c.

CHAPTER VI.—ENTER THE CHEVALIER.

I CAME back to the ‘White Horse’ and had an hour’s sleep, for the morning’s doings left me with little desire for rest. The landlord gave me the news that the main body of the Pretender’s army had advanced on the city by a circuit towards the south, to keep out of range of the Castle, which was still alive with guns and flying King George’s flag. I was standing on the fore-stairs watching the passers-by, when I chanced to see Walter Irving on the opposite side of the street. He was deep in conversation with two Highland officers, one a captain, the other a subaltern. Walter was doing most of the talking, the officers listening intently, the three heads all close together. I think I must have stared too fixedly at them, for one of them looked up, and saw me looking. I recognised him at once. He was Alasdair Stuart, he who was in command of the ambush we fell into on our journey to Edinburgh. He laid a hand on Walter’s arm, and said something; whereupon Walter wheeled sharply round, and signalled to me to come down.

I crossed the causeway.

‘The last meeting between us three was scarcely so pleasant as this,’ said Captain Stuart; ‘but my duty in the service of his Highness forced me to certain formalities.’

‘This is Mr Edmund Layton of Westmorland,’ said Walter, presenting me first to Stuart and then to the subaltern, whose name I did not catch.

I bowed, and Walter went on with, ‘We are both non-combatants here in Edinburgh on our own business, as you, sir’—addressing Stuart—

‘are aware. His Highness’ (he dropped the designation ‘Pretender’ in presence of the Jacobites)—‘his Highness has as much of our hearts as Hanover.’

This was an over-statement, and I did not warm to it. Politeness has its limits.

‘No,’ said I distinctly; ‘so far as I am concerned, it is true that as yet I carry no sword for King George; but a Layton never mounted the White Cockade.’

‘I meant no more than that, Mr Layton,’ said Irving hurriedly.

‘No doubt. It is well to be precise in these matters,’ Stuart interposed. ‘But I may tell you, gentlemen, that the heralds of Scotland, by his Highness’s commands, will proclaim his Royal father, James, King of the Realms at the Cross this day. We shall see more White Cockades than Mr Layton dreams of.’

This speech was given stiffly enough, with a certain air of detachment, derived perhaps from his precedence in years and rank to us; but it was addressed directly to me, and I felt under no obligation to feel or appear impressed.

‘The fault is mine if I did not make myself clear,’ I made answer. ‘I said that I carry no sword for King George.’

‘I think, young sir, you said “as yet.” Is this so?’ asked he.

‘It is.’

‘And by that you mean?’

‘What I say. You are a Highland officer and a gentleman. I am an Englishman of equal condition. I claim the right, so long as I bear arms neither for Stuart nor for Hanover, to go my own way. What I refuse to do is to “jump

with the cat," or pretend in the smallest degree to have Jacobite leanings. From all accounts the Young Chevalier would be the last man to cavil at this.'

'He is marching to the throne,' said Stuart, his eye gleaming, his voice rising. 'I tell you, from what I know, that the Borders and the North of England in a month will be ablaze with loyalty, or rebellion, as the Whigs insolently put it. "The Fifteen" was woefully mishandled; but to-day we are in better heart, better led, and King Lewie's purse and his men, under Lord John Drummond, when the time comes, shall be all for the Chevalier and the Restoration of his Most Christian Majesty, God bless him!'

He bared his head, his voice vibrant. I could not but admire and respect his manifest devotion.

I made as courteous reply as I could; for, rebel or no rebel, here was a man. Had all the Pretender's officers been of his calibre strange things might have happened.

Up then comes an officer on horseback with a message. The Jacobites, with a curt enough salute, went their way, and Walter and I were left alone. He did not look in the best of humours, and his first words were querulous and constrained.

'There surely was no need for openly disowning the White Cockade,' said he, frowning.

'I like plain speaking,' I said, 'and I call to mind that you yourself vowed—I remember the very words—that you would never "lift a finger one way or the other." Nor do I intend to.'

He shrugged his shoulders. 'I met the captain and his friend by accident, and passed a ceevil word or two wi' them. What could a body do? Maybe I was a bit owre—owre'—

'Over pleasant, Walter, and over anxious to get news, and over anxious to please, and in the process to say the thing the Jacobites wanted to hear. You meant no harm, I make no doubt.'

He looked hard at me, and I thought for a moment that I had said too much, but his brow cleared.

'I dare say you're right. The truth o't is that I scarce can help myself. New faces and affairs tak' hold of me like a sang. 'Tis a bairn's trick, I grant ye. I like yon Stuart,' he added meditatively.

'So do I. A good blade, keen and straight.'

'Yes,' said Walter, 'as ye say, keen and straight. But I think the man's fell wrang about the Borders and the North of England. I ken the Borders, and I'm greatly mistaken if the Pretender can rouse them. As for the North of England, ye'll ken more than I do. What think ye?'

I only knew Westmorland and Cumberland, and told him what I knew of the Pretender's

chances there, which depended, I thought, upon the strength of the Royalist garrisons at such places as Carlisle or Kendal; that the countryside in general was loyal to King George, although some great families were still suspected of being in secret communication with the Pretender's agents and the French Court. Not that these things were openly spoken of, for after Derwent-water went to the scaffold for his share in 'The Fifteen' the men of Cumberland and Westmorland were chary of speech, keeping their thoughts to themselves. 'To the King over the Water' was only drunk behind closed shutters and among known friends.

The crowd on the street thickened, all flocking in the one direction towards the King's Park, for Charles Edward was advancing in person to the Palace of Holyrood, and every one was on tiptoe of excitement. My companion and I joined the throng, that had now grown to a mighty press of people filling the Park and the gardens below. Walter and I fared well enough, for by good luck we were wedged amidst a company of folk of the better class on the Stuart side, so that we were nearly in the front of the crowd.

I saw the Young Chevalier four times in my life. On three of these I had speech with him, and my first thoughts of him are my last. He looked a Prince. I read chivalry and generosity in his face and bearing, and I was soon to discover that I had read aright. Fair-haired, eyes large and brown, with a body fitted for field as for Court. I remember that he wore the Star of Saint Andrew, with a blue-and-gold sash over his shoulder, and a white satin cockade in his velvet headgear. He was finely mounted on a beautiful bay. I never saw a more romantic and inspiring figure. It must have been a glorious hour for the disinherited exile, this approach to the ancient palace of his royal forebears, all around him a cheering multitude. Still, I thought (and on each occasion that I saw him afterwards the same thought forced itself on me) that behind his gracious smile there was a certain melancholy, abiding and predestinate.

Little wonder that he gained hearts in Edinburgh. His handsome looks, the high courage of his enterprise, the romance of it all, stirred men's minds. Indeed, had I not been a Layton, I almost believe that I might have mounted the White Cockade there and then, for in common with many others my preconceived ideas of him had been woefully at fault. I scarce know why; but I had drawn a foolish portrait of him for myself, swayed in part by my family's loyalty to Hanover, and in part by the stories of the rank and file of the wild Highlanders who followed the Stuart fortunes.

I have seen some pageants since, greater pomp and circumstance, a great leader returning from victory, kings and potentates receiving homage; but I saw that day what I have never seen since

—gentlemen, as well as men and women of the people, pressing forward with tears of joy to kiss the very boot of the Chevalier.

When he went into Holyrood House a movement towards the city set in. I asked the cause, and found that the heralds and pursuivants of Scotland had been taken in the morning, and that the Pretender's friends were about to use their ancient offices in a public proclamation of King James. Following the stream of the crowd, we came to the Cross of Edinburgh, where there was a detachment of the Highland army. There a Jacobite teacher proclaimed the Pretender's father King James, and read a commission in favour of Charles as Prince Regent. There was cheering from the mob; but I observed that few persons of condition were to be seen, except those of the more impressionable sex. Many ladies looked down from the high windows in the High Street, wearing white roses and waving their handkerchiefs. The pipes played wild and inspiring tunes, and the Highland guard fired their pieces in *feux de joie*; but a great many of the people looked on at the disloyal ceremony in silence. Perhaps it might have been otherwise had the Prince been present; but both Walter Irving and I remarked on it.

'Why are ye no' shoutin' wi' the lave?' Walter asked a stolid-looking burgess next him. The man cocked a stealthy eye at him.

'Imph!' said he; 'maybe I'm waiting, like a lot o' my betters, for the cat to loup. 'Gin the gentry are owre lazy to raise the tune, it's no' for the likes o' me to tak' their place.'

'The man's right,' said Walter as we went towards the 'White Horse.' 'Were I carryin' a claymore for the Pretender I would say that there are no' enough of the gentry showin' face for my taste.'

This was true. Further, differences, wide as between foreigners, lay between the parties—differences of mind, temperament, outlook. The canny Scottish burgesses could not understand the steel links between the clansmen and their chiefs. To them the rank and file of the Chevalier's army seemed little removed from predatory men of the wilds. But between the Jacobite leaders and their followers in the North

there was an intimate personal bond. No shop-keeping or commercial interest swayed them. The chiefs were martial leaders, fathers of their clan, welded by the traditions of years, by personal service, by blood bonds; for true it is that romance lives longer among the hills and the great open country than in the marts and thronging streets of towns, where money-making, cold-eyed and cautious, lays a hand on the reins of men's impulses.

Next morning, as the day was one of clear sunshine, I bethought me of an hour or two in the saddle. I ought to have paid my visit to Mr Scott the lawyer; but I was in no great hurry, and had no day set to meet him. Early in the forenoon I met Irving in the *portecochère* of the inn. He was very quiet, and a hint of dejection shadowed his face.

'Art thinking of the lass, Walter?' I asked him.

'I'll no' seek to deny it,' he answered. 'Deed, it's nothing I have seen of her since I drew bridle in Edinburgh, and since I lost the horse it's little chance I have of settin' eyes on her.'

I laughed a heart-free laugh, and tried to rally him.

'A gallop in the country will fit you better than mooning about the Duke's Walk on the chance of seeing her. Come, I'll hire a horse for you!'

But if he was in a tender mood, he was also in a mulish one, and shook his head. We stood at cross-purposes for a minute. I could see that it made vastly little difference to him, so long as he went the gate he wanted to, whether I came with him or not; but to settle it I out with a guinea and spun it high in the air, with 'Shield, you go your own way! Head, you come with me!' The coin clinked on the flagstone. It fell, shield-side uppermost. Never did the spin of a coin mean so much to me.

'So! Good-luck to you! I ride alone this morning;' and I went to order the saddling of my horse not in the best of tempers with him, but sorry for his black mood. When I rode out I saw his broad back moving slowly down the street.

(Continued on page 83.)

BELGIUM AS I SAW IT.

By the Viscount SANTA THYRSO.

THE invasion of Belgium by Germany looks to me like a ruffian ruthlessly trampling on an anthill for no other reason than that it happened to be in his path. The galleries laboriously built by the industrious insects are ruined, the stores accumulated by the whole summer's work are destroyed, and the ruffian goes on his way heedless of the misery that he has caused by his selfish progress.

Little Belgium was indeed a big art museum. Every one of its historical cities was remarkable for its monuments, most of them for their pictures: Brussels, with its Grand' Place, which is absolutely unique, its Porte de Hal, and its remarkable churches, such as St Gudule and Notre Dame du Sablon; Liège, astride the Meuse, with its Church of St Jacques, a magnificent specimen of the flamboyant style, and its Palais

de Justice; Ypres, with its Halles; Louvain, with its Hôtel de Ville and its Church of St Pierre, to say nothing of its rich library wantonly burnt by the invaders; Antwerp, with its cathedral with seven naves; Maestricht, that boasted of possessing the oldest church in the Low Countries; dreamy Bruges, with its Memlings, its sleeping canals, its Béguinage on the Minnewater, and its Godshuis (God's Houses), where little old women make wonderful lace; Ghent, where Charles the Fifth, German Emperor, was born, with its Church of St Bavon, containing the 'Adoration of the Mystic Lamb,' the masterpiece of the Van Eycks, and the melancholy impressive ruins of the Château des Comtes; and charming Hal, Tournai, Courtrai, Oudenarde, and others, each having the pride of a wonderful cathedral or a famous Hôtel de Ville, and the best paintings of the Flemish school, their history written in marble and on canvas.

These Belgians—the little ants trodden under the hoofs of the German cavalry—are a hard-working, sober-minded, peaceful people who have never asked anything but to be left alone. But they are a proud people. Their neutrality was a right, rather than duty, since it was guaranteed by the Powers. Were they an emasculated people they would have protested against the violation of their right by one of its guarantors, and trusted the others to do their duty by them. But as they have ever been scrupulous in the performance of their duties, they manfully decided to uphold their rights even against overwhelming odds; and so they did to the utmost of their capability. They went down under numbers. Yet until they have recovered from the blow they can proudly say, like the French king, '*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur.*'

Their intimate life is quaint, and unlike that of any other people that I know. The new country, born in 1830, still preserves the stamp of that period. It has its doctrinairism and its formalism; otherwise modern Belgium has absolutely all the prejudices of an old-fashioned Liberalism. What makes it more remarkable is that it is blended with touches of old Austrian formalism. It is a usual thing to address a Minister or a member of Parliament as '*Monsieur le Ministre*' or '*Monsieur le Représentant.*' Even the designation *Chambre des Représentants*, given to the lower chamber, is typical of the 1830 ideas. At the same time, there is not in the whole world a more democratic Court. The White House in Washington is less formal; but the Élysée in Paris is much more like a Court than the Royal Palace in Brussels, and a public audience by the Mexican President—at least under Porfirio Diaz—a much more sumptuous affair.

The much-abused King Leopold owed not a little of his evil reputation to his democratic ways. Yet, though he compromised with the ideas and the feelings of his people, he was made

of the stuff of a real commanding sovereign. His colonial plans were at one time represented as a private financial speculation. His accusers had forgotten—perhaps they did not know—that a short time after taking his seat in the Senate as Duke of Brabant, many years before he ascended the throne, he delivered a speech urging the necessity of expanding over the seas the limited territory of Belgium. Like all great minds, he was far in advance of his contemporaries, and his words were considered the vagaries of a young, inexperienced prince. When he became king his ripper experience showed him that the Belgian people, who are extremely conservative, could not understand him, and he started alone, as a private individual, the overwhelming task of creating a colonial empire for Belgium. He built the Congo Free State. How impatient he sometimes was of parliamentary talk is shown by his letter to the Congo Secretaries of State in 1907. Yet he scrupulously observed the Constitution, and his influence in Belgian politics was due to no breach of constitutional law, but to his masterful personality.

When, in the later years of his life, he wanted to cede to Belgium the big empire he had created, he met with formidable opposition. Some Conservative elements, from their conservatism, disliked a new departure in the policy of Belgium. The Liberals opposed it because it was a ministerial scheme, and they were the parliamentary Opposition. So did the Socialists, alleging that the annexation of the Congo was a capitalist measure. M. Vandervelde, one of the leaders of the Socialist party, and its foremost member, placed his patriotism above his socialism. M. Vandervelde belongs to the intellectual section of his party. He has the makings of a statesman, and Belgium has much to gain if he ever sees his way to find a compromise between his socialistic and radical opinions and the present state of society. He went to the Congo to see with his own eyes the work of King Leopold, and he came back reconciled to the idea of annexation.

When the struggle for the annexation of the Congo was at its crucial point, a double regicide was committed in Europe. Referring to it, the king said to me, '*Nous faisons de votre mieux pour le bien du pays, et on ne veut pas nous croire!*' and as he said this he struck the floor with his walking-stick. It was the only time I ever detected a suppressed emotion in his slow, nasal, often sarcastic utterance. But I shall never forget the pathetic figure of the old king who had accomplished the gigantic work of his life, realising in his old age the political idea of his youth, and who saw himself misunderstood by his people.

His people, however, came round in time. Leopold the Second was never loved by his subjects. But he was deeply admired, his prestige was enormous, and when he passed

away there was sincere grief for the loss of a great king.

The second marriage of his daughter Princess Stéphanie, the widow of Archduke Rudolf, was a blow to his royal pride, though Herr (now Count) Lonyayi is a very honourable gentleman of very good birth. It was, nevertheless, a *mésalliance*; and he could never get reconciled to the idea that his daughter, whom he expected to see wearing the imperial crown of Austria, had become a simple Austrian countess. It was his political mind that determined his opposition to the marriage of Princess Clémentine to Prince Napoleon, though he had always shown the highest regard for the prince. He shrank from the possibility of future complications with the neighbouring republic. The life-romance of the imperial couple only came to a happy consummation after the king's death. During his life, however, it was worth while seeing the father and the daughter side by side at Court or at public functions. They were indeed a royal couple—the old empire-maker and the beautiful, stately princess, a 'daughter of the gods,' both having in their mien the expression of an indomitable will. Neither of these two master-minds could yield to the other.

King Leopold was said to be ungrateful, and the saying was current that when a man ceased to be useful he threw him away like a pressed lemon. There was some truth in this. But the old king was a kind of superman, and his greatness was injurious to his amiability. He had no friends, and he required none. All he wanted was able servants. He showed no gratitude, and he expected none. Men were tools in his powerful hands. So long as the edge was keen and they were fit for the work he had in hand, he used them. If they became blunt, or the work required another kind of tool, he replaced them by others more adapted to the new scheme. In his great political mind there was no room for sentimental feelings.

When King Albert took the oath of his sovereign office there were some unpleasant incidents provoked by the Socialists and the partisans of universal suffrage. But these were soon over. The most rabid Socialists themselves realised that the king meant well, and was devoted to the public welfare. His domestic virtues at the same time endeared him to the middle class. The little, cheerful queen, however, was the more popular of the two. She greeted everybody with an honest, kindly smile, and she often went to the houses of the poor like a fairy. Her golden hair shone like a halo, and her sweet cheerfulness was like a sunbeam that enlightened their dark lives. The Queen of the Belgians is very artistic, as befits a scion of the House of Wittelsbach. She teaches her sons music. At the coronation she appeared with the two little princes beautifully dressed in white silk, with large lace collars, suggesting

the princes out of the illustrations of a fairy tale. Besides being an artist, she is a daring rider. Soon after her husband's accession she appointed a new lady-in-waiting, a young lady of a noble county family who could follow her in her morning gallops across country.

For some time past there had been a strong apprehension in Belgium about its neutrality in case of a European war. The fortified line along the Alsatian frontier, and perhaps some German indiscretions, had awakened in the Belgians the fear of a German invasion if a war broke out between its rival neighbours. The idea of *revanche* among the French, and their natural desire to recover their lost provinces, practically excluded the probability of a French invasion. The sympathies of the French-speaking part of the population have always been towards France; the Flemish-speaking Belgians, however, were inclined towards Germany, with whose people they have more affinities. Between these two opposite currents the king and his Government have always been strictly neutral; and if their precautions had particularly in view the German danger, it only came from the fact that violation of neutrality on the French side was most improbable.

It was to maintain Belgium's neutrality, and not to help any of the belligerents, that King Leopold first, and then King Albert, were so keen on the construction of the entrenched camp of Antwerp, and the adoption of universal service to replace the old conscription system. The former scheme met with much parliamentary opposition—to the old king's disgust—which, however, was finally overcome. As a matter of fact, that opposition was only due to party tactics, which gave way to real patriotism. The other scheme was also objected to from a party point of view, but the objection had a more solid foundation in public opinion.

I have remarked that one of the Belgian nation's shortcomings is its 1830 doctrinairism. Anything approaching, or suggesting, militarism has been held in horror as a danger to its liberties. They would have as many *gardes civiques* as you like, but no standing army, or as little of it as possible. This feeling permeated all classes of society. As a volunteer army on the British pattern is a very expensive thing, for the Government has to compete in the labour market, a compromise was adopted with conscription with the faculty of replacement. The immoral result of the system was that the army was exclusively recruited from among the poorer classes, the members of which could not pay for a *remplaçant*. This, of course, made military service unpopular, especially among the Flemish population mostly devoted to agriculture, whose sturdy peasant boys had to leave the plough at the age when they became most useful to their parents.

The Liberal party, mainly from party motives,

claimed universal service, which, they knew, would have a disastrous effect at the elections for the Catholic party, which has been in office for over five-and-twenty years, and is mainly supported by the Flemish. On the other hand, the Catholics, for the opposite reasons, shrank from passing a Bill in that sense. Most forward in his resistance to the new measure was Count Woeste, the most prominent leader of the Catholic party.

The climax of M. Woeste's opposition to universal service was a temporary split between the Old Catholics, led by him, and the young democratic wing of the party led by Baron de Broqueville and M. Carton de Wiart. Comte de Smet de Naeyer resigned, and Baron de Broqueville became Prime Minister. The two wings of the Catholic party came to a compromise, and the new military Bill was passed, by which one young man of each family would be obliged to serve in the army, and there would be no replacement. So the army became national, and its numbers were increased. That was the army that met the German Colossus at Liège, at Namur, and at Antwerp. It must be added that most men of the well-to-do classes, and more particularly of the nobility, who in time of war had availed themselves of the faculty of *remplacement*, volunteered as soon as the country was invaded, and are now serving as privates or non-commissioned officers.

One of the most interesting features of the Belgian people is the way in which the old nobility, brought up in the aristocratic traditions of Austrian and Dutch rule, adapted themselves to the new conditions.

The Belgian revolution was brought about by the French Revolutionists of 1830, who cunningly exploited the religious feelings of the Belgian Catholics against the unwise interference of the Dutch Government with the Belgian Church. The Liberal Walloons and the Catholic Flemish joined together, supported by the revolutionary anti-Catholic French party that had brought about the fall of the Bourbon dynasty, against Dutch rule. That is how, just when they severed themselves from their neighbours, they adopted the motto, *L'Union fait la Force*. The Belgians have no sense of humour.

Among the leaders of the popular movement, the foremost was Comte de Mérode, Marquis of Westerloo and Prince of Grimberghe and of Rubempré. It speaks in his favour that he refused the crown of Belgium that was offered him by his countrymen. Since then the Belgian nobles have always associated themselves with the political life of the country. The ultra-democratic constitution of Belgium grants them no privileges whatever. While other European countries adopted a hereditary chamber, in bad imitation of the British House of Lords, Belgium had from the beginning an elective Senate. Yet many a representative of the old noble families

has had, and now has, a seat in the Upper House. Though there are no entails or *majorats*, it is a rule with the aristocracy that the parents will leave as much of their property as by law they can freely dispose of to the eldest son, thus keeping, in fact, the law of primogeniture alive. Tradition, the comparative extension of their landed property, the prestige of an old name, and the secular ownership of the land give them a natural influence that they increase by their devotion to local matters.

I will just mention a regretted friend of mine, who died a couple of years ago, a typical Flemish nobleman of recent times. The late Comte de Hemricourt de Grunne was a sensible, straightforward man, a thorough Flamand in his appearance, in his character, and even in his French speech. He was a senator, and, moreover, he was the burgomaster of his town. Both his senatorship and his mayoralty he retained for many years, till the last day of his life. I had the privilege of being his guest in the country, and then I could see the hold he had on his neighbours and how he managed to retain it.

Every Sunday, from nine to eleven in the morning, Comte de Grunne was in his study receiving his neighbours, most of them farmers. They all came to him for advice in every crisis of their lives. If they wanted to buy a cow they consulted him. If they wanted to arrange a marriage for their sons they consulted him. The count had studied law, and if they had a dubious point of law they consulted him, 'Because,' they said, 'if we go to a lawyer he will ask us for five francs, and M. le Comte gives us good advice for nothing.' Some thirty years ago a local banker had failed and run away with their deposits. Since then, as M. le Comte had a safe, they brought him all their savings for safe custody. They were left there in a bag to which the count affixed the owner's name, without any receipt or any guarantee but M. le Comte's honour. The Flamand has a long memory, and he would rather trust M. le Comte's safe than any banker's books. Since the famous failure thirty years ago no banker has ever had a chance of transacting business in that town. When a farmer wanted a few hundred francs to buy a cow or a horse, or a few thousand francs to buy a piece of land, he called on M. le Comte on Sunday morning; and M. le Comte opened the safe and handed him his bag. The farmer took the money he required; then M. le Comte again sealed the bag and replaced it in the safe. Every case of distress in the district was brought before him, and he promptly relieved it. In this way the old nobleman, besides his political and municipal duties, devoted two hours every week to the private affairs of his neighbours. It is easily imagined how much true and wholesome power this gave him over the peasantry. His son is not yet a senator, but he succeeded his father as hereditary burgomaster of Tongres.

This is only a typical example of the adaptation of the Belgian aristocracy to the new conditions. The case is different, however, in large towns where the Liberal middle class and the Socialist working classes predominate, especially in the mining districts.

The word Liberal in politics has a different meaning according to the countries. In Belgium it is quite different from the liberal signification. As a matter of fact, all Belgium is liberal and democratic in politics. I have shown how the formerly privileged classes, in order to maintain their time-honoured influence, have to place themselves on the level of the middle and lower classes, courting their vote and assuming civic duties. The political struggle between the two non-Socialistic parties is only on this point, whether religious education or non-religious education should be encouraged. As there is practically only one religion in Belgium—namely, the Catholic religion—the question lies between Catholic or non-Catholic education. It happens that in Belgium, as in all Catholic countries, non-Catholic means anti-Catholic, and even anti-religious, which by some lexicographic perversion is made a synonym of Liberal. The Catholic party in Belgium is as liberal and as democratic as the Liberal party, and to it is due all the well-thought-out social legislation of Belgium. I am not prepared to say that the social reforms would have taken place without the spur of the Socialist endeavours; but the steed has nobly answered to the spur.

On the education question that divides Catholics and Liberals, the Socialists are of course on the side of the latter. The Socialist party in Belgium is, moreover, revolutionary and republican. Side by side with the intellectual and statesmanlike Emile Vandervelde, who compromises with the sartorial prejudices of his party, but not with its impractical and violent appeals, there are rabid demagogues like M. Demblon—whose translations of Shakespeare bear witness to his admiration for the great poet rather than to his poetical powers—and M. Destrée. This strong demagogic element precludes the Socialists in Belgium from being considered a Government party.

As the Socialists have gained ground the Liberals have naturally lost it. The upper classes and the peasantry are mostly, and remain, Catholics. The Liberal party is chiefly recruited among the middle classes and the liberal professions. The Socialists are some intellectuals and mainly the working classes.

Though there are very few people of the upper classes among the Liberals, and fewer, if any, among the Socialists, many middle-class people and men belonging to the liberal professions who have followed their studies at the Catholic University of Louvain belong to the Catholic party. On the other hand, the Socialist propaganda has already spread among the rural

population, especially on the French-speaking side.

The weakness of the Liberal party and the increasing strength of the Socialists account, to a great extent, for the long Catholic rule. The thriving, money-saving Belgian has a strong sense of property. It is known that if the Catholics left office the Liberals alone could not command a parliamentary majority. They would have to be allied to the Socialists. Now there is not one Liberal shopkeeper in Belgium who is not afraid of Socialism, and rather than have a Liberal-Socialist Government they vote for the Catholics.

The following story illustrates the point. There is in Belgium a citizen force called the Civic Guard. It is the only survivor of the several Gardes Nationales that originated in the Liberalism of 1830, and which caused so much trouble in their respective countries that they were suppressed after 1848, at the close of the revolutionary period. Even France did not renew the experiment. Belgium alone has remained faithful to the 1830 ideals. The Civic Guard is composed of all the citizens who pay a certain tax. Most of the men of the upper classes, in some mysterious—and I suppose not strictly legal—way, avoid the obligations. The working classes don't pay the minimum tax. As a result, the *personnel* of the Civic Guard is almost entirely confined to the middle classes—shopkeepers, clerks, and so on. Their duty is to preserve order in the town, though the Gardes Nationales in France and other countries wrongly supposed that it was to alter it, a mistake that led to their ultimate suppression. If there are riots the Civic Guard are called out.

The commandant of the Brussels Civic Guard once said to me, 'As long as the mob is satisfied with subversive cries, and that sort of thing, it is almost impossible to make the Civic Guard march against them. But woe to them if one of the rioters breaks a shop window. The Guards won't wait for orders to shoot, and not all the saints of Paradise could hold them back.' Which is saying a great deal in an intensely Catholic country.

Hard work and thrift are the secrets of Belgium's prosperity. When the Belgian Parliament was discussing the usual Eight Hours Bill, a commission was appointed to inquire into the matter. The commission summoned masters and workmen, and conscientiously listened to both sides. One workman said he wanted not an eight but a six hours day. Indignation spread in the commission, even to the most socialistic of its members. The chairman asked for an explanation; and the man explained, 'The point is this: if you give me a six hours day I can work for two masters, but with the eight hours day I am just where I was.' That does not mean that the Belgian workmen slave for a meagre salary. They make the most of their

money, and even save some of it. They have their Sunday and half a day on Saturday, the same as any respectable Briton; and they amuse themselves in their own way in their spare time, between their work.

Belgium has many more famous artists nowadays than we think. Many French *littérateurs* and artists are Belgians, just as Jean Jacques Rousseau was a Swiss. One of the best and prettiest French actresses is a Belgian. It is a drawback for Brussels that it is so near Paris, and that the language is the same. Paris offers a larger field to Belgian artists and writers, and if they become famous nobody inquires where they come from. Living in France, writing or acting in French, and often bearing a French name, they are for all purposes considered French. But it must be a fertile country that produces enough notabilities for internal use and for exportation.

One feature of Belgian political existence is the intensity of its municipal life. Every commune is to a great extent autonomous. What is commonly called Brussels, and is really called *Agglomération Bruzelloise* (Brussels Agglomeration), is a congregation of independent communes, each of them with its corporation and its burgo-master. Each commune has its own police force, the jurisdiction of which ends where the boundaries of the next commune begin. This circumstance occasionally has its inconveniences. A crime is perpetrated, say, in Brussels proper. The criminal is pursued by a policeman. He crosses a street, and he finds himself no longer in Brussels but in Schaerbeck. The policeman

cannot cross the street. To arrest the man in Schaerbeck a requisition is necessary from the authorities of one commune to those of the other, which involves several formalities. In the meantime the thief crosses another street and finds himself in Etterbeck. It takes a lifetime to exhaust all the communes of Belgium. When the thief is tired of the game he crosses over to France or Holland, and there he is immediately collared. At the time of the Brussels Exhibition in 1910 there was a fire at the Exhibition. Much was destroyed because before help could be sent there was a discussion by telephone to ascertain whether the grounds where the burning buildings stood belonged to the commune of Etterbeck or to that of St Josse-ten-Nood.

That, however, shows once more the intense vitality of the communal life. The Belgian burgher is to-day as proud of his citizenship as he was in feudal times. It is the custom in the middle class for the husband to add his wife's maiden name to his own. When I asked the reason, a respectable merchant explained, 'You can only do that if your wife belongs to a good bourgeoisie family.' This just pride in their class will ever stiffen their backs to any foreign domination.

Germany knows by this time how the Belgians can fight for their rights, as Holland has learnt how they can shake off foreign rule. They are industrious and peaceful; but they are made of the same hard stuff as those who defeated the Austrians at Turnhout and forced the Austrian garrison of Brussels to capitulate. They have said the first word in the present war, but they have not yet said the last.

SHARK!

By H. GERARD ELEY.

THE mate came blundering out of the companion, and, that his destiny might be fulfilled, stumbled over the kitten that was lying asleep, coiled up on the grating in front of the door. His next action was one that gave me my first knowledge of what sort of man he really was. For, though it was a dear little creature, that kitten, and we all loved it, he aimed a brutal kick at it, which it avoided; he then ran after it, picked it up, and, with a curse, threw it, kicking, overboard. Some of the sailors had been fishing that morning for sharks. A score of the horrid brutes were round the ship; and I needn't say any more. But the poor mother, that had been dozing peacefully under the shelter of the dodger, jumped up and ran up and down the poop distractedly, gazing out over the oily, swelling water, and mewing piteously.

'Here, sir, what did you do that for?' I cried, in horror, running to the side. 'You brute, to go and dump that poor little beast! What's

the sense of it, you swine? Just because it tripped you up, you go and'—— I broke off, overwhelmed at the thought of his callous, senseless cruelty.

'All right, Mr Bloomin' Second Mate,' he answered, bombastically striking an attitude. 'It's not *your* kitten, is it? No, it's the ship's, I reckon; and as long as I'm mate of this old hooker I'll dump any durned thing belonging to her I want to! Savvy that?'

'No, by God, you won't!' I burst out. 'I'll see to that myself; or if you do, I'll—I'll'—— And I stopped, wondering what threat of violence I *could* effectively make, seeing that I had a game leg, and he was all of eighteen stone, with a chest like a full staysail, and could have *eaten* me if he'd a mind to.

'Yes! You'll—you'll'—— he mimicked jeeringly. 'Carry on, sonny; don't be afraid to give it a name! I know what you'll do!' turning on me in a sudden spleenish outburst. 'You'll run around and throw your tongue about

like the old cat there, and you'll yap and you'll threaten, and you'll *do*—nothing! I know your sort—sailed with 'em many a time; a proper durned soldier, all lip-flap and bubble, and that's the lot! Guess you'd better join up with the old un.' He indicated with a grimy thumb the poor mewling brute. '*She*'ll do me in before ever you will, I reckon!'

So I went below, fuming and unheroic.

But later I was to remember his last words, and marvel at them, in that they were—though we neither of us knew it—a prophecy. For cats are uncanny beasts, as you shall hear.

We were becalmed at the time this took place, a real deep-sea calm. The sea was a great, glowing, lavender-coloured disc, and the ship rolled sluggishly on its thick and unwholesome-looking surface, with the sails slatting jarringly against the masts, and the brazen sun pouring molten on the decks.

I know this doesn't fit in with a landlubber's idea of a calm at sea. I've read some of your shore-going novelists' ideas on the subject, and know their falseness; though near land, mind you, or in narrow waters perhaps, their descriptions are true enough, with the 'sea like a mill-pond and the sun mirrored in it.' But you must remember that we were *at sea*—mid-ocean; away south of the south-east trades, waiting for our slant to the Cape, with the water charted at four thousand fathoms and more, and only the stately albatrosses to bear us company. And when it is there you get becalmed, believe a sailor when he tells you that the sea is *never* 'like a mill-pond.' It is never still. Though the surface is thick and scummy—'oily' they call it, and rightly—and though there is never a ripple to break its treacly rest, yet the great silent swells follow one another remorselessly from horizon to horizon. They come out of the mists one by one—did you know there is always a misty look on the sea then, vague and purplish?—the ship gives a tilt and a roll, with the blocks and sheets all a-rattle, and the sails coming *ss-lutt* against the masts, all together; then she rights herself, the canvas flaps again, the sheets tighten for one moment and then go slack, and the swell passes on and is lost in the dimness beyond.

That's how it was that morning. Only, now and again there *was* something to break the scum into a ripple. Sometimes there'd come a sort of flash showing green through the water, as something white and gray moved beneath the surface; or maybe a fin—black and sharp and cruel, with a backward slant to it—would slide silently into view, and sink again very softly. The men had been fishing that morning.

Well, I went below. And at luncheon, when the mate was on deck, the captain missed the kitten and asked for it; so I told him what had happened, and he nodded and turned away. You see, he had been fond of that kitten, had

the captain. Later on he told me the story of another deed done by the same man, only a more hideous one—the story of a rat that had been caught the voyage before, and brought up on deck squealing and pawing in its cage; and how he (the captain) had seen the man standing laughing over a bucket, into which he poured something from a bottle, and then threw in a lighted match; and how he (the captain) strolled up casually, wondering what was happening, to find the bucket half-full of water, with a film of spirit on top of it, and a poor tormented brute swimming madly in a veritable lake of fire. Ay, there are men like that!

So I left my lunch, sickened, and hobbled back to my chair on the poop. I had twisted my ankle a few days before, you see, and was on the sick-list for the time being, the captain taking my watch.

Sitting there under the dodger, where the temperature was only just preferable to the sweltering heat below, I set to looking around me, idle and undisturbed, since the mate had left the poop. I could hear him storming and cursing at one of the men for'ard, even from where I was.

The breeze had not yet come, and the sea was, as before, swelling and unruffled; but there were even more sharks round, I thought; or at least there seemed to be. Never had I seen so many together before. There were big ones and little ones, thick ones, lean ones, gray ones, mottled ones; but all alike in their silent, deadly watchfulness, with a fin sliding up here and another one there, and down by the main rigging one huge brute floating motionless, his grisly shape distorted through the water.

We sailors hate sharks. I imagined to myself what would happen if some one were to fall overboard just then; the horrid commotion there would be down there, with the fins all cutting the water together and converging to one spot; and then the tinge of red on the surface perhaps, and the ghastly stillness again. I thought of the helpless kitten, and how quickly it had disappeared, and I shuddered and looked away.

Glancing down to the main-deck, I saw a very odd thing happen.

Our lower rigging, of course, was fitted with wooden battens crossing the shrouds all the way up from the rail to the top; fifteen inches apart they always are, making a regular broad ladder. Well, I saw the black cat, the mother whose young one had been sacrificed by that savage a few hours before, suddenly make a leap from the bollards on to the pin-rail, and from there to the t'gall'nt rail, and then she began to climb steadily up the main rigging.

I have never seen a cat do that before. I don't know why; it should be easy enough for them, I suppose. But this one did it, and did it very deliberately, somehow—very purposefully, if you

know what I mean—as though she had thought the matter out, and was going up with a definite object in view. I watched her, wondering, as she got higher and higher, till at last she reached the foot of the futtock-shrouds. The yards were braced up, I should have told you, with the main-yard jammed hard against the for'ard swifter; and she went up the lee side, so that when she got there she just stepped on to the truss, and slowly, and very deliberately still, walked along it on to the yard; and there she sank down on all-fours in the bunt, close beside the sling, where she was hidden from my view on the poop.

I was looking up after her, rather amused, and wondering what had induced her to go and hide herself up there, when the mate came aft and stamped up on to the poop, swearing volubly.

'Now, just look up there, mister!' he said, pointing to the weather mainyard arm. 'Did you ever see such a job as that in all your life?'

'Job as what?' I replied, hoping he hadn't seen the cat.

'As that (something) ear-ring, of course!' he swore. 'Isn't there a *man* in your watch knows how to pass an ear-ring? That's some of their rotten work yesterday afternoon. Good job I noticed it when I did; saw it from for'ard a little time ago, and I hauled the man who did it out of his bunk and gave him the toe of my boot for his trouble, now I'm telling you!'

'Yes, it's bad work,' I growled, not feeling much inclined to be pleasant to him just yet. 'But then it's nothing to do with me, is it? I'm laid up; and since it's your watch on deck, and you're "mate of this old hooker," perhaps *you'd* better attend to it, even if my watch did do it!'

They *had* made a poor job of it, all the same. The ear-ring had been hauled out right enough when the sail was bent the day before, but no backing-turns had been taken, so that the tack-tackle had bowed the head down and made a distinct gap between the yard and the sail.

'What did I have bulwangers put up there for, d'you think?' he went on aggrievedly. 'Ornament? I'll make some of these soldiers we've got on board learn to make proper use of them before they smell channel again, you see if I don't!'

'Yes, quite so,' I answered, being laid up and not caring whether the mains'l came adrift or not. 'No doubt they'll learn *lots* they didn't know before this trip, with you to teach them!' I was thinking of the kitten and the rat.

'Yes, by God, they will!' he foamed, scenting the sarcasm in my tone, and misunderstanding it. 'Never you fret about that! If I have to take a belaying-pin to them I'll do it! And don't you begin to think you can teach me my

job either, blast you and your game leg! because you can't—you, nor any one else! As for the ear-ring'—glaring aloft again—'I'll go and make a job of that myself, just to show there's *one* officer who knows his work!'

'All right. I'll watch you and try to pick up a hint or two,' I rejoined with a sneering little laugh. And he cursed me again, and the next moment had left the poop and was climbing up the weather rigging with a marline-spike slung in its lanyard round his neck.

Having nothing better to do, I *did* watch him as he crawled laboriously along the foot-rope and out to the yardarm. That reached, he threw his leg over the brace pennant and sat down astride the yard outside the lift, digging his left toe against the leech of the sail and leaving the other leg dangling. The man was obviously a sailor, I admitted, whatever else he might be; and I watched him freeing the marline-spike from about his neck with both hands, until something caught my eye moving in the bunt of the yard.

It was the cat, that I had forgotten. She had risen to her feet, so that I could see her from the poop again, though she must have been hidden from his view behind the sling; and she stood there staring at him, still as a rock except for a slight twitching of the tail. I wondered if she knew who he was—she almost seemed to, from the way she stood looking; and every moment I expected to see her come sneaking down to deck again out of possible harm's way. But she never moved, and I hoped the mate wouldn't notice her on his way back, seeing the mood he was in.

For the moment his attention was too much taken up with what he was doing for him to notice anything or anybody. We had chain ear-rings on that ship—old-fashioned, clumsy things with a hemp tail to them about two fathoms long; and as the tack had been boarded right tight, and he had only slacked the tackle a couple of fathoms before going aloft, some of the turns were pretty well jammed between the ring and the yard. I heard him swearing up there as he tugged at them with both hands, and I smiled to myself, knowing that he was conscious of my eye upon him. After a moment or two of useless wrestling he made his marline-spike fast to the lift-bolt by its lanyard, and began to prise up the ring with the point of it, so that he could get the tail under it and pull the bight of the chain clear. He got it through, and gave one tremendous tug with all his strength. And it did come clear; it came with a run unexpectedly. He gave one wild kick as the chain tore with a rattle through the ring, with his feet against the sail in a desperate effort to recover his balance; and the next moment he was hanging a score of feet below the yard, turning round and round like a joint before the fire, and screaming for help.

I wonder the jerk, as he brought up, didn't tear his hands from their grip. But it didn't. He held on, for all his eighteen stone weight, while I shouted like a maniac for some of the hands to go up and help him, hobbling up and down and across the poop in a frenzy. For there was a good thirty-foot drop to the water, and I could picture the ghastly waiting shapes.

Two of the men were tearing up the rigging, but, oh, so slowly! I heard him cry out, in a voice I shall never forget, 'For God's sake, quick! I'm slipping; I can't hold on! Oh, be quick!' And he looked down, and screamed again.

And then there happened something very horrible. A lithe black form suddenly shot out from the bunt and ran along the yard; and there was the cat crouched, snarling, above him, with lips drawn back, writhing, showing the pink gums, and her tail swishing venomously from side to side! He saw her, and again he screamed horribly.

The men were on the foot-rope now, panting out little cries of encouragement to him. They would be above him in a moment, and haul him

up into safety. But the chain was beginning to slip ever so slightly through his fingers; bit by bit his grip was loosening; inch by inch he was sliding lower.

He had stopped screaming now. His head was back and his eyes staring upward. Then the cat sank to her haunches. I saw the muscles creep at her shoulder, and her tail go rigid and her ears back as she poised for the leap. And, just as the men reached her, she sprang!

The picture is photographed, in all its dreadful detail, for ever in my memory. They took so long, so terribly long, to fall—the man with arms outstretched, grasping at nothing, and his face hidden by the black fury that clung to it. I even had time to notice some little spots of blood spring crimson on to the whiteness of his shirt before there came the splash that hid everything. And at that splash two slanting fins suddenly appeared, cutting the water side by side, so that I shrieked aloud. There was a little gurgle, a little eddy that spun for a moment on the gummy surface and left a frothy stain behind it. Then that, too, disappeared; the swell rolled on, and the sea was still once more.

THE KAIETEUR FALL, GUIANA.

By F. NICOLLS.

PROBABLY most people, if asked which was the world's biggest waterfall, would answer Niagara, for it is the best known, having been the most often visited. Yet the Kaieteur Fall, which was discovered by Mr Barrington Brown, of the Geological Survey, on the 24th April 1870, is no less than five times as high as Niagara, having a clear drop of seven hundred and forty-one feet, after which it falls eighty-eight feet more over a sloping rock, making a total of eight hundred and twenty-nine feet, while the width varies from two to four hundred feet. This remarkable fall is situated on the Potaro River, two hundred miles from Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana. The name Kaieteur is from an Indian word, meaning the 'Old Man' Fall; it is attributed to the custom of the Indians of putting their relations, when they get too feeble and old to work, into a canoe and allowing them to drift down the river and over the fall—a painless and practical form of euthanasia!

A visit to Kaieteur is no longer the formidable undertaking it was a few years ago. Arrangements have been made by an enterprising firm for taking parties to the fall and back in nine days at a charge of sixty-five dollars each.

Mr Edward R. Dawson, who visited the fall some time ago, gives an interesting account of the trip in *The British West Indies* (Pitman), a valuable work which should do much to make

these old English colonies popular as winter resorts, and also to popularise them as fields for planters and the investment of capital in planting enterprises.

Mr Dawson's party left Georgetown in the early morning by the Demerara river-steamer, and through the day journeyed up-stream, first past sugar estates, with their tall chimneys and vast stretches of vivid green sugar-cane; then past cocoa and rubber estates, with bungalows amid the trees. All the way up were clearings here and there, where negroes and others had their dwellings on the bank, and grew provisions for the daily markets of Georgetown at the mouth of the river. At sunset they arrived at Wismar, the steamer terminus, where schooners were being loaded with the colony's greenheart logs, and where there is also a railway station, with all its attendant bustle. The railway took them along reefs of pure white sand, and through forests where wood-cutting was progressing, to Rockstone, which was reached in darkness. By the light of oil-lamps they took their belongings to the bungalow hotel, where they passed a comfortable night. Daybreak saw them out again and boarding the Essequibo river-launch. Once more they made their way, hour by hour, up a broad but shallow stream, steering from side to side to avoid sandbanks, now and again meeting boats filled with gold-workers or balata-bleeders on their homeward

route. Balata is closely allied to rubber. It is a gutta-percha-like substance which is 'bled' from the bullet-tree (*Mimusops globosa*) found growing in the forests all over the colony. The tree takes a prodigiously long time to reach maturity, and consequently no attempt has yet been made to cultivate it in plantations. But that its advantages have been appreciated will be seen from the fact that while only twenty thousand pounds of balata were exported in 1865, one million thirty-four thousand and seventy-six pounds, valued at four hundred and sixty-eight thousand and thirty-four dollars, were sent from British Guiana to Europe last year.

As night fell the party reached Tumatumari, the gold town, where they put up at the quarters of a hospitable gold official. At early morn they visited the Tumatumari Falls, and then left by steam-launch, the vessel starting from above the rapids. A few hours brought them to Potaro Landing, where civilised travelling ceases, and they had to begin bush life. They took the trail through the forest, and camped at the Pakatuk Rapids. Here the organiser of the trip had a boat with a mixed black and Indian crew, paddles in hand, awaiting them. From that time the journey daily increased in interest. Forest-clad hills grew closer, and every reach of the river discovered fresh beauties of tropical life. Each day's routine was much the same—an early start before the rising sun had dispersed the mist, constant paddling mile by mile up-stream, varied by the boatmen having to pull and haul the boat over rapids, or lift it bodily over barriers of rocks.

In four days they came to the Takuit Falls, where they left the boat and started their climb up the hill to the Kaieteur tableland. The Indian path was steep and long, and the forest air hot and heavy, so they felt glad when they emerged on to the rocky tableland. A short walk to its edge, and the Kaieteur Fall burst upon them in all its grandeur. From the highlands in the distance one could see the river rolling past forest and plain till it reached the edge of the tableland, and, hurling itself over, go thundering down into the mist below. Mere words cannot adequately describe it. The wind-eddies blow the spray-mist here and there, and up and down, and the sun's rays catch the vapour-cloud and throw across now one, now two, quivering rainbows. Flights of white-throated swallows continuously sweep over the face of the fall, and, shooting down with incredible velocity, twist in and out of the gloomy cavern behind. Night and day there booms in one's ears the deep organ-note of the fall. All around is the solitude of nature, broken only by the passing of Indians on their hunting-trips, or the very occasional visitor.

In Koraima Mountain British Guiana has another scenic treasure offering wildly fantastic landscapes and views of rocks in positions which

seem to defy the laws of gravity, and of every conceivable form. There are some like terraces, columns, walls, and pyramids; whilst others appear like caricatures of umbrellas, tortoises, churches, cannons, and other innumerable incongruous and unexpected objects.

King George the Fifth had paid the West Indies three visits before he came to the throne; and probably every future Prince of Wales will make a tour through these beautiful islands, where, it may be said, the foundations of the British Empire were laid. Memories of the great Elizabethan seamen, Raleigh, Hawkins, and Drake, and of later heroes, Benbow, Rodney, Hood, and Nelson, should endear them to all Britons. At present, so far as visitors are concerned, they seem to be more popular with Americans than with Englishmen. The opening of the Panamá Canal will increase the importance and trade of the West Indies; and as Jamaica is on the direct route between New York and the mouth of the Panamá Canal, the volume of shipping calling at Jamaica for coal and repairs will be materially increased. The numbers of tourists visiting the islands, and the development of their agricultural resources, which may be said to be still in their infancy, will appreciate very considerably in the near future. Their strategic value will perhaps require a certain increased expenditure, so that Jamaica and Trinidad may be placed in an adequate state of defence. But anything expended in this direction will undoubtedly be money well laid out, and come back to us four-fold in the volume of increased trade and extension of cultivation which will be brought about in the next few years.

THE OLD YEAR.

BUT yesterday the year was young,
And now the curtain hides the scene;
The journey's not so very long,
Life's milestones not so far between.

For good or ill, in weal or woe,
Our throbbing world has held its way;
We've watched the moonlight come and go,
And revelled where the sunbeams play.

But some have smiled, and some have wept,
Like men upon a changeful sea;
And some for silent months have slept
Beneath the shady cypress-tree.

The summer sun may burn us now,
The thirsty land be bare and brown;
Gray clouds will kiss the mountain brow,
And gloomy skies will some day frown;

The grass will spring, and budding flowers
Renew their life with winter's rain;
But of the old year's puissant hours
Not one returns to us again.

NEVILLE BOSWORTH.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ADEN: ONE OF OUR OUTPOSTS.

By JAMES WILSON.

CROWDED passenger-boats on their voyage out east stop for a few hours at Aden to fill up coal-bunkers or water-tanks. A few of the more adventurous amongst those who crowd these steamers take a desultory walk to the shops in the Crescent, to buy cigarettes or ostrich feathers from the Jews and Parsees who trade in these commodities; others brave the dust, and drive out to see the tanks in hired motor-cars; and one and all return hot and tired to their ship with a fixed resolution never to repeat the experiment.

Aden has been tried and condemned on this scanty evidence by nearly every traveller driven by *ennui* or coal-dust into the maws of rapacious touts and traders; so a few facts, by one who has lately returned from its volcanic strands, may be of interest to those who have formerly regarded it as a mere milestone on a long and tedious journey.

Situated on the south coast of Arabia, in the province of Yemen, Aden certainly looks grim and unprepossessing, with its dark-brown irregular hills, and at the first glance like a barren deserted island, so low-lying is the mainland behind it. Some three miles to the west is a smaller group of rocks, known as Little Aden, with those peculiar-shaped peaks and pinnacles so common in volcanic formation. Between these two rocky promontories is the bay that forms the outer and inner harbour.

Little Aden is uninhabited, the whole settlement living on its larger confrère, which is some five miles long by three broad. On its east side tower the wall-like hills of the Crater called Shum-shum, and this range at its highest point reaches an elevation of nearly eighteen hundred feet. From this radiate and branch out the spurs and mounds on which the bungalows and houses are built, each headland, with its small cluster of thatched bungalows, being divided or cut off by small sandy bays or coves. Protecting the harbour are the two forts of Tarshyne and Morbat, practically impregnable, so buried are they in solid petrified lava. Up on the hills above are other forts, some in actual use, while others are mere ruins left to crumble away on dizzy heights, the sole reminder that the Turks once occupied these regions.

The town called Steamer Point faces the inner
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harbour, and here all the shops and business houses are situated, though the actual town of Aden is some five miles away, inside the almost circular wall of the Crater, where a regiment of British and another of native troops are quartered. The Royal Garrison Artillery, Engineers, and Eastern Telegraph Company live outside, on the more airy headlands facing the sea.

The map of Aden has the appearance of a big head supported by a very long, thin neck, for it is connected with the mainland only by a narrow isthmus. This was previously protected from Arab raids by strong fortifications where the northern range of hills meets the flat desert; but these lie neglected and deserted now, for the guns were dismantled, and the troops moved into the Crater some twenty-five years ago, as the isthmus fortification was feverish and unhealthy, resulting in much sickness and many deaths amongst the soldiers. Near these barracks, and buildings now used by the authorities as a dairy, is a fort called by the far from cheerful name of Last Retreat. It is built on an isolated hill, and was intended to be a refuge for the garrison in those early days. Almost at the foot of this hill at low tide can be seen, sticking grimly out of the mud, the cannons that once defended the land side of this peninsula; for the military authorities in those days, when dismantling their forts, had the guns thrown into the sea.

This isthmus is now defended by a corps called the Aden Troop, which is stationed at Khor Maksar, six miles out in the desert. It is partly a camel corps, the other portion being mounted as cavalry, and it is recruited in India from Punjabi Mohammedans.

A few minutes' drive from the isthmus in the direction of Steamer Point is the Arab village of Maala, its ugly square buildings sprawling in irregular fashion along the sides of the bay or intermixed with innumerable dhows in course of construction. This place, though squalid-looking and dirty, claims to be the oldest ship-building yard in the world, boats and ships having been built here in the time of the Queen of Sheba, when that lady owned Aden and the surrounding country. It has also the distinction of being mentioned in the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*, when a gentleman expressed a wish

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that 'a Jinn might fly away with a certain person, and drop him at Maala;' indicating that even in those days Maala was considered anything but a desirable place to reside in. It is, however, the door through which civilisation receives a great deal of its commerce from far-distant parts of Arabia, as is shown by the crowded Camel Serai and the native buggalows anchored off the little pier. It has also a claim far more romantic, as being the supposed resting-place of the unfortunate Abel; for Arab tradition has it that a small excavation far up on the wall of the cliff is the tomb of this victim of Cain's wrath, though no explanation is given how he was able to arrive at such an inaccessible elevation.

These legends, however, are always interesting, especially when so many people believe that Aden was the original Garden of Eden, and that the 'flaming sword,' as mentioned in Genesis, was this dried old shell of a volcano flaming fire and destruction on all around it, and in its general upheaval blotting out rivers and landmarks, to remain for ever barren wastes of desert sand.

It is under this excavation called Abel's Tomb that the road winds round to the Crater, which the traveller enters by the main pass, the road being cut through the solid rocky sides of the hill. And here he gets his first view of a town built in the interior of an extinct volcano. On the opposite side of this Arab town, called Aden, are the celebrated tanks, which are said to be capable of holding some twenty million gallons of rainwater, the water, when it does rain, being collected by a wonderful network of stone channels from all the adjacent hills.

The date when these tanks were made is not known, as their history is veiled in obscurity; but they are an indication of the ancient importance of a place celebrated for its bygone splendour; and when the traveller remembers that it is referred to in Ezekiel xxvii. 23, 24, as one of the cities whose merchants traded with ancient Tyre, he will look from the tanks to the town—wrapped in a shroud of lava, dead and forgotten by the world—with a good deal of sympathy for its fallen greatness.

A drive along the road that faces the harbour at Steamer Point, as the sun sinks behind Little Aden in the west, rewards those who have an eye for beauty with unique and gorgeous sunsets, the peculiarity of which is the orange and golden rays that shoot far up into the skies. These rays are common only to Aden and the Red Sea, and they are said to be caused by the sun dropping behind the peaks and high mountains in Abyssinia. The effect is as striking as it is beautiful.

This road and the Crescent, a kind of open plaza, which boasts a hideous statue of the late Queen Victoria, and many shops built under shaded porticoes, are always crowded, and one

may see as incongruous a sight as a taxi motor-car crowded with natives alongside a camel cart, or a string of camels with a Ford car plaintively bleating behind, asking the East to move faster.

The natives and foot-passengers are worth the closest attention, for they are just as strange and mixed as the traffic, and each type is clearly marked, such as the Somali (black-skinned, slim, with curly hair and clean white clothes), the Arab (muscular and fair-skinned), the Aden Jew (with his dark eyes, hooked nose, and lock of hair hanging down in front of each ear), the turbaned Hindus and Mohammedans from India, the comfortable-looking Parsees and Turks, the British soldiers, upright and smart in their khaki or spotless white uniform, with the passengers from the mail boats, whose clothes betray whether they are outward or homeward bound.

Those roads that face the harbour are extremely popular, as they catch any breeze that may be blowing off the sea; for in a place like Aden the question of air is of the first importance, and there are few conversations in which a reference—complimentary or otherwise—is not made to the breeze, as if it fails to spring up at night sleep is impossible in the still, muggy air, and if it blows strongly in the daytime dust almost chokes the unfortunate European who ventures out. The houses are built with everything open to receive the air, and remind one of huge trellis-work cages, very different from the bungalows in the plains of India, where thick walls and lowered *chicks* are necessary if one intends to live in comfort. In another respect, also, Aden is different. It has the advantage over its large neighbours of being practically free from mosquitoes, thanks to the lack of water; while snakes and other reptiles are never encountered. But there are rats, and as these come to the different bungalows to obtain water, the suffering exile sometimes finds them drowned in his tub in the morning.

Every one in Aden has a water allowance, and this condensed supply is brought round daily in a camel cart, and doled out at the different bungalows. The supplies and vegetables come from Somaliland in the small steamers that run along the coast; while Shaikh Othman, an oasis some nine miles away, and villages out in the desert, also send in their products to the settlement.

Shaikh Othman is the place where the residents of this rocky abode go to feast their eyes on something green; they crave for the sight of vegetation—there—and under the shade of a variety of palms and spreading trees they wander round the large garden until, refreshed and invigorated, they face the shimmering desert on their journey back to Aden. The drive through Shaikh is interesting, as it is the extreme limit of our possessions; and while thousands of camels are to be seen resting or feeding by the

roadside, on their journey from or into the interior, their owners sit on boxes or chairs at tables outside the row of little shops, eating sweetmeats or drinking coffee. For the Arab is as fond of his *café au lait* and the café life as are our French neighbours across the Channel.

The principal diet of the native is fish, and as from these waters they reap a rich harvest, he is well supplied in this respect; but the blue waters have also weird and uncanny monsters in their depths, such as the manatee, or, as applied to these seas, the dugong. The sea-cow or mermaid is found in the deep pools of Little Aden, and when caught in nets is stuffed and sent to museums in Europe. These large, seal-like creatures are harmless, unlike the octopus and many species of sharks that infest these waters. Both Europeans and natives have paid a very heavy toll with their lives for venturing into the sea; and so rapacious is a kind of dog-fish, or smaller breed of shark, that one runs a serious risk in even paddling along the shore. The other fish found here are the sword-fish, skate, saw-fish, and dolphin; while the rocks abound with oysters, lobsters, and crabs.

Aden is under the Indian Government, the administration being in the hands of a Military Political Resident, or Governor, assisted by a number of officers, whose knowledge of the natives, and their tact and *finesse* in dealing with difficult situations, make for harmony in the peninsula and the surrounding country. While their method of administering the law is as sound as it is surprising, there are no lawyers, and civil and criminal cases, in a variety of languages, are disposed of rapidly according to Somali or Arab customs and laws, or the Indian Penal Code, to the apparent satisfaction of everybody.

The Europeans stationed here are, of course, for the most part military, though the Eastern Telegraph Company has a very large staff, and there are others connected with the Port Trust, the coal industry, or in charge of shipping or banking agencies. Taking them all together, they are not a very large number; they are far from being unhappy exiles ticking off the

days until the time of their release like so many stranded Robinson Crusoes, but cheerful, light-hearted Britons, who for the most part speak in an almost friendly way of their barren rock, and make light of the many discomforts that are inevitable at this outpost of our Empire. This is largely due to what some foreigners contemptuously term our 'love of sport;' for both at Steamer Point and in the Crater there are golf, tennis, and hockey grounds, and despite the heat every afternoon these are crowded with busy players; while Khor Maksar boasts of a really first-class golf-course and polo-ground. For those who prefer something less energetic, both good fishing and boating can be obtained in the harbour, or one can join the party that goes on board the Indian marine boat, the *Dalhousie*, when the Governor takes this ship out to show his flag along the coast.

All this, however, would be nothing were it not for the Union Club, where all gather each evening to refresh themselves with the newspapers, bridge, or oysters, or to chat round the open-air bar, presided over by the admirable Joseph, with his cocktails of many colours. Upstairs, and overlooking the sea, is the balcony or broad terrace, where the whole world of Aden dines on certain nights to the strains of a military band, and these 'dinner nights' generally finish with a dance; for, though the ladies that bless Aden with their presence are few, they make up for their lack of numbers by the keenness with which they take the floor despite the tropical heat.

Even a Paget M.P. could not call the climate of Aden perfect, with its heat, dust, the complete absence of vegetation, and the brown monotonous rocks radiating the rays of the hot sun; but there is a good fellowship and feeling amongst the whole community that unites them closely together, and this, with the many amusements that are to be obtained on the peninsula, is the reason why so many pleasant recollections of its rocky hills are carried home to England when the soldier-man hangs his sword up on the wall, and tucks himself away on the shelf.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER VII.—IN WHICH I MEDDLE WITH OTHER FOLKS' AFFAIRS.

I RODE down towards the Lang Dykes slowly, a light wind singing around me, fresh and crisp after the closeness of the town. It was a bracing morning, and when I reached level ground I broke into a brisk trot. The mare put the road behind her, and I did not draw rein until miles lay between me and Edinburgh. I had no knowledge of where I was, nor did I care. To feel the good beast under me, to see the branches of the trees tossed by the wind in

the sunlight, the white little clouds chasing in the blue, were enough for me. I cantered on aimlessly, and after an hour and more came to a place with tumbled sand-dunes and stretches of turf between them, so near the sea that I could hear the waves curling on the beach. There was a little bunch of trees near me. It looked snug and sheltered, and I bethought me of a rest and tobacco. I had scarcely my foot out of the stirrup, and my horse

tethered, when I heard rough voices. The trees fringed a hollow, and, well in their shelter, I went forward and listened. In the hollow were three men, one at bay, with his back to a tree, his hands on guard; but I read deadly extremity in his eye. The other two, uncouth, bearded, squat fellows, wore the kilt.

I got me behind a tree and watched. All three were so intent that they neither saw nor heard me. There was a scurry of feet as the two men feinted on either side of their quarry. He defended himself, hands and feet going vigorously, but the end was palpable. The unfairness of it stung me. They had nearly closed on him, when I slipped behind, and, seizing the bigger one, gave him a very pretty toss that I had learned in many a stiff wrestling bout in Westmorland.

The fall stunned him. He lay very still at the bottom of the hollow, and a fear touched me that I might have broken his neck. But, as I looked, he opened his eyes, and sat up slowly, dazed. I was relieved, for if it be one thing to plume one's self on tossing your man in fine style over your shoulder, it is another to see him lying in a motionless huddle. He looked past me, over my shoulder, and my eyes followed his. Behind me, on the top of the ridge, was a woman on horseback. Horse and rider were as still as a carving; and, looking at her, I, who had just thrown my man cleanly, glorying in the play of my young muscles, suddenly felt awkward and ashamed, like a rude schoolboy caught in some offence. I hope I did not hang my head. I know that I felt like it. There was silence for a moment, horse and rider picked out in the clear September morning as clear as in a picture. I gathered courage, and looked straight in her eyes. They were hazel and long-lashed, and bent on me with a keen inquiry in them that shamed me where I stood. There I stood like an oaf. I bethought me to address her, to ask pardon for the violence in her presence. But I got no further than to open my mouth, my thoughts stampeding under her steady gaze, and when she spoke, despite her calm air of reproof, her voice came to me like a chime.

'You were about to say something,' said she. A spark shone and vanished in her eyes, like a glint of light on a stream.

'I did not know there was any one near,' I began, 'when—when'—

'When you sent my servant a-sprawling. You might have killed him, young man.'

True it was that I was young, but I was older than she was, yet the words 'young man' came with such an engaging air that I forgot to pass any comment on them.

'Your servants think little of fair-play, madam,' I ventured. 'At least they do not scruple to attack a defenceless man.'

She nodded twice slowly, gravely, looking at me with composure; and, after a pause, as if pondering over my words, she said, 'I think

men generally get as much or as little as they deserve.'

'In the next world,' I hazarded. 'Not always in this one.'

'I said "generally,"' she said, again with the prettiest air of authority and correction. 'And I am right.'

The momentary spark in her eyes invited and defied contradiction.

'It may be that you are right "generally," madam. I do not know, but in this particular'—

'In this particular you also do not know. This creature'—she pointed with her riding-whip to the man still standing panting with his back to the tree—'may thank his stars for your appearance, for 'tis little mercy he deserves. He has been watched. He is, or would have been, a thief. He must be punished.'

'I may be his accomplice for aught you know.'

Her colour fled suddenly at my words. I could see that her air of calm authority was but surface-deep, and that she was scarcely more than a girl, her emotions barely under control. My heart smote me, and I made haste to add that if I were to begin thieving I would aim higher than hen-stealing, or whatever the rascal was after.

'How—how came you here, near The Garth?' were her next words.

'I have no idea where I am, or what The Garth is. I was out on a gallop from Edinburgh. I chose a pleasant road.'

She sat very still on her horse, looking at me.

All this time the man I had thrown had been sitting on the bents, his companion kneeling beside him. The lady on the horse and I had scarcely looked their way; but, on a sudden cry, I turned round just in time to see the man whom I had rescued whisk round the tree and run like a deer into the wood.

'Quick! quick! He must not escape,' she called. The kneeling man sprang to his feet, and ran in pursuit, and in a trice I joined him. The fugitive had the advantage of us in that he was evidently familiar with the pathway, for twice or thrice we took the wrong turning. My companion was soon winded, and I ran on alone, sure of overtaking the fleeing man if once I caught a glimpse of him; but the undergrowth was thick, clutching at me time and again, so that I stumbled and lost ground. I could hear his footsteps plainly enough on the pathway. They sounded, I thought, nearer every moment. I was overtaking him, and a 'ride' in the wood at last showed me his flying figure less than fifty yards in front. He was close to the corner of the wood. Soon he rounded it, and I sped on at my utmost speed, in a fever of anxiety lest he should escape. When I turned the corner I came to a sudden stop, chagrined and angry. The man was not twenty yards from me, but he was mounting a horse! He swung himself into the saddle, looked round for an instant as I came up to him,

and then made a furious slash with a knife. I jumped back only just in time. Next moment he was off at a gallop. I stood stock-still, panting, listening to the hoof-beats mocking me, until their sound died away in the distance. There was nothing for it but to swallow my discomfiture with as good a grace as I could.

The situation was curious enough. I had come to the rescue of a man in danger, and now, at the bidding of a slip of a girl, I had been chasing him as if my life depended on his capture. Who was the girl? Whose was the house called *The Garth*, for I assumed that it was a house? Who was the fleeing man, in whose swift look at me I had read murder, who dreaded capture so much that he would have knifed me? Question chased question round and round my mind. In a maze of conjecture I walked back to where I had left the lady of *The Garth*. About half-way I met the fellow who had started along with me in the pursuit. He was elderly, and blown from his exertions, and when I told him of the chase and its end all I could get out of him was the single word 'horse,' which he repeated like a parrot after me until it dawned upon me that he could not speak English, and was probably one of the Highland army. This made some food for reflection, for I was fixed in my mind not to help the Pretender by so much as a thought, let alone a lift of my sword-hand. I could not speak a word of Gaelic, so we trudged along in silence until we came near the open space among the bents where I had seen the fight and the lady on the chestnut horse watching it.

She had dismounted, and came a little way to meet us, the man whom I had thrown leading her horse. I told her what had happened. She listened until I had finished, and, turning to the two men, said a few words in Gaelic to them, dismissing them, I took it, for they went away, leading the horse with them.

'I give you my excuses for speaking to them in their own tongue. They understand no other,' said she. I remember the sunlight playing on her dark hair.

'I am in equal plight; my only language is the English one. If I did you a disservice, it was done unwittingly, on the spur of the moment, when I saw a man fighting against odds. If I can atone for it command me. My name is Edmund Layton of Westmorland.'

'Then you are for King George,' she said, and there was no coldness, only a world of regret in her voice. How often, thought I, would I be obliged to explain that I was not bearing arms for either side? But as I looked at her, for the first time, I could almost have wished myself under the White Cockade. For the girl was in evident trouble. She turned away her head from me to hide a threatening of tears.

'King George is my sovereign, but surely this matter of an escaped thief has little concern with

the great affair betwixt him and Charles Edward,' I ventured.

She turned to me with a sad little gesture, and looked long and earnestly. 'I cannot—must not discuss it. You are a stranger—a Hanoverian,' ignoring my gesture of dissent.

'I have told you that King George is my sovereign; but I am not in his Majesty's army. Even if I wore the king's uniform, loyalty to him would not forbid my offering you my help.'

'Unless it clashed with your duty; and that would be right, for duty is duty.' She nodded again with the same grave inclination of her head. 'But sometimes duty is difficult, is it not?'

'I have never found it so,' I answered. (I was only twenty-three.)

'Perhaps, then, you have never been tried.'

Something in her tone, or perhaps the glint of a smile that hovered for a moment in her eyes, ruffled me. It may have been that what she said, with its reminder of my youth, was true. Come to think of it, at my age one has seldom been tested; but to be calmly told so by a maiden in her teens was a new and humbling experience. I was silent, meditating on a reply sufficiently dignified, but found none; and with a sudden sweet change in her voice she said, 'If ever you hesitate in your duty between two roads, pray Heaven you choose the right one.'

Her voice was soft, gentle, low, that excellent thing in woman, and she looked so fair and young and troubled that I hesitated no longer.

'I will be plain with you, madam. It was by the merest accident that I came this way. I am a stranger to you, and you to me. I make bold to say that you are in trouble, if not danger. How, I know not; but if I can do you a service, pray command me. Believe me, I am in nowise concerned with the strife and intrigues between Stuart and Hanover beyond avoiding them.'

'You choose a strange way of avoiding trouble by offering your services to me, Mr Layton.'

'Why?'

'I cannot say more than that it is so. But, you are wounded. See!'

She pointed to my hand, and, sure enough, a thin red trickle was running down it. The sleeve of my coat showed a little cut half-way between wrist and elbow. The man who had escaped must have grazed my arm when he struck at me with the knife, but in the press of the moment I had not felt the slightest touch from him.

'I am more concerned about the danger to yourself or your household,' I said. 'It is evident that you have had a visitor who sticks at nothing to gain his own ends, whatever they may be.'

'He is but a tool, I fear. But I am standing here and talking, while you are wounded! You must come with me to the house, and I will see that

your wound is looked to. Come! We must not be lingering here.' She looked round in a swift glance that took in the curve of the sand-dunes and the woods that flanked the house.

Now, in most of the tales I had read, the hero (to ensure the title by calling myself one for the moment) in a situation like mine would have scoffed at his hurt for a trivial scratch, thereby impressing the lady with his valour, and then would have ridden off in a glamour of complacent chivalry. For a moment I leaned toward this heroic pose, but for a moment only.

The mystery of the desperate fugitive, the lonely surroundings, and a vogue for excitement that I have never been able to subdue drew me like a magnet. Love of adventure, a glorified and justifiable curiosity, called me; and the girl's eyes were hazel, an adorable short upper lip trembled between tears and a smile, and her hair, dark and fine-spun, caressed the whitest, roundest young neck in this world.

Next moment I was walking beside her towards the gateway of the avenue.

(Continued on page 101.)

ORGANIC METEOROLOGY.

A RETROSPECT AND SUGGESTION.

By A. BROWN.

THE weather prophet we always have with us—'The summer is to be a dry one, the winter severe,' and so on. If wrong he is laughed at if people do at all remember, and if he is right he does not let it be forgotten what he said so many months before. All this guessing does not put us 'forrarder;' the years roll on, and we take the weather as we get it, because, as the philosophers say, we cannot make a better of it, which is so absolutely true.

Ever since history has spoken, to foretell the future has been a fascinating subject. Egyptian or Assyrian astrology looked up for guidance amongst the fixed stars or to the conjunction of planets for its story, and with pretence read the life of the new-born child from the cradle to the grave.

The revival in all things Egyptian brings back something of the life-interests that surrounded the Rameses; Amenhotep and Menepthah (the Pharaoh of the Exodus) are made to stand before us in more living colours than the biblical story can embody for us. As men they lived their lives full of human traits which make their experience even now of priceless value; and the more valuable as it is conceded that, with all the changes of time and experience, fundamentally our nature has not materially changed. It is not, however, there that we lose.

In the course of centuries one wave of civilisation succeeds another, in appearance quite naturally; and what one thought of value the next neglects, or through misadventure in the long run of revolution or evolution loses entirely. When did men lose the pottery industries of ancient Babylon? Or when did they lose the dentist's skill which modern discovery has shown existed before the Laws of the Twelve Tables were set up in the Roman Forum in B.C. 451? No one knows either how or when; all that is known is that they were lost arts, and only

within the last few decades are the threads being picked up again.

The evolution of human society gains, no doubt, at each tide-flow of civil government, the field of vision—human outlook—is wider, and the grasp of human possibilities is more firmly held. The next flood may not reach so far up the beach, yet the whole gain is perceptible; for the next, or the next after, reaches farther up, the human perspective is clearer, and we now use ideas which were until recently forgotten, and can use them with an effect which the ancients had no chance of attaining from want of auxiliary knowledge.

Divination had, during the long course of Roman dominion, a firm hold on the whole body politic in the Imperial City; the Greeks before them had the same faith in the outward signs of nature. The Romans went into no important business without first ascertaining the will of the gods by means of divination—*nisi auspicato, nisi auspicio prius sumto*. From the earliest period of their history this was the invariable rule both in private and public undertakings. At first the patricians alone had the right of taking the auspices; and, as their destiny evolved itself, class privilege was used and abused by them for their own aggrandisement against the humbler plebeians. In case of public proceedings the supreme magistrate, and latterly the emperor alone, had the right. An army in the field, as is well described by Livy in his history of the struggle of the Romans with Hannibal, was guided in emergencies by the auspices taken by the commander-in-chief. Birds were the objects observed in taking these auspices—*auspicium, ab ave specienda*; it was to their flight or their cries or feeding that attention was given, as indicating what was going to happen. The whole system materialised into a fatalism that is repugnant to us now. Through the Roman story we note how, as time went on, human deceit took advantage of ignorant credulity.

and frequently it was used only to abuse the trust placed in the higher official of the State.

In later times the system of divination was applied as an agency of procedure for delaying any rash suggestion; to give a breathing-space, the chief magistrate would make a declaration that as he was watching the heavens (*servare de caelo*), the will of the gods was not yet fully known; and so the deliberative assembly must, forsooth! cool their ardour by reflection for a little till more cautious counsel had made its legitimate effect felt. We know how Julius Cæsar and his satellite Vatinius, in B.C. 59, made short work of such tomfoolery; and it was later, on that ground, that his opponents in the Senate declared that all his actings were *de jure* null and void. The Romans had a truth in their grasp; they pushed it to extremes, made a fetish of it, and it went, like all such, to oblivion.

To Rousseau's saying, '*L'homme qui médite est un animal dépravé*,' what answer does modern experience give? As an appeal to feeling it is but a half-truth to rely on the dictum. In the *sauve qui peut* position, no doubt, he who hesitates is lost; but to-day everything is up to date. Thought says, 'More thought, more thought, more thought,' on the observations of life and nature around us. Nothing is more common than the rush of towns'-people to seaside resorts, and it is a common observation to see these holiday-makers gaily facing the pending thundercloud, oblivious till the first raindrops fall. The revival in nature study is the latest turn in the tide; it may be said that the auspices are favourable without awakening suspicions that we expect the next flood-tide to be far beyond the mark where Julius Cæsar left it.

In his address to the St Andrews students as their Lord Rector some years ago, Lord Avebury pointed out that scarcely was the full life history known of any one species of bird. All observers know how closely Nature keeps her secrets, but there are facts known and knowable which should be more generally recognised and collated.

The weather reports of depressions, lines of pressure, are gauged and reasoned out on scientific principles; yet we cannot predict satisfactorily, though we are closer to that than we once were. So we think, till the next deception cheats us of our triumph.

What now is pleaded for is that of all living creatures birds alone may be said to have the air as their natural element; they have a field of view more constantly wider than we can have, and at all times can be seen in it. The law of self-preservation is to them, as it is to man, the first law of nature; and, acute and observant above all things, they act unfailingly on it.

In other departments the extended senses of

lower animals are being utilised. We have the police dogs, and the war-dog ambulance service is used on the Continent. But what, it may be asked, can we learn from birds? Scientifically it has been shown that lower animals have in the matter of vision not only a greater range than man has, but their receptive faculties actually take up rays of light which on the human eye make no impression. The same is true of the sense of hearing; sounds are heard by lower animals which do not even arrest the most acute human ear. The weasel and stoat are examples of this extended ear-power at the treble end of the scale. The proverbial watch-dog or the geese of the Capitol at Rome are proofs positive of the general admission of their more acute hearing even of those sounds which are within the human compass. But what, then, of birds? Of all the lower creation, their position for observation exceeds both intensively and extensively those of all 'mere creeping things.'

In a perfectly clear sky two nights before a storm of snow and wind, in the quiet starlight, the wild geese cackle is heard passing over the lighted town. Did they smell the wind? Did they see the snow? Did they hear Boreas take counsel in the far north two days before we knew it was on us? They came—that we know—and the weather followed; let us not be accused of the fallacy *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. Let it be conceded for argument, if you will, that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in our philosophy.

Again, the ordinary ringdoves (*cushats*) have their numbers augmented in the winter by migration from the Continent—from Norway, it is thought. Recently, from the pier of a small town on the eastern seaboard, flock after flock of these wood-pigeons were seen passing in from the sea for over an hour, and scattering inland. The next day a terrific gale, of which there was no warning, burst on us, ending in snow and sleet lashing from the north-east. Now these birds come from parts with which there is little or no communication. It has been found that in full flight they can fly anything from one hundred to one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles an hour, which would bring them here hours, and it might be days, before the first touch of the most terrific gale that ever blew could strike our shore. Such observations are noted as a source of wonder; but there is no collation, no tapping of this source of foreknowledge. It might be said that a few hours' foreknowledge could not matter much. That is a mistake, and telegraphic information as established is not effective.

Observation on bird movements is a factor not to be ignored in weather forecasting, which helps to a reduction of loss of life and property by land and sea—a loss which never fails to follow in the train of a storm.

PEDRO'S WAY.

CHAPTER II.

THAT night, when Billy got back to the plant, he found Pedro, well groomed and spruce, waiting for him. Billy put him to clean his boots and spurs, and went to dinner. After dinner he told him to get some supper, and that he could find a good bed for the night by asking for it at the *peon* quarters. Pedro thanked him, and went off.

Next morning early Billy woke, and decided to go for a swim in the river. He opened his bedroom door that led out to the veranda, and a form sprang up before him. It was Pedro; he had slept the night on his master's doorstep.

Billy told him it was unnecessary, as there were no thieves at the plant.

But it had no effect, as afterwards Pedro always slept there, for, as he said, 'Who knows, *señor*, but that you may require something in the night, and I should feel most unchristian were I not there to get it?'

So time went on, and Pedro proved successful. His knowledge of horses was great; he also loved them. His knowledge of Billy's wants was greater still, and his love for him amounted almost to a madness. 'Everywhere where Billy went his *mozo*'s sure to go,' said some one at the plant; and so Pedro was alluded to as 'Billy's little lamb.' But Pedro was anything but lamblike, as on occasion he proved.

Once an American came to him and asked for the loan of one of his master's saddles. Very politely Pedro informed him that without his master's permission he could lend no saddles. The American tried to push past him, so Pedro knocked him down. The American got up and drew his gun, threatening to 'fill him full of lead.' Pedro was used to this sort of thing, so he took the gun away, and severely injured the 'gun fighter' in doing it. This meant trouble for Billy; but he backed up his *mozo*, and in time people learnt that Pedro was best left alone.

Soon after the rains Billy Harding went on a long trek across two states. Four months they were on the road, Pedro growing more devoted to his master daily. Their wanderings took them away up into the mountains, into the pine-country, where it froze at night; then they would scramble down rocky tracks to the scrub-oak belt, and through that to the barren alkali flats, where they would curse the heat and long for water. They would make their camp and chat together, Pedro learning many things, and Billy gaining much inside information into the life of his desperado. They understood each other so well now! Pedro had found it hard to live, and he had done many things in his life that were not conventional. His confessions sometimes startled Billy; but Billy understood the force that had

driven this half-civilised child of the mountains into corners, and he never showed surprise. He gave advice without seeming to preach, and Pedro made of him a god on earth. Never did he slacken his duties. He showed his master a secret of his—how to cure the horses' sore backs on the march: a secret he guarded jealously.

Up before daylight, he would light the fire and make a cup of tea for Billy, because once Billy had mentioned that in England tea before rising was a luxury. Then, if they stopped in a village, Pedro would never talk. No one would gain anything by questions; Pedro would simply lie to them. He always conveyed a feeling of security to his master. It would have taken more than an ordinary bandit to rob Billy, for Pedro was never far off, and the two of them would have been a nasty handful to tackle.

Whenever they struck a post-office Pedro would ask his master for some money from his wages; then he would buy an envelope and a money-order. Billy would address the envelope, and always it was the same direction—to Pedro's daughter. The money was to help to support Pedro's grandson, whom Pedro had sworn never to set eyes on.

One evening, as they were resting after building camp, Billy asked Pedro if his wife still lived.

'Yes, *señor*,' said Pedro, and the fierce look came into his eyes. His face, that now usually wore so contented an expression, often smiling, completely changed as he rose and went over to the pack-saddles.

'Oh,' thought Billy, 'there's another tragedy in the poor beggar's life. I wonder if it ended violently like the last; or perhaps it has not ended—yet.'

But on this point, and this point only, Pedro kept his own counsel. Billy never questioned him again, and he never volunteered information.

Soon they got down into the hot country, and day by day rode through a jungle that smelt like an English hothouse, and was quite four times as hot.

Billy would ride under the bamboo-branches sweating at every pore, but infinitely happy. They had struck a town. In that town there was a mail waiting, and one letter in the pile had made Billy's heart jump and beat like a mad thing. It conveyed the fact that 'she,' the only 'she' in Billy's life, had kicked over the traces. She was sick of England without Billy. She knew she would love Mexico, or the lower regions for that matter, if she only had Billy. Uncle Paul was an angel; he had consented to bring her to Mexico City. And then, perhaps, if—Well, Billy should decide.

Billy saw things in rainbow colours, paid a man 2 per cent. more for a bunch of cattle than he would have dreamt of doing had he been sane, and then told his *mozo* the glorious news. Pedro took it politely, but his face fell. From that day on he never let Billy out of his sight, but he hardly ever talked.

Billy noticed it; but he knew the charms of that girl of his, and how quickly she would win Pedro over. Sometimes at night, in camp, the lover would wake to find Pedro sitting on the ground in the moonlight, his chin on his knees, gazing away into the mists.

Pedro's heart was nearly breaking; for how could he look after and be near a master when that master loved a woman? Pedro knew the selfishness of love.

So the sun blazed down on the happy Billy and the miserable Pedro day after day, and the night mists came up every night and lay round their naked bodies like a warm blanket as they lay awake—one because he was happy, and the other because he was eating his heart out with a new-found jealousy.

Then they struck the railroad. It was a sad day for Pedro, because his master left him to go up to Mexico City, where he hoped to hurry the marriage. Pedro was to take the pack-mules and ponies back to Uruapan, and engage servants to put the house in order.

Pedro felt that the sooner back the better; so, as his master steamed out of the station, he saddled up and started, leading one pony, and driving the mules before him. He cut records on that journey, changing from one pony to the other, often walking. His whole mind was centred on keeping his cattle fit, so that he could reach home quickly and have things comfortable for his master on his return. As for his master's bride, that was another matter, and Pedro tried not to think of it. The last two days of the journey Pedro and his animals covered a hundred miles.

Billy's wife arrived with her happy husband at the plant perfectly radiant. She was of the fair type, and bubbling over with the joy of living. She had heard all about Pedro, and when they met offered her hand. Pedro bowed over it like a grandee of Spain, made a polite little speech, and went about his duties.

Then came a long time of torture for Pedro. He saw little of his master, and when he did he was always accompanied by his wife. They seemed absolutely taken up with each other. Billy had now a permanent job at the packing-plant. He bought the cattle as they came in, so the long treks were over. With them were gone the talks with Pedro; and day by day the *mozo* felt it, and his jealousy grew. If he could help it he would never approach Mrs Harding; and she, in her turn, thought him taciturn; but, never having known him as anything else, she refrained from talking to Billy about it. As for

Billy, he seemed to have forgotten everything but his wife. So things went on getting worse for poor Pedro, and he was almost on the point of leaving to work elsewhere, when Billy announced his intention of going on a two days' trek. He wanted to have a look at some pasture-land twenty miles away, and told Pedro to get the camp equipment ready for the following morning.

Pedro was delighted. Two ponies and a pack-mule, and his master and he on the road again! Two whole days he would be alone with him, and a night. The joy of a night in the open, making camp and cooking; the pleasure of sleeping under the stars!

Next morning, before daylight, Pedro had the mule packed and the ponies saddled, so that as the sun rose they started. What a day that was! Master and man talked together like friends. They spoke about the merits of their ponies, criticised the last bunches of cattle that had come in, joked and laughed away the twenty miles of track.

In the early afternoon they reached the pastures, and Billy rode on to inspect them, leaving Pedro to make camp. 'An hour, *señor*,' sang out Pedro; 'be no longer. I have a good supper that won't keep.'

A good supper it was—one of the old sort—chicken and chillies and beans, followed by a kind of fruit-jelly; then coffee in tin mugs—real Uruapan coffee.

Then they rolled themselves up in their blankets and began to talk. They always did this in the old days, talked till they fell asleep, one smoking a pipe, the other innumerable cigarettes.

Presently Pedro was silent. Billy watched the dark pine-tops above him, and listened to the stream at his feet. Then he sat up and took great breaths of air into his lungs. 'Oh Pedro,' he said at last, 'what a grand life this is!'

'This life of the road, *señor*?' asked Pedro.

'Yes, of the road, in the mountains, down on the plains; anywhere where the air is sweet and there is no roof, where you carry your home on a mule's back, and your food in a cartridge-case.' And Billy sighed as he sat, for the call of the road was on him.

Pedro was sitting upright now, looking intently into the dark pine-trees. 'This is the *only* life, *señor*,' he said.

'Pedro,' Billy ran on, 'do you know, I love it all. There's only one thing above it—my wife. If anything happened to her, any terrible thing, I should just pack up and trek into the mountains with you, Pedro, right away from the world of man; to be free, to try to live it down.' Then—as if ashamed of his outburst—he quickly burrowed down into his blankets. 'What utter rot I talk!' he said in English.

There was silence for a while but for the ever-whispering pines. Then Pedro in a low voice repeated, 'This is the *only* life, *señor*.'

But Billy never heard it, for Billy slept.

Next day all the old comradeship was continued until they were within two miles of home. Then Billy said, 'You come on quietly with the mule, Pedro. I'm going to hurry back to the *señora*.' And in a whirl of dust he was cantering down the road.

Pedro's thoughts came back with a jerk. His brief dream of the old days was gone, leaving him in a bad way. Always that woman before himself; quite natural perhaps, but possible to remedy. Then Pedro began to think; and, because of his half-tamed and passionate nature, his thoughts were bad.

A few weeks later Mrs Harding made up her mind to go to Mexico City, there were so many things to be bought for the house. Billy, owing to a press of work, could not afford the four or five days to go with her, so she was to go alone.

Pedro heard of this in a roundabout way; he was an outdoor servant, and Billy never thought of mentioning it to him. Then his brain got working as no rightly balanced brain could ever work.

Uruapan is in a large valley; to the north are mountains up which the railroad winds. In and out it twists, sometimes nearly looping back on itself in its efforts to find the easy grades. Only two passenger-trains pass over the line in the day, one from Uruapan at seven-thirty in the morning, one into Uruapan at six-thirty in the evening. A down freight-train comes into Uruapan an hour after the six-thirty passenger-train. So through the whole of the night not a train runs up or down the mountain until the morning passenger-train passes.

The day before Mrs Harding left, Pedro asked if he could have a day off and a horse. Both were readily granted him, and away he went. His road lay straight north through the mountains—a steep track, but in consequence far shorter than the railroad. He came to a place where the line ran out and round a kind of bluff. The track here was level, and the train would take the corner at a good pace, despite the sheer drop of two hundred feet on one side of it. Pedro picketed his horse among the pines, and lay in wait beside the permanent way.

The passenger-train passed, and then just before dark the freight-train. Then Pedro got to work. From the grade above he rolled a large rock. Exerting all his strength, he screwed and twisted it on the inside rail. This accomplished, he considered his work. Yes, there would be no time to stop; the cow-catcher would hit the rock, deflect the bogey off the rails, and engine and train would crash two hundred feet on to the trees below. And with the train would fall his master's wife! Never for a moment did Pedro give a thought to the forty or fifty other lives he was throwing away. His soul was black with hate, and for the time he was mad.

He threw away his cigarette; it lay near the rock. That reminded him he must be careful, and he picked it up and obliterated his tracks. He struck a match and looked at his watch, one Billy had given him. It told eight-thirty. Well, in eleven hours that thing would have happened that would drive his master back to the road again, back to him. He was well aware of the pain it would cause him, but he thought of the wild life before them, and knew it would heal. Great pain, great sorrow, for a while; then peace, the peace that comes with the open air, with nature. He turned and walked to his horse, mounted, and slowly rode back into town.

He slept that night in Uruapan, and next morning rode out to the plant. On his way he met Billy bowling along in a dogcart to catch the train. Billy pulled up. 'Good-morning, Pedro,' he said.

Pedro raised his large sombrero.

Billy went on, 'I forgot to tell you the *señora* goes to Mexico to-day.'

Pedro tried to look surprised. The *señora* smiled and nodded; she was getting on quite well with her Spanish.

'Yes,' Billy continued; 'and there is a man at Patzcuaro who has cattle to sell, so I am running up on the same train to have a look at them. Back to-night.' And with a flourish of his whip and a cheery good-bye he was off at a hard trot.

For a moment Pedro sat as if turned to stone. Patzcuaro lay on the other side of the bluff! Not far, but still on the other side, and his master would be aboard the train. Then his thoughts began to work like lightning. He could gallop to the station and warn the railway people; but that would never do, for how was he supposed to know the rock was there? Warn his master? Worse still. No, there was only one way: race the train to the bluff.

To think was to act with Pedro, and like a flash he swung his pony at the high bank flanking the road. With a scramble he was over in the maize-field beyond, galloping direct for the mountains.

He had the shorter road to go, but it was muscle *versus* machinery. Pedro knew it, and he never spared his mount. Straight up he went, sitting forward in his saddle, helping his fast-tiring pony all he knew. Presently he heard the train below him gasping and panting as it climbed. It sounded desperately close, and he laid his quirt across and across his pony's flanks, and the game little beast shot forward, battling against the steep incline. A gap in the belt of pine gave Pedro a glimpse of smoke, and he plied his spurs. The pony stumbled, saved himself, and struggled on, his breath coming and going in great gasps; another hundred yards and he was down.

Pedro was on his feet in a second, and a glance at the pony showed him that now he had to do it afoot; so away he sped up the

mountain. Leaving the horse-track, he climbed and ran out into the clearing, and there was the bluff before him; a final spurt and he reached the rock. Then began a struggle. He tried to push the rock off; but last night when he had placed it he was fresh; to-day he was exhausted with his race up the mountains. He paused a moment, wiping the sweat out of his eyes; then he heard the train again. Of course as a last resource he must run to the curve and flag it; but Billy would know, and he was no fool; he might put two and two together. No; one more try. This time he tried pulling, and he got his fingers in a niche and leant back, and the rock moved! He put one foot on the line and strained hard. Up it came and over—over so quickly that Pedro fell backward, and the rock rolled right across both his legs. For a moment he lay in agony; then he tried to free himself. The pain was too great. He thought his legs were broken, and he lay back. The train panted in the distance, and now that the danger was over it seemed a long way off. Pedro got his hands up to the rock, but it was useless. He began to think. The train would stop; his

master would see him. There would have to be explanations. Lies would do for the most of them, but not for his master.

Then the horror of the thing that, in his mad jealousy, he had nearly done—would have done had it not been for Billy's sudden call to Patzcuaro—dawned upon him in all its ghastliness.

Pedro groaned aloud, and the noise of the train drew nearer. How could his master ever forgive, ever forget? He understood many things, forgave readily, but this madness never. The train drew yet nearer. Pedro gazed round him bewildered, desperate. The gasps of the climbing engine were getting quicker; they had reached the level before the turn. Pedro screwed sideways in spite of his pain, and watched the corner for the coming train; then he thought of Billy's eyes when he had learnt, or guessed, the truth. That was a thing he could not, would not, face.

So, with a gasp, he wrenched out his revolver, put the muzzle in his mouth, and pulled the trigger.

THE END.

POTTED HYGIENE.

A PAPER SUBSTITUTE FOR CANS AND BOTTLES.

By ROBERT T. PATERSON.

THAT pessimistic pronouncement, 'Man never is but always to be blest,' would lose much in its application, and more of its accepted truth, were it possible to render man's body, and incidentally his mind, immune from the insidious attacks of noxious evolution as a result of the insanitary condition in which various articles of food are often supplied to him. Much has been done in this connection since the 'bad old days,' but that much remains to be done is evidenced by the continued and increasing war waged against Nature in her evil presentments.

The urban gentleman who was horrified by his first view of milk being extracted from a 'beastly cow,' whereas he was accustomed to obtain it from a 'nice clean can,' may have unconsciously aroused the first suspicion as to the alleged cleanliness of that universal receptacle. However this may be, there seems to be only too good reason to look askance upon the methods of milk-handling in the populous centres of Great Britain. Milk is a necessity; but while much that is tragic can be traced to its use, as a result of insanitary treatment, there is no reason why it should come to be regarded as a necessary evil were but proper methods of handling it employed. What constitutes proper methods has provided a theme for much expert and inexpert discussion, and amid the rattle of tin cans and the crash of bottles the wordy war has been waged. So im-

portant has the question become that it has recently been the subject of legislative inquiry—proof, if such were needed, that it has long passed the stage of academic study.

Were milk alone the victim of malign influence it would amply merit the interest which its preservation therefrom has aroused; but unhappily we have grim evidence that many other things designed for human consumption become the hapless object of the attentions of the besieging bacillus. To name a few of those which to-day, in the interests of alleged preservation, achieve the cold *hic jacet* of a tin—fish of various kinds, meats in endless variety, baby foods, preserves in their multitude, poultry, and that protean 'bag of mystery' the sausage—all these may suffer something more than a 'sea change' when the hordes of merry bacteria get busy.

It is perhaps meet that, in a country where they 'eat what they can, and can what they can't,' there should be instituted a revolution which in this connection brings matters literally to a climax. That it might appropriately be termed an anticlimax is borne out when it is stated that the erstwhile tin bids fair to be ousted by paper! In the United States of America there has been placed on the market a very cleverly designed 'container' made entirely of paper, in which, moreover, no glue or other messey substance is to be found. Passed through a

paraffin bath, which renders it liquid and worm and weevil proof, the paper is formed into cylindrical cartons, the inner case of which becomes hermetically sealed when closed, and so defies any form of bacteria; and, being non-radiating, it will preserve milk, ice-cream, &c. at the required temperature for a very appreciable period of time. These cartons are intended for single service—that is to say, when emptied of their contents they are discarded; but we can imagine the economical housewife according them an added regard when, as most efficient firelighters, they thus achieve apotheosis!

Three other classes of cartons supply demands appropriate to their design. We have seen that the liquid-proof containers hold dairy produce, and may also be used for oysters, shrimps, honey, jams, jellies, &c.; then the butter-containers carry out their obvious destiny; while those de-

signed for holding oils, grease, lard, sardines, &c. explain themselves. A fourth form is used for dry products, such as tea, coffee, sugar, spices, baking-powder, tobacco, &c., so that practically everything which involves carriage and delivery in compact form is provided for. In the matter of fragility there is nothing to fear, as these cartons, though made of paper, will bear the weight of a man. This apparently practical and really simple solution of an acknowledged sanitary difficulty has an added interest alike for manufacturer, exporter, and consumer in the matters of first cost and freight charges, for the cartons, while strong, are also light and easily handled.

It is the intention of the Climax Container Company, of Chicago, to place these cartons on the British market, when it is to be hoped the dread spectres of ptomaines, *et hoc genus omne*, may flee away into a belated oblivion.

THE DECOY.

By TAFFRAIL.

IT was exactly three days before that the scurrying seaplane, streaming westward to her 'mother ship' after her hazardous reconnoitring flight over the enemy's territorial waters, had reported one of the hostile battle-cruisers to be lying at anchor to the southward of the island of Norderland, with several light cruisers and destroyers in the inner anchorage. Of the remainder of the High Sea Fleet, that vaunted and much-advertised collection of vessels, neither she nor any of her aerial sisters scouting in other areas had sighted a trace.

Definite information as to the whereabouts of the enemy's main force was lacking, except perhaps at the Admiralty. It was nowhere in the North Sea, that was quite certain, for at stated intervals the British cruisers had swept right across its entire expanse to within ten miles of the hostile coast. Some people said that the opposing battleships were lying safe behind the guns and mines of Wilhelmshaven, waiting for the time when their submarine and destroyer attacks should have so reduced the numerical superiority of the British fleet as to make it worth while for the enemy to come out and fight on more or less equal terms. Others were of the opinion that the High Sea Fleet had returned to Kiel, where it was lying 'doggo,' as the saying is.

But the beauty of the whole situation was that the British main fleet had also vanished into space. It was 'somewhere in the North Sea,' if the newspapers were to be believed; but the North Sea is a very large place, and as a consequence the sallies of the German destroyers and submarines had met with no success so far as our battleships were concerned. It was a peculiar position, this species of blood-

less war; for, though the small craft on either side had come into sanguinary contact on more than one occasion, the main fleets had never been within a hundred leagues of each other. But the British public had good reason to bless the silent pressure exerted by its navy. The North Sea might well have been called the 'British Sea,' certainly not the 'German Ocean.'

And so it came about that a certain British light cruiser, which we will call the *Emerald*, found herself early one morning within twelve miles of the defended island of Norderland. Rather a hazardous position perhaps, for Norderland was studded with 12-inch guns capable of dealing with a battleship, while the little 3000-ton Britisher, built in 'nought five,' carried only twelve 4-inch quickfiring, and could not be relied upon to steam more than 'twenty-one and an onion,' as her own engineer lieutenant-commander expressed it.

The battle-cruiser lying somewhere just over the rim of the horizon, moreover, was a mastodon just eight times the *Emerald's* size. She could steam at least twenty-six knots, and was armed with ten great 11-inch and twelve 5.9-inch guns, besides an assortment of smaller weapons. It was a case of David and Goliath all over again; but the friends of the former, in this particular instance, would not have given odds of 500 to 1 on his chances of success.

The *Emerald*, however, was acting under the direct and explicit orders of the Admiralty, and her commanding officer was the only person who knew what was really happening. The others were beginning to regard themselves and their ship rather in the light of a burnt-offering; but at the back of their minds there always

lurked the idea that their vessel was only a pawn in some gigantic game of which they knew nothing, but which, at the same time, was being played for the benefit of anybody but themselves.

The dawn came in from the eastward with a rosy flush, and the paling sky overhead, streaked here and there with ragged wisps of rapidly moving mare's-tail cloud, became over-shot with the gorgeous opalescent colouring of the sunrise. It was blowing fresh from the north-eastward, and the grim gray dreariness of the sea, too disturbed to reflect the glory of the sky, was flecked with white horses. But the short, steep little waves were comparatively harmless. They did not even cause the little cruiser to pitch and roll, and only brought a curse or two to the lips of the men stationed at the guns as an occasional whiff of icy wind-flung spray hurtled across the low-lying decks like a volley of small shot. 'Christians, awake!' quoted the muffled-up figure of the lieutenant high up on the bridge. 'Thank the Lord for the daylight!'

'Why thank the Lord?' asked the first lieutenant, who, by virtue of his office and the smallness of the ship, was also the gunnery officer. 'There's not a perishin' thing in sight!' He seemed rather put out about it, and gazed round the gradually lightening horizon with disgust written on his face.

The navigator laughed. 'Cheer up, Number One!' he remarked. 'You ought to thank your lucky stars we didn't find ourselves under the guns of Norderland at daylight. I've been running on dead reckoning; and, as we've been inside the twenty-fathom line the whole way across, the lead hasn't been any earthly use at all.'

'I don't give a tinker's curse for Norderland!' retorted the other. 'What I do want is a nice little cruiser or a destroyer; something, at any rate, to ease off the guns at. The men are all grumbling that they've hardly fired 'em since the war started! The worst of you perishin' pilots, though,' he added half-seriously, 'is that you never seem to know whereabouts the ship is. Now, if I were a navigator'—

'I do know where I am on this occasion, though,' protested the officer responsible. 'That's one thing in favour of reciprocating engines, you can navigate the ship on the revolutions. I'll lay a small bet with you if you like.'

'About what?' demanded the first lieutenant suspiciously.

'That we pick up Norderland dead ahead within a quarter of an hour. Will you take me up? I'll give you two to one in half-crowns.'

'I never bet before noon,' replied Number One sanctimoniously, shaking his head. 'What's that you've got in that thermos bottle?'

'Cocoa. Have some?'

'Bet yer life.'

For some minutes there was silence while the first lieutenant drank the warm liquid. 'Thanks; that's good!' he remarked at last, handing the cup across. 'Where's the owner?'

'Down in the charthouse looking at the chart.'

'I wish he'd let us know what's happening. I can't help thinking there's something behind this show. Nobody in his sane senses would send a ship like this within twelve miles of—Hullo! here he is!' he added in a whisper, as the burly, greatcoated figure of the commander hove itself on to the bridge.

'Good-morning, Number One,' remarked the new-comer affably. 'Are your guns all ready manned, *et cetera*?'

'Yes, sir,' replied his subordinate.

'So much the better,' said the commander. 'I dare say you two would like to know what's going on, eh? I've not been able to tell you before; they wanted it kept dark.' He had heard the first lieutenant's last remark to the navigator.

'We should, sir,' they both answered at once.

The commander took them aside out of ear-shot, and talked rapidly for some minutes.

'D'you understand now why we're here?' he concluded with a smile.

'Perfectly, sir,' answered the first lieutenant, grinning all over his face. 'We're the bait, so to speak.'

'Yes, that's it,' resumed his senior. 'I am ordered to be within seven miles of Norderland by 4.30 this morning, and then we have to cruise about there at high speed for an hour, or until we're chased away. Lord help us, though, if there are any mines knocking about! We'd best be getting on,' he added; 'it's twelve minutes past four now. Shove her on at twenty knots, navigator.'

The engine-room telegraphs tinkled merrily; the *Emerald* began to move through the water; and the first lieutenant, leaving the bridge, went round his beloved guns to satisfy himself that everything was correct.

The officers and men all looked happy, supremely happy, and the sight of the little piles of ominous-looking yellow lyddite projectiles in rear of each gun only whetted their appetites. They were in for it at last, after weeks of weary waiting; and as the little cruiser steamed off in the direction of the rising sun, with the White Ensigns fluttering from her mastheads and rigging, there was not a man on board who wished himself elsewhere.

'We ain't got much money,' remarked the gunlayer of one of the midship guns, removing his eyes from the telescopic sight to superintend the ramming home of the yellow-painted projectile; 'but we do see life!'

'Let's 'ope we're goin' to, Sam,' the loading number observed, smacking the breech to behind the brass cartridge. 'We've been waitin' long enuf, an' I reckons'—

'You reckons wot?' demanded the gunlayer.
'I reckons it's just abart time we 'ad a picture
o' this 'ere ship in th' *Daily Mail*.'

The gun's crew giggled.

'Strewth, I 'ope so!' ejaculated the gunlayer
solemnly.

The navigator's reckoning was not far out,
for ten minutes later the rugged gray outline of
Norderland appeared slowly out of the slight
morning haze dead ahead. The island was about
eight miles off; and, steaming in another mile,
the *Emerald's* helm went over, and she sheered
abruptly to port.

The hostile lookouts were on the alert, for at
the same moment that the cruiser altered course
a winking light began to dance in and out, in
and out, somewhere near the summit. Its
message could not be deciphered, but there was
no mistaking its purport.

'They're asking us who the devil we are,'
muttered the commander, peering through his
glasses. 'The next item on the programme will
be a shell.'

He was perfectly correct; for, finding its
signals unanswered, the searchlight ceased its
flickering, and a moment or two later a sheet
of orange flame blazed out from one of the forts.
The island was fully fourteen thousand yards
distant, but the size of the flash showed that a
heavy gun had been fired.

Ten seconds—fifteen—thirty. Then there
came the deep-throated rumble of the discharge.
It was followed almost immediately by a gigantic
spout of spray about one thousand yards short
and well astern, and, with a whistling and a
screeching like an express train tearing through
a station, the giant projectile, clearly visible to
the naked eye, ricocheted off the water and
went sailing away through space, tumbling over
and over in its flight like a badly kicked Rugby
football.

'What infernal things they look!' remarked
the commander coolly. 'I hope to heaven one
of 'em doesn't hit us.'

'They'll have to make pretty good shooting
to get us at this range, sir,' remarked the first
lieutenant, who had returned to the bridge.
'We're over fourteen thousand, and at that
range the angle of descent is practically vertical.'

'I dare say, Number One,' the commander
agreed. 'But if they make any better shooting
I shall draw off a little and steer a zigzag course.
A single one of those would sink us outright if
it hit us and burst. The last one didn't explode,
I notice.'

Another flash from the island. Another
leaden-footed thirty seconds, and then the dull
BOOM—M of the great gun, followed by the
geyser of flung-up spray from its falling shell.

This time it came a good deal closer, barely
two hundred yards away on the starboard beam,
and, bursting on impact, the shower of knife-

edged steel slivers emerged from the dun-coloured
cloud of the detonation, and came whirring across
the water like a drove of angry hornets. They
came too close to be pleasant, far too close, for
several fragments whizzed over the bridge;
others rattled against the funnels, superstructure,
and hull like a handful of pebbles flung against
a corrugated-iron shed.

The detonation had taken place too far dis-
tant for the splinters to be really dangerous, but
for most of the *Emeralds* it was a baptism of
fire. They evinced no particular emotion, how-
ever; and now that the firing had once started
and the dreadful anticipation was over, the guns'
crews on deck merely shook themselves, looked
anxiously at each other, and then gave vent to
their bottled-up feelings in making remarks about
the enemy's gunnery.

At this stage of the proceedings the little
cruiser certainly had the luck on her side; for,
though over ten heavy shells were hurled at her,
she reached the end of her run without suffering
any casualties. Then, when the dull gray shape
of Norderland had all but disappeared in the
morning mist and the guns had ceased their
uproar, she turned on her heel to run the gaunt-
let again. Her commander was wise in his
generation, for the ship zigzagged in her course
as she went.

But for some reason the enemy's weapons did
not reopen their fire. It may have been due to
scarcity of ammunition, or perhaps the light
cruiser offered too difficult or too unworthy a
target, but at any rate the little ship was suffered
to steam on for fully ten minutes without a
round being discharged at her.

Then, quite suddenly, the mists lying on the
water to the right of the island seemed to roll
back, and the black rushing shapes of half-a-
dozen hostile destroyers became clearly sil-
houetted against the gray pall behind. They
were about six and a half miles distant—thirteen
thousand yards—but the bones in their teeth
(the white bow-waves) and the pall of black
smoke streaming horizontally behind them
showed that they were travelling at full speed.
They were steaming, moreover, directly toward
the *Emerald*.

The first lieutenant bent down with his lips
hovering over the voice-pipes communicating
with the guns. He made a rapid mental calcu-
lation. Say they were steaming at thirty knots,
a mile in two minutes. Suppose they intended
to close in to five thousand yards, and then to
fire their torpedoes. It was quite possible,
though risky for them, and it was on the cards
that the *Emerald* might be torpedoed, and the
first lieutenant had no intention of allowing
them to close in to the decisive distance.

He passed an order through the voice-pipe,
and the guns on deck slued round with their
lean muzzles pointing well into the air.

The minutes crawled, and the voice of the

range-finder operator droned monotonously; but on and on came the black rushing shapes. Then he glanced at the commander, who caught his eye and nodded; a muffled order went down the voice-pipe, and with the sharp smack of exploding cordite the first gun blazed out. It was followed in rapid succession by another, and then three more almost simultaneously. The ship quivered a little as her weapons spoke, and the guns' crews, with the joy of battle in their eyes, reloaded.

Eons of time seemed to pass before the projectiles drove home; but at last a ragged cluster of shell fountains leapt silently into the air some little distance short of the attacking flotilla, now advancing in a wedge formation, with the leader at the apex.

Another order down the voice-pipe, another ripple of fire, and then amid the spray fountains the first lieutenant caught a hasty glimpse of a bright flash and a small cloud of yellow smoke. One shell, at any rate, had gone home. He smiled to himself and passed another order.

This time it was hell let loose, for the range had been found, and the guns were fired as fast as they could be loaded and their gunlayers could lay them.

The attackers became obliterated in a spouting upheaval which lasted for nearly a minute, and then again the fire slackened. But the attack had not been beaten off yet, for three black shapes still came on.

The guns reopened, and then came another pause.

The leader of the three had stopped, her forepart a hideous shambles of twisted steel-work, and her deck swept clear of funnels, boats, masts, and guns. Down, down went her bows, and up came the stern until the rudders and propellers were clear of the water. She hung there for an instant, and then quietly settled down. Two of the others, one of them wreathed in a cloud of steam, floated motionless at impossible angles. Two more were limping shoreward as fast as their injuries would allow them. Only one appeared to be wholly undamaged.

'Shall we close in and finish 'em off, sir?' queried the first lieutenant with the mad lust of battle in his eyes. 'I'—

His words were cut short by the sullen boom of a heavy gun and an upheaval of water close to the *Emerald's* stern. The heavy report came from the south-eastward, to which quarter nobody had been paying very much attention; but now, with a hurried glance in that direction, the commander put his lips to the voice-pipe leading to the conning-tower. 'Hard a-port!' he ordered; for, looming out of the mist barely twelve thousand yards away, no great distance for an 11-inch gun, was the gray shape of a hostile battle-cruiser. She too was travelling at full speed, a speed which, if the reports were correct, had exceeded twenty-six knots on trial.

The *Emerald* could only steam twenty-one and a fraction.

The first lieutenant looked at their giant enemy, and then glanced at the commander to see how he was accepting the new situation. The latter looked perfectly calm and serene; and, profiting by his example, his subordinate grinned sheepishly; but still he could not help feeling rather nervous. He knew that the ship, to use his own expression, was only the bait, for it had been arranged that at dawn certain British submarines should be between her position and the island of Norderland. The little light cruiser, apparently unsupported, was there for the purpose of drawing the hostile leviathan to sea in chase of her, while the submarines were to attack the battle-cruiser as she came out.

But submarines had been known to go astray, and suppose they had not reached their position? That deficiency of five knots, too, was rather appalling. How was the first lieutenant to know that his commanding officer had not told him quite all of what was happening, and that, just over the rim of the horizon to seaward, say twenty miles distant, lurked a supporting force of three British battle-cruisers? They had been placed there by the originator of the scheme, a man who was not in the habit of sacrificing his light cruisers on the altar of immolation without rhyme or reason.

The young officer on the *Emerald's* bridge was painfully aware that the loss of his ship would be considered as of very little importance so long as the hostile battle-cruiser was destroyed. He was perfectly willing to sacrifice himself and all he possessed for the sake of his country; but the cold-blooded anticipation of the deed was rather dreadful.

His thoughts were suddenly cut short by another report from the chasing vessel, and this time her projectile dropped perilously close astern. It burst, and once more the splinters came whizzing through the air. This time some of them found their billet, for a moment later there was a cry for stretcher-parties; and, glancing aft, the first lieutenant saw several figures lying prone on the upper deck.

The battle-cruiser fired slowly, for her foremost turret alone would bear; but she was approaching her quarry at the rate of about one hundred and sixty-six yards a minute, and her shooting was getting accurate.

Exactly how the projectile pitched the first lieutenant never quite knew; but there suddenly came an appalling crash and a clatter from aft. He had a fleeting impression of a sheet of lurid yellowy-violet flame, a pall of thick gray smoke and black dust from a coal-bunker, and an upheaval of flying *débris*. The shell had apparently burst on striking the deck, for when the pall had cleared away the after-funnel had vanished. There was a great gaping orifice in the deck itself, while the wooden planking, torn and

riven in all directions from its steel foundation underneath, burned with a sickly yellow flame. One gun had been wrenched from its seating and hurled overboard, and more figures lying in impossible contorted attitudes showed that the great projectile had done its work only too well.

The *Emerald's* speed slackened. Flames, sparks, and volumes of dense black smoke and white high-pressure steam hovered round the orifice where the funnel had once stood, and already the tongues of orange flame were licking round the woodwork in the vicinity.

Then came a cry for fire-parties.

The first lieutenant waited no longer, but, scrambling down from the bridge, ran aft along the upper deck, shouting for men as he went. How they ever rigged the hose he never quite remembered; but after what seemed an interminable delay three jets of water were spouting on the blazing *débris*. Black figures, looking like demons capering round the crater of some spouting volcano, danced in and out of the horrible inferno of smoke, steam, and flame. The acrid fumes of the blazing wood, the bitter, sickly taste of the explosive which had wrought all the damage, and the all-pervading odour of steam and coal-dust assailed their eyes and nostrils; but they fought valiantly, pitting their puny strength against the might of the elements.

'Stick to it, men! Stick to it!' the first lieutenant found himself saying with monotonous regularity. He looked down and saw he was manipulating the branch-pipe of a fire-hose. He had seized it by instinct without being fully conscious of his action; but his thoughts, somehow, seemed far away from the fire. 'Stick to it!' It sounded so very trite and commonplace, rather as if he were encouraging a boat's crew at a regatta. He racked his brains to think of other words of encouragement, but could think of nothing.

Then came the screech and explosion of another falling shell. There was no crash this time; but a man near the officer suddenly spun round and fell to the deck. Then, somehow, his own right arm seemed suddenly to become paralysed and useless, for it dropped limply to his side. He paid no attention to it, and shifted the grasp of the hose to his left hand. Soon afterwards there was a deep reverberating B-O-O-M. The air trembled. It was certainly no gun. He heard volleys of cheers. The clouds of smoke and steam drifted to leeward on the breeze; but inch by inch, foot by foot, the fire was vanquished, until only a few spirals of flame danced in and out of the charred and blackened woodwork. A quivering haze rose from the scene of the conflagration; and, leaving his men with orders to keep their hose playing, the first lieutenant went forward to report. He glanced down at himself as he went, wondering at his scorched uniform. He looked at his left hand, blackened and blistered with the fire; and then, the excitement

over, suddenly realised that his right arm was numb. He tried to lift it, but could not, and, feeling irritated, looked down at his right hand. It was bright crimson, and ominous-looking drops were slowly falling from his fingers to the deck.

'My God!' he muttered, aghast at the sight, 'I must be wounded! Wounded! How beastly annoying!' The pain in his right shoulder became excruciating. He tried to open and shut his fingers, but without success.

He never remembered reaching the bridge; but the fact that he had a report to make had fixed itself in his mind, and he somehow found himself crawling up the steep ladder. 'The fire's out, sir! The fire's out!' he repeated mechanically, going up to the commander. 'I'm damned thirsty!' he added with a sickly smile. 'Got anything?' He swayed ominously.

'Poor devil!' he heard some one say; 'he's been hit in the shoulder.' He did not realise that he himself was being referred to, but saw the navigator run forward to assist him. Then a gray mist swam before his eyes, and he collapsed quietly to the deck.

About thirty hours later the *Emerald* steamed slowly into Sheerness harbour. She bore little resemblance to her former trim self, for her third funnel had vanished, while the after-part of the waist was a battered conglomeration of twisted steel and charred, riven woodwork. But what did it matter? The British submarines had done their work; and the hostile battle-cruiser, torpedoed close to the after-magazine, lay quietly on the bottom in nineteen fathoms of water.

The gunlayer of the *Emerald's* port midship gun had his wish gratified, for three days later a photograph of the ship appeared in the *Daily Mail*. Below it appeared two rows of heads labelled 'killed' and 'wounded.'

'Strewth!' murmured the loading number, pointing to one of the reproductions, 'that ain't arf like our old Sam!'

But poor Sam, the gunlayer, figured amongst the killed.

SONNET.

LAKE LUCERNE.

I LOVE to watch thee dimm'd by mist and rain,
At morning when perturbed to mild unrest,
Or noon-kist; but I know a dearer zest
At evening when the light begins to wane,
And o'er thy water creeps a scarlet stain
Like magic roses opening on thy breast.
Oh fading cheek by fainting lover pressed!
Oh glory that can never bloom again!

But most I love thee when the wizard night
Moves tenderly from o'er the moonlit hills,
And bathes thy bosom with a holy light,
And all thine heart with sacred silence fills;
For fancy mounts on heavenward-beating wings,
And round my life God's deathless glory flings.

PERCY SCHOFIELD.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

A RISE IN HIS SALARY.

By KATHARINE COX.

CHAPTER I.

THE door closed behind the head-clerk's shabby back; and Skene, seated at the big writing-desk in the centre of the room, smiled grimly. Once more he had proved himself to be a man of strong and iron will, who would never allow his head to be governed by his heart, and give way to mawkishness and sentimentality. A rise in salary indeed!

It was unlike Cooper, usually the meekest of men, to have dared to suggest such a thing. But it would have been still more unlike Cooper's employer to grant the request; he rubbed his thin hands together, and an expression which was as near an approach to a smile as he ever achieved passed over his stern features. The fellow had always been perfectly satisfied hitherto. What did he want a rise for? Preposterous!

Skene remained seated at the writing-desk a little longer, carefully locking away in the drawers sundry letters and papers; then, rising, walked out of the handsomely furnished private room into the outer office. It was Saturday afternoon, a half-holiday; but though all the frivolous, idle good-for-nothings in his employ always took advantage of the—in his opinion deplorable—institution, he himself rarely did, and this afternoon he was going down to a remote village in Essex to see a rich client who was altering her will for the twentieth time!

As he had anticipated, the office was practically deserted; even Cooper—dull, bald-headed fossil of that age!—had flung down his work as soon as the clock struck two. The junior clerks and the office-boy were by this time, doubtless, staring their foolish eyes out at picture palaces. Only Miss Jenkins, the head-typist, still remained at her post. But then Miss Jenkins was always the first to come and the last to leave; he himself was not a harder worker.

Skene shot a cursory glance at her as he passed. No woman interested him, Miss Jenkins least of any; but whenever he saw her he was unable to avoid marvelling at her amazing unattractiveness. A sloppy figure wearing huge spectacles, clad in the dowdiest of garments, and with an untidy mop of grayish hair, she was a great contrast to the other typist, Miss

Carey, who was pretty, and wore low-necked blouses with a good deal of blue ribbon showing through their seductive transparency, open-work stockings, and paste ear-rings.

'You have not done yet?' Skene remarked.

Without looking up from her Remington, the dowdy typist answered, 'I have a couple of letters to finish.'

She spoke in a dull, curiously toneless voice, and Skene squirmed. That voice of Miss Jenkins always irritated him. Still, the woman was good at her work. No other stenographer of her capabilities, he knew, would slave from 9 A.M. till 6 P.M. for a pound a week; and, almost repulsive though she was, he would be a fool to part with her.

The lawyer dismissed her from his mind, and a little later, having already lunched, was in a first-class smoking compartment, with an expensive cigar between his lips—his stinginess to his employes was proverbial, but he was careful of his own comforts—and an early edition of the evening paper in his hand. The train was soon rushing through a panorama of sweet-scented hay-fields, sunny uplands, and wooded hills. The summer sunshine outside the window laughed and beckoned; but Skene heeded none of it, he was engrossed in the 'share market.' Nature, even in her loveliest garb of July, did not interest him; money did, and he noted with satisfaction that all his own investments were doing splendidly.

Skene alighted at the small wayside station where presently the train drew up. There were no cabs, of course, in a one-horse place like this; but he had expected old Miss Blair to send a carriage to meet him. However, as she was quite as selfish regarding other people's comfort as he was, she had not done so. Extremely annoyed and fuming, he set out on the three-mile trudge to Blair Court. He would make the old hag pay for this—in her bill! Not many men would have given up their half-holiday for an old maid's fads and fancies! It was such a scorching afternoon, too; and a tail-coat and silk hat, together with rather tight patent-leather boots, were not exactly ideal garments in which to tramp along the dusty highway.

The atmosphere seemed to grow sultrier, and

when at last he reached his client's house he was almost exhausted. The old lady was more than usually trying; and when, after occupying over an hour, she sent him back to the station again without offering him even a cup of tea, far less a carriage, his wrath against her increased. The walk from the station had been bad enough, but the return to it was worse. The heat was still intense; but the sky had now become overcast, and presently Skene heard an ominous muttering of thunder. Then, almost immediately afterwards, down pelted such a storm of rain as he had seldom encountered. He had no umbrella, and as long darts of forked lightning now shot across the livid sky he was afraid to shelter under a tree, and grew alarmed. He had more than a mile yet to go. What might not happen to him in such a terrific thunderstorm as this?

Glancing anxiously up and down the road, he would have welcomed even a cowshed, but there was no building of any kind in sight. What, in the name of bad fortune, was he to do?

He started running, with his hands before his face to shut out the blinding lightning, and presented by now a sorry sight. The smart silk hat was reduced to pulp; his collar hung limply round his neck; his clothes were soaked. The thunder rolled like some devilish artillery; the trees rocked and moaned; he wondered if one would fall upon him. It was quite possible that he might be killed.

Then, suddenly turning the bend in the road, Skene came upon a little insignificant house, so insignificant that he had passed it before unnoticed; a jerry-built house at which, ordinarily, he would have scoffed. He was not in the mood for scoffing at anything now. Dashing up the little front-garden path, he seized the door-knocker.

The gimcrack knocker refused to knock. Skene tugged at the bell, which refused to ring; then he beat upon the door with his hands.

Through the thin walls it was possible to hear sounds within the house. Skene heard little quick footsteps running along the passage. Then the door opened, and there stood before him a small girl of about seven or eight in a pinafore. She peeped out at him shyly and a little apprehensively, for instinctively a frown had gathered between Skene's brows; he did not like children. Then, evidently bravely choking back any nervousness which she felt, she said, with a pretty lisp, 'Do you want to see my uncle Jimmy?'

'I do not know your uncle Jimmy,' was Skene's reply; 'but what I want is temporary shelter from this storm. Will you give it to me?'

He was so unused to children that it did not strike him that his mode of expression was perhaps somewhat above his small hearer's comprehension.

However, she was an intelligent youngster, and, though at first she appeared puzzled, she presently smiled. 'Of course,' she said. 'You are afraid of catching cold! And you are dreadfully wet, as wet as my poor dolly Rosa when I fetched her in just now from the garden. Come inside and be dried.'

She turned, and Skene followed her into a small room on the right of the ugly little hall. It was a terribly small room, gimcrack from the imitation turkey carpet to the dried grasses in the cheap glass vases on the mantelpiece; and yet, somehow, it was cheerful and homelike. The hot afternoon had turned—as it so often does after a thunderstorm—into a chilly evening, and a bright fire blazed on the hearth. Before the fire, in a comfortable arm-chair, reclined a bald-headed and decidedly disreputable-looking doll; and in the fender, drying, were sundry garments of the doll at which, had they belonged to a human being, Skene would have blushed. In the centre of the table, which was laid for tea, was a bowl filled with sweet-peas; and a tabby-cat lay curled up in the window-seat.

'Now,' said the little girl—she moved to the arm-chair and lifted the doll—'you must come and sit down, please, and dry yourself. Rosa has had the chair a long time, and she mustn't be selfish.'

The selfish Rosa being transferred to the window-seat beside the cat, Skene, nothing loath, took her place. His small hostess hovered about him anxiously.

'I do hope you won't catch cold!' she cried. 'Of course it would be better if you took your things off; but then you would have to put some more on, and I'm afraid my clothes would not fit you.'

'No,' said Skene, 'I'm afraid they would not.'

'And Sarah's clothes is all locked up. Sarah's our servant, and this is her afternoon out. And Uncle Jimmy's is all locked up too, or I would get you some of his.'

'Where is your uncle Jimmy?' said Skene suddenly.

It was all very well to burst unceremoniously into an utter stranger's house, oust a young lady like Rosa from the chair which she evidently regarded as her right, and accept calmly the kindly ministrations of a child of eight; but, after all, there must be some other inhabitant of this happy little homestead besides a doll, a child, and a cat; somebody who perhaps might not welcome him so unquestioningly as his present small hostess.

'Where is, and who is, your uncle Jimmy?' Skene said rather sharply.

The child looked up. In the grown-up, almost old-womanish, manner which sat upon her so quaintly, she was in the act of filling the brown earthenware teapot on the table with boiling water from the kettle on the hob.

'Uncle Jimmy!' she echoed. Her blue eyes widened; she looked at Skene as if he had asked some question which was almost ridiculous—who the king of England was, for instance, or why cats did not bark like dogs. 'Why, I thought everybody knew my uncle Jimmy! He's—he's just the kindest, and cleverest, and most wunnerful person in the whole of the world! Oh, you don't know how clever he is! He can make old women's faces out of walnut-shells, and he can play most lovely tunes with a bit of paper over a comb! And—and—the pink of her cheeks deepened, the blue eyes glistened—'I've been so happy! I've felt like one of the princesses in the fairy story-book he reads to me since I came to live with him in this dear little house! I only came a month ago, you know—I came with Rosa. Rosa had no clothes to speak of, and, as Sarah said, I hadn't either; but Uncle Jimmy bought'—

Skene made a curious clicking noise with his tongue and his teeth, and the child instantly stopped.

'Are—are you angry with me?' she asked; and Skene, for the first time in his life, felt embarrassed. Hang it all! he had not meant to frighten the child. It was his nature to display impatience when females—he was the type that classifies all women as 'females'—chattered; but—well, she was scarcely like the

ordinary, foolish, tiresome feminine creature, this small person with the wide blue eyes and bobbing yellow curls. And she had shown him great kindness and hospitality. He forced a smile—a curious, unnatural sort of contortion, certainly; still, it rendered his stern face a trifle less forbidding than it was usually.

'My dear, of course I am not angry! Only—like all—er—females, you wander somewhat from the point. I know now *who* your uncle Jimmy is—he is the kindest, cleverest, and most wonderful man the world ever knew—eh?' he chuckled. It was a ghastly sound, as unnatural as his smile; still, it had the desired effect, for the child seemed to lose some of her recent timidity, and came a little nearer to him. 'What I have still to learn, however, is *where* he is.'

'He went out to post a letter,' said the little girl, 'before the storm came on. I 'spected him back before this, but p'raps he has stopped somewhere 'cos of the wain.' She suddenly rushed to the window with a joyous shriek: 'Oh, he's coming up the path now!'

There was the sound of a latch-key being fitted into the little jerry-built front-door, and then the door of the sitting-room opened. The child sprang forward with another joyous shout; and Skene, turning, saw her in the arms of his head-clerk, Cooper!

(Continued on page 121.)

WHERE THE POST-OFFICES OF SEVEN NATIONS COMPETED.

By DOUGLAS B. ARMSTRONG.

BY the repeal of the Turkish capitulations on 1st October 1914 the Ottoman capital is robbed of one of its most remarkable and picturesque features—the foreign post-offices. Constantinople has hitherto been unique amongst the cities of Europe in the number and variety of postal facilities that it afforded. Indeed, the sojourner in the Golden Horn suffered from an *embarras des richesses* when requiring to make use of the post-office, in the many nationalities that competed for his custom.

Not only were the services of the Imperial Ottoman post-office, with its special foreign department, at his disposal, but those also of France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Great Britain; and since no one ever thought of entrusting his communications to the Turkish post-office, his ultimate choice would probably be determined by his nationality. In the Rue Verwoda and in the Grand Rue de Galata the imposing establishments of the foreign post-offices were encountered at almost every turn, and through them and their branches and agencies in the principal ports and commercial centres

throughout the Turkish Empire the bulk of the foreign postal business was transacted, with a resulting loss to the Ottoman revenue of over half-a-million sterling each year.

Between the hours of six in the morning and six in the evening any one could make use of these post-offices for the transaction of all classes of postal business. They were in the charge of European officials representing the postal departments of their respective Governments, and had daily arrivals and despatches of mails in sealed bags which never passed through the hands of the Ottoman post-office.

Letters had to be taken to and fetched from the offices, except the German post-office, which had a delivery service; whilst letter-boxes belonging to the Austrian agency were found in some of the principal hotels.

The rates of postage were uniformly one piastre per twenty grammes, and thirty paras for each twenty grammes additional or a fraction thereof, for letters, twenty paras for post-cards, and ten paras per fifty grammes for printed matter.

All the foreign post-offices were provided with

the contemporary postage-stamps of the home country surcharged on the face with the equivalent values for which they were sold in Turkish money. This practice was first adopted in 1884, as a result of the depreciation in the Ottoman currency, by which the exchange value of the local piastre was reduced from twopence halfpenny to twopence farthing. It was soon discovered that, on account of this difference in the rate of exchange, quantities of postage-stamps of the various nations were being purchased at a discount, and used as remittances to the home country. In order, therefore, to circumvent this illicit traffic, it was deemed expedient to place upon the stamps sold at the foreign postage agencies in Turkey some distinguishing mark which would render them invalid for use in the home country, and accordingly they had since been surcharged in the manner described. Ordinary unsurcharged stamps might, of course, be used for payment of postage at these agencies, although not on sale there. Several of the offices, however, had special issues in sterling currency for use on parcels and printed matter, on account of an arrangement with the railway and steamship companies contracting for the carriage of the mails.

The stamps of the Levant post-offices form an interesting and attractive group of issues much favoured by philatelists by reason of their political and historical associations.

There were in active operation in the Turkish Empire about one hundred and three foreign postal agencies controlled from the head post-offices in Constantinople, comprised as follows: Austrian, thirty-seven; French, twenty-four; Russian, twenty; German, eight; Italian, nine; and British, five. They owed their existence to the survival of an ancient custom, dating back to the Middle Ages, whereby each nation was privileged to maintain its own service of postal couriers to establish communication with its ambassadors, merchants, and citizens abroad, the couriers being permitted to come and go without let or hindrance through all neutral states. Those were the days when organised posts were few in number, and letters were liable to be delayed and not infrequently tampered with in transmission, particularly if they chanced to be of an official or political character; hence the necessity for the courier posts. In this way post-offices were established by the French Government in Venice in the year 1560, and subsequently in Rome (1580), Genoa (1595), Turin (1650), Geneva (1669), and in Liège (early in the eighteenth century); whilst under treaty arrangement the French postal service operated in Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, Tuscany, the Papal States, Genoa, &c.

As early as 1721 courier posts were in operation between the Russian and Austrian missions in Constantinople and their respective capitals, the couriers travelling to and from the borders of the state under an escort of janissaries furnished

by the Ottoman Government. A few years later these services commenced to accept private correspondence for transmission, and in time developed into regular public posts, and as such were freely used by the English and Dutch merchants of Constantinople. The right of the missions to maintain these courier posts was recognised by the Treaty of Kutschuk Kainardje; and under the most favoured nation clause of this and subsequent treaties, the privilege was extended to France (1812), Great Britain (1832), Greece (1834), Egypt and Germany (1870), and Italy (1873). An abortive attempt to secure a similar concession for Roumania was made in 1896. It is said that Venetian and Neapolitan sea-posts also existed early in the eighteenth century, but they have long since passed into obsolescence.

Despite the fact that reforms in the Turkish postal service had removed all actual necessity for the maintenance of these foreign offices in the interests of the mercantile community, they remained as an outward and visible sign of authority and in pursuance of treaty rights. Numerous efforts have been made by the Porte in the past to secure their abolition, and on more than one occasion the vexed question of the foreign post-offices has brought Turkey to the brink of war; but until now these efforts were without avail. When the formation of the Postal Union was first mooted, the Ottoman Government notified the Powers concerned of its intention to 'broach, develop, and sustain before the Congress the question of the suppression of the foreign postal agencies in the Empire, as constituting an anomaly derogatory to its sovereign rights and an anachronism without any actual cause.' But the Bern Convention of 1875 declared itself incompetent to deal with the question; although, by means of direct diplomatic representations, the suppression of the Greek and Egyptian offices was secured in 1881; whilst two years later the Italian service was also suspended. Meanwhile, in order to compete with the foreign post-offices, a special international branch of the Turkish post-office was organised in the business quarter of Constantinople, with an express mail service to Europe *via* Varna, but without achieving any startling result.

When the Oriental Railway linking up the Turkish capital with Europe was finally completed in 1888, instructions were issued that the mail-bags of the foreign post-offices were not to be accepted for transmission over the system, the Porte hoping in this way to destroy competition. Formal protests were, however, entered by the Ministers of the Powers, with the result that provisional permission was granted, which has since been prorogued indefinitely.

The Armenian troubles of 1895 provided excuse for a further protest against the existence of the international postal agencies, on the ground of the introduction of seditious matter into the Empire through their medium. British, French,

and German postal officials were actually placed under arrest; but the representations of the ambassadors secured their release.

Again in May 1901, when British and Austrian postal agencies were opened in Salonica in connection with the extension of the railway to that port, the foreign mail-bags were seized at the station by Turkish gendarmerie and conveyed under escort to the Ottoman post-office there. Simultaneously a note demanding the suppression of the foreign post-offices was presented to the Powers, but was returned by the Embassies; and on 16th May, Tewfik Pasha expressed regret for the incident on behalf of the Sultan, and stated that no further obstacles would be raised. During the embargo on the postal agencies, the mails were conveyed to and from the frontier in charge of special couriers.

Notwithstanding the Porte's assurances, a flat refusal was returned early in 1908 to the request for permission to reopen the Italian post-offices in Turkey, and it was only the threat of a naval demonstration in force that induced the Ottoman Government to reconsider its decision and declare that 'so long as the Italian Government only desired to open post-offices in the five towns where there already existed the post-offices of other Powers, there was no reason to adopt toward Italy different treatment from that accorded to the other Powers.' In the following year, as a step toward the complete abolition of the foreign post-offices, the Austrian Government was induced

to close nine of its post-offices established in towns where no other foreign postal agency existed.

The reorganisation of the Turkish postal service by Belgian officials in 1909 led to the reopening of the question of the postal agencies of the Powers, and as an alternative to their suppression the suggestion was put forward for their amalgamation in a single international exchange post-office; but, as usual, the negotiations proved abortive.

An interesting feature of the situation was the issue by the Ottoman post-office of special stamps for foreign postage, distinguished by the imprint of a small five-rayed star, which were sold to business houses at a discount of 20 per cent. off their face-value as an inducement to use the Turkish postal service in preference to those of the Powers. These 'rebate stamps' also entitled the sender to a formal receipt for foreign letters handed in at the native post-offices.

As usual, formal protests were entered by the ambassadors of the six nations against the repeal of the 'capitulations' announced by the Porte; but in face of the disturbed condition of European politics the suppression of the foreign post-offices has this time become *un fait accompli*. This achievement of postal independence has been commemorated by the Turkish Government imposing an Arabic overprint on the contemporary postage-stamps, signifying 'Capitulations abrogated 1330.'

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER VIII.—AT THE HOUSE OF THE GARTH.

THE avenue was ill-kept and gloomy-looking. Tall trees flanked the sides, a thick and pathless undergrowth stretching under them. The arched branches overhead almost touched each other; and, although it was not nearly evening, on entering the avenue semi-darkness, as in a curtained chamber, suddenly enwrapped us. I caught a glimpse of the house now and then through the trees, and coming to a smooth carpet of grass, saw The Garth for the first time. A huge dog lying at the door rose and bayed as he heard our footsteps, and seeing his mistress, came to greet her. He sniffed at my legs. The size of the brute and his rumbling growls disquieted me.

'Poor Col!' said she. 'He is too old to do mischief; but his looks frighten strangers, the wandering tinkers, and such-like folk who sometimes come from Edinburgh. And there is never a dog that is so light a sleeper and so good a sentry as Col! If his bark is worse than his bite, it is useful sometimes in a lonely place like this.'

In truth, there was a solitary and heavy air about The Garth. There was no sign of life. Indeed, most of the windows were shuttered. The great studded door was closed, and the place

looked worse than plain; it was featureless, unless dourness, in the word of the North, be counted a feature. Many old houses seem to challenge the imagination, hinting at history, character in their architecture; the very windows of them are eyes welcoming, indifferent, or even asleep. But stillness and the shuttered windows of The Garth savoured more of death than sleep.

We crossed the lawn, and, to my surprise, the girl did not approach the big shuttered door (the main entrance to the house), but hurried to the right, and, coming to a gravelled path, halted and turned to me.

'I must ask you to wait here for a moment or two,' she said, in her speech a delightful blending of gentleness and authority. 'I take shame to say this to a guest, but it—it is necessary. I shall return immediately.'

She beckoned to the two men who had gone before, and the three left me standing where I was. My eyes followed her until she disappeared round the corner of the house. The sound of the shutting of a door came, and on the heels of it a dead silence, save for a faint and melancholy rumour, the sound of the incoming tide.

I had time to take stock of the house and surroundings. It was a plain angular building of two storeys, and, judging by the number of windows, held a goodly number of rooms. The front lay to the southward, and from where I stood I faced the west side of The Garth. One room only was unshuttered. I remember the September sun shining on it. The roof was flat, bordered by a quaint little parapet about two feet high, broken here and there by a loop-hole. A level sweep of turf fronted the house, backed by a thick coppice, and a little archway of beeches flanked it on the east. Two or three shabby outhouses behind the building, an unkempt, neglected-looking orchard with a score or so of apple-trees, a stone-built turreted dovecot, and a wooden stable made up the rest.

The silence was irksome. There was no sign of man or beast. Not a feather of smoke came from the chimneys. Had I not met the girl and her retainers I would have wagered heavily that the house was empty and deserted.

The sound of a door opening softly, and then a footstep crunching the ground, reached me. It was one of the two men. He came straight up to me and said in a silly voice, like a parrot that had its speech by heart, 'You are to come.'

'Where?' I asked him, thinking that perhaps he might let fall some crumbs of information; but all he answered, or could answer, was, 'You are to come.' There was nothing for it but to go with him. Little recking the events that hung on my going, I signalled him to show me the way, and followed him. We went round the corner at the back of the house, and the door half opened instantly on a tap from my escort. We stepped inside.

The other man (the one whom I had tossed over my shoulder) was standing behind the door. He closed and barred it instantly, and without a word the three of us went along a stone-flagged corridor. I was shown into a room at the end of it. Seated at a table was the lady of my adventure on the links. A couch was the only other piece of furniture in the room. To my astonishment, the door was locked behind me, and the men ranged themselves on either side of me, for all the world as though I had been in the dock. I was not invited to sit down, and stood in a puzzled and frowning silence. The girl's steady hazel eyes were on me from the moment I entered the room, and I saw in her face a striking change. The spark in her eyes was hard, and her lip curled.

'No doubt, while you were waiting, you were pluming yourself on your cleverness in outwitting a woman,' she began. 'That at its best is a sorry business for a man; but when he fails, then it is the woman's turn to plume herself.'

'I suppose so, madam, unless she is unlike the rest of her sex.'

I contrived a laugh, but it rang hollow, for I was nettled and mystified. Either she was a

consummate actress, bent on amusing herself for an idle hour, or there was some strange error, some affair of so urgent a gravity that she did not shrink from deception, or even force.

'He laughs best who laughs last; and I imagine, unless you are honest with me, that you may have little cause for laughter, and less time to indulge in it.'

'Little cause!' 'Less time!' I protest this is beyond my wits to understand. You charge me, I gather, with outwitting a woman.'

'Trying to outwit.'

'Let us not split threads. Outwitting or trying to, the substance of it remains, and when I laugh you threaten me with pains and penalties. To be plain with you, madam, I have suffered enough inconvenience here over a trifle for one day. If this be a jest, I am in little humour for one. If you are serious, I regret that the whole matter is as dark as night to me, and it can be but an idle and profitless course for me to stay here longer. I repeat, if I can be of the slightest service to you in this or any other matter, you may command me. Meanwhile, I am to be found at the "White Horse" in the Canongate. I have the honour to wish you good-day.'

I summoned as much dignity and control as I could, and, inwardly hot with rage and humiliation, with a bow turned to leave.

'You do not leave until I give the order,' she said, her fingers drumming the table. 'You have the makings of an excellent actor, Mr—Layton.' She spoke a couple of words in Gaelic to the two men. Pistol in hand, they put their broad backs against the door.

'In Heaven's name, madam,' I cried, 'I am not playing a part. Who is the head of this house? I demand to see him.'

'I am the head of my house.'

'Then I ask you to let me know the issue between us. I am a gentleman, and a man of honour.'

She held up an imperious little white hand. 'Spare me, I pray you! But a few minutes ago I thought so. At first I suspected your sudden rescue of the ruffian from my servants; but I listened to you, and thought I saw in your action something of chivalry. Chivalry! When a gentleman and a man of honour, as you are pleased to announce yourself, prowls round a house, and comes to the rescue of a would-be thief, he ought to have his wits about him. For example,' she said slowly, 'he should be careful to carry any important letters on his person and not in his holster.'

I stared at her in blank amazement.

'His holster!' I echoed. 'Mine is on my horse's back where I left him in the wood by the sea an hour ago.'

'I took the liberty of having it examined. Your horse is in the stables, and your papers are in my possession.'

Now all the papers I possessed were a letter

of introduction to the Writer to the Signet and perhaps a jotting of plans or notes relating to my succession to Darehope, and these I had left in my room at the 'White Horse.'

'For Heaven's sake, madam, let us get to the heart of this matter. I know of no papers that would warrant your taking the slightest passing interest in them.'

'Enough. When did you leave Bar-le-Duc?'

'Bar-le-Duc! I have never been out of England till a few days ago, when I crossed the Border. All this mystery is childish.'

She flushed angrily and rose from the table. 'Childish! Although I may be a child, if I but move my little finger you shall have reason to alter that word. Childish!' She stamped her little foot, repeating the word again and again.

'Madam, I am tired of asking pardon for unintentional offences. I meant no rudeness to yourself. Only, I am unaccustomed to this. Here I am, a prisoner, if I mistake not, and under cross-examination by a'—

'A child. Go on,' said she.

'By a lady who invites me to the hospitality of her house, and under her roof makes me a prisoner. Add to this that my holster has been rifled, and that my mind is a blank regarding the nature of my offence, and you will see that my situation is intolerable. I demand to be confronted with the head of the house, and to hear precisely the charge against me.'

'The duties of the head of the house (except the bearing of arms) are laid upon me, and I shall carry them out;' and there was beauty and courage in the poise of her small head.

'Then all I ask is that you carry out any of these duties with which you may imagine I am concerned with as little delay as possible. I am to sup with a friend in Edinburgh to-night, and have no intention of being late.'

'I think, sir, that your host will be hungry enough if he waits for you,' she said; and then, looking at me in the eyes (there was sorrow as well as anger in her own), unfolded a slip of paper. 'This was found in your holster. I shall read it, although doubtless you have its contents by heart.' She read aloud the following letter, slowly, glancing now and then at my face:

'As I am like to be delayed with the P.S.

army this by the hand of a kinsman of my own. He is starting with an advance party, and knows you by headmark and by repute. He has been told where to find you. His orders from me are that this concerns immediate affairs of State, and is to be given to no externs, but into your own hand and by himself, secretlie, and that well done this will carry credit to himself with the PS Counsels and person.

'I have discovered that the M.D.A. never reached Inverness, but of her situation, whether on the High Seas, or at the bottom, or hidden in some secret harbour, I ken nothing. But, as you are aware, the falcon-gentle is down by, and the Kestrel will no be far off, unless he is dround. This news would be meat and drink to me, if only we kent of the safety of his valise. It will be but a mornin's work for you to lure the falcon-gentle, and a word got about the K. I will be before Edinburgh in a week, if all goes as well with the P.S. cause as the late happenings warrant. To-day a great body of Atholl's men joined us, and there are promises of many more. In great haste. R.'

She read this slowly and clearly. 'Well, man of honour, what have you to say?' Words cannot convey the ice in her voice.

'Madam, what you have read may be of affairs that touch you or yours at the heart. It would seem so. But to me all this concerning kestrels, falcons-gentle, and what not is sheer bewilderment. As for the paper being found in my holster, I protest solemnly that this is the first I have seen or heard of it. To whom is the letter addressed? May I see it?' She hesitated a moment.

'I have made a copy of it. If it pleases you to play-act, you may read it again.' She tossed it on to the table contemptuously. 'The writer—I do not know his hand—is too cunning to address it or sign his name.'

There was no address, nothing on the paper but the sprawling characters of the letter and the broken seals on the back.

I read it carefully and handed it back to her.

'I know nothing whatever of the writer or the subject-matter, nor have I seen the letter before'

(Continued on page 115.)

THE RUSSIANS IN BUSINESS.

By Professor E. H. PARKER.

WITH every wish in the world to bring out the many excellent and kindly qualities of the Russians, I cannot 'qualify' them as a competent 'business' people. Perhaps concrete instances will convey to readers better than generalities some clear notion of their national defect. Several hours were wasted off Cron-

stadt before our steamer could get well into the so-called Sea Canal—that is, the narrow channel of deep water about eighteen miles long which enables steamers drawing up to twenty-six feet to pass straight up from the Cronstadt Roads to the Petrograd docks on Gutuyeff Island. Our captain was a Lett—of course a born sea-

man—and as such naturally brought up his ship in a masterly way to the one place in the wharf that was free and had been apparently destined for him by the marine authority; but, just as we were mooring, an excited Russian official shouted out that we must go higher up, and said something about ‘convenience for passports.’ Half-an-hour was wasted in crawling past one steamer and trying to creep under the stern of another; but it so happened that the space indicated was just a few feet short, and we could not even work our nose in, even supposing that the landing of passengers and baggage could have been achieved from such a cramped position. Meanwhile the excited official engaged in a discussion with the on-looking public, notably with a priest who actively interfered; and finally, amid the derisive cheers of every one both ashore and afloat, we wasted another hour in painfully warping or hauling backwards and sideways into the space originally selected by the captain.

The passport business in Russia may be useful, but it has seen its best day, and there is already talk of the Duma having succeeded in securing drastic modifications for the future. Under no circumstances can any one enter into or leave Russia without having his passport examined and stamped with a date. Moreover, so soon as ever a traveller enters an inn or lodging-house, with the intention of passing the night there, his passport is demanded by the waiter or the landlord, who at once takes it to the police. At Pskov, where I took a bedroom at 6 A.M. for washing purposes, and paid half-price on the ground that I was *not* going to sleep there, I still had to give up my passport. As a rule, the passport seems to come back from the police almost at once (no endorsement); but the landlord shows no anxiety to return it to the traveller until his bill is paid. This system, which must cost in mere clerical work all over the Empire millions sterling a year, is certainly of value in times of war like the present, for it enables the authorities to ‘place’ and trace the movements of every single foreigner or suspect in Russian dominions; but, as we now see in Britain, it is feasible at a pinch to ‘spot’ and render innocuous every dangerous character in time of war, and in times of peace and nascent popular liberty the waste of time and energy is altogether incommensurate with and out of proportion to the practical results achieved. Moreover, the working arrangements of the Russians are so fussy, excited, and slipshod that any active rogue can, in the confusion, ‘bag’ another man’s passport or pass off a false one. I myself on one occasion, at a railway junction where we were all examined, seized a Jew’s passport which looked like mine, and was making off with it openly; but, luckily for himself, and of course for me, the owner was there, and ‘stuck to it,’ or I might have lost my own.

In any case, however, the Russian officials, not only now but formerly, are and have been usually obliging—especially to Englishmen—and I have never found any difficulty in inducing either the highest or the lowest to ‘give way’ on sound reasons produced.

The changing of money in a bank is often so troublesome as to border on the ridiculous. It must, however, be confessed that scribbling formalities are common enough even in France, whilst in Bulgaria and other Slav countries there is also unnecessary fuss. Although I could easily have changed a ten-pound note at the *Crédit Lyonnais*, or at the Anglo-Russian or any other ‘foreign’ bank—or, for the matter of that, at any street Jew money-changer’s office—I thought I would try an experience at a big Russian bank at the corner of the *Morskaya* and *Nevski*. First (after removing my hat and being bowed in by two scrutinising porters) I went to desk No. 3 on the right marked *Kassa*, but was requested to ‘proceed to the desk opposite.’ Here a clerk, after eyeing me severely and asking to *see* the note, wrote down ‘95.55’ on a piece of paper, and said, ‘Please go to No. 6 opposite.’ Here three tabulated copies were made of the transaction, and I was directed to take these back again to the ‘gentleman opposite,’ who did something with a ledger, and I think gave me back one copy; but at all events said, ‘Go to No. 6 again.’ But No. 6 said I must go to No. 7 (next to No. 6), who at last gave me my money. I then asked for some small change and coppers. This request produced rather a serious and agitated conversation between Nos. 6 and 7; but, anyhow, I got them. People’s nerves are apt to get so shattered by ‘chivvings’ of this kind that spacious seats are provided in the centre of the room where they can recover equanimity. I, too, felt the strong need of a calm seat and a ‘complete rest’ in order to examine my papers, button up my pockets, and count the change without being scrutinised, and live down my emotion. At last I regained my normal calm, and actually escaped showing my passport.

On the other hand, when the Russians have clearly made up their minds as to the detailed value of any definite course of action, they rigidly adhere to it without yielding an inch to special considerations. For instance, at some hotels the hour for dining ends at 8; if you are in by 7.55 you may sit dining as long as you like; but if the clock has actually struck 8, even though you only want twenty minutes or so to consume any single dish that may be left, the waiter is rigid: ‘No; you must eat *à la carte*.’ So with your passport there arise many occasions where a little obligingness might greatly facilitate or hasten your movements. So far as *personal* readiness to oblige is concerned there is seldom any difficulty, provided you are polite and not hustling; but the average Russian

official carries out what seems to us useless forms meticulously and to the letter. When I was leaving Viborg, for instance, the railway guard shut my window and drew the curtain to prevent my looking out. I said, 'Why, I have been here a week, and have inspected the whole place on foot!' He replied, '*Pravo*'—that is, 'It is so ordained.' At 9 P.M. I was one day undressing at the same place to sleep on board a steamer starting early next morning, when a policeman looked in to say, 'All lights out at nine, even a candle, and even if you close the port-hole curtain.' This again was a case of *pravo*, or 'the law,' and I was obliged to content myself for toilet purposes with half-second flashes of a pocket electric lamp. The old story of the sentry who was discovered about twenty years ago protecting a garden rose under a verbal order of Catharine the Second does not exaggerate the Russian reverence for *pravo*. On one point the ecclesiastical authorities are wonderfully firm. On no account is a woman ever allowed to go behind the altar of a church; the lady who was with me was summarily turned back, and I was myself a witness at St Isaac's Cathedral of the state visit paid to the priests officiating by an aged lady of the distinguished Orloff family. Every one around her bowed and scraped, rushed to open doors, move aside chairs, &c.; the officiating priests kissed her, and took her behind at the side of, but not *in*, the *ikonostas*; and yet at the handsome new Cronstadt Cathedral visitors, including even foreign women, can see every particle of the interior *ikonostas* from a gallery. I always found soldiers the most obliging of men, but they never went beyond their specific orders. For some reason the half-insane Emperor Paul's cenotaph was barred off with rope in the fortress cathedral; the soldier in charge gave me full reasons for Paul's democratic popularity, but he would not let me walk past the cord that shut me off, or let me examine the inscriptions, flowers, and burning candles. A Russian colonel, hearing—it was, of course, long before the present war—that I wished to see what the interior of Sveaborg fortress was like, at once ordered a soldier to go round with me, giving him a few verbal instructions; but neither of them yielded one jot where any particular spot was barred by *pravo* or custom, even to the privileged spectator. In a word, all Russians seem kindly by nature; but if they ever get 'nasty,' it seems always to be because they resent any criticism on their ancient customs: *Nolumus leges Russiæ mutare quæ usque ad huc, &c.* I changed a second bank-note at a Russian business bank the day after war was declared, feeling sure that the paper rouble must have gone down in exchange value. One of the clerks spoke English, and he sympathetically made it his special business to get me a hundred roubles for it; four days later they would only

give ninety-five, because 'no order had been given;' yet a Jew almost next door eagerly offered a hundred.

Although Finland is part of Russia, and enormous numbers of Petrograd people are in the habit of spending week-ends or even the whole summer in *datchas*, or wooden villas, along the railway line, it is extraordinary how stupid the steamer and tourist agents are in the metropolis. The clerks of the advertised Finnish agency professed to know nothing whatever about the boats to Finland, the organised tours there, and so on. They had certain printed circulars in Russian, but they said they did not understand Finnish names, distances, or arrangements of any kind. They recommended me to write to Viborg, which I did, receiving in reply a clear English letter, together with innumerable tourist pamphlets which enabled me to travel everywhere in Finland without asking any further questions at all.

When suddenly moved to action, apparently the military and naval authorities (who have admittedly made great advances since the unfortunate Japanese war) are capable of great practical effort, as free of red-tape as possible. I was myself witness at Riga, Reval, Pskov, Staraya Russa, Novgorod, Volkhovo, Viborg, Willamstrand, and of course Petrograd itself, to the exceedingly undemonstrative but quiet, effective, and determined mobilisation efforts. Luckily for Russia, the war was from the outset not only a popular one, but passionately so. In no town or village, at no station or junction, did there seem to be any confusion on boat, train, or street. Horses by the thousand seemed to appear from every corner of the provinces concerned, and to be purchased at satisfactory prices from the peasants without friction, red-tape, or delay. Reservists, and the 'called-up' of the five or six years named in the public notices (too technical for me to understand properly), turned up at the centres named within a few hours. The home baggage of most of them consisted at first of a roll of things done up in a red handkerchief or tiny cheap valise, and about a sovereign was granted to buy more. None seemed in the least excited, still less angry or complaining; they might have been so many 'pittites' waiting for their turn at a theatre queue. Perhaps 10 or 20 per cent. were accompanied by their mothers, wives, or sisters, sometimes carrying things, as often not; occasionally children, even in arms, joined the parents; often the soldier or recruit himself carried the baby. There was no demonstration or 'gallery work' of any description by the marchers themselves. The street onlookers often cheered, uncovered, or joined in song, but the processionists did no posing; it seemed as though a whole nation had suddenly resolved to act under some supernatural and irresistible solemn command. The physique of the men

was often magnificent, usually excellent, very rarely defective. Since witnessing these moving Russian sights I have spent some weeks in Finland, Sweden, and Norway. The Swedish physique is certainly the only one to compare on equal terms with the Russian, which is far ahead of the German, French, or British in 'chest measurement,' general robustness, and sound teeth. The most formidable feature in the Russian soldier is that he needs so little; rye bread, cabbage-soup, and tea he must have, and with these he is content. Of course he will eat anything that is good; and I found, on inquiring, that he always received from one-half to three-quarters of a pound of fresh meat a day when it was possible to obtain it; that, indeed, must be counted as the essential part of the cabbage-soup. I have no doubt salt is used in the cookery; but, so far as the soldier individually is concerned, he seems willing to dispense with every luxury and submit to all other privations so long as his inner man gets the above. His kit appears to consist of a good frieze topcoat twisted diagonally into a shoulder-

and-waist sort of diagonal horse-collar, with the end of it thrust into and protected by a tin can or basin; every man carries a kettle or teapot, and perhaps the small knapsack contains a small store of emergency food. All Russians are booted, and the leather is soft; stockings are not worn, but bandage rags swathed round the feet so that the position and pressure of the cotton or hempen material on any tender spot may be varied at a moment's notice.

Like all troops, no doubt the Russians can be brutal under the excitement of active fighting; but (as I have frequently said before on the occasion of previous visits to Russia) the Russian character is kind, fraternal, gentle, and considerate at bottom; what Bismarck himself characterised as the envy, hatred, and rancour of his own countrymen's natural disposition is entirely absent, not to mention the intolerable conceit and arrogance of the Prussian 'honour,' as distinct from the comparative good-nature of the unsophisticated Bavarian, who in many respects is not unlike the Russian peasant of his own class.

IN A BACKWATER.

By Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. THWAYTES.

'**SHAIK ADAM**, have you told the *serang* that I want him to arrange to let me get a crocodile?' I asked my soldier servant on going on board the cabin boat at Quilon, a town on the south-west coast of India. The boat had been placed at my disposal to go up north along the backwater on some duty for which I had been detailed.

'Yes, sir,' replied the faithful Shaik Adam, 'I have told him. He says that he knows of a good place before we get to Cochin. The sea runs into the backwater there. On the mud banks about, several crocodiles are to be seen as the tide goes out, and the sahib will be able to get a shot at one.'

Quilon was still the headquarters of the Government of India's troops in the native state of Travancore, the most southerly of the native states of India. Formerly it had been the headquarters of a brigade, but at this time it was reduced to that of a single native infantry regiment. From Quilon small detachments were supplied to Trevandrum, the capital of Travancore; to Cochin, another native state; and to Trichur, to the north. The last was close to the railway running across India, and connecting Madras with Cannanore. Trichur and Trevandrum, the two extreme points, are connected by a backwater consisting of a series of canals joining brackish-water lakes. As there was no railway along the coast at the time, this backwater was the highway for travellers and for merchandise.

Along this coast live the Nairs, as a rule a 'light-bamboo' coloured race. Many of them are now Christians; but those who still adhere to their former faith practise polyandry. All the brothers of a family marry one wife. The wife owns the property, and her husbands work on her estate. Inheritances are vested in females, perhaps because the Nairs are not convinced of man's superiority, being true Suffragettes; and also because they may see some element of truth in the old adage that 'it is a wise child that knows its own father.'

Though the throne of the state is held by a male, the method of succession is peculiar. The reigning Maharajah's children are disinherited in favour of his sister's son; thus the succession jumps back through the female line. When the ruler is placed on the throne he is weighed against gold dust, which is made over to the Brahmins after the ceremony. The heir-apparent during the life of his predecessor is always much in evidence. The facetious called the two individuals the 'Buck' and the 'Doe' Rajahs.

'The Doe Rajah is a somewhat ponderous man,' I once innocently remarked to a friend of mine. 'I am certain that the Doe Rajah will soon come to the throne,' he replied; for he was a bit of a wag. 'The Brahmins cannot possibly get any more adipose tissue on him. Antipon might be of more use out here than its makers at present wot of. It might be of great value to those who themselves did not take it. Is not one entitled to consider one's own welfare

as well as that of one's neighbour? What a splendid advertisement that might be!

'True,' I assented; 'but then how about the patronage of the English Socialists? Might not the advertisement forfeit that?'

The cabin boat in which I travelled was quite a superior sort of affair of the type used by Europeans and native officials. These boats vary in size and accommodation, as well as in the number of rowers; though, to allow of their passage through the canals, they are never wider than about six feet. All the boats are more or less of one stereotyped pattern, for India is a conservative land. Aft of the best class of boats are two cabins, opening into one another, the smaller one directly over the counter of the boat. On the roof of these cabins meals are cooked by an ingenious device, exceeding in simplicity, and just as effective as, the elaborate paraphernalia required for the culinary contrivances designed by the Western mind. A dozen-bottle empty packing-case is filled with some sand; on it three bricks are placed to form a fireplace. Thus perfect safety of the woodwork of the boat is ensured.

The boats carry a lateen sail similar to that of Nile boats. They have very little keel, to enable them to pass over shallow parts of the backwater, and so cannot sail close up to the wind.

We shoved off from the bank, and soon started on our voyage. The *serang*, or head-boatman and captain of the craft, took up a position on one of the small seats at either side of the cabin door, and held on to the two ropes for manipulating the rudder. These ropes passed from the stern round the gunwales just below the cabin windows. From his position the *serang* was able to superintend and urge on the rowers, seated two abreast on cross-benches before him. The oars are long bamboos, tied to wooden pegs along the gunwales. For blades these have heart-shaped pieces of wood, about one foot across, spliced to their ends.

For some distance we followed a canal leading through the town. On each side were houses resembling those in Burman villages, and similarly thatched with coconut-palm leaves. Numbers of Nair boys, in evident delight, were disporting themselves in the brackish and not overclean water. On clearing the town we entered a lake, and then on through more canals and lakes.

Occasionally the scenery is extremely picturesque, and might be better appreciated if the heat were not so insufferable. Long vistas of the feathery foliage of the bamboo present waterways of exceptional beauty. Here and there plantations of coconut-trees are to be met with—useful trees, for they can supply all the wants of man. From the stems is obtained wood for dugouts and for houses, the leaves being used for the thatching of the latter; the

fruit is food; the juice of the fruit is a cooling and refreshing drink, and when fermented provides the jaded man with an antidote to forget his sorrows, though the intoxicant is not agreeable to the European palate; from the fibre is made rope; the oil is used for lighting, and for smearing over the body and the hair as a protection against mosquitoes and vermin; finally, the wood and leaves make good fuel.

We passed dugouts punted by long bamboos; also cargo-boats called *wallams*, built of long planks of wood sewn together along their edges with coconut-fibre string, presenting the appearance of gigantic canoes. Some of the *wallams* were almost entirely roofed over with arched matting of bamboo and straw, a device to protect the merchandise and to afford cabins for the crew. When the wind is favourable these craft hoist a sail of plaited grass matting or of dilapidated *gunny* or sackcloth.

We had no wind, and so could not sail. The day was fatiguing, owing to the damp, hot atmosphere of the backwater. The boatmen rowed, chanting a monotonous repetition in a minor key to help them to keep together. At first their chant was not altogether pleasant. Though I did not know Malayalam, the language in which they sang, the chant seemed to form itself into some nonsensical jingle; but as it continued it produced a feeling of desperation such as Mark Twain's 'Punch, brothers; punch.' Heavens! the thing was worse than rag-time.

As the sun got lower, I climbed up to the roof of the cabin by the movable steps at the side of the door. Here in a deck-chair I sat, and longed for some excitement to relieve the tedium of the day. At last my longing was gratified. My soldier servant told me that we were near the place where the crocodiles were to be found.

We arrived close to the Promised Land, mud banks within an inlet of the sea. All the oars, with the exception of one on each side to enable the captain to steer, were shipped. We drifted with the tide, just then running out.

On a long, exposed bank, about six or eight feet wide, lay a thing that looked like a stranded log of wood, half in the water and half on shore. By skilful manipulation the boat was got into such a position that the current would carry it past within thirty or forty feet of the object. Absolute silence was preserved, for crocodiles have very acute hearing. We drifted on. When just opposite I fired. The beast gave a quiver, and remained as it was without sliding back into the water. The shot was a lucky one, for it had hit the crocodile just above the junction of the jaws and paralysed the spinal cord.

'Wah! wah!' chorused the excited boatmen with admiration and delight.

The country native is a sportsman. The men's joy was extravagant. It was prompted

not only by a sporting instinct, but also by a thought of the *buksheesh* they might get.

At once all the oars were out. We made rapidly for the mud bank where lay the motionless reptile. No sooner did we touch ground than the boatmen in the forepart of the boat abandoned their oars, leaped out, and eagerly secured the prize; then it was hauled on board and stowed in the well of the boat, under the cross-benches, and we soon got back to our course.

As if in congratulation of the lucky shot, a favourable breeze sprang up. Before us was a large lake, into which the canal opened. We put up our sail.

All the oars were shipped with the exception of a few left trailing in the water. The boatmen perched themselves along the sides of the boat and on the cross-benches. Many commenced to chew betel-nut. A *chillim*, or native pipe, was handed around from man to man to enable all to have a long pull at the soothing narcotic. Occasionally from the well of the boat there beamed up on me a dusky face wreathed in a self-satisfied smile, while every now and then a remark would pass as to the *buksheesh* so near of realisation.

Harmony and happiness reigned universally on board. All went merry as a marriage bell, while the boat slipped peacefully through the water after the turmoil of the rowing and the heat of the day. It was evening; the sun was about to set. I looked on the vast extent of water around me. The water and the sky were tinged with soft and delicate tones.

I turned my eyes from the beauty of our surroundings, and looked into the well of the boat. Was it possible that the upper jaw of the reptile was beginning to lift slightly, or was I dreaming? No, it was so, and the movement of the jaw became more pronounced. One of the boatmen saw it too, and began to communicate his fears to his companions. The upper jaw of the crocodile rose slightly higher than it had done before. The crew all tucked up their legs and glared down in consternation at the creature. The crocodile gave a very decided yawn. Like a shot, over the sides of the boat went all the

boatmen, clinging to the gunwales. The *serang* suddenly appeared on top of the cabin with the steering-ropes in his hand, and squatted beside me.

The crocodile now began to manifest a desire to explore the boat.

'Shoot, sahib! shoot!' yelled the crew, as they were being dragged along on each side of the boat like a lot of dusky water-nymphs. My soldier servant placed my loaded rifle in my hands. On this tropical lake I had suddenly been transformed into a rival of Neptune, riding behind some monster of the deep and escorted by a band of mermen; but, instead of a crown and trident, I was provided with a solar topee and an express rifle.

'Shoot, sahib! shoot!' called my soldier servant, his voice rising above the general hubbub.

'How can I, you owl?' I replied. 'If I do I may make a hole in the boat and we shall all go to the bottom, with the crocodile in the middle of us.'

After some difficulty I persuaded the *serang* to induce two of the bravest of his crew to come on board and belabour the reptile with their bamboo oars. The example of the two heroes was followed by others, and the well of the boat presented the appearance of a lot of men trying to beat out a fire.

The treatment proved efficacious, and the crocodile was once more reduced to a state of somnolence.

We went on happily, still sailing across the lake. Again the crocodile manifested signs of returning vitality, and the bamboos were once more in use. The men wanted to throw the creature overboard. I objected, as I wanted to take it to Cochin and have it stuffed as a proof of my prowess. Finally they tied it all round with rope, like a mummy, placed it well forward in the boat, put boards over it, and detailed two of their comrades to sit on them. Thus we arrived at Cochin. On our removing the crocodile from the boat it was not dead.

A crocodile's life gives many a flicker before it is extinguished, for it has more lives than the proverbial cat.

THE ROOFS OF OUR HOUSES.

NATURE could hardly have provided a material more admirably suited for making roofs than slate. Yet mankind was slow to appreciate this, for there appears to be no record of its employment for that purpose until the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when it was used in roofing some of the castles built by Edward the First in North Wales. Nevertheless, slated roofs were rare until the Elizabethan period, the Cornish deposits in the neighbourhood of

Tintagel then first attaining a well-deserved popularity.

Nowadays the vast majority of roofing-slates used in, and exported from, the British Isles are obtained from the inexhaustible supplies of North Wales, of which the systematic development dates from the end of the eighteenth century. Over ten thousand men are now employed in quarrying and preparing for market these blue-gray or purple slates so familiar to every one.

Slate has much the same composition as clay, but has become hardened, and then by intense lateral pressure has acquired its characteristic tendency to split into thin plates. Thus the planes along which splitting so easily occurs do not necessarily correspond with the stratification of the clay as it was originally laid down; in fact, it is unusual for them to do so. However, various rocks which do split easily along the bedding-planes are used for roofing purposes in some districts, and are hence misnamed slates.

True slate is worked on a smaller scale in a few other localities in the British Isles besides those above mentioned, notably the English Lake District, Devon, and Somerset, Argyllshire, and the Irish counties Tipperary and Cork. Nearly twenty thousand tons of roofing-slate are annually exported from the British Isles, mainly to Germany, Australia, and Denmark. On the other hand, a somewhat larger quantity of the cheaper grades is imported, mostly from France, the United States of America, and Portugal.

In addition to roofing purposes, slate is also used in the form of slabs for making billiard-tables, cisterns, writing-slates, electrical apparatus, mantelpieces, &c. For the last-mentioned purpose it is frequently enamelled in various colours, remarkably good imitations of marble being produced in this way.

Permission to look over the chief workings in North Wales is easily obtained; indeed, some of the larger quarries maintain an official guide for the benefit of visitors. Slate is usually quarried according to the gallery system; that is to say, terraces are cut out of the hillside at regular intervals one above the other, each terrace forming a vantage-ground from which the adjacent rock-face may be worked. At Llanberis fourteen of these terraces may be counted rising from the shore of Llyn Peris, each being seventy-five feet above that next below it. The terraces are connected by inclined planes, up and down which the slates and quarry débris are hauled in small trucks by means of winding-gear. Where a large amount of worthless rock overlies the slate, the latter is often more economically obtained by running galleries into the valuable bed, the workings being thus underground, as is the case in the Festiniog district.

Blocks of slate are first loosened from the rock-face by means of explosives. At the Llanberis quarries this operation takes place at the commencement of each hour, when a hooter instructs the quarrymen to light their fuses. Three minutes later a second warning bids them seek shelter in the substantially built stone huts provided for the purpose. During the next few minutes the succession of reports familiar to tourists 'doing' Snowdon echoes across the valleys as the several charges explode, whilst a final hoot five minutes after the second marks the

conclusion of blasting operations for the hour. The large blocks obtained by blasting are split up by means of chisels into smaller ones, the quarryman's skill being exercised in taking advantage of the tendency of the block to split in certain directions, so that he may obtain pieces of useful size with the minimum of waste. The useful pieces are then packed on trucks, and when sufficient of the latter are filled the train is hauled along a narrow-gauge tramway to the splitting-sheds by a diminutive locomotive. Here the splitter sets a block on end before him, and, using a mallet, drives a thin chisel into it in two or three places along the line where it is to be split. Into the chink thus formed two chisels are inserted and worked backward and forward until the block splits in half. Each of the two pieces is treated in the same way until slates of the required thickness are obtained. The splitter estimates this thickness with extreme exactitude by eye alone. The next operation is to trim the edges of the rough slates. Machines for doing this part of the work are commonly in use; but many slates are still trimmed by hand with an instrument somewhat like a butcher's meat-chopper, but longer. The finished slates are sorted out into sizes and grades, and then carried by the narrow-gauge tramway to the port of shipment.

Visitors to a slate-quarrying district cannot fail to be struck by the immense heaps of débris around the workings. Since for every ton of slates produced several tons of useless rock must, as a rule, be removed, many attempts have been made to find a use for this débris, but so far without much success. Some of the material is suitable for building purposes, and is often so used locally, but is not of sufficient value to bear the cost of transport by rail.

The production of slate in the United Kingdom has shown a slight falling off in recent years, but it is still larger than that of any other country. In 1912 the figures were three hundred and eighty-three thousand four hundred and twenty-two tons, valued at nine hundred and seventy-two thousand and twenty-two pounds. North Wales was responsible for more than three-fourths of this total. The only other countries at present producing large supplies are France, the United States of America, and Portugal. Smaller quantities are obtained from Belgium, Germany, Norway, India, Canada, and Newfoundland. In the country last mentioned immense deposits of excellent quality occur, and since these are particularly well situated for shipment, there is every reason to hope that the oldest of British colonies will in time take its place among the world's great slate-producing countries.

Stonesfield slate, for roofing purposes, has been known for hundreds of years all over Oxfordshire, and beyond. These slates, with substantial timber to support their weight, oak laths to hang them upon, oak pins to attach them,

and good mortar beneath them, will cover a roof successfully and comfortably beyond an average lifetime at least. Such roofs harmonise well with the country in which they are used for the homes of either the wealthy or the poor. In a great hailstorm which visited north Oxfordshire about sixty years ago, the roofs covered with blue slates were ground to powder. The present writer knew a householder who denuded his house of Stonesfield slate and covered it with the common blue variety; in about two years he removed this last, and again covered the roof with the familiar gray stones which more perfectly shut out heat or cold, rain or hail. No other roof is easier to attend to in the way of small repairs. A little daub of good mortar will often hold a few of these slates in position for half a century.

Stonesfield, where these slates are quarried, has a population of about five hundred, and is seventy-one miles distant from London, and three and a half miles from Handborough railway station on the Great Western Railway. The stones are won by mining; and strenuous, besailing, uncomfortable, and dangerous work this is, to get them from below the water-bearing strata. There is, however, no danger from flooding, as there are no strong streams and no large pockets of water in the water-bearing strata at Stonesfield, and the slate-bearing rock is very porous. A circular shaft is sunk from the surface to the slate-stone level. From this shaft or pit passages are hewn in this and that direction, until the face is too far away from the bottom of the shaft to make it desirable or profitable to go farther. The stones are quarried in masses of all shapes and sizes, wheeled to the bottom of the shaft, and drawn to the surface by a windlass. When brought to the surface the stones are full of moisture, and if they are ever to be useful as slates this moisture must be frozen in them, for if it is once dried out of them by sun or wind the stones are useless for slate-making purposes. Therefore the stones are usually covered with straw, which is lifted off and on according to the weather. The uncovering and covering of the stones is a serious matter, entailing close

attention. If dug in winter, during frosty weather, they are at once spread in the open air, and by being frozen receive the needful rending or shattering process. Once frozen, they can be laid aside anywhere and anyhow. The making of the stones into slates is now an easy process. On being tapped at the proper points with a wedge-shaped hammer they quickly split into sheets of stone of the desired thickness, as their natural formation is in flakes or layers of about a third of an inch in thickness.

After the rending of the stones come the making and holing of the slates. Sitting upon a bag of straw, his legs thrown wide apart, the workman, shielded from the wind by straw-covered hurdles, takes the sheets of stone in one hand, while with the other he chops and hammers them into the desired shape and size. Then comes the process of making the hole to hold the wooden peg or nail by which they will one day be hung on to the roof-timbers of some building. When the weather is fine and the air is warm this making of the slates is a pleasant enough occupation. It is usually carried on in the summer, as it could not be done out of doors when it is very cold.

Many years ago, when walking between the hamlet of Fawler and the village of Stonesfield, we listened to the musical *click, click* of nine or ten slate-makers' hammers all working at the same time. Mountains of chippings arose in the fields by the roadside in those days, since for every slate made into saleable shape there is a little pile of refuse. This was when the digging of the stones and making of them into slates was a considerable industry, the inhabitants of Stonesfield being principally employed in the slate-pits. Times have changed, for the blue slates from Wales have come in, which can be laid on lighter timber; and galvanised iron, which can be used with little timber, has done much to damage and diminish the slate-making industry of Stonesfield. But many more slates might still have been made had it not been for emigration and the call of Australia, Canada, and South Africa, which have had a tendency to send up the price of this old roofing material.

IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVEL IN PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

By G. E. ARCHER RUSSELL.

IT is high noon on one of those sweltering hot days which herald the coming of the monsoon. The unsheltered *avenidas* or streets of Lorenzo Marques, deserted save for one or two languorous natives, blink as molten metal under the fierce glare of the African sun. The heat is intense. Except in the cafés, business is at a standstill; from noon until late afternoon all

Lorenzo Marques, sensual and dissolute, will recline at ease, smoking and assuaging its incessant thirst with copious draughts of wine. Toward evening it will wake up and go about its business, but not for long; at seven it will rest again. In East Africa the spirit of enterprise is about as dead, comparatively speaking, as the morals of its people are corrupt.

Journeying east from Komati Poort, the border station of the eastern Transvaal, I had a day or two before crossing Portuguese East Africa from west to east. On the shores of the Indian Ocean, in Delagoa Bay, I came to Lorenzo Marques, its capital and chief port of entry.

In some respects I could not have hit upon the capital at a more opportune time. The echoes of revolution—that which deposed Manuel from his throne and established republicanism in Portugal—had not yet died away. At every street corner, save during the burning heat of noonday, lounged groups of little gray-coated gendarmes. These were the men of the new republic, hurried from Lisbon ostensibly to safeguard the possibility of aggression from without, but really to quell any disturbances that might arise from within the town; for it was well known that the East African Portuguese were loyalists almost to a man. But for every blue-coated royalist gendarme there were three gray-coated republicans; so, while the loyalists entertained little or no sympathy for the new régime, they were sensible to maintain a stoical reserve, careful that their feelings remained unvoiced.

I stayed a week in Lorenzo Marques, and saw and learnt many things. In the centre of the town is a *plaza*, or public square, and clustered around it are many cafés. Lit by brilliant electric arc lamps, and fantastically paved with cobbles coloured black, white, and blue, it is the pivot round which the *élite* of the town nightly meet and revel, stirred into raptures of delight by the clashing spasms of a Portuguese band.

When Sunday came I must needs follow in the wake of other folk. I went by train to Polano Beach, the holiday-resort of the town, some five or six miles down the bay. Arrived there, I found the beach crowded with Portuguese, civil and military, many as ebony-hued as the natives whom they have for four long centuries vainly pretended to govern. Mingling with the crowd, I was soon in trouble. Resenting the jostling attitude of a man whom I took to be a full-blooded negro, but who, I later ascertained, was a captain of gendarmes and a member of a family of high social standing in East Africa, I evaded arrest by the merest fluke. A few hurried ejaculations by my kind captain, and my guilt was proved. I had insulted him, so the crowd began to clamour for a posse of gendarmes to effect my capture. Realising that my sole chance of avoiding a night's lodging in a filthy Portuguese cell was ignominious retreat, I dodged away, and sought refuge at my hotel in the town.

One day I visited the market-place. It is a large, quaint old building situated in the heart of the town, where, moving among the heterogeneous crowd of traffickers and delving into the wares, I found many things to interest me. My visit, however, was of brief duration; the

place reeked with an effluxion of many odours too powerful for words. Garlic and Limburg cheese would pale beside the pungent aromas of the Mercado (Municipal) do Lorenzo Marques.

Who has not visited Lorenzo Marques and pronounced upon the peculiar currency of the Portuguese? To post a letter to, say, England costs twenty-five reis, and yet the charge is no more than the *vice versa* postage in England, where the fee is twopence halfpenny, and twopence halfpenny is more than twenty-five reis. I early experienced my first deal in reis. Wanting a cheap topee, I walked into a shop, selected one of the many shown me, and inquired the price. 'Ze prise, zar,' the little Portuguese shop-tender answered, 'iz three thousand five hundred reis.' 'Three thousand five hundred! Surely you have made a mistake,' I answered. 'No, zar, I make no meestake, zar; that iz ze prise; but I zee you do not understand ze reis, zar. Ze prise in English money, zar, is fourteen shillings and seepence.' I paid him the sum in English coin, which he seemed more pleased to have than the three thousand five hundred reis.

Down the main *avenidas*, or streets, and out to the principal urban sites, notably Reuben Point and Bombada, runs a fairly efficient electric-car service. It is the one modern feature, if we except the harbour, quay, and the train service between it and the Transvaal—built mainly by Englishmen—in the whole of Lorenzo Marques.

Northward of Lorenzo Marques five hundred miles, on a dreary sand waste at the mouth of the Pungwe and Busi rivers, is Beira, the cess-pool of the East African coast. With sand, fever, heat, whisky, beer, and sore eyes for its chief commodities, and shameless immorality the dominant feature of its life, it is of all places in South Africa the most unhealthy, the most unholy. Its thoroughfares, ankle-deep in hot, glaring, ever-shifting sand, wherein wheeled traffic is impossible, are only apologies for streets; its buildings, in the main galvanised iron shanties, would disgrace any up-country mining-camp in Australia. With little or no vegetation, and certainly no grass, and but few trees to break the monotony, it is a scene pitiful in its utter wretchedness. Guarding the sea-front at Beira, the whole length of the town, is a heavy stone wall. It has been put there to check the inroads of the tide, for Beira is little higher than the level of the sea. Take the wall away, and the town would probably be swept bare by the first high tide. If Beira is to remain Portuguese, it were better that the wall had never been built. To walk in or about the town would be well-nigh impossible were it not that cemented paths have been laid along the main thoroughfares. But people seldom walk in Beira; push-trolleys to seat two, run on miniature tram-lines, provide the popular mode of progression. And this is Beira, the port of entry, and the starting-place of the Beira-Mashonaland railway to Rhodesia. But

Beira is Portuguese—and Portuguese, too, by a strange anomaly, by the blessing of Britain—and so long as it remains Portuguese so long will the Beira of to-morrow be as the Beira of to-day. What else shall I say of Beira? This will I say: adjust it to the Union of South Africa, or to Rhodesia, and the town would be knocked into decency in less than a month.

Lying at the mouth of the Chinde River, the main outlet of the Zambesi, a day's steaming north of Beira, is the port of Chinde. With the settlement—it cannot be called a town—a mere cluster of tin shanties half-buried in the sand of the surrounding delta, is presented a picture truly typical of things Portuguese. Chinde is decrepitude itself. Were it not that it boasts a British concession—the entrepôt for Nyasaland, whence steamers ply up the Chinde and Zambesi rivers to the Shiré—it had been buried long since. Would you visit with me the most interesting corner of Chinde? Down by the river-bank it lies, a little plot of ground consecrated to God and the dear departed. Here, with the sweeping river threatening their repose, lie the mortal remains of John Buchanan, Monteith Fotheringham, and Lieutenant Stairs, martyrs all to the advancement of geographical knowledge and Christian civilisation. What does the world know of these?

Steaming up an umbrageous, surf-lined coast, we anchored a few days later in the offing by the historic old town of Mozambique. Notable in many ways is Mozambique, the only stronghold in all their East African possessions which the Portuguese have been able to retain uninterruptedly during their occupation. Situated on one of three small coral islands lying some three miles from the mainland, and founded in 1508, it was for many years the capital of Portugal's East African dependencies, and an important centre of trade and commerce. Of late years, however, its trade and importance have diminished considerably, and signs of wasting decay are now on every hand. Dominating the harbour is the castle or fort of San Sebastian; and its walls, towering seventy feet above the water-line, form probably the most remarkable and certainly the most interesting point of attraction on the East African coast. Built between the years 1508–11, of stone imported from Portugal, its very massiveness and solidity provide a striking monument to the extraordinary spirit of energy and enterprise which pervaded the Portuguese of the sixteenth century. National sentiment must indeed be moribund in a nation which can look upon San Sebastian and yet not be moved to higher aims than it would seem to cherish to-day. Probably no town in Africa has altered so little in recent centuries as Mozambique. Houses built three or four centuries ago still remain, their doors and windows, heavily bolted and barred, testifying to their antiquity.

In common with the opinion expressed by

most writers—and many eminent ones at that—I cannot congratulate the Portuguese on their rule in East Africa. Although the Portuguese were the first Europeans to settle on the east coast, and have been in occupation for over four centuries, the country lies to-day in much the same condition as when Diaz first trod its shores. That the East African Portuguese are weak-kneed and unprogressive is everywhere apparent; for, while great portions of their country show adaptability for intense cultivation and unbounded resources of immense commercial and industrial value, feeble and ineffectual attempts only have been made to gather or cultivate. Rubber, sugar, coffee, maize, rice, cotton, and tea could all be profitably cultivated, and with a minimum of labour, over wide portions of both its provinces—Mozambique and Zambesia. Yet after four centuries of occupation the country remains to a large extent virgin, and to the outside world practically unknown. Enterprise, commerce, industry—these things are languishing or are dead; retrogression, corruption, degradation—these are rife in Portuguese East Africa. And what can be said of their East African can be said with equal force of their West African possessions. Both territories are maladministered; in West Africa a system of forced labour, little short of slavery, is purging the country of its greatest asset—its native population. In both territories, too, there are vast tracts of country and immense natural resources lying idle, unutilised, undeveloped. They will remain so, I fear, so long as Portuguese rule remains.

ATTILA.

SWIFT the flaming wings of death
Beat against the labouring breath,
Blazing hearth and anguished cry
Smite against the tranquil sky,
As the legions thunder by.
For the ruthless, tragic beat
Of those fierce, relentless feet,
Broken faith, and tarnished sword,
Judgment, and not mercy, Lord!

While upon the fields of red,
Sleep the unremembered dead,
While the homeless, in the glare
Of the ruins burnt and bare,
Face a hell of black despair,
For those silent heaps that lie
Witness to a silent sky,
Shattered homes, dishonoured sword,
Judgment, and not mercy, Lord!

But when stands the naked soul,
Shamed and broken, at the goal,
When the tragic eyes can see,
Through that cloud of infamy,
Nothing but itself—and Thee,
Love invincible shall plead,
Hopeless anguish, deepest need.
Pity sheathe the flaming sword,
Mercy, and not judgment, Lord.

G. R. GLASGOW.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

SONS OF HAM.

HOW many of those whose interest in South Africa is confined to the receiving or passing of dividends, or to subscribing to missions for the heathen, understand, or even expend a thought in trying to understand, the part which the black man plays in the economy of the great subcontinent? It is to be feared that many missionary addresses experience the fate of tales that are told, and that when the purse-strings of the investor are again drawn tight his only interest is a matter of principal! And yet for the latter the native forms one of the greatest assets which South Africa possesses; while in how far the former is enabled to justify his investment by results is a matter between his conscience and his God.

It is a truism, of course, to state that the natives of South Africa can be understood and appreciated only by those with the opportunity of directing them at their work and observing them during their leisure; and it is with a view towards endeavouring to render them less of an abstraction to those living far from their *milieu* that this article is designed.

Both in races and in numbers the native's name is legion. Each race has its own language, or at least *patois*; while some of the tongues differ as greatly as does French from German. Each has its own characteristics, peculiarities, and habits. To ordinary eyes a gathering of representatives of, say, a dozen different nations or tribes would appear but a mass of black faces no more dissimilar than peas in a pod, while the experienced observer would distinguish and name each by headmark. This ability is very necessary, for your native has his pride, and a very abiding pride, too; and he has nothing but contemptuous pity for the white man who assigns him to a tribe the members of which he would probably not permit to brush his boots, if he wore such cumbrous things! To hear a Zulu, for instance, speak of any other native race would make you think he was referring to something very low down indeed in the scale of creation. To him all others are Kafirs—dogs.

As in so many other connections in man's varied experiences, the ability properly to work, otherwise treat, the native is a matter of individuality—that is, a gift; for not to every one is given the necessary temperament, the judicious tact, the requisite firmness, the sympathy which

is half pity, the justice which is wholly wisdom. It is ever well to remember that the African negro is half a savage and half a child, and in this dual presentation should be treated as such. It is when the white man forgets the child in the savage, or *vice versa*, that he fails; for if the black man is quick to recognise his true master, he is no less sensitive to the blustering, heavy-handed bully or the slack, sentimental incompetent. As a reader of character, after his own fashion, he assuredly occupies no mean place, and the prestige of the white race—including as it does the preservation of a just dominance and the strict keeping of faith—should never be forgotten by those having to deal with him. It will, indeed, be a poor day for South Africa when, for the native, the word of the white man has ceased to be his bond.

While, of course, in the towns of the subcontinent natives are to be found filling all sorts of menial positions, from house 'boys' (taking the place of white servants) down through warehouses, shops, restaurants, bars, workshops, to labouring and scavenging, it is on the mines of the Witwatersrand, on the great gold-reef stretching for thirty miles to the east and west of Johannesburg, that their services are most in demand. There they are to be counted by tens of thousands, the whites representing but a mere handful in comparison; and there representatives of nearly every tribe whose kraals are to be found within a radius of a thousand miles are to be seen. There the lordly Zulu looks down with an air of conscious superiority upon the lanky, spindle-shanked Shangaan, the pork-devouring, dress-loving 'Mnyambane, the crafty Fingoe, the insolent, pipe-smoking Xosa, the scar-faced Baca, the warlike Swazi, the self-centred Basuto, the humble, red-blanketed Tembu, the noisy Zambesi, and many others whom it boots not to mention here.

For purposes of distinction, natives on the mines are divided into surface and mine 'boys' (all natives are called 'boys' in Africa); for some, principally those coming from Cape Colony, refuse to work underground, and are employed on the surface in various capacities, as, for instance, in the different workshops—blacksmiths', fitters', carpenters', engine-rooms, &c.—the cyanide-works, the battery, or on the great dumps, those miniature hills of white residual sands from which the gold has been extracted,

and which yearly become a greater problem as regards what to do with them.

The mine 'boys' proper, acting of course under the supervision of the white miners, work the air-driven rock-drills, or, where these are not applicable, with hammer and hand-drill drive blasting-holes into the reef which is subsequently to be brought crashing down through the mighty power of dynamite or gelatine. Others shovel this shattered mass of gold-bearing rock into tiny trucks, which others push along rails leading to great box-receptacles, whence the rock is conveyed by swift traction to the surface, there to be crushed under the huge stamps which roar day in and day out, making the battery, or mill, a pandemonium in which no human voice can be heard.

It will thus become apparent to the investing reader that the African native plays no small part in the work, the results of which, if the gods are good, are dividends which he never sees, but which go to enrich many with no other stake whatever in the country whence they are extracted.

Viewed from the social standpoint, the native is not less interesting. On the mines of the Rand the 'compound system,' in the strict interpretation of the term, is not practised; for, while on the great diamond-fields of Kimberley the mine 'boys' are marched to and from their work under an armed guard, and during their leisure are strictly immured within the confines of the compound, their brethren of the Rand enjoy a far greater liberty. Here, the day's task over, they are free to come and go as they please, visiting the various Kafir stores in the neighbourhood of the mines, sitting in eagerly voluble groups on some stretch of sun-parched grass, or even making calls on friends on adjacent properties. Incidentally it may be noted that, on occasion, these visits may form the nuclei of serious inter-compound fights, when, weapons of all sorts in hand—assegais, knobkerries, pick-handles, iron jumpers, bricks, stones, broken bottles, &c.—and roaring their war-songs, the 'boys' of two neighbouring mines will approach in their hundreds to wage grim battle unless the white man's authority is exercised in time. For the Kafir these are still 'the days when the angry blow resents the word that chides,' and the cause of one becomes the cause of all. There is a certain chivalry in this, for brother will fight against brother for the honour of his compound, and badly broken heads, and worse, are invariably the result of these encounters. As manager of one of the largest compounds on the Rand, the writer has seen something in this connection; and, while not impugning the individual bravery of members of other nations, he has no hesitation in saying that with fifty picked Zulus he would face five hundred of any other native race, and indeed has had occasion to do so. For grim, purposeful, concentrated action, as compared with

the wilder tactics of other tribes, the Zulus have no equal.

The compound or temporary home of the native while at work on the mines, and many hundreds of miles from his much-loved *kaya*, is usually a huge hollow square or oblong, the sides of which are composed of the whitewashed, corrugated, low iron 'huts' or sleeping-places wherein, on deep double-banked shelves, the inmates repose transversely. The cook-house, with its great iron cauldrons in which the mealie-pap is prepared, usually occupies the centre of the square, and some idea of the work which goes on here may be gathered from the fact that, when a compound manager, the writer required twenty bags of ground mealie meal per day for the 'boys' under his charge. At that time—before the great Boer war—meat was only allowed once a week, and every Saturday four bullocks were slaughtered to provide the necessary supply. The capacity of the native for beef is something to marvel at, and those with purses commensurate with their appetites were of course free to purchase what they pleased at the various Kafir stores. There weird scenes are frequently enacted, and it is no unusual thing to see dusky gourmets squatted on the floor devouring alternately sardines and lumps of bread dipped in tins of golden syrup! These stores are regular little universal providers of native wants, and form very lucrative holdings for those having permits to conduct them on mining properties. As may be imagined, however, the trade is not a particularly nice one, and the actual dealings with their customers are usually in the hands of low-class Jews. This also applies to the still more disagreeable Kafir eating-house *per se*.

The natives are nothing if not clannish, and in the compound each nation keeps strictly to its own huts. From each, one or two *indunas*, or leaders, are selected by the compound manager to act as spokesmen or police, and generally to look after the interests of their tribesmen; also to arouse them when the whistle blows for work on the morning or night shifts, and marshal them in long queues on pay-days, or when work-tickets are being initialled by the timekeeper.

The writer's experience is that mine natives especially are essentially cleanly, so far as their bodies are concerned, washing their teeth after every meal and their persons after returning from work; and in his compound, as in others, an enormous bath was provided in which they disported themselves to their hearts' and bodies' content. Their leisure, as they sit in the sun before their huts, is employed in the pretty and often artistic ornamentation of knobkerries, sticks, snuff-boxes, &c., in wirework, the polishing of sjamboks, or in playing their own peculiar games of chance, one of which at least has successfully defied the white man's understanding. Instruments, more or less musical, in which the concertina is prominent, appeal to the tastes of

others ; but it is a curious fact that, although he possesses a wonderful ear for 'time' and can contribute towards part-song or chorus in perfect unison, the Kafir is almost in no instance a musician. Exhibitions of the war-dances of the various tribes are usually reserved for Sundays, when, hair frizzed and gleaming, like their bodies, with oil, actual deeds of valour against enemies are recounted in pantomime by excited warriors to the accompaniment of yells of approval or deep-toned chorus, what time the ground literally shakes to the stamp, stamp of naked feet. The manufacture of a pungent snuff, of which some are inordinately fond, is another employment of leisure ; while on occasion the baleful witch-doctor, with his weird and nameless collection of 'charms,' may be caught 'casting the bones' before a select, if anxious and awe-struck, group.

If objection may be taken to the restrictions under the new régime upon the brewing of Kafir beer—in the opinion of the writer the natural beverage of the native, and a wholesome and nourishing one at that—it must be said that the compound manager of to-day suffers nothing like the worry and anxiety of his predecessor in the bad old times when the wholesale consumption of liquor was literally the menace and curse of the gold-mining industry. Then it was impossible to control the huge traffic in native drinking, for the authorities gave no real aid. Booths—they were little else—existed for no other purpose than the supplying of natives with drink, and the proprietor of one, of which the writer has grim memories, used to boast that each Sunday he took three hundred pounds from the 'boys' of the writer's compound ! Trapping was resorted to, and in proved cases fines were imposed by the court ; but such material opposition to the renewal of licenses was of no avail, as these were invariably renewed for twelve months. And what liquor ! Potato-spirit, bluestone, turpentine, paraffin, these were the principal ingredients, the profit on which must have soared into the region of 400 per cent.

The effect on the industry may be imagined. So incapacitated did the 'boys' become that it is literally true that not till the middle of the week was it possible to get a full complement of workers underground. This was the tale of every Sunday's loathsome traffic. And what of the compounds ? Try to conceive the miniature hells into which they were turned ! Take

a low estimate on a large property, and think of a thousand black demons maddened by this fiery trash raging about armed with knobkerries, pick-axe handles, and the like ; and remember as well the racial animosities such conditions arouse. As compound manager, and therefore their white chief, the writer was safe from harm, except by accident through flying bottle or iron bar ; but he was the only white man who would dare to enter the compound on such a Sunday night. Assisted by his native police, and engaged in separating bands of contending tribes, he has been in a dozen fights in a night, with knobkerries whistling round his head, while black skulls resounded to blows that would have laid white men out never to rise again. And all this that other so-called white men might profit by pandering to the black man's insatiable appetite for drink !

Much more might be written on this phase, but perhaps enough has been said to show that conditions at one time existed to handicap an industry which happily has small cause to groan under a like burden to-day. This is not to say that no liquor is now sold to natives on the Rand. They are as eager as ever, and will go to any lengths, to obtain it, whilst convictions of whites for illicit liquor-selling are of almost daily occurrence ; but, while it is a matter of individuals now, it was a case of thousands before.

As regards the important 'black peril' question, this is hardly the occasion upon which to refer to it. Suffice it to say that it is a very real menace, and one which no 'sophistical rhetorician' or misguided politician into whose hands the just demands of the whites are placed can afford to ignore. If the safety of our white women is not to be ensured under legal enactment, then it is not too much to prophesy that the day is not far distant when, upon the Rand as elsewhere, Judge Lynch will raise his horrific head.

Of the questions of native-labour supply as affecting the mines, and the suggested menace to the future of the white race in South Africa as a result of its rapid outnumbering by the aborigines, it is not proposed to treat in this article. While it is felt that the subject which forms its matter admits of much wider treatment, it is also hoped that it may prove alike interesting and informing to those for whom it has been written.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER IX.—I GET A NIGHT'S LODGINGS.

THE colour flowed and ebbed for an instant on her pale face. She was silent, and went slowly to the farther end of the room, where she stood in thought, resting a shapely arm on the

chimneypiece. There was something so infinitely tired, such a depth of trouble in her eyes, young eyes that ought never to have gathered so much as a shadow to them, that although the girl was

to all intents my jailer, the charge against me—whatever it was—so wildly wrong, and I, a Layton of Durrinston, was standing like a servitor before a slip of a maiden, I nearly forgot these things, and was so far left to myself that but for the stolid presence of the two Highland servants I could have knelt at her feet. I took a step forward, and laid a hand gently on her white arm.

'Do not touch me!' she cried, her eyes wet, her voice almost a wail. 'Sir, I saw your courage when first we met to-day. Courage is a goodly thing, I know; but I have seen brave men fail sometimes at a pass. Consider, sir, you are young, younger than your accomplices. Is it a man's work to use a man's misfortune or a woman's secret? Is there naught in some men's minds but greed and guineas? The world for you ought to be a place wherein to take the field for the Chevalier or the Usurper (either of them, so long as it be a man's clean choice), and face death if need be for what you hold to be the right. There lies the better part; but, instead of it, you come here hand in glove with base men, on a black errand, and but for the merest accident might have succeeded.' She came forward a step, a question in her eyes. 'You know, ah! you know him whom they call the Kestrel, and you know his pitiful story. Think, I pray you, are you proud of the enterprise? You know the root and the rise of it! Was there ever a fouler stroke? Was there ever a sorrier blot on a clan's stainless page?'

She broke off, and covered her face with her hands, her bosom in a tumult; and there I stood, in a coil of pity and bewilderment, but with my heart swelling. I could say nothing, for it was plain that, from her point of view, circumstances were black against me, plain that she believed I was an actor in some sinister design, plain that the men on guard needed but a signal from her to dirk me where I stood. Her appeal was to what she thought might be my better nature.

Gradually her weeping ceased, and I ventured to speak. 'You doubt—nay, you do not believe that—but I do not even know the name of your clan. I am an Englishman, and am so ignorant that even the tartan gives me no guide.'

'Oh'—she clenched her little fist—'would that I were a man!'

'With all my heart I wish that you were. In that case, at the most there might have been a fair fight, but I would have known why. As it is, here I have been standing listening to matters I have as little to do with as the Great Mogul; and I will say no more than that it is an idle business to try to get a plain statement from a crying woman.'

'Plain statement!' she blazed. 'Plain statement be it then, and mine is this. Here you remain until Glenira is out of reach of the clutches of you or your paymasters. When next you see the coward who wrote this letter

(if ever you do), tell him that Charlotte Macdonell was a wild falcon-gentle to lure.'

She turned her back on me, and signalled to one of the servitors. He unlocked the door, and Mistress Charlotte Macdonell went out, her dainty white chin in the air. The two men followed her, guarding the exit. Just before she disappeared at the end of the corridor she turned suddenly round, dropped a little mock curtsy, and called, 'The falcon-gentle gives you good-night, clumsiest of falconers.'

One of the men looked after her, and said something to the other in the Gaelic, the only words that either of them spoke during the extraordinary interview.

Long afterwards I took the trouble to find out what the words were. In English they meant, 'That one will be the mother of heroes.'

I heard the key rasp in the lock and the footfalls of the two men grow fainter and fainter. Soon they ceased altogether, and I was left alone. The room was darkening, for the afternoon was by this time far spent, and the only entrance for the light was through a narrow barred aperture near the ceiling and beyond my reach. The events of the afternoon had keyed me up to a high pitch of curiosity and excitement, for in my youth in quiet Westmorland I had gained little but hearsay knowledge of plots or affairs of State and Government, mere echoes from the great world beyond the dales. Indeed, a badger-hunt or a Cumberland wrestling match had been my modest limit in the personal adventure. Women had not given me a thought, nor I them. Yet in the passing of a half-hour there had come into my life a change as sudden as a mist on Skiddaw, and I could see not a yard into it. I had cantered blithe and care-free out of Edinburgh for the single purpose of killing an idle hour or two; and here I was locked in a strange, silent house by the warrant of a young and beautiful woman whom I had never seen before. As for the charge against me, I beat my brains to fashion out some explanation; but any that I contrived were so formless and so palpably misdirected that I soon ceased to try. All that I could extricate from what had happened was that the lady's name appeared to be Mistress Charlotte Macdonell; that she was in bitter trouble; that she counted me an enemy, and a cowardly one to boot. The thought stung me. Who was Glenira? Who was 'the Kestrel'? What was his *valise*, on the face of it a veiled reference? How came the letter in my holster, if indeed it was found there at all? Perhaps I had a 'double.' This might be the solution, I thought; but, on the other hand, the lady of The Garth, when first we saw each other near the sandhills, showed no actual hostility towards me; that only began on the return to the house. On reflection, it was clear that it

was the letter that marked me in her mind as a menace to herself and her kin, so dangerous indeed that I might easily that afternoon have looked into a pistol-barrel for the last time.

So I paced up and down the room, one conjecture chasing another out of my mind until the dusk came down and I could scarce see an arm's length in front of me. The silence that had been only irksome now became intolerable, and I was assailed by vague fears of what might happen to me in the darkness in my unarmed condition. Presently I heard footsteps, and saw the glimmer of a light below the door. The lock was turned, and the two fellows came in. One of them carried a lighted candle, a jug of water, and some coarse baked oaten cakes, and the other a blanket. The candle was set down on the chimneypiece, the food and drink on the table, and the blanket on the couch in the corner. The red-haired man pointed to the provender and the couch in turn, and without a word both men went out and locked the door. The fare, plain though it was, was welcome, for it was long since I had broken my fast, and I was sharp set. So I speedily fell to, cleared the plate, and, candle in hand, inspected my quarters more narrowly.

The door was massive, and the lock strong and defiant. The thought of escape by breaking prison presented itself only to be dismissed, for the walls of the room were thick and solid, and the window was out of reach, iron-bound, and very small. I dragged the table toward it, and climbed up. On tiptoe I could just get my eyes level with the bars; but the exercise gave me little comfort, for the night was like ink for darkness. I came down again to sit in the candle-light thinking of the strange and untoward events of the day. I had good cause for hot and bitter thoughts. I had entered (hastily enough no doubt, yet on an impulse close to the heart of all decent men) on some one else's quarrel. For my pains I had seen a knife struck at my heart, and, so far from emerging like a gallant figure of chivalry from the affair, here I was penned up in a lonely house like a cutpurse or a housebreaker. When I come now to set it all down in so many words on paper I know that my thoughts ran strangely little on my peril or indignity, but were vastly concerned with the grave, sweet eyes of my captor. The longer I thought of them the more I read tenderness and truth and courage in them, and I vowed by all held sacred that I would never rest an hour until I had gone, in her own phrase, to 'the root and the rise' of her hostility to me, and cleansed the name of Layton from the smirch of suspicion of complicity in these dark doings. What they were I could not even guess at, but I was certain they were ill-conceived; and if, as the day's events proclaimed, they meant danger to a woman, was it not the part

of a man, his blood running brisk and warm in him, to offer his right arm and counsel? The casuists may cackle that in like cases much hangs upon the age and graces of the lady; that a dimple, or a stray curl, or a white neck, or a pair of bright eyes have had a deal to do with affairs of chivalry and the ring of steel in the forging of history. They may be speaking the truth; but eyes sparkled before the casuists began to tire the world, and daft youth has had more share in this sweet and hopeful business of life than all the schoolmen.

So I recall that, as I sat there in the candle-light that night, my thoughts (which by all canons of sober sense should have been intent on ways and means of escape, or in trying to extricate a path out of the sudden tangle of my affairs) were as vagrant as a flight of birds (wild geese perhaps!), so that they sped and vanished and came back always to circle round the mental vision of the girl when first I saw her on the chestnut horse, her young eyes questioning mine. After the black night the morning might bring new adventures; but it held one good thing, the promise that I should see her, and seeing her I would make bold advocacy of my plea for opportunity to clear my name and stand again in the clean daylight of honour.

My circumstances forced me to sit doing nothing, for it was now quite dark, save for the miserable light from the candle's flame on the chimneypiece. I had (as I thought) explored the room thoroughly while the light lasted, and, in an extremity of dullness, paced to and fro in the room until I tired. It must have been five o'clock in the afternoon when I entered The Garth, and now I judged it to be almost midnight, though this was a mere hazard. The day had been a long one for me, for I had been up early; so I laid me down as I was, booted and spurred, and drew the blanket round me. The couch was hard beyond belief, its discomfort and my wakeful thoughts conspiring to keep my eyes open. I lay awake for a long time, in a silence of the tomb, until sleep at length conquered. How long I slept I know not; but I awoke to a curious sense of counting something in a dream, something rhythmic, like the slow ticking of a clock. I listened, but the place was wrapped in quiet, and I was just about to turn round and try to sleep again when the sound began again. It was no dream. I sat up straining my ears, and as I did so the sound became fainter. I rose and went into the middle of the room. The sound ceased. The candle was still burning; and, taking it in my hand, I looked in every corner of the room. There was no sound except my own breathing, though I stood motionless and alert for at least five minutes; so I got me to the couch again, out of patience with myself for allowing myself to be cheated by a trick of the nerves. No sooner had my head touched the couch than the sound

began again, a slow, dull pulse-beat repeated almost every twenty seconds. This was no trick of the nerves! I set myself to discover the exact spot whence the sound came. The couch was near the wall at the farthest end of the room—that is, the one parallel with the fireplace. I rose and lay full length on the floor, with my ear to the bare boards, and, distinct and unmistakable, always at the same regular interval, came the mysterious sound.

There was complete quiet but for its steady throb, and the fancy seized me that the dark old house hid somewhere a tired heart under its cold gray surface, and I was listening to its slow beating. But 'twas purposeless work lying there, and cramping for my body, so that I got up and frittered an hour away in conjectures as to the cause of the sound, discarding one after another until my head rang.

(Continued on page 122.)

SAFETY OF LIFE AT SEA.

By W. O. HORSNAILL, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E.

BEFORE the interest in such matters was swept aside by the present war a great deal of attention was being given to the safety of 'those who go down to the sea in ships;' and in the August number of this *Journal* the regulations approved by the International Convention for the Safety of Life at Sea were described. These regulations have been embodied in an Act of Parliament which received the royal assent on the 10th of August 1914, and they will come into force on 1st July 1915.

Unless our passenger-ships can be made unsinkable the ultimate safety of those on board a doomed vessel is dependent upon boats, either those belonging to the ship or others sent by vessels which have come to the rescue. Since the *Titanic* disaster, 'boats for all' have been carried by all the large passenger liners, and this provision is, of course, insisted on by the new regulations. This question of boats is, however, a difficult one in the huge vessels now used for crossing the Atlantic. These leviathans carry some four thousand five hundred persons when the passenger accommodation is full up; and, as the usual ship's lifeboat only holds sixty people, at least seventy-five boats are needed. The boats are always carried on the topmost deck of all, known as the boat-deck, where they are fairly safe from damage by seas breaking over the vessel. This deck extends along the middle of the ship over the saloons and passenger accommodation, and its length in a nine hundred-foot liner is about four hundred and fifty feet.

Now the middle of the boat-deck has hitherto been set aside as a promenade for first-class passengers; hence, until recently, the boats were only carried at the ends, so as not to obstruct the view. This arrangement left room for eight boats on each side, with an extra and smaller boat in each corner alongside the end one, making twenty altogether, having accommodation for only about one thousand two hundred persons against some four thousand five hundred passengers and crew such a vessel would be certified to carry. Even with a line of boats right along each side of the boat-deck there is not room for the requisite number unless they

are stowed in pairs one on the top of the other. This plan is not practicable with ordinary lifeboats unless very special launching arrangements are provided; and to overcome the difficulty a type of boat is allowed which takes up very little height, so that as many as three may be placed in a pile ready for launching. These boats consist of shallow hulls built of wood and decked over, the hulls being filled with cork. The decks really form the floors of the boats, and collapsible canvas sides are built up round them to hold in the occupants and as a protection from the waves. It is practically impossible to sink a boat of this description, as even if it were punctured the cork would keep it afloat. Owing to their discomfort, however, a vessel will only be allowed to carry a certain proportion of her boats of this type, a number of the usual deep ship's lifeboats being made compulsory. The boat-decks on recent Atlantic liners are longer than in previous vessels, and by using these shallow lifeboats in addition to the ordinary boats it has been practicable to provide floating accommodation for all the four thousand five hundred persons on board.

The canvas sides for the shallow lifeboats described above perhaps sound rather flimsy; but they are made of enormously strong material, and the canvas is above the waterline, so that there is really no danger; in fact, with their cork-filled hulls these boats will stand more knocking about than the ordinary lifeboat, while any water which comes over the side simply runs out again through valves which will only open one way.

The risks attaching to the launching of boats have increased enormously with the increase in size of our liners, owing to the height of the boat-deck above the water.

The suggestions offered by the man in the street after any big shipping disaster clearly show that the difficulties of saving life at sea are not appreciated by the general public, a fact accounted for to some extent by the safety of modern passenger liners. How many passengers, for instance, have ever seen a boat lowered from a rolling vessel out on the ocean? In harbour

the operation is simple enough, as the ship is steady and the sea smooth; but even under these favourable conditions the manœuvre requires great care, as the height of the boat-deck above the water on a large liner may be anything between forty and sixty feet.

Thirty or forty years ago, before steamships reached their present gigantic proportions, it was customary to lower the boats with only a couple of sailors in them, who were joined by an officer and the remainder of the boat's crew after she was afloat. The passengers then waited until the vessel rolled over towards the boat or until a wave brought her up within jumping distance, when the women and children were handed down and caught by the crew, to be followed by the jumping of the men as favourable opportunities occurred. This system is impossible in the modern liner; and, although the passengers are embarked from one of the lower decks, the height is still far too great to allow of jumping, and the boats have to be lowered full of people. Each boat is attached by pulleys and ropes to two curved steel arms known as davits, which can be swung out over the water after the boat has been picked up from the deck. A couple of sailors then get into her, and other men pay out the ropes through the pulleys until she is lowered down to the deck where the passengers are embarked.

As the vessel rolls towards the side on which a boat is being lowered she tends to swing outwards from the davits like a pendulum, and if allowed to do this she will come back with great force against the side of the ship on the return roll. While the boat is being loaded with passengers she can be held up against the ship's side; but when she is full and being lowered into the sea this is no longer possible; hence, unless she can be got into the water before the return swing, the boat will almost certainly be smashed up and all her occupants drowned. This has happened time after time in bad weather; in fact, it is the general opinion of those best able to judge that lowering boats from a huge liner in a gale of wind and a heavy sea is practically impossible.

Another danger arises from the possibility of the rope at one end becoming jammed in its pulley-block, thus stopping that end of the boat from being lowered. If the other end keeps on going down, the boat is tipped up and those in her are pitched out into the sea. Of course this should not happen with proper care; but in the flurry and confusion of getting boats lowered, perhaps at night, many accidents of this nature have occurred.

If, as in future will be the case in large passenger liners, several boats have to be launched from each pair of davits, we shall have another difficulty to contend with in the twisting up of the ropes between the pulley-blocks when the bottom pulleys are unhooked from a boat just

lowered. There is no rope made which will not tend to twist and kink under such conditions, particularly if it becomes wet; hence as soon as the lower blocks are unhooked they twist round like the old-fashioned meat-jack, and it is impossible to haul them up for lowering the next boat.

Whether the line of boats on each side of a ship can be used depends upon the state of the wind and sea and the nature of the accident which requires the abandonment of the vessel. Except in calm weather, it is impossible to launch boats on the side of a ship from which the wind is blowing, as the waves would dash them against the vessel's side, and they would be broken up the moment they reached the water.

Supposing the engines to be available and the ship under command, the boats on the sheltered side would be launched first, then the vessel would be turned round so as to bring the boats on the other side into the right position for lowering. It is almost inconceivable that any accident which would render all the engines useless could occur to a modern liner in deep water; but the vessel might run ashore, as happened to the *Delhi*, or the weather might be so bad as to make turning round too risky a manœuvre with a sinking ship even if the engines were available. In either case only the boats on one side could be launched.

Great improvements have now been made in the method of stowing and launching boats, which partially overcome the above risks.

In the new White Star liner *Britannic* the arrangement of boats and the means provided for lowering them safely are far ahead of anything hitherto attempted in this direction. The boats are arranged in four rows right across the deck, instead of along each side, and lowering apparatus is provided at both ends of each row of boats, making eight boat-stations in all. There are forty-eight boats altogether, twelve in each row, and they are placed in pairs, one above the other. The davits consist of two enormous steel arms which can be swung far enough inward to pick up the boats nearest the middle of the deck, while when being lowered they can be swung out well clear of the ship's side, thus to some extent avoiding the danger of the boat swinging against the ship and being broken up. The boats in question are larger than usual, and will hold over one hundred persons each; furthermore, the passengers climb into them before they are lifted off the deck. This feature is of enormous advantage, as the passengers can take their places quickly from all around the boat instead of having to pass through a narrow gangway while the boat is dangling at a height of perhaps forty feet above the sea. When filled, each boat is picked up, the davits are swung outward, and she is quickly lowered into the sea, all these operations being performed by electric-power in far

less time than would be possible with hand appliances. Furthermore, instead of the old-fashioned pulley-blocks and ropes, single steel wires of great strength are used, which can be pulled up again in a few seconds, and all the boats can be run across the deck for lowering on either side of the ship.

Although the provision of boats for all is an excellent thing, it is still necessary to construct passenger-ships in such a way that they are practically unsinkable, as in at least twice out of three times when accidents occur the sea is too rough to launch boats at all. The P. & O. vessel *Narrung*, for instance, had a narrow escape from sinking during the Christmas gale in 1912, when the wind and sea were so terrific that there would have been no possibility of launching the boats. It might be supposed by arm-chair critics that if the vessel had gone down the boats would have floated off independently, and many persons might have been saved thereby. It is almost certain, however, that as the boat-deck sank down toward the water all the boats would have been smashed to matchwood. Again, at the loss of the *Veronese* the sea was too rough to use the boats, and rescue-work could only be carried on by the rocket apparatus until the storm had abated. More recently attempts were made to launch the *Volturno's* boats, with the result that all who got into them were drowned; while when the hospital ship *Rohilla* went ashore on the Yorkshire coast any attempt at launching the boats must have resulted in their destruction. On the other hand, if the *Titanic* had carried boats enough to accommodate all on board, with the most modern arrangements for launching them, every one might have been saved.

The most perfect arrangements for lowering boats would be useless after dark unless plenty of light were available both on the boat-deck and in the ship. Until recently electricity for lighting has been supplied from dynamos in the engine-room driven by steam; hence once the boilers—always in the bottom of the ship—are flooded no electric light is available, and this may happen long before the vessel will sink. Again, the engine-room, which is a watertight compartment, might be flooded through collision or the vessel running on a rock, thereby rendering the electric plant useless, although the ship was in no danger of sinking, and the failure of the lighting would cause great inconvenience, even if no actual danger accrued.

To avoid this risk the regulations demand a separate source of electric supply in the upper part of the ship, provision being also made for emergency lamps on entirely separate electric circuits from those used for the ordinary lighting. In the *Britannic* there are five hundred lamps connected to the emergency circuits, which are supplied from a large storage-battery containing enough electricity to last many hours. The electric motors for lowering the boats are, of

course, supplied from the same source, and likewise the wireless apparatus, which will, therefore, be available until the vessel actually sinks.

As regards the making of ships unsinkable, the new regulations demand the subdivision of each vessel into a number of watertight compartments. The new White Star liner *Britannic* has sixteen watertight bulkheads right across the ship, and any six divisions may be flooded together without endangering the vessel. In addition to these precautions against the risk of sinking, there is an inner skin all over the bottom and extending up the sides to well above the waterline, leaving a watertight space of five feet, which in its turn is split up into numerous divisions. It would, of course, be exceedingly irksome and wasteful of time if every one had to climb to an upper deck before being able to pass from one compartment to another; hence openings are made which can be closed by watertight doors in case of accident. The latter are held open by devices which can be let go from the bridge through electric wires, so that in an emergency the officer on watch can close all watertight doors at once. As this operation would, however, be dangerous to persons passing below without some warning signal, a bell is provided at each door which rings automatically when the apparatus is set in motion.

At the present time our ships are faced with new dangers in the form of mines and even torpedoes. Whether these engines of destruction will prove powerful enough to sink our largest liners, with their double bottoms and numerous watertight compartments, remains to be proved. When a comparatively small vessel strikes a mine, it is probable that the whole structure is damaged to such an extent as to render the joints in the plating leaky right along the ship, in which case the separate compartments are no longer watertight, and the vessel sinks. So far every vessel which has struck a mine has sunk within a few minutes; but this has not always been the case with torpedoes, as the *Cressy* was struck by two torpedoes, the second one hitting her a quarter of an hour after the first, during which interval she remained afloat.

Efforts are being made by inventors to devise some form of protection against mines which can be fixed to the bow of a vessel either to catch a mine in a species of net or explode it far enough in front to avoid damage to the ship. It is very doubtful, however, whether any practical protection of this nature is possible, as the device must be wider than the vessel herself and very much deeper; otherwise, when the bow lifts in a heavy sea, the protective arrangement might pass over the mine. Again, such a device would reduce a vessel's speed considerably by its resistance to being pushed through the water, and it would have to be of massive construction to withstand the power of the waves.

A RISE IN HIS SALARY.

CHAPTER II.

SKENE, once more back in his accustomed place in front of his big writing-desk, asked himself for the thousandth time if he was glad that he had stumbled unawares—of course he had got his head-clerk's address written down somewhere, but for years he had forgotten what it was—upon James Cooper's humble home the preceding Saturday, or if he was sorry. Cooper had been extraordinarily kind, certainly; and the hot bath and change of garments with which he had supplied him had saved him from a severe chill, if from nothing worse. Also, it had been very pleasant taking tea with the clerk and the little girl, Pansy; but now it was annoying to think that he had made a fool of himself over it.

He had raised Cooper's salary. Cooper, as he sat by the fire after tea, with Pansy on his knee, had confided to him his reason for requiring a higher wage than the one with which he had been satisfied previously. Hitherto he had only had himself to bother about; now there was another person to provide for. He had adopted Pansy. The only child of a ne'er-do-well brother who had died recently, she had come to him literally devoid of all worldly goods except the dolly Rosa, and what was sufficient for a single man was insufficient for a family.

More than this—and the blushes which spread over Cooper's meek countenance mounted even to his bald pate as he came to this part of his narrative—for the first time in his life he was daring to contemplate matrimony! Pansy must have some one to look after her, and the little maid-of-all-work was not fit to be entrusted with so important a task. A mother, therefore, for Pansy must be found, who, incidentally, would of course have to be a wife to her uncle.

Skene had almost laughed when he heard this; anything to do with love-making or romance had seemed so incongruous in connection with Cooper! But he had laughed outright when, in answer to his question who the fortunate lady of his choice was, the head-clerk answered, 'Miss Jenkins.'

Miss Jenkins! Why, out of the whole world of women, had Cooper chosen her? But then, of course, in his narrow life the poor clerk had not many opportunities for meeting attractive women. Possibly Miss Jenkins and Miss Carey, the two typists at the office, were the only women he was acquainted with intimately. Yet, of these two, why had he chosen the obviously older and plainer?

'Miss Jenkins!' Skene had cried, unable to conceal his amazement. Then, fancying that

perhaps he had not heard aright, 'Er—you are quite sure that you did not say Miss Carey?'

But the head-clerk, although his pink cheeks grew pinker and he obviously showed signs of confusion, had answered quite firmly, 'Miss Carey, sir, is a very attractive young lady; but she is, I should say, a little inclined to be—er—flighty and extravagant. Miss Jenkins is more sedate—older—she would be less expensive.'

'Oh yes,' Skene had replied, '*she* would not be—dear!' And Cooper's sense of humour was not sufficiently developed to observe that his master had, though quite unintentionally, made a pun.

Now, on this following Monday afternoon, here was Skene waiting, with an interest which he did not often display toward the affairs of others, for the news of Miss Jenkins's engagement. He had noticed Cooper following her sheepishly as they left the office together during the lunch-hour. Doubtless the head-clerk had taken that opportunity for proposing.

Of course she would accept him; no woman prefers to work for herself when she can get a man to work for her; and Cooper was not a bad little chap—he would give her a home.

A home! Skene's thoughts travelled back unconsciously to the little gimcrack parlour in the little gimcrack house. Again he saw Cooper seated at the head of the tea-table with the pretty child on his knee. Poor devil! He would find it a hard struggle with a woman and a child to provide for even with his additional twenty shillings a week; and yet there had been a look on the head-clerk's face, as he stroked Pansy's hair, which might make any other man who had not got a woman or a child to provide for envious. Cooper was supremely happy in his little jerry-built home, happier than his employer in his substantial, luxuriously furnished house in Pembridge Square.

Skene frowned, and struck the little bell in front of him sharply. When, a moment later, Miss Jenkins came into the room the momentary softness which had been in his eyes vanished, and he was once more himself—hard, entirely business-like.

'I want you to take down some letters, please,' he said.

The typist seated herself opposite him, and for some minutes the only sounds to be heard in the big room were Skene's voice and the faint scratching of her stylographic pen. Yet all the time that he was dictating Skene watched her furtively. But her face was, as usual, quite emotionless, and he was conscious of a slight

feeling of annoyance. Hang it all! a woman of her sort of appearance didn't get proposals every day; was she totally devoid of feeling, that she still looked like a gravenimage?

The lawyer was surprised at himself for displaying such sudden interest in the affairs of a fellow-creature; but—well, there was no blinking the fact—he had changed in a most extraordinary way since last Saturday, and he really wanted to know the result of Cooper's first proposal of marriage. For one thing, he himself would be sorry to lose Miss Jenkins; she was an excellent worker. He would like to know when exactly he *was* to lose her.

He tapped his long fingers impatiently on the table. 'That will do for the present,' he said curtly.

Miss Jenkins rose, and was moving toward the door, when he suddenly called out to her, 'Stop a moment, please, Miss Jenkins! I want to speak to you.'

She turned, and once more stood docilely before him, though there was mild interrogation in the eyes behind the big spectacles.

'Er—I was going to ask you, Miss Jenkins, if you knew of any other lady who could fill your place when—you leave us. For you *are* contemplating leaving us shortly, are you not?'

It was clumsily, abominably done; but it was the only way, apparently, in which he could satisfy his curiosity. And a moment later he felt he could sink into the earth when Miss Jenkins, flashing the big spectacles upon him in a surprise which was not mild this time, said stiffly, 'Excuse me, but I do not quite understand. I was not contemplating leaving you.'

He had blundered horribly. He gave a sickly smile, and indicated to Miss Jenkins that she was to sit down again.

'Miss Jenkins, I apologise! Now that I have gone so far, however, I will explain myself. I was under the impression that you were—that you were going to be married.'

'I am not going to be married,' said Miss Jenkins.

A crimson flush dyed her cheeks. Poor creature, her feelings were deeply wounded, no doubt; and for a moment Skene felt that the blunder he had just made was even worse than he had at first imagined. The wild thought flashed through his mind—suppose, after all, he *had* heard amiss on Saturday, that Cooper had not said that it was Miss Jenkins he was going to propose to, but Miss Carey? Of course he *had* meant Miss Carey! No sane man would ever contemplate matrimony with Miss Jenkins!

Wouldn't he? Suddenly Skene, whose eyes had been intently fixed on the figure opposite him, noticed—what in the whole course of his acquaintance with Miss Jenkins he had not

noticed before—that her face, without the disfiguring spectacles, was really not an ugly one; her mouth and nose, indeed, were small and well shaped, and her figure, in spite of the atrocious clothes, was well proportioned. But it was the cut of her garments and the way she did her hair!

'Miss Jenkins,' he said in a low voice, 'I apologise again. If I have hurt your feelings I am deeply sorry. But I was under a misapprehension.'

'You were, I suppose, in Mr Cooper's confidence,' interrupted Miss Jenkins.

As she spoke she raised her face and gazed at him, and he was astounded, but he could have sworn that he saw a faint twinkle in the eyes behind the spectacles; that the mouth, which he had never before seen to smile, was twitching as if with suppressed laughter.

'Mr Cooper did propose to me during the lunch-hour,' she continued calmly, 'but I refused him.'

She had refused him! Miss Jenkins—dowdy, overworked Miss Jenkins, without a penny in the world except what she earned—had refused the offer of a home, and a good, kind man to look after her! It was incredible! However, he would not add to his former blunders by betraying his astonishment, so he said somewhat lamely, 'Ah, well, we all have our reasons. It was the child, I suppose, in this case; for Cooper told you, of course, of his adoption of his little niece. The child might have been a nuisance to you.'

'Oh no!' said Miss Jenkins. 'I adore children! I should love to have a home too; in fact, I think that a home, however humble, and some one whom you love in it, are the only things worth having in this sad old world.'

She spoke softly; there was a tender ring in her usually expressionless voice which altered it amazingly; and as just before Skene had realised that Miss Jenkins was not really ugly, so he realised now that her voice, when it was charged with emotion, was really pretty. It reminded him, strangely, of another voice which he had once thought pretty—years ago.

The man looked up. He did not know that his hands were trembling, and that as he spoke his voice was a little husky. 'I agree with you,' he said. 'A home, and some one whom you love in it. I used not to value those things; but—since last Saturday, I suppose'—he gave a queer, shaky little laugh—'I have begun to do so. After all—after all'—

He broke off. He leant his elbow on the table and shaded his eyes with his hand. He had forgotten Miss Jenkins, forgotten the office, even forgotten what hitherto had been his main interest in life—money. A home, and some one whom you love in it! Well, he had despised the little home when he had had it then, and Doreen, for all her sweet young beauty, had been

a drag on his ambitions, or so he had thought! It had been better for them both when she left him. Had it been better?

He sighed, and lifting his head again, saw his face in a mirror on the opposite wall. He was within two weeks of forty, and the glass told him that he looked fifty. He was thin-lipped, lined; his eyes looked hard and mean. Yet he had been extraordinarily successful in life. Skene & Skene, the famous old-established firm of solicitors, were doing far better now than either in his father's time or in his grandfather's. He had not made friends, but what an ambitious man values perhaps more—enemies. He knew he was envied. He knew that it was only a matter of time before he got into Parliament. Perhaps, some day, he would even have a place in the Cabinet.

Miss Jenkins's voice—strangely soft, and still with that little tender ring in it which reminded him so of that other voice—brought him back to earth again.

'I cannot marry Mr Cooper, because I am married already,' she was saying.

Married already! The unattractive Miss Jenkins married! He stared at her stupidly, and suddenly Miss Jenkins rose from her seat.

'Ah, John, don't you remember me?' she cried. As she spoke she pulled off the disfiguring spectacles, and pointed to the untidy mop of gray hair. 'It is a wig,' she said, half-laughing, yet with at the same time half a sob.

Ah, he understood why her voice had stirred that chord of memory now! For it was Doreen! Doreen, with her little dark gypsy face and black eyes sparkling with mischief and fun! No, they were not sparkling; they were full of tears. She fell on her knees at his side, and caught hold of his hand.

'I wondered if you were ever going to soften; and then, when Mr Cooper told me that you had raised his salary, and had been so nice to his little niece Pansy, it seemed to me that you were softening at last. But if you still don't want me I will go away again, as I—as I went once before. Oh! perhaps I ought not to have revealed myself even now; but I felt that I could not go on living beside you any longer, seeing you every day, hearing your voice, without—without breaking down. John!'

He was dazed. He passed his hand again over his eyes. 'Doreen!' he whispered.

Once more his mind travelled back over the years. The hasty marriage between the boy of twenty-three and the girl of seventeen. The concealment from his people, because she was only a little, unknown singer, and he a brilliant young undergraduate who was going to do well. The almost immediate repentance of his rashness; and yet not altogether repentance, for they had tasted a certain sort of delirious happiness in the cheap lodgings where he had hidden

her. And then the discovery, one evening when he had stolen away from his father's house to visit her, that she had gone! Gone, leaving no address, no farewell even, save the badly scrawled, tear-stained note in which she said she knew that she was only a hindrance to him, and that he would be happier without her.

He groaned—and he felt a tear drop on his imprisoned hand.

'Oh John, it has been such a struggle! But I managed to keep myself somehow—on the stage—till I lost my voice after a bad attack of diphtheria; then governessing, typing! Then, six months ago, I saw your advertisement for a typist in the *Times*, and I so longed to see you again; and, as I knew something about make-up, I disguised myself and applied for the post. Oh, it was torture being near you; not able to speak even, except in a feigned voice, for I was so afraid of betraying myself—you remember I was always good at mimicking voices—and yet it was the only happiness I had had since I left you! For, John, it was my pride which in the first place made me leave you, and then prevented my coming back. I—I loved you all the time!'

He put his hand on the little graceful head—she had taken off the wig, and her dark cloud of hair fell round her shoulders.

'And I loved you, Doreen! I never knew it, I think, until two days ago, when I saw Cooper, with his child and his home. I realised then that in my own life there was an emptiness which neither my work nor my ambitions could fill. I wanted something else. I wanted my wife.'

Skene rose and held out his arms, and she rose too and crept into them. And then, after a long silence, in which they were unconscious of anything else in the world except each other, they suddenly and simultaneously remembered Cooper. They looked up, and laughed.

'Poor chap!' said Skene; 'I have found my wife, but he has lost his. He loved you too, darling.'

The old merriment flashed into Doreen's eyes. Her cheeks dimpled as they had dimpled when she was a girl. 'No, John, he did not love me. He respected me—who would not respect a woman as plain as I made myself?'—her laugh rippled out gaily—'and he wanted to marry me because he thought I should be sensible and thrifty. But the woman he really loves—and would infinitely prefer to marry if he could afford it—is pretty, flighty Miss Carey. I fancy, too, that she cares for him.'

Skene gave a mighty shout, and as Doreen's face was like a girl's, so his was almost like a boy's again. 'Good old Cooper!' he cried joyously; 'I'll raise him another pound a week in salary!'

THE END.

TUNIS: A COMING WINTER RESORT.

By EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S.

THE Regency of Tunis, theoretically little more than a French protectorate, is to all intents and purposes a French colony, for even the nominal suzerainty of Turkey was shaken off long before the French occupation (or rather conquest) in 1881. Its political relations with France are sometimes compared with those of Great Britain and Egypt. A more accurate comparison would be with Cyprus, which was virtually a British Crown colony, though technically a part of the Ottoman Empire until its recent annexation by Great Britain. But however anomalous the tenure of Tunis, the French have some reason to be proud of what they have done in the administration of this oversea France. Indeed, it is the only one of her African colonies and protectorates which is self-supporting. Algeria, for instance, partly owing to the swarms of petty functionaries, has always been administered at a heavy loss.

The capital, Tunis, stands on a neck of land between the landlocked inlet of the sea known as the Lac de Tunis (El Bahira) and the half-dried-up lagoon Sebkhah es Sedjoui. The modern French quarter gradually merges into the densely populated native city, which is, next to Cairo and Alexandria, the largest in North Africa.

Tunis cannot boast of so beautiful a situation as Algiers, with its magnificent sea approach; yet the view of the city from the heights of the Kasbah or the roof of the Bey's town palace (Dar el Bey) is very fine; though for beauty of situation Tunis must yield the palm to Algiers, the Genoa of North Africa, while the view is inferior to that from the Byrsa Hill of old Carthage.

Beyond the roofs and domes of the White City—a sobriquet now, alas! too suggestive of Shepherd's Bush—spread out like a sheet, the eye wanders over the Little Sea (El Bahira), intersected by the ship-canal, by which the great liners of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique now take passengers direct to the quay of Tunis, ignoring the once busy port of La Goulette. To the right are the little watering-places of Hammam-Lif and Korbous, on the shore of the promontories terminated by Cape Bon. To the left may be discerned the ruins of the Roman aqueduct, carrying the eye of the spectator to the site of ancient Carthage on the Byrsa Hill, backed by the white houses of Sidi Bou Said. Southward the horizon is bounded by a range of mountains culminating in the rugged peak of Zaghuan. In the foreground the most notable features in the panorama of Tunis are the Bardo Palace, Belvedere Gardens, the graceful minaret of the Mosque es Zitouna, the domes of the Sidi Mahrez Mosque, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral.

Climate is, of course, a factor of great importance in the choice of a winter resort, and in this respect Tunis deserves favourable consideration. Though Tunis is not so well sheltered as Algiers, it enjoys a winter climate almost as mild. This is indicated by the striking resemblance of the fauna and flora to those of Algeria. The mean temperature during January is fifty-one degrees Fahrenheit. In summer, however, Tunis is far less suitable than Algeria as a residence for foreigners, as it is much exposed to the sirocco, and the mean August temperature is as high as eighty-one degrees Fahrenheit. Most rain falls in January and February. The most prevalent winds during the winter months are the east and north-west. Though not so mild as Egypt, it is far more equable, and there is not that sudden fall of temperature at sunset which is the one drawback of the drier Riviera climate. The water-supply is very good. It is brought from Zaghuan, and the old Roman aqueduct was restored to form the channel for this new water-supply, which is brought to the huge reservoirs beyond the Kasbah called the Château d'Eau. The cost of the work was enormous, exceeding by several millions of francs the original estimate of eight million francs.

The chief sights are the bazaars, the Bardo Museum, and the Belvedere Gardens. It is true that mosques are usually included in the itinerary of the local guides; but only the exteriors can be seen, as in Tunisia (with the paradoxical exception of the Holy City of Kairouan) all mosques are closed to non-Mohammedans.

The most interesting of the Tunis *souks* (bazaars) are to be found in the Medina quarter, near the Mosque es Zitouna. They are more oriental in character than those of Algiers or Constantinople, and are roofed over, as in Constantinople and Damascus. The small, narrow booths are shut in by a counter separating them from the street, and the shopkeeper is accustomed to swing himself into his seat behind the counter with the aid of a rope. The bazaars which still interest visitors most are the Souk Attarin (perfumes and spices), Souk des Etoffes (carpets and rugs), Souk Sekajine (saddlery), Souk el Trouk (burnouses), and Souk el Berka (gold and silver wares and silver filigree-work). Unfortunately most of the oriental articles in the bazaars, especially in the larger ones, are not indigenous, but manufactured in Europe; for instance, much of the silver filigree-work comes from Genoa or Malta, the more expensive gold jewellery from Paris, and the burnouses from Manchester; while even the fezes are of European manufacture, except those from Zaghuan. But genuine indigenous wares are to be found by

the discerning tourist in the Souk des Etoffes, Souk Sekajine, and the Souk el Trouk.

It is not at all likely that the tourist will pick up bargains in the Tunis bazaars, and he must not suppose that he will get even with the polite but wily trader by following the advice of the guide-books and only offering a third or a half of the sum originally asked. The shop-keeper is fully aware of this fond delusion of the globe-trotter, and usually arranges the original price to allow for the recognised reduction. A useful wrinkle to remember is to visit the bazaar as early as possible, as it is thought unlucky by Mohammedan traders to refuse the offer of the first customer of the day.

The museum at the Bardo, officially known as the Musée Alaoui, contains the most important results of excavations in all parts of Tunisia, and here is to be seen the finest collection of Roman antiquities in North Africa. The most valuable objects are a torso of Athena from Hammam Darradji, a magnificent mosaic pavement ('Triumph of Neptune') from a Roman villa near Susa, a silver-gilt *patera* found at Bizerta, a bronze Hermes and a bronze Eros (four and a half feet high). In the same building is the Musée Arabe, with mosque tiles from Tunis and Morocco, carpets from Kairouan, metal-work, weapons, &c.

The Bardo Palace is hardly worth visiting, but the orangeries of the present palace of the Bey (formerly the palace of the harem) should be seen. It was here that the momentous treaty by which France practically annexed Tunisia was signed on May 12, 1881, by the Bey, Mohammed es Sadok, and General Bréard, the commander of the French army of occupation.

In the matter of recreative resources Tunis cannot, of course, be compared with the fashionable winter city of Algiers, but still there is no lack of urban amusements to distract the pleasure-seeker. There is an excellent theatre, where operas and operettas are given during the winter, and a well-appointed casino (concerts, musical comedies, baccarat, restaurant, &c.); while a military band plays on three afternoons in the week in the Place de la Résidence.

Among the outdoor amusements which can be indulged in is golf, a small course (nine holes) having been laid out at K'sar Said. There are several race-meetings during the winter and spring, and the Carnival festivities include a distinctive feature in the shape of Arab fantasias.

Locomotion is rendered easy by a well-organised electric tramway system through the city and suburbs, electric trams running also to La Goulette, La Marsa, and old Carthage.

There is a good choice of hotels, the leading ones being the Tunisia Palace, Grand, Paris, France, and St George, the tariff being reasonable—nine to ten francs, except at the fashionable Tunisia Palace, where the *pension* rates are from thirteen francs upwards.

The spiritual needs of English visitors are met by the English Church of St George. Then there are a British Consul and several English-speaking medical men.

Tunis makes a good centre for excursions, and now that there has been so great an expansion of the Tunisian railway systems, Zagouan, the ruins of Oudna, Susa (Sousse), El Djem, Sfax, and 'Kairouan the Holy' can be reached by train. But the chief excursion is to ancient Carthage. This famous city was founded by a Phœnician colony in the ninth century B.C. The citadel was built on the hill called Byrsa, and was surrounded by suburbs in all directions, extending from the ancient harbour (of which traces remain) to beyond Sidi Bou Said. Indeed, when the city of Dido was taken and sacked by Æmilianus Scipio it had a circumference of nearly twelve miles. It replaced Utica as the capital of the province about 29 B.C.; and it ultimately rose to the position of the greatest Mediterranean seaport after Alexandria, and the third city in the Roman Empire. By the second century Carthage had taken the place of Alexandria as the chief seat in North Africa of the Christian Church. In 698 the Arabian Governor, Hassan Ibn en Noman (the Caliph's lieutenant), captured Carthage and destroyed the last vestiges of Punic and Roman culture.

Very little remains *in situ* of the glory and splendour of ancient Carthage. For centuries the Genoese, Sicilians, Pisans, and Tunisians have used the ruins as a quarry, and have carried off valuable statues, columns, capitals, marbles, vases, inscriptions, &c., to enrich the cathedrals of Cordova, Palermo, Pisa, Amalfi, and the museums of Tunis, Susa, and the Louvre. Considerable excavations have been carried out by the Pères Blancs, and now some one hundred and fifty feet of the curious Roman wall built of jars (*amphore*), in layers without stone of any kind, has been disinterred. A visit to the Punic cemeteries, great Basilica, Roman cisterns and aqueduct, and the Cathedral of St Louis would occupy a whole morning. The guide will no doubt insist on showing the Chapel of St Louis; but this mean and insignificant memorial is in a sense fraudulent, for the marble statue supposed to represent the saintly king of France is now known to be a statue of Charles the Fifth, sent in error from Paris! But unless the tourist has some archaeological taste, he would be wise to cut short his explorations and devote most of his time to the interesting museum, which is of great importance, and may be regarded as unique in a sense, as it is almost wholly confined to the yields of excavations in ancient Carthage. Indeed, visitors have here an opportunity of examining the remains of a civilisation spreading over nearly three thousand years.

Tunis should certainly appeal to the artist and archaeologist as well as to the mere holiday-maker. Indeed, the City of the Beys will prob-

ably be more appreciated by the visitor of artistic proclivities than the much Europeanised Algiers. Here the oriental atmosphere is more dominant. The quarter of a century of French civilisation has only touched the surface, and has interfered very little with the semi-barbaric but picturesque Arab manners and customs; and strangers will carry away with them vivid impressions full of local colour. The archæologist will find Tunis a particularly rich field for his studies. Roman amphitheatres, temples, triumphal arches, baths, aqueducts, &c. strew the littoral and the hinterland of Tunisia. Indeed, nowhere in the world outside Italy will be found so many traces of Roman civilisation. The choice of Roman remains is an embarrassing one; but the most important will be found at Dougga, El Djem, and El Kef. But the visitor sated with Roman remains has a choice of a large number of excursions by steamer, rail, or diligence. There are the ports of Susa and Sfax, easily reached by steamer; the quaint old town of Gafsa; Metlaoui, the starting-place for the grand gorge of the Seldja, almost as fine as the famous Chabet Gorge in Algeria; Gabes, whence the Troglodyte villages and the island of the Lotus Eaters can be visited, to mention only a few.

The sportsman will find very fair shooting at the cost only of a game license (twenty-six francs), for in Tunis no expensive permit is required; nor is there any limit to the number of head which may be killed, as in the British colonies and protectorates in Africa. Wild boar, jackals, and hyenas are plentiful all over the interior; gazelles are frequently found in the

plains; while panthers, tiger-cats, and lynxes are occasionally found in the Khroumir forests. Barbary deer are often found in the pine forests of Ghrardimaou; while small game, such as the hare, partridge, duck, plover, sand-grouse, snipe, and woodcock, are plentiful, and afford good sport.

The question of how to reach Tunis is easily answered. It is very easy of access. Indeed, by the Monday's express service of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique it is possible to reach this 'Gate of the Orient' in fifty-six hours after leaving London. Even by the ordinary services of this company (which call either at Ajaccio or at Bizerta), or of the rival company, the Compagnie Navigation Mixte, Tunis is brought within three days of London. The cost of the journey from London, *viâ* Dover and Marseilles, is exactly the same as to Algiers—ten pounds fourteen shillings first (sixteen pounds eight shillings and sevenpence return), and seven pounds ten shillings and a penny second (eleven pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence return). The C. G. T. boats are luxuriously appointed but expensive, and the tourist of modest means will probably prefer the C. N. M. line, which is slower, but comfortable and less crowded. To the tourist of leisure the all-sea route, *viâ* Algiers, will probably appeal. During the season the boats of the Nederland Royal Mail Line call regularly at Algiers from Southampton. There is a daily through service by rail from Algiers to Tunis (five hundred and fifty-seven miles), with sleeping-car, the journey taking twenty-six hours.

THE STRANGE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF SOME FAMOUS PRECIOUS STONES.

By M. WINIFRED HURLSTONE-JONES.

BATTLE, murder, and sudden death are three awe-inspiring facts; and probably nothing in the world's history of inanimate objects has contributed so often to these three dread events as the precious stone. To read the story of some precious stone of fame is to be hurried from one thrilling adventure to another; and it must be a singularly unimaginative person who can resist the feeling that in some mysterious manner these glittering objects, the materials of which the scientist can tell us in detail, have not some occult power, some obscure but potent influence, over the destinies of men.

Few stones have had a more chequered career than the famous 'Hope' diamond, which is said to have found a watery bed when the *Titanic* sank; a statement to this effect appeared in a well-known weekly paper, and has never been contradicted. That it should go down in the most tragic shipwreck on record would seem peculiarly appropriate to a stone which rarely

brought aught but ill-luck to its possessors, be they whom they may. It was brought to Europe by Jean Baptiste Tavernier, the famous traveller, who sold it to Louis the Fourteenth, by whom it was placed among the crown-jewels. Tavernier died a ruined man in his old age. The gem adorned the beautiful Madame de Montespan, who was supplanted in the king's favour by Madame de Maintenon; it was borrowed by Nicolas Fouquet—who was made *procureur-général* to the Parliament of Paris in 1650 by Mazarin, and superintendent of finance in 1653—for one of the costly fêtes which he was fond of giving, and which are supposed to have aroused the king's jealousy. Fouquet was arrested and imprisoned, and finally died in disgrace. The famous blue diamond aroused Marie Antoinette's admiration, and it was given to her by Louis the Sixteenth; and it was occasionally worn by the ill-fated Princess de Lamballe. The horrible fate of all three is, of course, history. During

the French Revolution it was stolen, and its fate during the next forty years is unknown. It is stated that an Amsterdam diamond-cutter, Wilhelm Fals, had been commissioned to cut it; but that his son stole it from him, with the result that the elder Fals was ruined and the son committed suicide. Young Fals is supposed to have passed the diamond on to a Frenchman, Farcios Beaulieu, and from him it passed into the hands of a dealer, who about the year 1830 sold it to the late Mr Henry Thomas Hope for eighteen thousand pounds. The curious part of its history is that so long as it remained in the possession of the Hope family its malign influence—or, let us say, the curious train of ill-luck which accompanied it—seemed dormant. But at the death of Mr Hope it was purchased by a merchant, who took it to New York and sold it to an American jeweller. The jeweller fell into financial difficulties; and after passing through the hands of a French broker, the diamond was bought by a Russian prince, who either gave or lent it to a beautiful actress at the Folies Bergères. The first night she wore it the prince shot her from a box while she was on the stage, only himself to meet with a violent death at the hands of revolutionaries within a few days. The broker who had sold the stone committed suicide. It then passed into the hands of a Greek jeweller named Simon Montharides, who was thrown over a precipice and killed after he had disposed of the stone to the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, whose favourite, Salma Subayba, was wearing the jewel on her breast when the Young Turks broke into the palace, and she was shot dead by her master. The stone is said to have then passed into the hands of Habib Effendi, who possessed a marvellous collection of gems, the price paid being, it is said, eighty thousand pounds. Habib Effendi was drowned in the sinking of the Messageries steamer *La Seyne* in collision off Singapore. His collection of jewels was sold in 1909; and the last known owner of the 'Hope' was Mrs. McLean of Washington, whose husband is reported to have bought the stone in ignorance of its tragic history. On learning from the newspapers the trail of ruin that followed previous owners of the 'Hope,' he endeavoured to refuse the purchase; but after litigation, he finally took the stone. Whether it sank in the *Titanic*, as was stated in the Press, seems uncertain, and the writer has failed to get confirmation or denial of the statement. At any rate, such a termination to a story of bloodshed and sorrow would not be inappropriate.

The 'Sancy' diamond is as famous in a way as the 'Hope'; but experts disagree considerably as to its history. It was worn by Charles the Bold at the battle of Graussen, and was picked up on the battlefield by a Swiss soldier, who sold it to a priest for a florin, a coin of more value, of course, than our two-shilling piece. The priest sold it for two florins, and its history is vague

till 1589, when it came into the possession of Antony, the Prior of Crato, who gave it as a pledge to Harlay de Sancy, Treasurer-General of France, after whom it was eventually named. Sancy is said to have purchased the stone from the prior for the sum of one hundred thousand Tournois livres. It remained in the family till Henry the Third of France asked for the loan of it, as a pledge for a corps of Swiss mercenaries that was to be formed. The servant by whom it was sent disappeared, and on search being made it was found that he had been assassinated in the village of Dole, and his body had been buried by the village curé. De Sancy ordered the body to be exhumed and opened, when, as he suspected, the diamond was found in the stomach. The stone then came into the possession of the English Crown, but it has been variously asserted to have been sold to Queen Elizabeth, James the First, and James the Second. The most likely story seems to be that the diamond was sold to James the First in 1604, and that during the Civil War in England Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles the First, carried it to France, and pledged it with another to the Duke of Epemon. In 1657 Mazarin, with the queen's permission, bought the stone, and he bequeathed it with others to Louis the Fourteenth. It was amongst the French crown-jewels inventoried in 1791, which were stolen in 1792 and recovered in 1794. It was sold in 1796, and most writers agree that it passed into the possession of the Demidoff family. It is said to have been among the Spanish crown-jewels in the early part of the nineteenth century; then passed to Prince Demidoff, and later to the Maharajah of Puttiala. Another version has it that Fouché recovered it for Napoleon, who sold it to Prince Paul Demidoff. From him it passed to the Earl of Westmeath, and afterwards to the heirs of the multi-millionaire, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy. Its last owner is rumoured to be the daughter-in-law of William Waldorf Astor.

Certain stones, too, are indelibly bound up with the history of a country, and as such have a value far above their intrinsic worth. For instance, there is the diamond known as the 'Rajah of Matan,' an uncut pear-shaped stone weighing about three hundred and eighteen carats. The reigning princes of Borneo hold this stone in superstitious reverence, as they are firmly persuaded that their fortunes are indissolubly linked with the possession of the jewel. This belief is also shared by their people, who not only believe that it affects their country's destiny, but also attribute to it miraculous power, thinking that water into which it has been dipped will cure all diseases. It is a rare and high honour to show it to visitors, who must on no account touch it. When shown once to the captain of an Indiaman it was exhibited on a salver of gold. Like most famous jewels, it has been the cause of wars and tumults. It is supposed to have been found in the eighteenth century in the Landak mines on

the west coast of Borneo, Landak being the territory of the Rajah of Matan. The Sultan Gurn Laya claimed it; but he handed it over to the Rajah of Landak, whose brother got possession of it, and presented it as a bribe to the Sultan of Sukadana in return for the latter's promised aid in putting him on the throne of Landak. The lawful prince fled to Bantam, and with the aid of the prince of that country and of the Dutch he regained his own territory, and nearly destroyed Sukadana. As much as one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and two large war-brigs, complete with guns and ammunition, as well as other stores, were offered and refused for this stone.

The famous cat's-eye of the King of Candy, which was formerly in the Beresford-Hope collection, carried with it the right of succession to the isle of Candy, which belongs to Britain. Although nominally bought by a private purchaser for a few hundred pounds, as a matter of fact the Government was the real purchaser of the jewel, as considerable importance was attached to its history from a political point of view.

Other historically famous stones are the 'Regent' or 'Pitt,' a square-cut brilliant, whose history is as romantic and as historically interesting as any. It was in the possession of Governor Pitt, grandfather of William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham; and though a good deal of uncertainty surrounds its history prior to Pitt's obtaining possession of it, there is no doubt that diamonds at that period were largely used in India as a means of remittance to England. Pitt bought the diamond from a merchant for twenty thousand four hundred pounds, and it was sent to Sir Stephen Evance in London by the *Loyall Cooke*, and Sir Stephen was requested to act for the Governor in the matter of the cutting and disposal of the stone. The wonderful diamond made a sensation in London, and Pitt's estimate of his purchase rose accordingly, for he wrote that he 'would not have it sold (unless it be for a trifle) at less than fifteen hundred pounds a carat.' 'These and the years following were troublous ones for the Governor. Reports which reflected upon his acquisition of the stone were circulated; he was evidently suspicious of his agents in London, and as much of his private means was invested in it, he felt that the future of himself and his family depended on its disposal.' The expense of cutting it was six thousand pounds, and the chips were valued at ten thousand pounds. After various negotiations, it was bought by the Duke of Orleans for the crown-jewels of France—Louis the Fifteenth was then a minor; hence the name given the stone, the 'Regent'—for two million livres. The value of a livre was about one shilling and fourpence. 'The terms were forty thousand pounds sterling, to be deposited in England before the stone was sent to France, as part payment, of which five thousand pounds was to be forfeited if the sale was not consummated on its arrival there. Governor Pitt, accompanied by his two sons,

Lord Londonderry and Mr John Pitt, and his son-in-law, Mr Cholmondeley, took the diamond over to Calais, and was met there by the king's jeweller, appointed to inspect and receive it. As security for the balance of the purchase price he gave them several boxes of jewels belonging to the crown of France, above the forty thousand pounds already deposited, and promised to pay the remainder in three instalments at periods agreed upon. This amount was never paid, though the French Government admitted the debt when the children of Governor Pitt claimed it, but pronounced it impossible to assume the past obligations of the Regent.' In the inventory of the jewels made by order of the National Assembly in 1791, and drawn up in 1792, its value was estimated at twelve million francs. It was deposited with the other jewels at the Garde Meuble, and their sale was ordered by the Legislative Assembly. The bulk of these jewels, it will be remembered, disappeared after the September massacres, and the 'Regent' was found about a year later in a cabaret of the Faubourg St Germain. It was discovered in a hole made in the timber-work of a garret, and the fact was stated before the Committee for Public Safety. After various vicissitudes, it was redeemed by the First Consul in 1802, and worn by him at his coronation as emperor in the pommel of his sword. Marie-Louise carried off the French jewels in 1814; but they were returned by her father, the Emperor of Austria, to Louis the Eighteenth, who took them with him on his flight to Ghent, but brought them back on his restoration. They were reset on the accession of Charles the Tenth, and remounted at various periods between then and 1870. In August of that year they were deposited in a sealed box with the governor of the Bank of France, and verified in 1875 by a parliamentary commission. Many jewels were sold in 1886 in accordance with a resolution of the French Chamber, but the 'Regent' still remains the property of France, and has been estimated to be worth four hundred and eighty thousand pounds.

Famous, too, are the 'Koh-i-Noor' ('Mountain of Light') and the Timur ruby, which have adorned the English crown for many years. No article on notable jewels could omit mention of the famous 'Cullinan' diamond, found at the New Premier Mine near Pretoria on 2nd January 1905, which was thus named after the chairman of the Premier Company. Its length was four and a half inches, breadth two and a half inches, height two and a quarter inches, and its weight, uncut, three thousand and twenty-five carats, or about one and a half pounds avoirdupois. It was bought by the Transvaal Government for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and presented to King Edward the Seventh as a token of loyalty; and no one who has seen the stones (since cut) among the crown-jewels could forget the effect—as of wells of living light.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

LET us recall a remarkable proclamation that was issued just over the borders of France in those tumultuous days at the beginning of last August, when the world gasped as it realised, or tried to realise, that a European war had at last begun. It ran in this way: 'CHILDREN OF ALSACE,—After forty-four years of sorrowful waiting, French soldiers once more tread the soil of your noble country. They are the pioneers in the great work of revenge. For them what emotion and what pride! To achieve this work they have made the sacrifice of their lives. The French nation unanimously urges them on, and on the folds of their flags are inscribed the magic words "Right and Liberty!" Long live Alsace! Long live France!' This inspiring address was signed, 'Joffre, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of France.' That was the first we heard of General Joffre. Not one man in a thousand in this country knew anything before of the General to whom was entrusted the chief command of the allied armies of the west, on whose skill and leadership might depend to a very large extent the fortunes and the future of the better part of the civilised world. Life and magic were in the words of that proclamation. It was peculiarly French in its tone; it did seem inspiring, and to some it looked to be a fine thing that at the very beginning of the war the French should at once be established again in their coveted Alsace. But, as it was very soon proved, they were not established there, and retreats became inevitable. If nothing was known of Joffre until he thus addressed himself to the Alsatians, it is supposed that this first knowledge did not convey the most favourable impression of him to the calmest and most understanding people of Britain. It suggested a highly emotional, impulsive soldier of France, eager for display, with no long view toward a future which was full of difficulty and peril. And whatever may have been the hopes and longings of the French people for the last thirty or forty years, what could Alsace matter in the first movements of this momentous war? But the truth is that all that has happened since has proved to us that nothing could have so much disguised the real Joffre as that proclamation. His first actions and words com-

pletely misrepresented this safe, stolid soldier, so deeply penetrating in his calculations, so sure in his strategy, so sober in his demeanour. We have learned to admire and trust a splendid General. We know him now, and it will be a great day at the end of the war when we see General Joffre riding through the streets of London.

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But there is this to be said for the proclamation, that after all it was a far nobler thing than any that has emanated from the headquarters of the enemy. It embraced something of the Napoleonic spirit. Joffre subconsciously had the great proclamations of Napoleon in his mind when he framed it; and we have now reached to a finer appreciation of the addresses and all the other methods and manners of that great man of more than a hundred years ago than ever we entertained before. He was unscrupulous; but yet in him there was a splendid humaneness, which hitherto some have been slow to perceive or admit, and he at all events was no barbarian. Recently in these pages there were contrasted some of his proclamations to his army with those of the Kaiser; and though it may have little to do with the story now in hand, one or two others are now recalled which are apposite to the circumstances of the times, and may be quoted for a reader's contemplation. Toward the end of April 1796 Napoleon issued a General Order to his army of Italy, from the main headquarters at Cherasco, in the following words: 'All will wish when returning to their villages to be able to say with pride, "I belonged to the conquering army of Italy." Friends! I promise you this conquest, but there is one condition which you must swear to fulfil—that is, to respect the people whom you will deliver. Without that you would not be the deliverers of peoples; you would be their scourge. You would not be the honour of the French people. They would disown you. Your victories, your courage, the blood of your brothers fallen in battle—all would be lost, even honour and glory. As for me, and the Generals who have your confidence, we should blush to command an army without discipline, without restraint, knowing no law but force. I will not permit brigands to

soil your laurels. I shall have executed rigorously the procedure I have ordered. Looters will be pitilessly shot.' It was in the course of this campaign that Napoleon one night, walking anxiously about his outposts, discovered a grenadier, who was sentry, fast asleep by the trunk of a tree. Without waking him, he took the sleeper's gun, and himself performed the duty of sentinel for about half-an-hour, when the man, starting from his slumbers, saw with terror and despair the countenance of the General and what he was doing. In fear and misery he fell on his knees before him. 'My friend,' said Napoleon, 'here is your musket. You have fought hard, and marched long, and your sleep is excusable. But a moment's inattention might at present ruin the army. I happened to be awake, and have held your post for you. You will be more careful another time.' We have heard in this present war what the German officers do with their men, and especially when the officers are pushing them on from behind. The other proclamation was to the army of Egypt two years later, and was issued from the *Orient* just before the disembarkation of the troops. He announced: 'The people with whom we are about to live are Mohammedans; the first article of their faith is: "There is no god but God, and Mahomet is His Prophet." Do not contradict them; deal with them as you have done with the Jews and the Italians. Respect their muftis and imams, as you have done the rabbis and the bishops elsewhere. Have for the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran, for the mosques, the same tolerance which you have shown for the convents, for the synagogues, for the religions of Moses and of Jesus Christ. The Roman legions protected all religions. You will find here usages different from those of Europe; you must accustom yourselves to them. These people treat their women differently from us; but in all countries he who violates is a monster; pillage enriches only a few; it dishonours us, destroys our resources, and makes those enemies whom it is our interest to have for friends.' Is it not that by a strange condition of feeling we now discover our hearts to be warming rapidly towards that Napoleon, who himself indeed made horrors in Europe which are so well pictured in the fiction form of Erckmann-Chatrian's *Conscript* and *Waterloo*, two grim tales that are very well worth reading now? The French have lately issued a cartoon which represents Napoleon, come to life again, standing on the top of his grand tomb in the Invalides in Paris joyously waving his hat above his head, and crying out, '*Vive l'Angleterre!*' and that has also become a popular cartoon in London.

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Joffre, of course, is no Napoleon in ambition, temperament, scope, or possible achievement. He is but a fine General, newly come to great-

ness, and simply doing his duty faithfully to the country that he loves. But yet he has within him something of the spirit of the Corsican master-soldier, and we have seen that he has some of his military imagination too. But though he is a plain soldier, yet he is a great organiser, and a man of fine imperturbability who knows how to wait. He is the man for the situation. That is what we could not realise when we read that first proclamation of his to the Alsatians in the early days of August, which suggested too much fiery ardour, an impulse much too fast for safety. Clearly the proclamation was meant for those only to whom it was addressed, and not for the general reading of other peoples. There are no opportunities now for spectacular generalship in war as there were in the days of Napoleon. Battles, as we have seen, last months instead of hours, and commanders-in-chief cannot direct all the operations going on when astride a fine white horse. Napoleon might quite conceivably have been a failure in the present war. Having such small knowledge of Joffre, let us try to gain a little more. At sixteen years of age he was a Bachelor of Science, and the next year he entered the Polytechnique, the great French military school. When the Franco-German war came on soon afterwards, he quickly made a display of military capacity. As second lieutenant he attracted notice, and was put on to fortification work; and, engaged in this way on the Paris defences, he did so well that at twenty-two years of age MacMahon made him a captain. It began to seem that he might have to pay the penalty for early specialisation, for his work in constructing defences at home and abroad was so good that he was kept constantly engaged upon it. But this was not according to his disposition. He wanted more general experience, and he thirsted for the command of troops. At last opportunity was given him in Cochinchina and the Soudan, and again he did thoroughly well. Joffre took the flag of France to Timbuctoo. He became Professor of Military Construction at Fontainebleau, and then time went slowly and, for an aspiring soldier, somewhat uneventfully on. It was in 1911 that, on the suggestion of General Pau to the War Council, he was placed in command of the French army. At that time even the people of his country had to ask themselves who was this Joffre who had been entrusted with the handling of the great and enormously important French military machine. Joffre was a man who had never advertised himself. He never courted flattery; if he was not insensible to criticism, he gave no sign of regarding it, unless it emanated from the highest quarters. He was always silent and indomitable, and he was intensely efficient. And he has not changed. Before this present cataclysm came on, the French had begun to understand that they had a General for leadership who knew his business

and could do it well; and it was a special qualification that in a war which, it was clear, would be such a war of trenches and fortifications as no other had ever been, he probably knew at least as much about this department of military science as any other living man. He is great in theory, he thinks out in detail, and he presses hard in practice; and while he has the highest faith in his own judgment, and never hesitates to act upon it, he considers always most carefully and sympathetically the schemes and ideas of his chief subordinates, and from each of them may take some trifle for amalgamation with his own. His organisation of his General Staff has been a splendid piece of work. Politics have been the curse of the French army in the past, but there is not a suspicion of political influence at headquarters now. The men who are about Joffre are there because of their qualities as soldiers, and other abilities and disabilities are completely disregarded, with the result that the General Staff is as efficient as it could possibly be. Joffre praises and blames precisely according to the merits of cases; and, while he is fair, he never hesitates at measures of the utmost severity if he considers them to be necessary. So he is liked by the army, and it has confidence in him. It will do as he bids, even when, as at the battle of the Marne, he issued the General Order that the soldiers 'must be prepared to die rather than give ground; weakness will not be tolerated.' Between him and our own General Sir John French there is an excellent and most cordial working arrangement, and Lord Kitchener has described Joffre as a great General and a great man.

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The working day of the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces is generally spent in a manner that is as little spectacular as most other things connected with this war. It is necessary. Only the Kaiser has tried theatricals, and they have not been a success. Joffre has neither a palace nor a tent for his own headquarters, but a room on the first floor of a common sort of house, which is reached by a brick staircase. There are racks on the walls outside the apartment, with officers' cloaks and accoutrements hanging on them. There is a telegraph cable which links up this room with different points on the long line of the Allies' front, with Paris, and the other stations. In the room of the Commander are desks and tables, and easels on which are boards with maps of the European fighting areas, which are continually consulted. Every day there are long consultations in this chamber, old plans being modified and new ones made according to changed circumstances and the reports that come in from the different points along the line and from the aerial and other scouts. This is half the day's work. For the other half, the Commander visits as many

points on the line as is practicable, making his journeys in a large, fast motor-car. Ceremony everywhere is reduced to the extreme minimum. He will take the simplest meal, standing, from a rough bench in the open air, with a few other officers about him. His attire is the most modest. He wears red trousers and high boots, and has a blue cloak about him; and not a single decoration is in evidence. In this respect the Generalissimo might be anybody. Yet, if you did not know who he was, you would suspect on seeing him. Though he is somewhat short and stout, he has features of splendid strength and power. Most of the pictures of him that we have seen in Britain convey a quite erroneous impression, giving him a curly moustache, florid features that are a little puffy, and a rather stupid smile on his countenance such as might suggest that he was just a jolly Joffre. There is nothing of that in the real man. The pictures miss the lines of resolution and decision, the marks of confidence, the strong gray eyebrows knit in thought.

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'The people must have hope and confidence,' says Joffre. 'We shall gain our cause. That is quite certain. We have still a heavy task before us; but the final result can be nothing but victory, and all who fight on our side will share in that victory.' Then again, when he is further timidly questioned about the progress of events and the prospects, he answers, 'Tranquilly! tranquilly! It is a mathematical certainty.' The common idea that the advance of the Russians in the east would compel the Germans to weaken their forces in the west was presented to him for some possible comment, and quickly he responded that he counted little upon this contingency, and cared hardly anything more. 'I am not anxious,' said he, 'that the Germans should weaken their line on our side. As things are, the Russians will advance more quickly, and I can very well look after the enemy on my side. I have him in hand.' Much of what has been written here may seem to have been designed to show that Joffre is not the emotional soldier that the first news we had of him suggested him to be. He is not. But yet behind a plain though agreeable exterior there are some fine emotional simplicities without which no really great man is complete. Months after his first entry into Alsace, Joffre went there again. In the Town Hall of Thann he met some of the dignitaries of the town. He held out both hands as he went forward rapidly and impulsively to meet and greet them, and there was a catch and a hesitation in his speech when he exclaimed, 'Our return is definite, and henceforward you are French for ever. France, who has always represented the idea of freedom, brings with her respect for your own liberties, your own traditions, beliefs, and ways of life.'

I am France! You are Alsace! I bring to you the kiss of France!' They cheered, and in some eyes there were tears. It was a moving scene. But at the finish, when you think of the great Commander of this great fighting machine, directing the operations and shaping the fortunes of the armies of civilisation, think also of the nicest story and the truest that is ever to be told of him. The battle of the Marne had been fought and won. Joffre was apparently

unmoved. 'Do you know, General,' said one of his staff, who thought it strange that at such a time a victorious commander should not almost sing and dance—'do you know that you have won what is perhaps the greatest battle in history?' Joffre looked calmly and reflectively upon him for a few moments, and then he answered, 'What I have won, I hope, is a right to rest the sooner in my little house in the Eastern Pyrenees.'

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER X.—IN THE TIDAL CAVE.

THE dawn was close at hand. A faint lemon streak of light, scarcely discernible, showed against the little barred window, and once I thought I heard a far-off cockcrow, the only sound other than the one from underground that I had heard since my captors turned the lock in the door. Would the day never come? Was I to sit there (for all desire for sleep had vanished) impotent and humiliated, like a jail-bird waiting a turnkey? Indeed, a cutpurse would in one view be in better case, for he would know the charge against him, and be given a decent trial and a chance of his neck. I tried the door, the walls, the window, the floor again; but they yielded no hope, and I sat down again on the couch in a sullen temper.

Just at this moment, with the suddenness of black magic, came the Apparition. But for it this tale might never have been written. I might not have been here to write it, and at the least it would have taken very different shape, for I should never have seen certain happenings that altered my life's current, and that often seem to me, looking back on them from this distance of time and place, to have been as fantastic as scenes from play-acting. I had been staring into the middle of the empty fireplace, when I slowly realised that there was Something there—a thing daunting and alive that had come without a footfall. In the half-light I could only make out a motionless gray blur. Out of it stared a pair of great dark eyes. The Thing was not human. It had no tail, or only the merest shapeless semblance of one; and the plain truth is (so much do darkness and silence sap a man's heart) that, to my shame, I could not speak to it. It stared with great unblinking eyes at me, without a movement; and there I sat glowering back at the gruesome Thing. How long we stared at each other I cannot say, but my courage had time to warm. Just as I was making up my mind to hurl the chair at it a streak of light slanted from the window, and, lo! the horror resolved itself into a poor barn-owl! It had strayed in its night-hunt down the chimney, and was regarding me with an in-

describable air of solemn perplexity! The affair was so ludicrous that in the reaction I broke into a cackle of laughter, and in a twinkling he was out of sight and up the chimney with a single soft sweep of wings. But the owl's coming gave me an idea. Where he came in I might perhaps go out.

I took the candle and examined the fireplace. It was huge and old. There were a few dry sticks on its flat stone surface, but it was plain that no fire had been kindled in it for a long time. I stooped and peered into it. The chimney was narrow and impassable; but from the left there came a light current of air, enough to flicker the candle-flame, and with it the very faintest smell, one that I knew after a sniff or two to be sea-water. I went on my knees to look through the crevice where the current of air entered, resting my free hand on the masonry. To my surprise, it moved slightly. I ran the candle over the stone-work, and discovered that it was a single long slab, a flagstone, and (a thing significant and a spur to my curiosity) the crevice was not accidental, but cut away by design. At first I thought it might have served as a spy-hole or a channel for the passing of letters or the like; but when my fingers slipped into it, in a trice I knew its use. It was a handle. I laid down the candle, gave the stone a steady pull, and slowly but easily it came away into my arms, admitting a puff of cool wind that nearly blew out the candle. I placed the big flat stone (it was about three feet square) on the fireplace, and climbed cautiously over the lower half. This proved to be stout enough to bear me; and, my foot touching the ground on the other side, I found myself in a little tunnel or passage, made by man's hands, for there were a couple of beams in the roof and the ground had been rudely turfed. The room I had been shut up in had, in all likelihood, I thought, been a 'priest's hole,' a hiding-place in some old Catholic house. The tunnel was barely high enough to allow me to stand upright; but after half-a-dozen yards it became higher and wider, and soon opened out to a natural chamber, with rock walls and roof,

and the ground a mixture of wet sand and shingle. Here it was that the mysterious regular sound came from, for as I stood looking about me there was a slow rumble, and a sudden splash of water from a V-shaped opening about ten feet from the ground in the straight rock-wall of the little cavern fell down with a crunch to the shingle below. I was so near that the spray wetted my face. The tide had been coming in, and must have been at the full when I heard the steady, regular beats in my cell. I guessed that the sea ebbcd and flowed outside in some gap in the rocks. I could hear the retreating waves snarling on the shingle. Then the loud voice of the tide filled my ears again; the vault I stood in trembled; down came the overflow with a splash on the ground, to boom in reverberations round the roof, followed by quiet as the spent wave retreated. I waited until the next splash—a mere handful as the wave's force weakened in the ebb—had fallen, and examined the face of the wall of rock. It was almost perpendicular, but there were three footholds. Plainly the opening at the top had been used as an exit. Giving the tide time to ebb a little farther, with luck I thought I could clamber up, and see the sky and freedom again. So I sat me down on a little boulder, and waited in great impatience. I was giving myself congratulations on my doings, when my thoughts were cut short and my heart sent drumming by the sound of a footstep. It was faint, infinitely cautious, and slow, but unmistakable. Whence it came I could not make out, but it seemed to be in the very heart of the rocks around me. It was coming slowly and stealthily nearer, nearer, and at the sound of it I confess the sweat froze on my spine, for I had little doubt of my fate were I caught attempting to escape.

Early morning light was struggling through the opening, so that I could see fairly well. A pool of shadows lay in a corner out of the gathering daylight, and into it I stepped with the utmost quiet, and stood listening, all my senses on edge. Presently there came a sound of something being scraped or pushed; and, looking high up to the left, I saw for the first time another opening, and the end of a narrow ladder being gently lowered from it. A foot sought one of the ladder's rungs, and a man, his back towards me, stepped slowly, softly, down to the ground. There was a curious deliberation in his gait, an over-anxious precision of movement such as one sees in the very old or feeble. It puzzled me, for it was at complete and startling variance from his appearance. He was very tall, standing six feet and three inches at least, massively and co-ordinately built, wide-shouldered, and, so far as I could judge, in late middle life; a man of noble, outstanding presence, with clean-cut features and a crop of coal-black hair on head and chin. A great red

scar ran across his forehead, and his eyes were large, full, and very dark. My heart sank at the sight of his physique, my hopes of escape vanishing, for I saw that I should have little or no chance in an encounter with him. He stood perfectly still, listening, the light full on his fine face, one hand fluttering curiously in front of him, the other leaning on a great staff. He took two soft steps forward, his free hand gently beating the air in front of him. I watched him breathlessly. Suddenly I felt a sense of relief, and together with it a great pity; for, although his eyes were open, the man was blind! Yet the eyes that could not see pierced me like a fire, in the black depths and glow of them. They travelled slowly over the cavern, round and round to roof and floor, and over the wall, sightless, but in the pitiable intensity of their gaze seeming almost to seize and comprehend. Once they lighted on me. We stood, our eyes full on each other, in the tense silence, and for the life of me I could scarce keep from calling out to him. To outwit a blind man seemed a paltry business, and I had little heart for it; but in the light of what happened afterwards it was as well that I did not speak or stir, for, without my seeking, I found a key that turned the lock on treachery and the blackest double dealings.

He was now in the middle of the place, extreme caution in his attitude, listening intently, holding his breath. A pebble, dislodged, perhaps by himself, fell with a little rattle from the opening. Instantly he swung his great staff twice clean round him, making the air hum. The slash of it would have laid a man senseless. He listened again, frowning; and, apparently not even yet satisfied as to the emptiness of the cavern, began a systematic search round the walls, feeling them with his hands. I was but a few yards from him, and as soon as I saw his plan I lowered myself with the utmost quiet to the ground, and lay on my side as close against the rock as I could. He came nearer, touching the walls with his quick nervous hands, and for a dreadful moment I thought I was discovered. His foot was within an inch of my face; but he passed on until he came to the tunnel that led to my room, and stood listening there.

Evidently reassured, he came back, took off his coat, and turned up his sleeves, showing wrists and arms as white as milk. Tiptoeing to a boulder (the very one that I had been sitting on), he went down on his knees on the wet shingle, and turned the stone over with easy strength. His broad back was to me. I could not see what he was about, and I dared not change my position, for the incident of the falling pebble had advertised the man's hearing, like most blind people's, to be abnormally keen. He seemed to be burrowing and scraping in the sand with his hands. Soon he straightened himself, and his sightless eyes

travelled round the room. Taking a packet from his breast, he bent himself over his task again. This took him but a moment or two, when he stood up and replaced the boulder with great care and exactness, stooping down and filling in the sand around its foot. Going below the opening, he sighed wearily, a great depth of sadness in his sightless dark eyes, and stood there, chin on breast, a strange and sorrowful figure, listening to the rumour of the sea. Then he drew on his coat again, and lifting his great staff, groped his way up the ladder, drawing it noiselessly after him, to disappear through the narrow opening. In a few seconds all was silent again. Was I dreaming? Was the scene real? But there was the boulder to speak for itself, and the remembrance of the man's search along the walls, his great scar and dark haunting blind eyes, clung about me like a live thing.

While I was lying watching his uncanny quartering of the little cavern, the light had been slowly gathering. The inmates of The Garth might soon be astir. I bent to the boulder, and heaved at it with all my might. My muscles were as strong as the roots of trees; but I sweated before I shifted it from its place. Assuredly, if the tall man was blind as Samson of old, Samson's strength was his. Loose wet sand underlay the boulder, and in a trice I dug out of it, buried a foot deep, a little cylindrical packet, half the thickness of a pack of playing-cards. I was on the point of pocketing it, when I hesitated, for there was something in the man's bearing, so sad, so sorrowful, a prayer almost in his eyes as he stood listening, that the thought of filching the packet from this man with the haunted look filled me with something near shame. A makeshift, an easement to my conscience, presented itself. There would at least be no harm (so I argued) in looking inside the packet, and then returning it to its hiding-place. It must hold something to raise the eyebrows to be hidden in such a place, visited at dead of night with such solicitude and with every circumstance of stealth and secrecy. So, satisfying my curiosity and my conscience by this compromise, I slipped the packet into my pocket.

The sea was still muttering outside, and every now and then shutting out the light with a splash. I could not escape by its entrance. If any one visited the room I was supposed to be a prisoner in, there would be a hue and cry, and I should be trapped like a rat in the cavern. There was not a moment to lose. I made up my mind to go back to the room until the tide had ebbed somewhat, and, as soon as might be, return to the cavern and find out if escape were possible through the V-shaped opening.

I hastened back quickly on tiptoe, climbed into the fireplace, replaced the flagstone carefully, and listened. Not a sound came from the house.

The packet was tied securely, the knots taking me some time to unfasten. It was of coarse stuff like sailcloth, coiled tightly, so that it formed a compact little roll about the length of two fingers. Unwinding it, I found a single piece of paper at its heart, and nothing else. I smoothed the paper out and took it into the light. It was stained as if by damp. One side was blank, but on the unstained portion of the other there was something written in the bold and angular hand of a man.

I held the paper up to the light, and had just made out the rough drawing of a ship, when the sound of movements in the house reached me. A door closed somewhere, and I heard the dog bark once. Slipping the wrapping and paper below the couch, I lay down, covered myself with the plaid, and closed my eyes. I was not a moment too soon, for a step rang on the stone corridor outside my door. There was a rattling of keys, and a Gaelic servant entered, a pistol in one hand, and a spoon and platter in the other. I feigned waking with a start, and sat up, rubbing my eyes sleepily. Never a word of good-morning gave he, but laid down the spoon and platter, glancing at me now and then from the corner of his eye.

He returned bringing a bowl of porridge and milk, a dish I never favoured. There are certain savage tribes (I have been told) who, when short of food at war or on the hunting field, have trained themselves to swallow earth, thereby contriving to exist a little longer than their neighbours. This I am afraid was, and is, something of my attitude towards porridge—a dish to be accepted only when the worst comes to the worst. But the day promised to be one of action, and to set out breakfastless for work or play puts little heart in one. So I fed, the man watching me. Although the stuff was ill-cooked, burnt, and coarse, there was plenty of it. Between the spoonfuls I contrived to enlist the man in conversation, for I had a plan in my head. I wished to copy the paper I had found, and I had no means to my hand for doing this; and I wished also to find out if the dwellers in The Garth knew the secret egress from the fireplace. It was probable that they did not, else they would never have chosen this room for my prison; but I was anxious to make certain of this.

I engaged the surly-looking dog with a remark about the weather.

'Tis a cold morning!'

He gave a boorish grunt.

'I have been shivering here in the dark all these hours,' I went on between spoonfuls. 'If I am to be kept here, the least your mistress can do is to light me a fire. The draught from that great chimney sets my teeth chattering.'

He never gave as much as a glance at the fireplace.

'Fire!' he repeated. 'Fire!' I might have

been asking him for his ears, there was such an accent of surprise in his voice.

'Yes, a fire. It is no great luxury. Had it not been for the candle I could not have had even the comfort of tobacco.'

His countenance almost brightened at the word 'tobacco.' 'Ah! you smoke. It is a good sing a smoke,' he said meditatively.

'It is indeed,' I agreed.

'A smoke is a ferry goot sing, and sneeshin' is a good sing too.'

I had no notion of what 'sneeshin' was, but the man's eyes wandered back to my tobacco-box on the table like a child's to a bauble; and, in truth, although great bearded fellows and men of their hands, I discovered that numbers of the common order of Highlanders were very children for simplicity in many ordinary matters.

'Yess,' he repeated, nodding his head as if pleased with the refrain, 'it's a good sing a smoke.'

I pushed the tobacco-box towards him.

'You are welcome. It is the finest grown in the plantations.' (In truth it was vile stuff that

I had bought from a huckster in the Lucken-booths.) He took the box without a word, and promptly put a large chunk in his mouth, where it bulged like a nut in a baboon's cheek.

'It is goot,' was his verdict, his jaws moving. 'It is shentleman's tobacco.'

'You can have the whole of it if you carry a message to your mistress. Say to her that the gentleman wishes a fire and a pen and ink.'

His face creased in a sly smile.

'I will be having the tobacco first?'

'Certainly. A bargain is a bargain.'

I handed him the box, and he emptied it forthwith into his pocket.

'Now take the dish away, and remember the message: *A fire and pen and ink.*'

Had I tried to wheedle him I might have failed; but I made an order ring in my voice; and the servitor, used to obedience and mollified by the tobacco, took up the dish, and repeating the words '*fire—pen—ink*' over and over in a kind of silly chant, went out, locking the door behind him.

(Continued on page 181.)

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

PERSONAL NOTES.

By Sir HENRY LUCY.

MY opportunity of studying Disraeli at close quarters dates eighteen years later than the period of his history reached in the third volume of his Life, just issued from the Press. In 1872 I entered the Press Gallery of the House of Commons as summary-writer for the morning edition of the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the editorship of Frederick Greenwood. Thereafter, till, four years later, he walked out of the House for the last time, I saw him daily through successive sessions. Acquaintance was renewed when he went to the House of Lords, but not under equally interesting circumstances.

Between 1868 and the close of the session of 1873 Disraeli was leader of the Opposition, faced on the other side of the table by Gladstone, whose animated oratory he genially touched upon, publicly thanking God that between him and the right hon. gentleman there interposed 'a substantial piece of furniture.' He was still handicapped by the distrust and personal dislike with which at the outset of his career he was regarded by blue-blooded Tories. They accepted his services because there was none other capable of rendering equal value; but they would gladly have got rid of him, setting up in his place one of their own caste and cult.

In 1873 he sorely tried the faith and patience of his followers. By a cabal among his own party hostile to the Irish University Bill, Gladstone was placed in a small minority, and resigned

the premiership. To the angry resentment of disappointed place-hunters, Disraeli declined to undertake the conduct of the Government in the existing House of Commons. Pressure was put upon him to induce him to alter the determination. He stood firm, and in an eloquent passage, spoken in voice rarely broken, defended himself from attacks made from the rear and on his flank. 'Sir,' he said, unconsciously echoing a well-known passage in Peel's speech when driven from power by coalition between Protectionists, Radicals, and Irish members, 'when the time arrives, and when the great Constitutional Party enters upon a career which must be noble, and which I hope and believe will be triumphant, they may perhaps remember, I trust not with unkindness, that I prevented one obstacle from being placed in their way; that I, as the trustee of their honour and interests, declined to form a weak and discredited administration.'

His prescience was vindicated by the results of the General Election which took place in the following year, landing his party and himself at the head of affairs with a majority that for the first time in his political life endowed him with untrammelled power.

On one other occasion only have I seen temporarily fall the mask his countenance habitually wore, earning for him the cognomen of 'The Sphinx.' It happened at the funeral of his wife, who died at Hughenden in December

1872. Self-possession and immobility of visage had served his purpose at many crises of his marvellous career. Both broke down as he stood by the grave of the woman who had devoted to his service the greater part of her life and the full measure of her worldly wealth. Had an artist desired to produce a representative face of Woe he might have sketched Disraeli's, and presented it without addition of fancy touch. Regardless of heavy rain, he walked bareheaded from the manor house to the church, and stood for full ten minutes in the sodden grass by the open vault, the December wind playing with his suspiciously dark hair.

Whilst the coffin was being lowered into the vault he never took his eyes off it, regarding it with steadfast, pitiful, almost hungry look, as if he grudged the grave its custody. When it reached the bottom of the vault he seemed to fall into a sort of trance. It was only after his faithful secretary, Monty Corry, afterwards Lord Rowton, nudged him twice that he awoke with a start, and took in hand the wreath he was to drop on the coffin-lid. To one accustomed to his manner in public life this was a revelation of an unsuspected man.

Disraeli's advent to the premiership after the General Election of 1874 transmogrified the House of Commons. The assembly dispersed by the dissolution was built over a seething volcano. Crises more or less serious were of weekly occurrence. At the incoming of Disraeli the scene changed as by magic. With instinctive dramatic art he assumed an attitude and manner in marked contrast with the feverish haste of his predecessor. Silent, impressive, almost sombre in mood, he remained through a sitting, rarely interposing save in response to questions personally addressed to him.

In these days the measure of attendance Ministers spare for the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons would have shocked Disraeli. The modern custom is for the whole body, save the one concerned in the business immediately before the House, to disappear as soon as questions are over, retiring to their snug private rooms, hurrying back only to vote at signal of the division bell. Disraeli not only sat through a debate, however comparatively unimportant, but expected his colleagues to keep him company. Shortly after the Speaker took the Chair he arrived, and dropped into his accustomed seat opposite the brass-bound box, where, with brief interval for dinner, he remained till the Lobby echoed the cry of the doorkeeper, 'Who goes home?' Ever as he took his seat there was precisely the same minute disposition of his person and his apparel. Having draped the tails of his frock-coat over his crossed leg, he folded his arms, bent his head, and hour after hour sat immobile. If any thought he slept they were mightily mistaken. His eyes, bright to the last, furtively surveyed the enemy's camp, always

returning to the bench opposite if Gladstone happened to be in his place. He habitually dined in the House, wherein he again differed from the custom of modern Prime Ministers, notably Mr Balfour and Mr Asquith.

Unlike Gladstone, he rarely entered into conversation with colleagues seated near him, an exception being made in the case of Lord Barrington, Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's Household. Occasionally, towards the close of dull sittings, when Barrington gaily chatted to him, the grim visage would be literally distorted by a smile. Like Chamberlain, Disraeli wore a single eyeglass, differing in respect that, whilst the former favoured a rimless monocle, the latter had his glass slung on a long black cord. One night I observed him in a state of unusual perturbation. He had dropped his eyeglass, and no excursions in the neighbourhood of his waistcoat and shirt-front were successful in retrieving it. Barrington found it hanging down his back, and made his chief instantly happy by its restoration. Before he died, Disraeli elevated his old Treasury-Bench crony from the position of an Irish lord to a peerage of the United Kingdom. Peevish persons asked what he had done to merit this high reward. I remembered the successful search for the errant eyeglass.

Early promise of aptitude for the position of leader of the House of Commons was fulfilled throughout Disraeli's first session. At no period of his career did he rise to higher level as a parliamentary speaker; whilst old members, recalling Palmerston in his prime, agreed that he was not excelled in the special quality of managing the House. Not in the zenith of his popularity, after the election of 1868, did Gladstone approach his ancient foe in the matter of personal hold over the assembly. The last two sessions he lost it with pitiful effect, as in the matter of the Radical revolt that threw out the Irish University Bill. Disraeli's studiously slow rising from the Treasury Bench in the course of debate, and the deliberate opening of his speech, signalled instant filling up of the benches, and that steady settling down to an attitude of attention which is the highest compliment that may be paid to a speaker.

A marked difference between the bearing of Disraeli and his predecessor was shown during the intervals of debate occasioned by divisions. Gladstone on going forth with the crowd to record his vote usually carried with him a sheet of note-paper and a blotting-pad, with intent to utilise the ten minutes or quarter of an hour occupied by the division in getting forward with his correspondence. Failing that, he strode through the Lobby with his nobly shaped head in the clouds, recognising no one, an unconscious habit that more than once, to my knowledge, had the effect of estranging valuable supporters.

When the division bell rang Disraeli also made off to the Lobby in the first flight of

members. But his purpose was other than the prosaic one of writing letters. During the winter months there was set in the Lobby a particular fire before which he stood, apparently intent on nothing more important than comfortably warming himself. But his keen eye was bent on the passing throng of his supporters. Lord Rowton once told me that before leaving Downing Street to go down to the House the Premier possessed himself of the half-sheet of notepaper on which the faithful secretary had jotted down the names of one or two men with whom, for varied reasons, a few minutes' friendly conversation was desirable. As one passed Disraeli signalled him with friendly nod, and when it was time to move on to the wicket this harmless, apparently accidental, chat had unravelled a coil which, left unnoticed, might have critically hampered the machinery of the Government.

The course of public events never brought into nearer or more striking juxtaposition two men so absolutely opposed to each other as Gladstone and Disraeli. One was intense, earnest, thorough; the other indifferent, polite, superficial. When Chancellor of the Exchequer, Gladstone would as readily have made a joke as add a penny to the income-tax. Disraeli, with equally light heart, did either as chance befell. It is not an insignificant thing that whilst one frequently heard pronounced the opinion that Gladstone had made a great speech, the adjective was never used in commentary on Disraeli. His speeches were spoken of as clever, as distinguished from being great. In a general way the adjective may be adopted as describing the leading characteristics of the two statesmen. One was great with the full force of lofty moral character and supreme intellect; the other was clever, great only in the sense that his cleverness was superlative.

Disraeli's success as a parliamentary speaker was varied. At his best, presented in the shorter speeches, he was incomparable. As a phrase-maker who could, with a combination of two or three words, label—to some extent lame—an adversary for life, he had no equal. His passion, rarely indulged in, always seemed feigned, its effect being funny rather than tragic; but his polished shafts of sarcasm, his feathered darts of wit, his dainty gilded bullets of irony, flew about the House, and never missed their mark. This gift he retained to the last. Circumstances being increasingly prosperous, his manner became more benign.

Of all his conquests over former enemies none was more unexpected and complete than that

obtained over Queen Victoria. The Prince Consort shared in extreme degree the prejudice existing among British gentlemen of the mid-nineteenth century against one whom they regarded as a Jew adventurer. The Queen, who devotedly shared all her husband's likes and dislikes, fought hard against Lord Derby's proposal to include Disraeli in his first administration. A quarter of a century later, Disraeli, in conversation with a friend, disclosed the secret of his ascendancy in royal favour. 'When talking with the Queen,' he said, 'I observe a simple rule of conduct. I never deny; I never contradict; I sometimes forget.' The inevitable contrast with his great rival came in when he added, 'Gladstone speaks to the Queen as if she were a public department. I treat her with the knowledge that she is a woman.'

On the 12th August 1876 the House of Commons was not a lively place to look upon. It was the last working day of a session prolonged and exhaustive. The Appropriation Bill stood for third reading, and Sir William Harcourt did not shirk the opportunity provided by the occasion to attack the Government on their foreign policy. Defending it, Disraeli finished up with some bristling words calculated to call forth a cheer from good Conservatives. 'Our duty at this critical moment,' he said, puffing out his cheeks and beating the air with his hands, 'is to maintain the Empire of England. Nor will we ever agree to any step that may obtain for a moment comparative and false prosperity that hazards the existence of the Empire.' These were the last words spoken in the House of Commons by Benjamin Disraeli.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when he resumed his seat. There remained only some formal business to be accomplished in preparation for the ceremony of prorogation. Amid the buzz of conversation, Disraeli rose and strolled towards the Bar. I wondered as I watched him. His custom, common to all Ministers, was to seek egress by the door behind the Speaker's chair. Now he slowly paced the length of the floor between the two political camps. Turning when he reached the Bar, he made low obeisance to the Speaker. He stood for a moment gazing round the House, and, turning again, walked out through the glass door. With the exception of one or two Cabinet colleagues, no one looking on knew that a momentous episode in the annals of the House of Commons was closed. The morning newspapers betrayed the secret. Disraeli was no more. In his place only the Earl of Beaconsfield.



PRIVATE WASSERMANN'S COUNTRYMAN.

A STORY OF THE FOREIGN LEGION.

By VERE D. SHORTT.

PRIVATE WASSERMANN of the Legion halted at the corner of the Rue Thiers in Sidi-bel-Abbès, and adjusted his blue woollen sash, using the window of a shop as a mirror; then he cocked his *képi* at a slightly jauntier angle, and resumed his promenade. He was a tall man, broad and well set up, with a great yellow beard flowing over his tunic, and a pair of mild and introspective blue eyes. Even to a casual observer it was plain to be seen that Private Wassermann was no Frenchman. Blue capote, scarlet trousers, and *képi* were French; but the eyes and beard were German past all doubting. Not that that would at any time occasion remark in Sidi-bel-Abbès. The good bourgeois of that town are used to seeing many strange types and men of many nations in the uniform of the French Republic, for Sidi-bel-Abbès is the headquarters of the First Regiment Étranger, and that force asks no questions as to a man's nationality, or yet as to his past. Whatever or whoever a man may have been, once in the Foreign Legion he is simply a *légionnaire*—one of the ten thousand lost sheep who guard France's desert outposts, and who, German or French, noble born or peasant, all come under the same iron discipline which welds the Foreign Legion into the magnificent force it is.

Private Wassermann was feeling far from unhappy. He had three or four hours' liberty to look forward to, he had a packet of rank Algerian cigarettes, and he had also a most noble thirst. In the right-hand pocket of his baggy red trousers reposed the sum of five *sous*—his pay for the last three days—which would buy him two litres of fiery Algerian wine, and under the circumstances Private Wassermann felt that everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

The only fly in his ointment of life was that his comrade, little Rossi, the Italian, was at present undergoing a course of *boîte* (cells), and that therefore he (Wassermann) could not satisfy that noble thirst of his (which was increasing momentarily) until he found some one to take his absent friend's place. By far the strictest of the many unwritten laws of the Legion is that which forbids a man to *faire Suisse*, or drink alone, under any circumstances. Wassermann was an old legionary, and the Legion customs were second nature to him; and consequently, as he strolled along the Rue Thiers that hot afternoon, he kept his mild blue eyes very wide open in the hope of seeing an acquaintance—a more or less solvent acquaintance. The more Wassermann thought about

it the surer he was that his three days' pay was just enough, and no more than enough, for his own thirst. If he met a comrade who was *décavé* (broke), well, then, the two litres would be just enough to make the two legionaries want more, and there was no saying what might happen then. There were Jews in Bel-Abbès who would buy a legionary's sash or bayonet—at a price; but Wassermann had had dealings with them before, and had come to the conclusion that the game was not worth the candle. Thirty days of prison for disposing of one's kit is a longish price to pay for the most satisfactory carouse. No; he must keep his eyes open for some one who had not spent his pay yet. Then, when Wassermann's wine was finished, his companion would buy some more, etiquette would be satisfied, and so would two thirsty soldiers of France.

But Wassermann apparently was not in luck that afternoon. The few comrades he saw were notoriously improvident souls, and he did not consider himself justified in taking the chance of their being in funds. He was seriously considering the advisability of returning to barracks and going to the canteen, when a civilian crossed the street and addressed him.

The stranger was a stout and comfortable-looking personage, with a yellow moustache brushed fiercely upward, so that a point rested underneath each eye, and in type was Teutonic, but in a different way, as was Wassermann himself.

The new-comer raised his hat. '*Pardon, monsieur*,' he said, 'but would you be so very kind as to direct me to the barracks? There is a friend of mine at present serving in the Legion, and as I am not staying long in Bel-Abbès, I would like to see him before I leave.' His French was very good; in fact, it was only by a slight guttural quality and a certain thickening of the labials that one could tell that it was not *French* French.

Wassermann brought his hand to the peak of his cap in reply to the other's salutation. 'Up the hill there, *mossieu*,' he answered. Again it was to be noted that Wassermann's accent closely resembled that of the stranger, and the latter seemed to notice it, too.

'Ah,' he observed, 'you are German, are you not?'

There was a momentary flicker in Wassermann's blue eyes. Then he smiled. 'German, *mossieu*?' he replied. 'I was. Now I am a legionary.'

The other laughed. 'Oh, once German, always German, *nicht wahr*?' he said. 'And I—I am

German also—Heinrich Grosskopf of Hamburg, traveller in hardware, at your service. And you, my friend, what part of the Fatherland do you come from?’

Wassermann made a vague gesture. ‘From the Fatherland—yes,’ he said, and again a close observer would have noticed that flicker in his eyes.

But Herr Grosskopf seemingly was not a close observer. He patted Wassermann on the shoulder. ‘It is good to meet a compatriot so far from home and in this *schweinhund* of a country,’ he said jovially; ‘and now, the day is hot, and perhaps you will allow me to offer you some refreshment, Herr —?’

‘Wassermann,’ replied the other. ‘*Private Wassermann of the First Étranger.*’

But Herr Grosskopf did not appear to notice the correction. ‘Quite so, Herr Wassermann,’ he remarked, ‘an honest German name. Well, Herr Wassermann, there is a *café* I have discovered here where they keep a good brand of Rhine wine, better than this filthy Algerian stuff—*nicht wahr?* And if you will honour me by sharing a bottle!’ and he took hold of the other’s arm affectionately and led him down the street.

Somehow or other Herr Grosskopf did not look very like a traveller in hardware. The German, while he is doing his service, is one of the most military-looking people it is possible to imagine; but once he retires into civilian life he is rather more than apt to shed the stiffness of the barrack-square, and take on a certain embonpoint and slouchiness in its place.

Herr Grosskopf’s lower chest was certainly well developed, but the slouchiness in his case was absent. His back was as straight and stiff as if his spine were formed of a rigid bar of iron, and his blue eyes were very wary and alert. In fact, to any man who had lived among soldiers, Herr Grosskopf had ‘soldier in plain clothes’ written large and plain to read all over him.

The two entered a small *café* in a by-street off the Rue Thiers, and when they had seated themselves at a table Herr Grosskopf ordered a bottle of Rhine wine, and after it had been uncorked and set before them, filled his companion’s glass and then his own.

The two men clinked glasses and drank, and Herr Grosskopf refilled them, and produced cigars, and he and his companion settled down to a quiet chat.

For a traveller in hardware, Herr Grosskopf took an amazingly intelligent interest in military matters, and especially in those which had to do with his companion’s regiment. Did the Legion get much active service nowadays? He supposed that the great majority of the men were French? Oh, there were many foreigners! Really? Many Germans, for instance?

Private Wassermann, for the first hour or so, was not a communicative companion. He

applied himself steadily to the Rhine wine and the strong Hamburg cigars which his new friend pressed on him, and returned polite and non-committal answers to his questions; which questions, as the contents of the second bottle grew lower and lower, became more and more of a leading nature.

However, just after the glasses had been refilled for the first time from the third bottle, Private Wassermann grew more communicative, and as the rest of that third bottle drew towards its end opened his heart to Herr Grosskopf.

Yes, it was true that there were many Germans in the Legion. Were they well treated? Was *any one* well treated in that accursed corps? No; the Legion was a dog’s life; and as for the time an honest German had in it—well, Private Wassermann’s tongue could hardly describe it. Would Herr Grosskopf believe that their great and good Kaiser was made a subject of mockery by Frenchmen in the barrack-rooms, and that a word of protest against this blasphemy was visited by brutal punishment? Only last week he, Hans Wassermann, had spent three hours *en crapaudine* for having rebuked one of his comrades for this crime. *Crapaudine*? Oh, *crapaudine* meant that a man was stripped naked, tied wrists and heels, and left in the sun to meditate. This was quite a mild punishment for the Legion. So overcome was Private Wassermann by his own woes and those of his compatriots that it took all that was left of that third bottle of excellent Rhenish wine to restore him, and even then his face was flushed and his eyes were shining with the thought of his wrongs.

Herr Grosskopf nodded gravely, and then leant forward and spoke to his companion in a low voice. ‘See now, my friend,’ he said, ‘it makes my heart bleed to see men—and especially German men—living such a dog’s life. Now, could not you and some others—let us say all the Germans in your company—make a bid for freedom? It ought not to be difficult, supposing you had friends, or even one friend, who was ready and anxious to help you.’

Private Wassermann regarded his companion gravely and sadly. ‘No,’ he admitted, ‘it might not be difficult—with aid from a friend. But where to find one, *mossieu*? One only finds such friends in heaven,’ he added piously.

Herr Grosskopf leant still farther across the little marble table.

‘It is easy to see that you are a man of the very greatest intelligence and daring, my friend,’ he said. ‘Now, suppose I told you that I—Heinrich Grosskopf of Hamburg—was ready to help you. Listen. The Fatherland wants all its sons. It is time that the French cock had its comb cut, and who can do it better than Germany—*our* Germany? Have you forgotten ’70?’ (Here Private Wassermann’s eyes flickered again.) ‘Come back to the Fatherland, and I

promise you, for your comrades and yourself, that if there is anything to be forgiven, it shall be forgiven. I give you the Emperor's own word for that.'

Private Wassermann appeared impressed but doubtful. 'But,' he said, 'it will not be easy. Those French keep a close eye on us legionaries. Also, it will take money—*much* money,' he added thoughtfully.

From the sympathetic companion Herr Grosskopf became the man of business in a moment. 'And what might you call much money, my friend?' he inquired.

Private Wassermann became explanatory. 'It will be necessary to provide plain clothes for those men who will come,' he said; 'also, it will be necessary to buy them wine. They will have to talk together and consider matters, and a little wine helps men to make up their minds. With our miserable pay, you understand, *mossieu*'—and he spread his arms abroad.

Apparently Herr Grosskopf did understand. He produced a purse from his pocket, and from it produced two twenty-franc pieces, which he pushed across the table toward his companion.

Wassermann's hand closed on the coins. 'That will be enough—for to-night,' he added, as he noticed the look of relief on Herr Grosskopf's, by this time, rather flushed face. 'See now, *mossieu*. To-morrow night at nine o'clock be outside the barrack gate, about fifty yards away. I shall be there—I and some of my comrades, and you can talk with them. Now, *mossieu*, I must say good-evening, and *auf wiedersehen*. Many thanks for your pleasant company and the good wine!'

Private Wassermann drew himself up very straight, adjusted his belt and *képi*, and with a salute to his companion turned into the street, walking with the awful precision of a man who has the best part of three bottles of wine under his belt.

As soon as he turned the corner Private Wassermann halted, and, with a lamentable disregard of all the canons of good taste and in defiance of the bylaws of Sidi-bel-Abbès, expectorated on the pavement. '*Salé cochon d'un Prusse!*' he remarked 'gravely to the air, and went on his way back to barracks.

At nine o'clock the next evening Herr Grosskopf was in the Rue Bugeaud, where it runs beside the barrack wall. Herr Grosskopf was feeling very satisfied with himself. Even if ten or fifteen of the Legion could be induced to desert (if possible with violence toward their officers thrown in) it would make a considerable stir. Of course, if they could be got clear away so much the better; no one knew better than Herr Grosskopf what deadly need the Fatherland was going to have of all its sons at no very distant date; but even an unsuccessful attempt at wholesale desertion would give the authorities

something to think about. If the men did get away—well, once they were back in the Fatherland, the lamentably slack and unsoldierly manners which prevailed in the Legion could easily be knocked out of them by the methods peculiar to that fine flower of chivalry and military virtue, the Prussian officer. Perhaps, if Providence was very kind to himself (Herr Grosskopf), he would be able to take a hand in the breaking-in process. At the very thought his back stiffened and his moustache bristled more fiercely.

Then from the shadow which the barrack wall threw on the moonlit road came a low whistle, and a figure detached itself.

Herr Grosskopf stepped forward. 'Ah, my good friend,' he said, 'and so you have come. And your friends?'

Wassermann nodded. 'My friends are just down the road, *mossieu*,' he said quietly.

Herr Grosskopf clapped him on the shoulder. 'All good Germans?' he queried.

'All good Germans,' repeated Wassermann, 'as I am German—German from Colmar in Alsace, *mossieu*! No; keep your hands out of your pockets; and there was the *whEEP* of quickly drawn steel as his long Lebel bayonet came out. 'That's better. Now, *mossieu*, I want to have a few words with you. Ten years ago I was in the 149th German Infantry. You know the regiment, I think. In the regiment also was my brother—quite a boy, *mossieu*—little Carl Wassermann. Now, at that time the captain of our company was named Von Gunther; he hadn't changed his name to Grosskopf then, or taken up travelling in hardware as a business. Well, for some reason this brute took a dislike to Carl—God knows why; the little fellow had never made an enemy before—and made his life a misery to him. Nothing Carl could do was right, and he was never free from punishment. Do you remember the frontier manoeuvres of ten years ago, *Herr Hauptmann*—pardon me, I should say Herr Grosskopf? You remember perhaps how close we were to the French frontier. Carl came to me one night and said, "I am going to risk it, and try a run for France to-morrow. I have done my best, but I cannot please *him*"—you know whom he meant, *mossieu*?—"and they say in the French Legion they treat men like men, not dogs." I tried to dissuade him; but when we were on the march next morning, and within a couple of hundred yards of the frontier, Carl tried a dash. But our noble captain gave the order to fire on him; and when he saw that the men were shooting wide on purpose, he snatched a rifle and brought down Carl when he was within fifty yards of the frontier. Have you forgotten that? I have not! And now—now—Captain von Gunther, I have you! Five years' hard labour on the roads is the punishment for trying to induce legionaries to desert. It will be more for a German spy. Ah, would you?'

There was a crack, and a level line of flame shot from the spy's hand. Wassermann staggered, and then leaped forward, and the two men went down in a heap. Twice the long bayonet rose and fell, twice there was a thick gasp, and then a groan and silence, and Private Wassermann rose slowly to his feet in time to meet his comrades, whom the noise of the shot had brought running.

The sergeant in charge of the picket bent over the prostrate figure and then turned

to Wassermann. 'Tried to shoot you?' he queried.

Wassermann nodded. 'Yes,' he answered; 'and so I had to give him my bayonet. He has his affair, I think.'

The sergeant turned to his men. 'Take up *that* and bring it along,' he ordered. '*Hé bien*—one more of Wilhelm's spies out of the way, *n'est ce pas, camarade?*'

'Ten years too late!' said Private Wassermann, out of Alsace.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A COMFORTABLE SHIRT.

UNDER severe or violent movements the ordinary shirt is likely to crease or ruck up, and the folds to become distinctly uncomfortable, if not irritating, especially to soldiers in the field, either of the cavalry or infantry. A special type of shirt, which prevents discomfort from such causes, has been produced, which follows the usual design, except that it is fitted with a short loose lappet attached to the bottom of the skirt, which is passed between the legs, then folded upward and secured in position by buttons attached to the front below the waist-line. In this way the shirt is kept firmly in position. It is useful to motor-cyclists, as all risk of chafing is prevented.

SALT-CUBES FOR COOKING.

Manufacturers are often accused of lack of initiative and want of ingenuity in studying the requirements of the market. Certain manufacturers have recently adopted a novel idea in the supply of salt. Instead of the salt being in large blocks, it is marketed in small cubes, each representing a measured quantity which coincides with culinary necessities; and as the cook takes one or more of these cubes for her purpose, she may rest assured that she is adding the exact quantity of salt which the dish requires. The cubes are packed in small cartons for convenience, and are sold at approximately the same price as the large blocks. Utility is not the only advantage of this arrangement. The salt is absolutely fresh, clean, and pure, and cannot be soiled, as no handling is required, for it is transferred direct from the package to the cooking-vessel. Neither is there any waste. So the salt-cubes are certain to have the approval of the frugal housewife.

A NOVELTY IN DOLLS' HOUSES.

The possession of a dolls' house is the height of every little girl's ambition and a constant source of juvenile delight. A decided improvement on this conventional toy has now been produced, and is named the 'screen house' from

the fact that it is built up in sections. Each section or screen is perfectly flat, and is equipped with window, door, and other fittings, together with the necessary appointments. The sections are so made that they will stand upright on any flat surface, such as the floor or a table. The most popular form at the moment is that representing a hospital, the equipment of which is very realistic. There is the usual hospital bed, upon which a wounded doll warrior is reclining, tended by a pretty doll nurse garbed in the correct hospital uniform, and with the Red Cross prominently displayed. The embellishments of the apartment comprise a table on which the invalid's meal is set out, and a chair and cushion for comfort when he reaches the convalescent stage, together with an assortment of such necessities as bandages, medicine-bottles, ewer, &c. The screen-house idea is a decided novelty and capable of illimitable variation; and, further, it possesses the advantage that when not in use it does not constitute an encumbrance, like the old style doll-house, as the parts may be dismantled and packed, together with the dolls and the furniture, in a small box.

AN AUTOMATIC VEGETABLE AND FRUIT PEELING MACHINE.

Probably one of the most distasteful operations in the kitchen is the peeling of root vegetables and fruits; but now there is a machine which does the work automatically. This machine comprises an outer cylindrical vessel, having near the bottom an annular ring which is free to rotate. This ring has a series of closely spaced blades set radially, and above it is placed a flat, perforated disc. The outer vessel is fitted with a union just above the bladed ring, and connected by rubber tubing to the ordinary tap. To set the machine in operation the peeler is placed in the sink and the rubber connection made. The cylinder is half-filled with water, and the potatoes or other articles, such as apples, onions, carrots, &c., to the extent of three or four pounds at one time, are placed within it. The tap is then turned on, and the water sets the annular ring of blades in rotation, the speed

varying according to the flow of water, so that the operation may be accelerated or retarded merely by adjusting the water-supply. Directly the wheel revolves the peeling process commences, and is completed in three or four minutes, when the water should be turned off to prevent undue waste of the articles under treatment. The peeling is carried out cleanly and with the minimum of loss of edible portions, and the cook is free to perform other duties while the work is progressing. The machine can also be utilised for washing and cleansing salads and other greens. For this operation it is merely necessary to withdraw and reverse the revolving cutting disc, so that the blades do not come into contact with the vegetables; but as they are in a stream of constantly running water, the agitation is sufficient to remove all grubs, insects, and deleterious matter.

RADIO CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

Some two or three years ago the German watch manufacturers placed upon the British market watches the hands and dials of which were made luminous with a light-emitting material, which enabled the time to be read with ease in the dark. The idea was novel, and exceedingly attractive and useful, but it was crude. One well-known British firm, which had been experimenting in the same direction, subsequently introduced a superior article, in which the numerals on the dial were luminous, so that its utility was very considerably enhanced. Recently the innovation has undergone considerable development, being applied to clocks of all sizes. The luminous effect is produced not by treating the numerals and hands with a paint emitting a phosphorescent light which has to be stimulated into activity by exposure to light, but by a substance composed of a combination of minute particles with a chemical compound, thereby providing a stable and permanent illuminating material which cannot deteriorate and which demands no previous exposure to light. The substance is prepared in such a manner that with ordinary care it will not lose its luminous qualities in the slightest. Such a watch is invaluable to soldiers when movements have to be carried out under cover of night, and when it is difficult to ascertain the time. More particularly is it useful in the trenches, where the slightest glimmer of light, even the striking of a match, may lead to serious disaster.

AN ELECTRIC-LIGHT SHADE-HOLDER.

Those who use electric light are fully aware of the difficulty of attaching an electric-lamp shade. The shade has to be held in position while the milled nut is screwed on; and this operation—the space being somewhat cramped—is extremely troublesome owing to inability to grip the nut firmly with the fingers. A shade-holder has been introduced which consists of two collars,

with a coil spring between. The lower collar carries the ordinarily shaped slots for receiving the lamp, both collars being really split rings. The bottom collar springs over and clips the standard lamp socket, while the coil spring lifts the top collar, which slides over the screwed portion of the fitting, and thus holds the shade firmly in position. The advantage of the holder is that the shade may be set in a moment; and as the two rings are split they may be sprung over all standard fittings, notwithstanding the fact that the fittings may not be quite true to size, when in ordinary circumstances the attachment of the milled nut is rendered more difficult. With this holder the shade is held just as firmly in position as if it were screwed up by means of the ordinary milled screw ring.

PROTECTING ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AGAINST FIRE.

Although the protection of St Paul's Cathedral against fire was completed some time ago, it was found that the method adopted possessed certain drawbacks. Hydrants were fitted at the main roof-levels, and were dependent for their water-supply upon rainwater-tanks placed on the stone gallery. It was found, however, that when these tanks were fully charged the great weights they represented involved a serious danger to the fabric, so that the fire-protection scheme underwent drastic revision. The system now installed completely meets the case, and should prove equally serviceable in connection with other buildings. A powerful electrically driven pump has been set up at the sixty-feet level, the power being transmitted from the motor to the pump through silent gearing. This pump draws water from the public main supply, and delivers it into the ring main round the drum of the dome beneath the colonnade, hydrants being fitted to this main at various points. Each of the hydrants is equipped with hose and other fittings. The outstanding feature of the arrangement is that the pump starts to work automatically when one of the hydrants is opened, so that a fire breaking out upon the roof-level can be attacked at once without the necessity of approaching the pump in the first instance. The moment the hydrant is closed the electric current is automatically cut off and the pump ceases. The arrangement is considered to be eminently successful, the tests of the system having proved satisfactory in every respect.

A KNIFE-CLEANING MACHINE.

A knife-cleaning machine has recently been introduced which possesses many interesting features. It comprises a wooden box containing double cleaning-pads which, instead of rotating, have an oscillating motion, the pads moving on ball bearings. The knife is slipped between the pads, and the latter are caused to move to and fro across the surface of the blade by slightly pressing the handle. The efficiency of the

pads is increased by giving them a corrugated surface, with the result that they give a straight burnish across the blade from edge to back, the motion being closely analogous to that of stropping a razor. The outstanding feature, however, is that the knives do not suffer any damage while being cleaned. By means of this knife-cleaner twelve table-knives may be cleaned in two minutes; it will take a carving-knife of any size or shape with equal facility, as well as dessert-knives; and not only does it clean the blades, but it imparts a keen edge to them. The cleaning-pads are durable, but when renewal becomes necessary they may be replaced at a nominal cost.

THE RIDDLE OF 'SPACE.'

The great Nobel prize which is bestowed on the most distinguished contributors to scientific discovery has been awarded to Professor Onnes, of the ancient University of Leyden, Holland, for his unremitting labours in investigating the question of the lowest possible temperatures. He has succeeded by unexampled ingenuity, linked to great industry and original thought, in producing what has been hitherto considered to be unattainable and a mere hypothesis—that is, the *absolute zero* of temperature. This, represented in figures, is two hundred and seventy-three degrees below Fahrenheit's zero, and may be accepted as affording us the probable temperature of, and conditions that prevail in, that mysterious and unreachable ocean called space. This discovery ranks in importance with any of the great discoveries of the past century, and revolutionises a great many of our accepted laws with relation to electricity and the kindred manifestations of light, heat, and motion. The discovery is a sequence of the researches and experiments that have been made with the metal radium and its 'emanations,' notably with helium, which Sir W. Ramsay found as a gaseous product of the transmutation of radium, and which was found to have a *lower* boiling-point than hydrogen. On this last point is based Professor Onnes's wonderful discovery. As the low boiling-point of hydrogen enabled Sir T. Dewar to produce hitherto unknown temperatures, and to make his remarkable discoveries and experiments with liquid air, so the lower boiling-point of helium rendered the production of still lower temperatures possible, which Professor Onnes has utilised to reach the lowest of minimum temperatures yet obtained, and probably the lowest that ever will be reached. The wonderful results that have been obtained at this temperature are most extraordinary; *perpetual motion* of an electrical current in a helix of metal is exhibited, non-conductors become active conductors, and their capacity for conducting is increased almost indefinitely! The usual resistances of substances to the passage of an electrical current no longer exist, and, in a word, the fric-

tionless attributes of space are demonstrated. A hitherto inexplicable phenomenon, the reversal of cosmic motion as shown in the reversed revolution of the most distant planets and the most remote satellites, is explained by electrical experiments at this temperature of absolute zero; and many other scientific paradoxes are made clear. It is an inexhaustible theme, and is the advance-guard of many great discoveries, the alchemist's dream almost realised—perpetual motion, transmutation of metals; and now we are waiting for the elixir of life!

AN ENGINE DRIVEN BY SEWER-GAS.

Of late years public opinion has become much more sensitive regarding the disposal of town sewage, while the laws relating to the pollution of rivers and streams, which have been made more stringent, are now rigidly enforced, the result being that every inland town is saddled with a heavy annual charge for purification-works. Under such conditions it is only natural that all possible efforts should be made to lessen the expense either by improved processes or by extracting by-products which can be sold for manure and other purposes. The latest purification system is simple and effective—hence no great economy can be expected from future improvements in this direction; and as regards the manufacture of manure, only a small number of towns have been able to produce saleable products, the disposal of sewage being a dead loss to the majority of municipalities. Any invention or discovery, therefore, whereby this loss can be minimised should be welcome, and one of the most promising ideas is to use the gas given off by the sewage for driving gas-engines. Almost every purification scheme includes what are known as septic tanks, where the sewage is allowed to settle for many hours, the liquid being drawn off at the top, while the solids which sink are extracted from the bottom. During this settling process gas is generated, which rises to the surface in bubbles, and it has been found practicable to use this gas in a gas-engine, although it is not suitable for lighting purposes. The gases given off from septic tanks are very offensive, and any treatment for rendering them harmless would be welcomed for its own sake; hence an invention which actually makes money out of the process at the same time has a doubly beneficial effect. Septic tanks at present are usually open, and they account to a large extent for the noxious smells emanating from sewage-works. Where this invention is applied the tanks will be airtight, with no outlet for the gases except through the engine. The first town to give a practical trial to this new method is Parramatta, in Australia, where an engine of sixteen horse-power is worked entirely by gas from the septic tanks. This engine drives a pump which raises the sewage some thirty-five feet, a work previously performed by steam-

engines, for which coal had to be bought. Furthermore, the supply of gas is so regular and certain that the engine can be left running all night without attention, thus effecting a saving in wages and fuel which will pay for the new engine in about five months. According to the inventor, Mr Walshaw, this system should yield about one hundred and fifty horse-power in a town of ten thousand inhabitants, or enough, if used for producing electricity, to supply light for the whole town. Again, many large country houses have their own sewage-disposal works, and the gas generated therefrom should give sufficient power for lighting the house, while removing a source of offensive smells.

BANKING IN THE UNITED STATES, AND THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANKS.

Financial panics are of more frequent occurrence in the United States than in Britain; and it is generally admitted that they are caused by what is termed in America 'the inelasticity of the currency.' Now, as this expression may not be familiar to many persons in Britain, a little space is devoted to the explanation of these words. In London, when a banker requires money he takes commercial paper to the Bank of England—that is, promissory notes, drafts, &c. which he has discounted. The Bank of England rediscounts this commercial paper, and the banker obtains money with which he is enabled to continue making loans to his customers, who are then in a position to continue undertakings which, without financial assistance, might be brought to an untimely end. If the directors of the Bank of England find that too much money is being withdrawn from the bank they raise their rate of discount, and money flows back again into its vaults.

In the United States there is no powerful central bank whose business it is to discount commercial paper held by bankers; and the result is that when a bank has lent to its customers as much money as it deems prudent for safety, it is compelled to refuse further financial assistance, and those who had relied on assistance from their bankers in carrying on legitimate enterprises are unable to meet their obligations. Now the money lent by the bank belongs mostly to the depositors. These, hearing that the bank refuses to make advances, and that some of its customers are in difficulty, commence withdrawal of their deposits. The bank, being unable to obtain help from other bankers, suspends payment, a state of uneasiness prevails, and a financial panic ensues.

The banking law which the United States Congress has lately passed, but which is not yet in force, will put an end to this unfortunate state of affairs. Under the provisions of this new law, the Government will establish in certain cities, which have not yet been selected, a bank whose special business will be to discount commercial paper

tendered by other banks. No business will be transacted except with banks, and only with those who have joined the so-called federal reserve banks; and in order to join these, a bank must contribute a certain definite proportion of its capital. This contribution forms the capital of reserve banks; but, in order to provide ample funds for the business of rediscounting, the United States Government—and this is the most important part of the measure—permits the reserve banks to issue notes (bills they are called in America) to a practically unlimited extent. These notes are guaranteed by the Government, and are therefore for all purposes, except exportation, as good as gold. Of the profits made by the reserve banks, not more than 6 per cent. interest on the amount of their investment is to be paid to the affiliated banks, the surplus being devoted to some other purpose. There is every reason to believe that this new banking law will be very successful.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

NEVER OR NOW.

AN APPEAL.

(Written in 1862, soon after the outbreak of the American Civil War.)

LISTEN, young heroes! your country is calling!

Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

You whom the fathers made free and defended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping!
Wait not till Honour lies wrapped in his pall!
Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands' clasping,
'Off for the wars!' is enough for them all!

From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,
Furrowed and ridged by the battlefield's plough,
Comes the loud summons; too long you have
slumbered,
Hear the last Angel-trump—Never or Now!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE DOOM OF THE ZEPPELIN.

By R. W. BURGESS.

CHAPTER I.

FROM end to end Germany was seething. Hymns of hate and victory rang through the city streets, and to every village and isolated farmhouse the glorious tidings had been carried. London—proud, cynical London—had been bombarded by a fleet of a dozen Zeppelins, and, according to official accounts, left a mass of flaming wreckage! Wild rumours flourished and grew apace. King George, the Lord Mayor, and the heads of the Admiralty and War Office, it was reported, had all been killed by one master-stroke, an incendiary bomb dropped on Downing Street during a midnight Cabinet meeting. Those of the panic-stricken citizens who had been unable to flee in time from the doomed city were said to be huddled, in darkness and suffocation, within the sewers and in the tunnels of the tube railways, where they would inevitably be starved or smothered, the outlets being choked by the ruins.

True, only five airships had returned to their base; but what of that? Had not the Fatherland a new fleet of a hundred or so on the point of completion, ready to carry on the sacred crusade of death, culture, and destruction should the vile traitors to civilisation across the sea delay in suing for peace upon any terms?

Glorious news indeed! Forgotten were the black days; the refugees that were pouring into Berlin, forced out of the border towns and villages by the iron ring that was gradually contracting and throttling the life of the country, arrived cheering and singing, instead of weeping, in a city gay with flags and music; the pall of mourning and gloom that had hung for so long over the capital had vanished as though it had never been, and to the eye all was as in the early days of the war.

It may have occurred to some of the more thoughtful to wonder how all this precise and detailed information had been gathered by the Zeppelins while floating in the air at midnight three thousand feet above a darkened city; but at the moment no such doubts found expression, and it was a day of delirious rejoicing.

London, in truth, had suffered badly enough. Although, from the military point of view, very little had been accomplished, and more than

half the invading air fleet destroyed, there was consternation among City men in the morning, when stock came to be taken of the damage done. Incendiary bombs had been showered down on the stores and warehouses in the narrow streets of the City, and huge blocks of buildings were still blazing furiously, despite the valiant efforts of the fire brigade.

The gaunt, riven skeleton of a fallen Zeppelin lay across a scattered pile of ruins in Wood Street; her cargo of bombs had exploded on falling, and she rested on a ghastly funeral pyre of twisted girders, shattered masonry, smoking débris of burning woodwork, and a holocaust of the stock of a large fancy goods warehouse. Another, whose cargo had exploded and spent its force in mid-air, pouring down a blazing rain of petrol upon the streets as she fell, lay broken-backed across the railway viaduct at the bottom of Ludgate Hill, her blackened ribs, with ragged fragments of her silk envelope attached, completely blocking the roadway to St Paul's, trailing a confused mass of wrecked machinery across Ludgate Circus to Fleet Street. There was a big blaze down by the docks. The Government offices, the Bank of England, the Houses of Parliament, and the bridges across the river had all received attention; but the damage in these quarters was not serious, owing to the difficulty of definite aim.

The immediate result was that all recruiting offices were besieged. At last war was brought home to us, and the young men realised that to remain in their shops and offices might result in these same buildings being blown about their ears. By evening London was a city of middle-aged men, stern-faced and silent, resolved grimly to carry on, whatever might befall before the return of their sons.

'Great news, Jack! We've got real live men at the Admiralty these days, instead of sleepy, nodding mandarins. That demonstration of yours with the gas-bags finished it, and you're to be gazetted Naval Engineer Lieutenant, with a free hand to rig up any fandangles and whig-maleeries you like on Submarine X 1. How 'll that suit you?'

Jack Elwin, a young electrical engineer, swept aside the papers and diagrams that lay spread out on his desk, and jumped up to greet his friend, Lieutenant Charles Cartwright, late of H.M.S. *Swordfish*, recently mined in the North Sea.

'If you're pulling my leg, Charlie, I'll *Kultur* you until even a gentle Uhlan would have no use for you. Is it straight?'

'Straight talk, Jack. My father has just got home from a pow-wow with the bigwigs at Whitehall, and is keen as mustard about it. I bolted round at once to tell you. Rejoice, my son, and salute your commander.' Charlie tapped himself on the chest.

'Given you the ship, have they? Good men! Where is she now?'

'Porthampton dockyard. Her engines are being fitted, and she was to be ready for sea next week; but they have just wired to stop work on her until you can go down and arrange for your bag of tricks. Now run along and get into war-paint; got orders to bring you back to dinner. Hurry up with your adornment, and remember the taxi is ticking up twopences all this time.'

Charlie Cartwright, prowling round the untidy apartment that served Elwin for living-room and study, shouting crisp commands calculated to speed up the beautifying process of his friend in the adjoining bedroom—from which came sounds of much splashing, opening and shutting of drawers, and smothered profanity—halted before a side-table on which stood a working model of the new engine of warfare.

The dynamo that supplied the power was at rest; and when Elwin emerged from his room clad in the sober glory of dinner dress, Charlie was idly turning switches, and swinging to and fro the curious little telescope with a saucer top that surmounted the instrument.

'Can't make head or tail of this contraption of yours, Jack,' said he, puzzled and frowning. 'A gun with a spy-glass for a barrel that doesn't fire anything don't seem natural, somehow. If you were not you, I should say the whole thing was a fake.'

'Just what the War Office seemed to think, Charlie. It was only the Zeppelin raid and your father's influence at the Admiralty that got me a show at last. You see, this is the principle of the thing.'—

'Oh, for heaven's sake don't begin explanations now, or we shall starve! The dad is sure to want to know all about it after dinner, and I will metaphorically sit at your feet and gaze up into your inspired face with adoring eyes, while you'—

A sofa-cushion, aimed with force and precision, smothered the rest of the speech.

Admiral Sir James Cartwright, a well-set-up veteran, with clear, keen eyes that seemed to have caught the colour of the sea in storm,

shaggy brows, and a mass of grizzled hair waved and crisped by spindrift and gale, was waiting for the two young men when they arrived at Grosvenor Square.

Between father and son there was a striking resemblance. The clean-cut features were the same, save for the deeper graving of the lines on the face of the elder man. The fire of youth that in the younger was a leaping, joyous flame, urging him on to any dangerous and desperate adventure, had given place in the elder to a deeper, steadier glow of grim determination, and the wide mental grasp of a situation that years alone can give. The sea had set its seal upon both, each according to his length of service.

'Congratulate you, Jack, my boy,' said Sir James, as they gripped hands. 'You will hear from the Admiralty in the morning. No red tape these days. Ready to join your ship to-morrow?'

'Sooner the better, sir. At Porthampton, Charlie tells me.'

'Yes. You will have to call at Whitehall at ten o'clock to sign papers. Get your traps ready, and I will come round for you with the car, and take you down to the dockyard by road. The railway's full of troop trains just now.'

'Thanks. I'll be ready. Any fresh news?'

'Nothing for the public, but you're on another footing now. Our air scouts tell us there are big preparations in Heligoland for the assembly of an air fleet, and we know that at all Zeppelin bases they have been working night and day for months. It is probable that they have about fifty new dirigibles building, and that the raid on London last week was a sort of trial-trip.'

'Any idea how much time we have, sir?'

'Possibly a month, from what our Intelligence Department tells us. That's enough now. While we are talking the soup is cooling. Sailors must feed though the heavens fall.'

During the meal Elwin heard current events discussed from an entirely new angle. It was most illuminating. Events that, so far as the public had been allowed to know of them, were insignificant, he now realised for the first time were movements of vital importance, while the brilliant *coups* that filled newspaper headlines were often but minor incidents in a carefully considered plan of campaign.

It was not until coffee was on the table, and the three men were in that receptive and tolerant frame of mind born of a good dinner and perfect digestion, which enables us to endure with resignation even the infliction of prosy speeches, that the new arm of the navy was again referred to.

'Now, Jack,' said the Admiral, 'I want you to give me some notion of what this new machine

of yours really is, and how it works. What it does we saw the other day.'

'Delighted to explain. Hope I sha'n't bore you. It is really simple enough.'

'No doubt, to people like Ryestone, the Government expert. All the rest of us were out of soundings while you were expounding to him. Saw his report to-day. Says, among other things, that though he is unable to give an analysis of elwinite, the curiously inert substance of which the insulator is composed, he sees no reason to doubt the correctness of the formula. Also, "the model is constructed in accordance with the plans supplied;" and after independent personal tests he is of opinion that "the claims of the inventor are justified."'

'Worst of you scientific Johnnies,' broke in Charlie, 'is you always think you are lecturing to pro's. Now hold forth, most learned sage, and don't forget the infant class.'

'I'll try to get down to your level, Charlie,' returned Elwin, laughing.—'You remember how keen my father was about wireless, Sir James, and that he fitted up that installation in the Orkneys which the Government took over when he died?'

'Had many a message from him when I was cruising in the North Sea,' Sir James replied.

'Well,' returned Elwin, 'he seems to have been experimenting with the possibility of concentrating and directing the ether waves during his later years, but without success. I found all the notes among his papers.—Know what ether is, Charlie?'

'Stuff they put on your gums when you have toothache, isn't it?'

'Abysmal ignorance! How is one to sound its depths? No; that is a misnamed anæsthetic. The ether with which we are dealing is but a hypothetical intangibility; the substance of emptiness, so to speak; the imponderable spirit of matter that envelops and permeates the universe; the vibrant medium that transmits from sun and stars those forms of energy which we'—

'Oh scissors! so young and beautiful, too!' murmured Charlie. 'Come down to earth, old man; cut it short, and let's have it in English.'

'Sorry,' laughed Elwin. 'I will try to pander to your earth-bound intellect. Know what a molecule is, Charlie?'

'Yes; the young of the mole.'

Jack groaned. 'I see I must reconstruct the universe for you before you will understand, and there isn't room for it in your head, empty though it is.'

'I think we shall get along quicker if you cut out the long words, Jack; and if you, Charlie, stop pulling his leg,' Sir James interposed.

'Sailing orders, Jack. Henceforth I am

dumb as a sleeping oyster tucked up in his bed.'

'I will be as brief as I can,' Elwin continued. 'As you, Sir James, are no doubt aware, but as Charlie certainly is not'—looking sternly at his friend, who pathetically placed one finger on his sealed lips—"ether" is a term used by scientists to indicate a carrying medium for certain forms of energy, the transmission of which can be accounted for at present only by assuming theoretically its existence throughout the visible universe, rarefied to an inconceivable degree, filling all space, and permeating all matter; the medium in which the atoms and molecules that go to build up all gaseous, liquid, and solid substances vibrate in response to the laws of attraction and repulsion that govern their structure. It is through this continuous conductor, and not through the material of air and earth itself, that the waves of energy pass from the wires, and it is just the universal continuity of the medium that has prevented any control of direction.'

'I follow you quite clearly, so far,' said Sir James. 'The ether waves spread in much the same way as ripples on a pond when a stone is thrown into the water.'

'Exactly; and their passage through solid bodies may be compared to the passage of the water-ripples through the sedges and reeds near the bank. Now, it is obvious that if any substance could be produced so dense and homogeneous that it would neither absorb nor transmit these undulations, they must be thrown back. It was this reflector that my father was seeking before he died. It seemed a hopeless quest, as it really assumed the existence of a new form of matter, absolutely amorphous and structureless, of inconceivable density. It was, of course, known that wireless messages pass more freely through air than through earth, but this seemed due entirely to absorption, a dispersal of energy through the mass.

'Continuing my father's researches, I found that, in some localities, by placing my receiver between the sending station and certain hills, I fancied I could detect a very faint reinforcement of power. By following this up, and experimenting with minerals and rocks quarried from these hills, I at last obtained a distinct, though very slight, reaction; and eventually, by extracting certain elements and fusing them together in electric furnaces, I obtained the substance that resisted Professor Ryestone's analysis—the reflector of my apparatus. In respect to my primary object, the transmission of messages, there are certain difficulties due to interference still to overcome; but there was one quite unexpected effect produced, upon which depends the success of our new weapon.'

'Now we "come to the osses,"' cried Charlie, as he straightened up in his chair.

'The ordinary diffused wireless discharge,'

Elwin resumed, 'produces no perceptible disturbance in its passage; but the intensely concentrated discharge has very peculiar effects, depending upon the molecular cohesion of the substance through which it passes.—Cheer up, Charlie, you'll soon be dead,' in response to a dismal groan from that young man.—'To resume: the general effect is to increase molecular activity, a tendency to drive the particles, which even in the densest solids are always in motion, farther apart from each other in their oscillations. Passing through solid bodies—solid because the power of mutual attraction between the closely packed molecules is strong enough to retain them in place in spite of these vibrations—the effect is slight, producing a greater or lesser rise in temperature according to density. With liquids, a sort of neutral state of matter in which attractive and repulsive forces are evenly balanced, the effect is more marked, causing ebullition.

'The maximum effect is produced with gases. In the gaseous state of matter the molecules are normally far more widely separated, and their oscillations correspondingly more rapid and violent, so much so that their power of attraction for one another is overcome, and, unless contained, they will fly apart and disperse. The effect of the discharge from my apparatus is enormously to increase this activity, causing a corresponding increase in bulk or pressure on the container. The more nearly the state of matter approaches in tenuity to that of the intangible medium with which it is permeated, the greater is the effect produced by a disturbance of that medium.'

Sir James had listened with growing attention. 'I see the whole thing now,' he said. 'When you focus on a balloon the gas expands and rips the cover, eh?'

'Pop goes the weasel,' remarked Charlie. 'What happened when you first stirred up the molecules, Jack?'

'Blew the windows out of my workshop,' replied Elwin, laughing.

'It looks like a big thing, my boy,' said Sir James. 'It was true patriotism on your part to place it unconditionally at the service of your country. How are your finances? I know your father was not a rich man.'

'Oh, he left enough for me to carry this thing through, and now there will be my pay from the navy. We've all got to give our best these times, and put our shoulders to the wheel.'

'Right!' said Charlie. 'We'll "roll the old chariot along," and come home with the bands playing, father. Thing to do now is to hustle the dockyard and get to sea before Butcher Bill can fill his sausage-skins.'

His father laughed. 'Charlie's ideas are sound, despite a certain lack of dignity and reverence in the manner of their expression. By the way, Ryestone is going down, so you will have his technical knowledge and authority behind you, and all the resources of the dockyard. You'll find you are a big man just now at Porthampton.'

'Flattering to my personal vanity, I am sure,' laughed Elwin; 'but I have no doubt of success if the X I will hold sufficient power. We must sacrifice torpedoes for accumulators and dynamos. I shall want all the space there is. And now I must get off home and pack ready for the fray, if you will excuse me.'

'Just a final toast,' sang out Charlie, raising his glass. 'To the bonny lights o' London, that will shine bright above the great Sir John Elwin; and may he never get swelled head.'

'And may Charlie prove a true prophet,' added Sir James, rising. 'I drink the toast with pleasure, while assuring our guest that I consider my son's final remark uncalled for. Don't trouble to respond, Jack. Good-night, and God save our king and country.'

(Continued on page 166.)

'PERSONAL'

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

NOT the least attractive feature of our daily Press is that which bears the title of this article, and is familiarly called, with a truthfulness that is largely mixed with sardonic humour, the 'agony column.' Ladies are credited with scanning the lists of births, marriages, and deaths before looking at anything else in the paper; but even they must sometimes glance first at that part of the page headed 'Personal,' and in any case, it may be conjectured, never fail to pay it marked attention, particularly when it starts, as very frequently happens, with something suggestive of romance, or at least alluringly sentimental. Indeed, one may deduce from the

character of many of the items that its appeals are mainly intended to touch the tender hearts of women. Touch, in its slang signification—as when Brown reports that Jones has 'touched' Robinson for a fiver—is a most excellent word in this connection, as not a few of these 'agonies' manifestly partake of this touching nature. Hence men will scarcely make a point, as does the softer sex, of studying the 'Personal,' nor are they likely to be so much impressed by it. Many of them must peruse it with very mingled feelings, pity and sympathy warring none too successfully with suspicion and incredulity, amusement and contempt. Unforgotten and un-

forgettable experiences of having been 'touched' warn them off the grass, appear it ever so inviting. Yet somebody must respond, or a number of the 'agonists' would require to retire, one may guess, from the business.

Of course there are agonists *and* agonists. Far be it from me to say that all or most of them are writers of fiction. For my own part, I prefer to take their productions at their face value, whatever my inward scepticism, and confess that I seldom miss any; though I cheerfully admit that my interest in them is well-nigh entirely professional. That any habit-and-repute teller of tales, like myself, should overlook or forgo this unflinching and abundant source of supply would be little short of sinful. For the agony column is simply replete with stories, plots, and mysteries, or hints of them, which the boding imagination need find no difficulty in shaping into complete narratives.

Many newspapers have the 'Personal;' but in this rich mine the finest vein is to be struck in the *Times*, which prints every day from thirty to fifty agonies of one kind or another. The humble novelist may rejoice that the leading journal of the world, with this copious and varied store of finished or raw material ready to his hand, is now, at a penny, within the compass of his modest means. *Per contra*, he may reflect with some misgiving that this prodigious store which the paper places at his disposal is also open to all and sundry, and makes it a formidable competitor in his own field; and not quite a fair competitor either, as, instead of having to pay for its stories, it gets paid for them under the specious pretext that they are only advertisements. Rumour, however, asserts that some, at any rate, are written by the *Times* itself; but it is no more than bare justice to say that what gentlemen of the higher criticism term internal evidence is fatal to such an idea.

As a matter of fact, a not inconsiderable proportion of the items which are capped 'personal' are advertisements pure and simple, and one might be disposed to wonder why they should be published in the agony column at all were it not for the strong presumption that it is just about the most widely read part of the paper. The *Times* does not disdain to use it to attract attention to its own goods; thus in it mistresses and servants are told that they should see such and such pages, the said pages containing other advertisements, headed 'Situations Vacant' or 'Required;' and this implies that these subscribers or readers take a keener interest in the 'Personal' than in those other columns. Undoubtedly it is a superlative medium, and if it is not the extra cost it can only be the infallible sense of the eternal fitness of things which is the peculiar possession of the *Times* that keeps it within comparatively narrow bounds. In this class are advertisements such as some journals put under 'General Notices'—notifications of meetings,

dinners, dances, sports, demonstrations, changes of name and address; thanks for votes, gifts, and donations to charities; positions desired; specific articles lost, for sale, or wanted; and a host of things besides. Now and again is to be perceived in two or three of these a trace, as a chemist would phrase it, which connects them with the veritable 'Personal.' For instance, there is the 'Lady of Rank' who is willing to chaperon a girl and give her every social advantage for the season. What agonies may not be implied here?

Then comes a large intermediate class, rising from the mere advertisement on the one side to the agony proper on the other. To it belong the missing—missing wills, missing marriage certificates, and most of all missing men and women, who are entreated to communicate with their relatives and friends, or, perchance more fortunate, are informed that they will 'hear of something to their advantage' if they will call on certain lawyers; and to the majority of these it is easy to attach a story, a romance, or perhaps a tragedy. Less poignant are the tales of woe that underlie rewards for dogs that have disappeared, yet a whole world of emotion may be concealed under the bald statement that a reward of ten pounds is offered for the brindled Aberdeen terrier which answers to the name of Neddy. In this category should perhaps be placed the conscience money received by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but it is noteworthy that these acknowledgments do not seem to be so common as they used to be, and one might almost suppose that there is a caustic in the high finance of the present Chancellor which makes consciences less sensitive than of yore.

But the agony column received its distinctive name long ago, principally because it was the vehicle and the voice of lovers, who employed it for good reasons of their own. As a vehicle, it served for introducing one unknown to another, suggested meeting-places, supplied signals of recognition, exchanged messages, and afforded all manner of hints for the guidance of suitors; not to put too fine a point on it, it somewhat more than smacked of plots, stratagems, and intrigues. As a voice, it gave urgent and intense expression to their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, their ecstasies and their despairs. Now its tone was that of frantic impatience, perfervid entreaty, or eloquent expostulation; anon, of exultant delight; but more often than not of bitter lament and heart-broken farewell. The dark, not to say the black, side was apt to come uppermost. The course of true love never did run smooth; but the dolorous way of most of these poor souls was, if you were to believe them, hedged with thorns, strewn thick with sharp-edged stones, or barred by frowning and precipitous rocks. In a word, the lovers agonised; and sometimes the agony was prolonged through months and even years of excited and anguished

correspondence. And none may tell what deep abysses of sentimental suffering are to be discovered in the agonies which appeared, as many of them did, in strange and mysterious cipher. True, it has been alleged that these cryptic affairs were written by swell cracksmen and other criminals as a safe and secret means of imparting information to their pals; but one naturally prefers to think that romance shines through the veil.

The above paragraph is in the past tense, for the cogent reason that though the love-agony still holds pride of place, it no longer bulks large in the 'Personal,' and rather looks like disappearing altogether. Its passing will, in this dun world, be a most regrettable circumstance, for when it has vanished the column will never be the same again, and the gaiety of the nation will suffer sensible eclipse. Not that the love-agony was charged with wit or humour; whether *in exceleis* or *in extremis*, it was always very serious indeed. But all the world loves a lover, even the lover of the agony; and, though it laughs at him, it does not cease to love him, and would fain bid him not die. Perhaps it is the telephone, with its easy gambits, that is killing him off. Pity 'tis if go he must! Yet he has had an immense innings; he has played the game, in the *Times* at all events, for more than a century. Here is a specimen of his style which saw the light in 1802: 'Incognita's elegant and well-composed Epistle, of the 19th instant, has had all the impression that could be expected; another, with real name and place of abode, may be safely ventured. An immediate intercourse is earnestly requested by Leander.' His tone is most grave but most polite; it is of the period when the game, like cricket, was played in tall hats.

That tone is scarce maintained by present agonists. You see Leander was a decorous person; you judge him a model of deportment; you may say that, like the fair Incognita's letter, he is well composed. And he means business, although his formality appears much out of date in this bustling and eager time of ours. He is respectful, not aflame. But the fire of passion blazes up fiercely enough in other agonists of the past. As might be expected, the lover of the agony of to-day is excessively modern; thus 'M.' asks 'Lilian,' in a recent issue of the paper, 'Must I play hearts or diamonds for a grand slam?' In her reply the lady retorts in the same spirit of modernity, but with a spirit of her own, that 'the grand slam is only possible to the player who has a quality you lack—courage.' Airy, fairy Lilian! Yet he well deserved the deadly thrust, the ungallant fellow! Still, even in this mercenary age, an occasional agony recalls the old atmosphere, as when, last June, 'Alhambra Edwin' flings across the void to 'Mamie' the burning words, 'My soul cries out to yours!' or when, in the same month, 'Edith Gertrude M.' declares to 'Alfred E. B.'

that, having watched him very closely for many weeks, she has come to the conclusion that it is only her fortune that keeps him silent, and adds: 'May I tell you in all maiden modesty that if this is so, my fortune will have proved my worst enemy!' Bravo, Edith Gertrude M.! I doff my chapeau to you, and hope you will be happy.

This mercenary age! The phrase is quite germane to the most common and characteristic 'Personal' of our own subfusc period. For, alas! the passionate note has pretty generally been replaced by the pecuniary. The typical agonist of our time has but one great desire—not love, but cash. He may call it 'work,' but it's your money he wants. In plain terms, he is a cadger. For himself, he disdains plain terms. He has style, and plenty of it, and a wealth of imagination and a copiousness of vocabulary which are distinctly enviable. He is a firm believer in putting the best foot foremost. His modesty does not shrink from cataloguing his virtues and accomplishments; on the contrary, he assures you in the loudest of voices that he is possessed of knowledge, skill, cleverness, adaptability, resource, anything you please. You stand amazed that he has not succeeded long ago in bursting open every door of fortune. Yet somehow he hasn't; incredible, but true! Some inexplicable freak of fate, some strange perversity of circumstance! Ah, if only he had money! Why should he be compelled to go without it? What matter if he does not seem to have been able to work for it when he tells you so positively how well he will work after he gets it? Won't you place it in his capable hands? You will never regret it. And so on, world without end. He is a very king of cadgers.

A fine sample of this kind of agony, made more moving by its demand on sentiment, appeared in the *Times* a little while back from 'Breezy Bill.' It began, 'A Wanderer's Return,' and continued: 'Refined Englishman, twenty-eight, who has supersatiated a cursed wanderlust by adventure, toil, and peril in many lands, seeks position at salary sufficient to enable him to marry the dear little English girl who has been unwaveringly true. Our wants are small. Our happiness will be infinite. Eight years Continent, South America, Far East, South Africa, &c. Experience—accounts, correspondence, tresorial, literary, salesmanship, publicity, three languages; genuine battler; never gets tired; gourmand for work; demon for organisation; seeks no sinecure, but will do anything honourable, and do it well, for one hundred and fifty pounds p. a.'

Not quite a week after the publication of Breezy Bill's astonishing appeal on behalf of himself and the dear little English girl, a 'Capable Young Gentleman with Yorkshire grit,' who at the close of his advertisement said he was a 'peasant's ambitious son,' and had 'climbed

from a lowly lot by scholarships, perseverance, and determination,' made it known through the agony column of the same journal that he sought a post with prospects. He stated that he was a 'varsity and public school man, who had taken honours, and that his qualifications combined 'clean character, unstained honour, exceptional references, tactful and adaptable (*sic*), marvellous ability.' He thoughtfully added, as well he might in view of his marvellous ability, that he was willing to 'try anything: no shirking.' About the same date 'Young Author' entreats some one having influence with publishers to get one of his compositions read by a discerning and competent critic. He himself, he confides to us, has endeavoured to achieve this feat, but has failed, 'despite possession of exceptional gifts, which include the wit of a Mark Twain, the philosophy of a Carlyle, the intricacy of plot of a Conan Doyle, the descriptive power of a Dickens, and the brilliance of dialogue of a Dumas.' There's richness for you! as Mr Squeers might exclaim. Another advertiser, in great distress through misfortunes brought on by others, implores occupation for mind and body; but thinks that instead of prejudicing his case he will ensure interest and sympathy by announcing first that he is 'of distinguished appearance and ancient ancestry.'

Most of such agonists take their stand on sheer merit, albeit it is merit which a purblind world has not hitherto recognised, and at least it is to their credit that it is work they want. A far larger number want hard cash. Some of these are mendicants, naked and unashamed you might say, and besides themselves Heaven alone knows how true their stories are; but their harrowing appeals to the charitable condense with extraordinary skill the whole art of the begging-letter into a piteous paragraph of two or three lines. Occasionally the bait is held out that the 'advance will be refunded;' one suppliant naively puts it, 'repayment intended.' Others, again, are not mendicants at all; they would be seriously displeased if they were herded with these poor folk. They want money,

but as a loan, as a business proposition, and not infrequently on what they consider splendid security. They have exciting schemes and projects to unfold, wonderful inventions which need but to be financed, flourishing enterprises that require just a little more capital, magnificent gold-mines which only ask—gold for their development. At the worst, they have always something to offer; nor are they all persistently opposed to encouraging philanthropy—that is, on terms. A recent advertiser informed lovers of mankind that he had an opening for twenty thousand pounds 'for a good purpose, in small or large sums. Interest 6 to 8 per cent.' Another asks quite blandly for '£500.—Will some wealthy and generous person purchase annuity of ten shillings weekly, a godsend, for respectable but struggling young couple with baby?'

On reading agonies of all sorts, some of which, one might think, would hardly impress a child, the inevitable question arises whether or not they attain their object. Some obviously do, and from the continued popularity of the column the answer in many other cases would appear to be yes. The sentimental agonist now and again certainly gets a reply, though it may not be such as he seeks, as we have seen in the sharp encounter, related above, between 'M.' and 'Lilian.' And we may suppose that the financial agonist finds that on balance the thing pays, or, like Shelley's mariner, 'worn and wan, never thus would voyage on.' A writer in the *Times*, who lately discussed this feature of his paper, came to the conclusion that possibly the numbers wanting money 'get more than they deserve.' His phrasing is perhaps not just the most tactful in the world—from the standpoint of these patrons of the column, or even of his own advertisement manager; but in a way he is not discouraging. It is to be noticed that many agonists describe themselves as elderly, and it is impossible not to suspect that they regard the 'Personal' as holding out the hope of something much better than an old-age pension.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *On Old Speyside*, *The Bernardine*, *The Ship of Shadows*, &c.

CHAPTER XI.—THE SECRET WRITING.

MY request for a fire was natural and easily understood, for I had been all night in the chilly room, and the morning air was sharp; but to ask for pen and ink might have aroused curiosity, so I cast about for a plausible excuse for the use of them. Now, by some strange chance—for I never was over fond of books, much less of Latin—I had in my pocket a copy of the first three books of the *Æneid*, the curious,

perhaps ironical, gift of an old Westmorland tutor, for he had shaken his patient old head many a time over my indifference to the classics. The little Virgil, in its brown and shabby binding, lies within reach of me as I write, a cherished possession, for inside it came to be written a few words that meant much to me, and there is an ugly knife-mark in one corner. How these came there I shall tell in due time.

I took out the book, laid it on the table, and waited patiently for the return of the servant.

A quarter of an hour passed before he came back and unlocked the door, to discover to me the lady of The Garth. I rose and bowed, receiving in return not the ghost of an inclination of her little dark head. Now I am an oaf at picturing women's dresses. I never can name them, much less set them down aright on paper, so I will not attempt it. But as she stood there in the morning light, looking at me with the gravest little air imaginable, the door framed the fairest picture that I had seen. She wore a morning gown of a gray and delicate texture, her snowy throat bare, a dark girdle clasping her slim waist, a single white rose in it. From her little hood or screen of tartan, shot with red and green, to the silver shoe-buckles sparkling in the light, she looked the incarnation of radiant maidenhood. She took off the hood, and a glorious coronal of blue-black hair caught the morning sun. It was dressed in a coil in a fashion I had never seen, very taking to the eye, the light playing through it. Her face was as pale as when first I had seen it, but of a rare purity of complexion (I could see the warm colour ebb and flow on her neck and cheek); its contour the most perfect oval, her brow like Clytie's, her eyebrows with the delicate arch that bespeaks spirit and imagination. I set all these attributes down here now; but at the moment I think I did nothing but gaze in admiration at the hazel stars of her eyes, a gaze that must have bordered on the ungallant, for the maiden looked past me, and a patch of colour shone for a swift instant on her pale face.

'It seems—my servant tells me—that you find your apartment somewhat lacking in comfort,' she said. Her voice was of silken politeness. In it was the faintest and prettiest Highland accent, scarcely noticeable even to me, a Southern, yet with an undertone of hauteur that was greatly disconcerting. But her eyes held all compensation, clear deep pools, steady and courageous, yet that could be wondrous soft and beseeching at times.

'Prisoners, like beggars, cannot be choosers,' I made answer, with an attempt at a smile.

'Which was just what I was going to remind you of. You sent a message demanding fire and pen and ink, as though you were an honoured guest, instead of—instead of'— She stopped abruptly, looking for a contemptuous word to match the curl on her lip.

'Instead of'—

'Instead of a trapped fox.'

'You are a woman, and names from a woman do not hurt a man,' I said; but I am afraid that the ring of my voice belied the words. 'Twere different were you a man. Then we could settle this matter, whatever it is, in a man's fashion,

ten paces between us on the grass, or steel against steel.'

'This is news indeed to me that any of your gang ever fight like honest men.'

'We bandy idle words, madam. May I ask how long I am to be detained here?'

'Seeing that you ask for a fire and what not, it would seem that you already are resigned to a spell of indoors. Ah, Mr *Layton*! is it not in your heart (your heart indeed—what am I saying?)—in your mind, then—that you know full well I should be but a sorry daughter of my clan if ever you saw the sky again, unless face to face with your judges?'

'Then, in Heaven's name, are there no judges in Edinburgh? Send me under escort to them; and, if my offence warrants it, no doubt I shall swing in a tow.'

(I had little fear of that, thought I, if once I got back amongst rational people.)

'And this would be a fine thing indeed to have Whig judges hear the story! I am thinking there would be better men than you clapped in the Tolbooth. You pay a poor compliment to my wits. Send you to the judges in Edinburgh! I can imagine the sorry business, the lies, the'— She broke off, as if a thought had suddenly struck her, and then continued, her voice hurried and shaking: 'Do not tell me that Philip Macdonell—surely—surely he never would—his name is mine and his shame would be mine and his clan's. Glenira is of his blood. Philip would never stoop to touch the Elector's gold. The business he is out on is deep and black enough without that.'

'I know no Philip Macdonell—I know no Glenira. I have never spoken to one of the clan, unless it be yourself. Indeed, madam, it is a profitless matter for us to stand here talking at cross purposes. Let us have done with it! If you will not set me free, pray give me a fire and pen and ink. The time presses heavily on me in the silence here, and would pass more quickly were I employed at my writings.'

I turned to the table where my Virgil was lying, and, summoning as much *sang froid* as I had left me, I pretended to look for a page. I turned over the folios for a minute without looking up, but I knew that the daughter of Eve's eyes were fastened on the book. Perhaps she had a vague suspicion of it, of a piece with her attitude towards myself.

'It savours of rudeness to appear interested in the classics in the presence of a lady, especially one who thrusts hospitality upon me,' I said with mock gravity, and laid down the Virgil.

She lifted the little book, and turned the leaves over once or twice. 'It is in the Latin, is it not?' she asked.

'It is. In my leisure I sometimes venture exercises in translating it into English verse.'

Heaven forgive me! I could no more have written verse than I could Sanscrit, but if I could it would have mattered little. She was not in the least impressed.

She tossed the book back to the table. 'You need quiet, no doubt, for your studies. I will give orders for a fire and pen and ink; but on this condition, that you confess to me in writing everything you know of the plot against Glenira. Indeed, it will be well for you to do this. If you refuse, others shall be your judges, and in that event you shall have quiet enough, I warrant, for all the studies you wish. I will give strict orders that you must not be disturbed for two hours. At the end of that time I will send for your written confession. I look to you to have it ready. This is your last chance.'

I bowed, without making answer, and without another look in my direction she withdrew. Presently the servant (he of the tobacco hunger) came back, bringing quill, paper, and an inkhorn, and with a couple of peats under one arm. He lit a fire, and soon I was left alone again, but in better heart than I had felt since the beginning of the affair. My ruse had succeeded. The tunnel leading from the fireplace to the little cave was unknown to the household! I had two hours in which to compass my escape, and I promised myself that I would sup at my quarters in the 'White Horse' with a fine story for Walter Irving that night.

To ask for a fire was, of course, but a blind to find out if Mistress Charlotte had any knowledge of the secret passage. It was the work of a moment to stamp the peats out, and in a trice I had the blind man's packet out from below the couch.

The damp stains had obliterated all but a few words. At the top was written:

*Mary of the Angels
 should fall into the hands of . . .
 of your charitie . . . Foudelle De Boux . . .
 at Bar-le-Duc
 fifteen yards*

Here followed an indecipherable couple of written lines. Below these was what I took to be a rough attempt at a chart. There was a wavy line ending in a cone, with a rayed half-sun (whether rising or setting I could not tell) looking over it. A roughly drawn ship lay in the foreground—a wreck, canted towards the cone, with the figurehead of a woman, her hands clasped in front of her. At the top of her broken foremast was the number '15.' A simple curved line at the foot of the chart, and the words, 'Here is Fountain Reef,' and 'Here cometh High Water,' both marked with a cross,

completed the memorandum or chart or whatever it was.

I put my ear to the door. All was quiet again. The cover of my copy of Virgil was of leather, and the inside of it was unwritten upon except for my name in a corner. Writing very clearly, I copied on the inside of the cover the wording on the slip of paper, the sketch of the ship, and other lines and markings as exactly as I could; compared my copy with the original; and, satisfied that I had omitted nothing, not so much as a letter or a pen's stroke, I replaced it in its wrapping of cloth, tying it up just as it was when I took it from the sand under the boulder in the cave.

Then I wrote on a sheet of the paper the servant had brought: '*Confessions, to be of value, ought not to be under compulsion. Mine shall be of my own free-will.*' I signed my name to this with, I am afraid, something of a flourish, and laid it on the table.

The peats were smouldering with not enough smoke to hamper me as I stepped into the fireplace. The slab came away easily inwards; and, giving a farewell look at the room, I stepped over the stone, pulled it back into its place, and went down the slope of the tunnel slowly and with the quiet of a panther.

When I reached the cave I judged the tide was at the ebb, for the booming of the sea had lowered to a murmur. I could see a patch of blue sky with little white clouds chasing over it through the V crevice in the rock-wall, and the sight heartened me wonderfully. I made haste to replace the packet in the sand. Not a sound came from the ledge where the tall blind man had lowered the ladder. The place was deadly still; but as I bent over the boulder I was pursued by a dreadful fancy that the man's blind eyes saw mine, that he did not look (so to use the word) at what I was doing, but at me, into my eyes, following them, and that his own were sad and of pitiful entreaty; and I thought the face was of one whose business was nearly done with this world, almost, I could have thought, a soul tired and in extremity, dumbly asking for help. So much did this press on me during my replacement of the packet in the sand that I started not once but half-a-dozen times as though a hand had suddenly been laid on me. My self-control had been tried sorely for a score of hours, and doubtless my imagination fed on its own chill creations; but to this day I can scarcely recall the cave without a shudder. The moments I spent in that place—so still, yet peopled by shadows, every shadow endowed with the eyes of the man I had seen, those eyes, with their unspoken cry for help—abide with me still.

(Continued on page 162.)

NATURE'S BRICKS.

By H. F. HORSNAILL.

TO the mind of the ordinary man, commonly called the man in the street, the infinitely small scarcely appeals. The infinitely great is brought home to him every clear night when he gazes at the stars; and yet, though his gaze may often be but a thoughtless one, there will come at times to most, probably to all, as they contemplate the exceeding depths of space, the feeling of the incomprehensibility of it all, the mystery of infinity.

Look into yonder small black hole in the Milky Way, called by astronomers the coal-sack because of its blackness, and you gaze, as it were, through a window into fathomless obscurity; darkness there and nothing more, nothing to stay the progress of thought travelling on for ever. And, like Herbert Spencer, if you think at all, the old question will force itself upon you: '*Cui bono?* To what end is this endlessness?' But examine in the opposite direction, and we recognise that the infinitely small is just as wonderful, just as mysterious, just as inexplicable as the infinitely great.

Take a grain of any compound substance—as, say, salt—and divide it into halves, divide one of those halves again, and so keep on halving and halving as long as you can; then get a magnifying-glass, and later a microscope, and continue the process until with the help of the most powerful combination of lenses known to the optician you cannot further divide the tiny particle; the result will still be salt. But now let your thought carry on the task which eye and hand have had perforce to relinquish, and any chemist will tell you that by the adoption of suitable chemical means two halves may be formed which are not salt. Could you see them, they would be plainly different substances. The one is a metal (sodium), the other a gas (chlorine), an atom of each.

These two have been living in conjugal bliss, a happy couple, these millions of years maybe, travelling about the world together, floating in the sea, forming at times parts of the bodies of animals or fish, separating into rock and hidden away in the bowels of the earth beneath Droitwich or Cracow perhaps, for a vast period of time, and might have continued on their travels a vast period longer if you, with your ruthless chemist's knife of heat, acid, or what not, had not come and divorced them.

But now that they are separated are they what we are seeking? Are they two of Nature's bricks? Can we divide either of them again? No, it seems we cannot; no one has ever succeeded in dividing either of these into parts.

If not two of Nature's bricks, at least they have since the days of John Dalton been thought

to be; but lately we have had reason to suspect that they are themselves composed of smaller bricks still.

John Dalton, a Quaker of the city of Manchester, some hundred or so years ago struck the theory of atoms called the atomic theory, which states that each element is built up of atoms of a certain definite weight which never alters. He weighed the atoms of all the elements he could lay hands on in his day—about sixty—carefully listing them with their weights. His list has since been subjected to slight corrections due to more delicate methods and mechanism, and amplified by the discovery and addition of about thirty more elements than were known to him. There are now, therefore, about ninety—the lightest being the atom of hydrogen, and the heaviest that of uranium—all capable of joining up with each other, combining, the chemists would say, to form the two or three hundred thousand compound substances we are more or less familiar with in the world around us.

Now since time immemorial it has been the dream of alchemists and philosophers that all these substances must have some common basis, and be in the last resort composed of but one kind of atom arranged in different ways, as we out of the same bricks build a palace or a pig-sty; and that if we could but find out the secret it would be possible to turn one substance into another, and so make gold, silver, diamonds, or any other object of human desire. The attempts of these old fellows, whom we so often see pictured in dressing-gown and skull-cap, gazing with intense excitement into some retort or crucible, were mainly confined to melting and distilling various mixtures over a fire in the hope that by chance they might hit on the philosopher's stone—much as Palissy hit on the secret of white enamel—just by dogged perseverance and endless experiment.

But in later years we have dropped that plan. The first man in the field of science now is generally not the experimenter but the mathematician or the thinker. He works out a theory, and, if it seems to hold water, calls on the practical man to test it by experiment, as Adams and Leverrier called on the astronomers of London and Berlin to search for the planet Neptune; or as the late Professor Owen from a couple of fossil bones was able to forecast the size, form, and even habits of the long-extinct animal to which they belonged, and call on the collectors to find the rest of the skeleton.

In our case the man who first indicated the direction in which the path lay was one Newlands, an Englishman. He noticed that in the scale of

atomic weights as tabulated by Dalton and others there were recurring octaves, analogous to those in the musical scale, round which similar qualities reappeared in the elements situated there, only, as it were, in a higher or lower key. That it did not occur to Newlands that these qualities were repeated in this way because the atoms are made up of smaller particles in varying numbers, as musical notes are made up of vibrations, seems to us who can look back a curious fact. Why are we so slow to hear the voice of Nature telling her secrets? But so it has always been. Did not Goethe and Lamarck and Malthus all run plumb up against the idea of natural selection without really seeing it? Did not Faraday spend long months of experiment and thought in discovering the seemingly simple fact that it was not the mere juxtaposition of a magnet and a coil of copper wire which produced the electric current, but the *movement* of one to and from the other? Simple facts they seem to us who come after and reap the crop, yet they baffled the keenest brains of the world for long years.

But to return. Next a Russian, Mendeleëff, went a step farther. He drew attention to some considerable gaps in the scale, and not only foretold that elements would be found to fill them, but also stated the qualities they might be expected to possess, and, as it later turned out, with marvellous accuracy.

Many names might be mentioned, not the least illustrious being that of Professor J. J. Thomson, who worked out mathematically what would occur supposing the atoms were not the indivisible bodies hitherto imagined, but were themselves composed of varying numbers of smaller bodies charged with electricity. He showed that not only the atomic weights but the qualities of the elements might be accounted for on such a hypothesis; that octaves such as Newlands had pointed out would appear; that some arrangements would be stable and some unstable, thus providing a reason for the remaining gaps and the intermittent instead of gradual progression of the scale; how current electricity might be explained; and, in fine, demonstrated how light would be thrown on so many, at that time, knotty problems that it is wonderful his paper on the subject did not gain more attention from men of science than was its fortune. One may liken his idea of an atom to a clubroom where members keep dropping in to enjoy themselves. At first two enter. Finding no one else, they start a game of draughts; and so long as there are but two, draughts is a stable arrangement. Soon another turns up and wants to join; draughts becomes unsuitable—that is, unstable—and nap is resorted to. The appearance of a fourth suggests another change, and bridge is substituted. When a fifth enters, bridge becomes unstable. And so on, each of these different games repre-

senting a different element—the room an atom, and the players corpuscles, as Professor Thomson named them, or, as they are now more often called, 'electrons.'

This paper, as has been said, excited at the time but little attention; it was looked on as the brilliant dream of a brilliant dreamer. Not long after, however, the practical man came along in the person of Professor Henri Becquerel, who, experimenting with Röntgen rays, then lately discovered, stumbled on the fact that some ordinary substances in their ordinary state were radio-active; that is, they gave out rays which would affect a photographic plate even though an opaque screen were interposed.

Pitchblende, a mineral which contains a good deal of the rare metal uranium, was the compound which whispered this secret to Professor Becquerel, and through him to the world; and amongst others who at once began to experiment in this new direction was Madame Curie, wife of Professor Curie, a noted French savant. She thought it might be possible to separate the substance which gave out these rays, if rays they were; so, obtaining some samples of pitchblende, she set to work on the problem. Her results were so promising that Professor Curie joined her in the search, and after much labour and expense they obtained, though still only in a very impure state, that most wonderful of modern discoveries 'radium.'

It is not, however, so much with its wonders that we have to do in the present article, though it was undoubtedly through them that this subject of Nature's bricks came again so prominently to the front. For, owing to the fact that it seemed to upset the great law of the conservation of energy, a law which states that Nature, like other good economists, gives nothing for nothing, but will exact her full *quid pro quo* for services rendered, and one which has been, as it were, sacrosanct since it was first enunciated through the labours of Helmholtz, Joule, Lord Kelvin, and others—owing to this startling fact, the eyes of all the physicists and chemists of the world were at once turned upon it. They hastened to discuss, theorise on, and experiment with this rebel against law and order, and the electrons which had hitherto existed only in the imaginations of men like J. J. Thomson and Clerk-Maxwell were found to be realities, and were quickly weighed, measured, counted, and everything discovered about them that an army of trained scientists could discover. It was then that Professor Thomson's paper was seen to have been, if a dream, yet one with an interpretation, and it jumped at once into prominence as the best hypothesis yet put forward as a solution of the problem of the constitution of matter.

Now let us briefly state what we so far know about these little fellows whom the world has been hunting for so long, and who have caused

so much stir that they have now been run to earth.

Firstly, then, they tear about at the incredible average speed of something like one hundred thousand miles per second, racing to and fro, circling in orbits, swinging in ellipses, banging against each other, all, as is supposed, inside the atom to which for the time being they belong. Perhaps it would be more correct to say thus forming the atom to which they belong; for a group of electrons revolving about a common centre *is* an atom, just as our own sun and planets, asteroids, and comets form together a complete self-contained system, and for all we know an atom may be, and not improbably is, very like a tiny solar system; for Nature not only in that part of her domain called history, but in all directions, is apt to repeat herself. Her progress is in spirals; she comes round again to the same place, only higher up.

Each of these electrons carries with it a charge of negative electricity, the charges of all of them being exactly balanced by the same amount of positive electricity carried by the atom itself as a whole. Sir Oliver Lodge likens them for size to grains of sand in a church, the church being the atom; but one cannot really talk of size in the matter, for here again we may compare them to the solar system. Is it bounded by the orbit of Neptune, or does it extend to the farthest point reached by Halley's comet in its seventy-six years' period? Its size is the range of its activities.

Electrons, then, are just points of force, centres of electricity; indeed, so far as we can tell, they *are* electricity and nothing else. It seems a strange idea that everything we see is simply electricity, racing about at lightning speed in myriads of tiny points. Alive, are they? Well, it looks like it; anyway, to say they are alive expresses better than anything else what seems to be the fact. As to their weight, they are a thousand times lighter than the lightest atom we know—that of hydrogen. To express it in pounds would cross our page with decimals.

Now the peculiarity of radium is that some of its atoms—to return to our simile—are always changing the game.

Let us picture again an atom of radium as a set of people playing bridge. They are, we will suppose, playing for money. One of them has a run of ill-luck. Having lost all his money, he gets wild, and, suddenly jumping up, kicks the table over, and, striking out right and left, runs amok out into the night. This is what is continually happening in radium; a constant stream of electrons (unlucky players) keeps madly bolting forth from it, charging and hitting everything they come against, and naturally producing heat in their excited rush. One after another the atoms break up, and as the electrons which formed them fly off, the total mass is of course reduced. But the original number of atoms is so prodigious

that it is calculated that some fifteen hundred years would elapse before any given portion of radium would be entirely dissipated.

What becomes of these outcasts? Well, it seems after they have left the main body they quieten down a little, and, recognising some of their companions in the same case, decide to settle down to a new game, needing, let us say, only three players instead of four; that is, they reappear as a different element, for it is a fact that the emanations from radium, when collected and tested, are found to be helium.

This, of course, is the wonder of it. If radium turns to helium, why not into gold, silver, or anything else? Radium into gold would be but a poor exchange, seeing it is many thousands of times more valuable, weight for weight. But why not lead, iron, tin also into gold?

Hey, presto! and the thing is done. If we have discovered the bricks, why can we not build what we like with them? So far as we know, they are all alike—some travel faster, some slower; each and all are endowed with an exhaustless energy, and hurry on their paths either alone or in groups towards—shall we say?—‘that far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves.’

These, then, are Nature's bricks with which she builds a man or a midget, a blade of grass or a star-cluster.

Some nervous people have stood aghast at what will happen when all our coal and oil is used up. Here, could we but tap it, lies waiting a vast store of power—enough, as Professor Duncan in his *New Knowledge* says, ‘in every breath we draw to drive the workshops of the world.’

Every atom of every substance is a centre of immense forces in equilibrium; so long as they remain so we scarcely even suspect their existence. If we could but draw on this store at will, what Herculean tasks could we not perform?

Take two rods of steel; place them end to end; endow them in imagination with an immense rigidity so that they can stand the strain; then press them against each other with a force of, say, ten thousand tons. What happens? Nothing! The force is latent; you cannot by any means detect it. But now, while still keeping up the pressure, strike one of them a little to one side at the point of juncture; it is easily done. ‘Gee whish!’ as brother Jonathan would say, they rush past each other and off into space at a speed many times faster than the fastest rifle-bullet. You have disturbed the equilibrium, and woe be to whatever lies in the path!

Such are atoms, whether singly, or in groups called molecules; terrific forces in perfect balance. We are able now in certain substances to upset this balance. In dynamite, in gunpowder, the rods are not quite plumb—they only just hitch, as it were, by the very skin of an edge; a touch

with a hammer, and gigantic forces are let loose. We call it an explosion. So swift and powerful is its action that tons of solid rock are hurled hither and thither before the air, light and movable as it is, has time to make room for the myriads of excited atoms and electrons suddenly set free, and yet not a tenth, probably not a hundredth part, of the forces hidden in that charge have been used. Besides, it was only dynamite. 'Only,' do I say? Yes, for the combustion of radium, if complete, is calculated to set free, weight for weight, three and a half million times more energy than any other known chemical reaction; not, please notice, because it

is radium, but because in radium only has it shown itself and been measured. Other elements, in varying degrees, also possess it. They have kept the secret, and keep it still; this one only has blabbed. Some day we shall be able to tap these tremendous forces, and coal, steam, and petrol will be looked on much as we now look on the hand-loom, the tinder-box, and the cross-bow.

The possibilities hid in the chrysalis of the future are in all directions inconceivable; but in this one the wildest dream of to-day may become the commonplace of a perchance not so distant to-morrow.

ITALIAN BRIGANDS.

By GEORGE PIGNATORRE, B.C.L.

UNLIKE the Greek Klephts, who were the Herewards and Robin Hoods of modern Hellas, the Italian brigands were, with few exceptions, discharged mercenaries or deserters, braves out of employment, or the executors of some deed of vengeance; but ordinary malefactors were in a minority. Although outcasts of society, banded together for plunder and outrage, preying on their own fellow-countrymen, and not always sparing the poor hinds of Romagna, of Puglie, Sicily, and Sardinia, they represented a certain ideal of hardihood, independence, and resourcefulness in danger that rendered them objects of admiration as well as terror to an ignorant, servile population. The swagger, reckless daring, and lavish expenditure of these outlaws exercised an irresistible sway over the lower orders, who beheld in them the avengers of their own wrongs on the powerful and wealthy, and men who faced and braved the hated *sberri*, police spies, and officers of the corrupt judiciary. With all their crimes, the brigands embodied the only surviving manly element of a vicious, emasculated, down-trodden population. By the effeminate, spiritless nobles and worldly prelates, these bold robbers were held in awe and treated with some respect. Even men like Antonio Schiavoni and Domenico Tiburzio—who laid whole districts under contribution, plundering, ravishing, and slaying without distinction patrician and plebeian, rich and poor, layman and clerk, and inspiring terror among all classes—were admired because of their hairbreadth escapes. The notorious Gaetano Mamone, a very fiend in human form, if half the extant rumours of his evil deeds be true, was redeemed from infamy under the ægis of the Church; for, incredible as it may seem to us, this monster of wickedness and lust, who, it is said, even drank the blood of his captives, received a command in the army of the Holy Faith which marched on Naples in 1799, under Cardinal Ruffo, to restore the dispossessed Bourbons. Never was there a more savage, brutalised

host than that which warred under the banner of the Church, slaying, torturing, and burning on their march from Reggio to Naples; and, of all the individuals composing the following of the cardinal, no one exceeded and few equalled Mamone in wanton cruelty. Yet this man was honoured by King Ferdinand, who granted him a liberal pension for life for his loyal services, and placed him on the list of retired officers; and he died in his boots, instead of being shot down or 'dying quietly by suffocation,' to use the phrase of Captain Dalgety.

A minority of the brigands—the least objectionable ones, who followed the best traditions of the criminal career—assumed the rôle of redressers of wrongs, defenders of the oppressed, and champions of distressed damsels. Such was Giuseppe (or Joseph) Magno, nicknamed the Brigand of Marengo, who was the sworn foe of tyrannical fathers, who had at his bidding to loosen their grasp on rebellious daughters whose true love he favoured, and of grinding landlords whose rack-rents he set aside. He had, of course, in enforcing equity to break the law; but, as his reputation grew, like Tom Faggus he very rarely had recourse to violence, as his orders were usually obeyed without demur. It is said of Magno that even the great Napoleon did not deem it derogatory to interview this celebrated bandit to arrange some *modus vivendi* or other amicable arrangement, in which the great monarch was as successful as he had been in conciliating the *Chouans*. Giuseppe Magno dealt leniently and at times even generously with all classes of men save one: he was relentless in exacting to the last farthing the public money from officials; and the money was appropriated without scruple, for in the 'good old times' collectors or farmers of the revenue, from which they derived a percentage of profit, were universally regarded by the populace as so many authorised despoilers, and when they were lightened in their turn the action represented the spoiling of the spoiler. The

vulgar throng ascribed to such renowned brigands supernatural powers, which aided them in their achievements and escapes.

A good story is told of the Sicilian brigand Bruno, who had seized the proceeds of the city tax, or *octroi*, and captured the solitary carbineer who had pluckily remained at his post, and whose life he had spared either because he admired the carbineer's bravery or because he had thought of turning the capture to account. Bruno, after amicable conversation with his captive, quitted him, leaving behind his own carbine; then, after walking a few paces, he returned for his weapon. The carbineer, who was neither bound nor guarded, was on the watch; and, seizing the carbine, after some hesitation levelled the weapon and fired point-blank at Bruno at the moment he was re-entering the cell or chamber where the carbineer was confined, but with no other result than to scorch the brigand's vest! Bruno, quite unmoved, calmly told the man he should have used a silver bullet instead of one of lead. Bruno had, of course, baited the trap into which the carbineer fell; he had sufficient knowledge of human nature in general, and of Italian nature in particular, to foresee that self-interest and ambition, under the convenient cloak of duty, would outweigh any sentiment of gratitude for a life spared, or any honourable reluctance to fire on an unarmed, unsuspecting man; and the event proved that he was right. It was no part of his plan to detain or punish the carbineer, whom he released, and who issued unscathed from the lion's clutch to spread the report that Bruno was, like Claverhouse, bullet-proof. The carbineer knew that it was impossible to miss his man, but he did not know that Bruno had drawn the charge.

Another famous outlaw, Cirico Annichiarito, of the Puglia, was credited with a 'familiar' whose mission it was to gather and report to his protégé all useful information respecting the movements of troops, the existence of hidden treasure, and even the country gossip when its topic was Cirico. This popular belief was very natural to a superstitious peasantry, who were wont to attribute to magic or miracle what they could not understand—namely, the secret of his wonderful information as to the movements of his enemies which had always enabled him to slip through the toils and to execute many a daring exploit. Every man doubted his neighbour, and spoke with bated breath of the redoubtable bandit. The truth was that he was well served by his numerous friends and adherents, who gave him such accurate and timely information that he was always forewarned and consequently forearmed. His intelligence department would have been a credit to many a Foreign Office. Nevertheless he was fated to fall at last into the hands of justice, that stern justice which Sir Richard Church meted out to

brigands and malefactors when viceroy of the Puglia in 1817. This energetic Irishman—one of those men of action we ought to be proud of, but conveniently forget—crushed brigandage for a time, and even annihilated those formidable secret criminal associations which Italians are such adepts in forming.

Among these men, one or two tower pre-eminent, and are distinguished from their fellows as men who had taken to a lawless life as free-companions rather than as freebooters, not vulgar criminals, and were stout soldiers and skilful leaders. One Ghiro di Fucco, who lived in the latter half of the thirteenth century, became an outlaw by compulsion on account of a blood-feud between his family and that of a powerful feudal lord. He could muster a following of four hundred men-at-arms, and served under the banner of King Manfred, the Harold Infelix of Italy, against Charles of Anjou, and is mentioned by Dante in his *Inferno* as a Ghibelline. He died in his fastnesses among the purple Apennines. Ghiro is also mentioned by William Guerrazzi and other authors.

Another notable robber was Mark Scarra, who flourished in Romagna during the reign of that terrible old pontiff Sixtus the Sixth, the stern justiciar of all law-breakers, who endeavoured to track him down, and even, it is said, disguised himself as a mendicant friar to effect his purpose; but Scarra proved as elusive as Acchiarito, and was too much for the fierce old Pope. He had been a soldier of fortune, and had betaken himself to seizing travellers on the highways and holding them to ransom as a temporary occupation in lieu of a better, or because he wanted a change of air; and now, to evade the pursuit of the Pope's bloodhounds, he escaped over the frontiers of the Papal States to the territory of the Venetian Republic, and took service under the Serenissima (the title assumed by the republic), and rose to some eminence as a leader of free-lances and other mercenaries of the State.

In fact, these half-bandits, half-soldiers were a kind of connecting-link between ordinary brigands and the chiefs of the free companies who, like Hawkwood and Montreal Wetter, warred equally against society and levied contributions on cities instead of individuals, and could muster thousands of men instead of scores—in short, who committed on a large scale the same systematic depredations as the ordinary freebooters carried on.

Among the latter-day brigands, a certain Francatrippa deserves mention for his ingenuity in exploiting to advantage the popular superstitions which dominated all classes in Italy at that time, and still exist very widely. He succeeded in passing himself off as the devil to an old female usurer and frightening her into yielding up her ill-gotten wealth; and then at a later time

handing to him, disguised as a monk, the gold and more portable articles of value for the Church. Another gentleman of the road, Guarzini by name, contrived to secure very comfortable and roomy quarters for himself and his band by working on the superstitious fears of the widow of a grasping money-lender. Wrapped in a winding-sheet, the appropriate and orthodox costume of spectres of the period, and dragging a long and heavy iron chain, Guarzini made his way into the fine country villa occupied by the relict of the usurer, to whom he presented himself with a due accompaniment of the clanking of chains, crying that he was the spirit of the departed usurer, haunted by devils, and that this was his doom until she should quit a dwelling acquired by evil practices. The first visit was unsuccessful, as the widow was naturally loath to agree to eviction even at the request of the spirit; but on a second appearance she cleared out, leaving the ghost in possession, and he became henceforth a life-tenant, and the whole band was soon housed for the winter.

It will be seen that in all these devices to extort property of various kinds there was more craft than violence, and no actual cruelty; but the following gruesome story of Gasparini has a dash of ferocious pleasantry peculiar to the man. The bandit had captured at one stroke the city council and the magistrate of a small town, and demanded a ransom for each captive graduated on a scale corresponding to his official rank. The whole commune replied that they could only consent to give a third of the ransom demanded for the mayor, one-half of that demanded for the *bargello* (chief executive officer), and nothing for the justice. Whereupon the magistrate was forthwith hanged, the *bargello* cut into two parts, and the mayor into three; one half of the *bargello* and a third of the mayor being sent back. Gasparini seems to have been after the type of Tibursi rather than of the milder Magno and Bruno; though he fell short of the infamous Mamone, and of Michele, who earned the nickname of Fra Diavolo, by which he is commonly known, and his name has still a stirring sound to the youth of Calabria, Sicily, and the Abruzzi. These malefactors, like the Dick Turpins and Jack Sheppards, are popular heroes, and share with great patriots such as Mazzini, Ugo Bassi, and Fratelli Bandiera the favour of the

public; the local saints exercise but a languid interest among the rising generation in comparison, for their sayings and doings are rather antiquated; whereas those of the outlaws are almost up to date.

The latest brigand of whom his admirers feel proud is Musolini, a Calabrese, whose charge-sheet contained, if I recollect aright, some seventeen homicides of various grades. He defied for over a year all efforts to capture him, although a whole battalion had been sent to run him down; and I believe it was by a mere chance that he was captured at last. His trial was dragging on slowly when he died of consumption, leaving behind him a reputation second to none.

Salomone, whose trial is pending, can boast of a record little inferior, and his sentence will probably be a heavy one, relatively speaking; for in Italy, where capital punishment has been *de jure* abolished, and imprisonment for life *de facto* obsolete, he will, if convicted, be condemned to a shorter or longer term of penal servitude, which is always further abridged in practice by the penalty being partially or wholly remitted. These frequent commutations and grants of free pardons may be considered a set-off against the long period of preventive imprisonment preceding and pending the trial, which frequently lasts two years or more.

These men, however, being solitary individuals, and not the chiefs of armed bands, do not affect the public security or the safety of foreigners who have no part in family feuds. The era of organised brigandage has passed away for ever, but its spirit still survives in the habits and sympathies of the people. The secret criminal associations which find their headquarters in Italy are at present far more menacing to public security, and they have struck roots too deep to be easily eradicated. Such are the infamous Camorra of Naples, the Mani Nera of New York, the Maffia of Palermo, the militant anarchists who have furnished more than half the regicides. Caserio Brescio, Lucchesi, &c., the assassins of the French President Carnot, of the Empress of Austria, of King Humbert, were all Italians. But a discussion on this subject would lead too far, and exceed altogether the limits of this article.

RETURN OF POSTED LETTERS IN BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

ACCORDING to British law, letters while passing through the Post-Office are the property of the Postmaster General, and applications for their return after being posted cannot be complied with. No postmaster or other

official has any discretion whatever in the matter. In the 'declaration' which postmasters and others are obliged to make on entering the service they solemnly declare that they 'will not open or delay, or cause or suffer to be opened or delayed,

contrary to their duty, any letter that has been posted.' The rule on the subject—which, of course, does not apply to letters that cannot be delivered, as they are returned through the Returned Letter Branch—is thus a very strict one, and any breach of it would certainly be followed by serious consequences to the person concerned. The public have full confidence in their letters being retained by the Post-Office, and in due course despatched. The importance of retaining this confidence is fully recognised by the postal authorities; hence no discretion in such cases is permitted. Were it otherwise there can be little doubt that attempts by dishonest persons to obtain letters that did not belong to them would be frequently made, and consequently the sender of a letter could never be certain that it might not be procured for some sinister or improper purpose.

But in the United States of America the practice regarding letters is entirely different. Postmasters there must receive such applications, and on the applicant complying with certain regulations the letter must be handed out. Not only so, but provision is made for obtaining the return of a letter from another office, after it has been despatched, including the office of delivery. The regulations require that the applicant shall furnish a written address in the same handwriting as that upon the letter sought to be withdrawn, and such description or other evidence as may be necessary for its identification, thus satisfying the postmaster that he is entitled to withdraw it. Application may be made on behalf of, not necessarily by, the writer. The discretionary power of granting or refusing the application rests entirely with the postmaster. It is necessary, also, that a form of application should be filled up, on which, besides the particulars described, the applicant is required to state the reason why he does not desire the letter to be delivered, and he undertakes 'to protect the postmaster from any and all claims that may be made against him for such return, also to fully indemnify him for any loss he may sustain by reason of such action.' Registered letters can also be withdrawn in a similar manner, whether before or after their despatch; in the latter case by mail or telegram at the expense of the applicant. Of course such particulars as may be necessary for the identification of the letter are given. Not only can letters for foreign countries be similarly withdrawn, but provision is also made for their address being changed, provided the legislature of the country of destination allows such withdrawal or alteration. In such cases the compliance of the foreign postal administration will be requested by the Postmaster-General. In this connection, however, it is specially pointed out that the legislatures of Great Britain and certain of its colonies, also those of certain foreign countries, do not allow senders of

letters to withdraw them from the mails or alter their address. It may be mentioned that in America parents and guardians have also the right to withdraw letters of minors. This should be remembered by ladies, and gentlemen also, under twenty-one years of age, who may be disposed to indulge occasionally in clandestine correspondence!

Presumably the system of withdrawing letters, as described in this article, is popular in America, or it would not be allowed to exist. The Americans are an intelligent people, and it must be concluded that they know what is good for them; but the wisdom of giving entire discretionary power to postmasters of every class throughout the country to deal with applications for the return of letters may be questioned. The system would seem to be a direct encouragement to dishonest or evil-disposed persons to endeavour to procure letters that do not belong to them; and however desirous postmasters may be to detect unauthorised applications and to protect the public, there can be little doubt that sometimes they are imposed upon. The system would certainly not be permitted here, nor ought it to be. Nothing should be done to lessen the confidence of the public in the impossibility of procuring letters from the post-office after they have been posted.

HYMN FOR THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

GOD keep and strengthen at this hour
All hearts confiding in His power,
That through this fratricidal strife
Lift upward to the Lord of Life
The cry that is with anguish riven:
Thy will be done in earth as heaven.

Breathes on a world benumbed and bowed
His benison behind the cloud;
And out of death and grievous loss
Streams the far solace of the Cross!
Can words than Christ's more precious be:
Thy loved ones are made one with Me.

To some, the soldier's couch of pain,
Amid the shattered and the slain;
To some, pangs sharper than the sword,
Who wait the reaping of the Lord.
Yet over fate, all chance above,
Lo! He who ruleth rules from Love.

Oh thou of weak and faltering faith!
The Comforter hath conquered death.
Oh thou of strong and rebel will!
God chastens not but to fulfil;
For where thy chiefest treasure lies
There will the heart make sacrifice.

Never again may tyrant mar
Friendships and links that tenderer are,
Nor war-lord unto war-lust fan
The mighty brotherhood of man!
Peace, happy Peace, the wide world through,
Till Christ His second reign renew.

CHARLES CAYZER.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE ROMANCE OF REFRIGERATION.

By W. S. DOUGLAS.

THERE is a romance in fire and heat. Prometheus stole it, the Vestal Virgins kept it burning on the sacred hearth, and through all the days of old the sacrificial altar and its flames kept alight the fire of religion and of faith among the people. But fire is now a commonplace, and in these topsy-turvy days we seek our romance anew in the modern and scientific process of refrigeration.

The real history of refrigeration began in 1879, when the steamship *Circassia*, using the Bell-Coleman machine, carried the first cargo of frozen meat successfully from America to England. Scientists had experimented for many years previously, but it is only since the achievement of the *Circassia* that refrigeration has become really practicable. At the present time the freezing-machine is a thing as thoroughly understood as the steam-engine. Your manufacturer will forecast what it will do within a hair's-breadth.

The machine itself is ordinary enough in looks, and for that reason is not perhaps so romantic or so popular in its appeal as a torpedo-destroyer, or a flying-machine, or the antennæ of a Marconi station; but, for all that, there lies in its application a whole world of hidden romance and, what may possibly be better, of sterling usefulness. There are strange contrasts about it. It will slog away patiently at cold storage; it will alter entirely the set of the world's trade; and then it will liquefy helium for you, it will reduce the cost of steel, and it will break the grip of syndicalism.

To begin with its ordinary uses. In the first place, as every one knows, it has given us cold storage, which has regulated once and for all the food-supply of the world. Cold storage is to food production what the flywheel is to the engine. The flywheel stores up energy when too much is generated, and gives it out when too little is at hand. So also cold storage stores up food in the fat months, and gives it out again in the lean ones. If refrigeration has not conquered, it has certainly tamed, Mother Nature. Says Nature, 'I will give you apples in the autumn, and I will grow them for you in Canada. I will give you beef and mutton in abundance, but you will find them on the pampas of the Argentine and in the bush of Australia.' Man cries,

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'What shall I do? Beef and mutton must perish before the fastest ships can convey them across the seas to England. I want my apples in the spring, and I like my ice in the summer.' Science steps in, and says enthusiastically, 'I will give you a freezing-machine.' Only the poor dock-striker and the syndicalist are left disconsolate. When food can be stored for a year, and remain just as good as when the year started; when the man eats a beefsteak twenty-six years old, what avail their cries and strivings? Even bread is to be kept fresh; and butter, eggs, hops, meat, milk, fruit, vegetables have already quasi-eternal youth.

Cold storage was once the principal task of the freezing-machine, but it is now used almost as widely for the manufacture of artificial ice. It will give you ice in any weather; it will store it for you till you want it; and it will make it in lumps of whatever size you please, either opaque like lake ice, or crystal-clear, so that you can see through two feet of it as through a pane of glass. Nothing perhaps more emphasises the paradox of refrigeration than to stand and look at an ice factory while coal goes in at one end and blocks of ice come out at the other.

This is the ordinary work of refrigeration, but let us hasten on to the fine frills and embroideries of the subject. It is here, if anywhere, that we shall reach surprises.

In the scientific world there is the work of Cailletet, Pictet, Dewar, Linde, Siemens, Onnes on the liquefaction of gases. We have solid hydrogen as a lump of clear ice, solid air as a jelly at temperatures fabulously low, and recently liquid helium at a temperature equal to 483 degrees of frost, or eight degrees above the absolute zero. We have egg-shells and ivory paper-knives, dipped in liquid oxygen, glowing in the dark with unholy lustre; and we have liquid air used to produce oxygen to feed our magic-lanterns, and nitrogen to make artificial manure for our farms. Man, to feed himself, liquefying the atmosphere!

The woman of fashion uses refrigeration for her own ends. Her priceless silver foxes, her invaluable sables, are stored throughout the summer for her in big cold rooms where moths corrupt not. The society hostess wishes rare

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flowers at the wrong times, and cold storage flies to her aid. By its agency you will see in January lilies of the valley, some of which should have bloomed in the May that is past, some which should bloom in the May that is to come, flowering side by side.

In the hospitals, if a lengthy dissection or *post mortem* is to be made, the body is cold stored; and in the Morgue of Paris corpses are kept for weeks to allow relatives the melancholy pleasure of identifying them. Bacteria in scientific laboratories are prevented from propagating by the same agency, and ice-rinks are kept open all summer.

In industrial processes the applications of the freezing-machine are varied. Bacon is cured, beer is brewed, chocolate is set, and milk is freed from germs by its aid. In the last-named case the milk is first pasteurised, or heated to a temperature sufficient, as we know from Dr Pasteur's experiments, to slay all the unfortunate bacteria. It is then cooled to keep them from re-establishing themselves, and the demons of tuberculosis must retire in utter rout and disorder. With refrigeration, lard (horrible thought!) can be imitated to a nicety by mixing oil and fat; and disasters such as the terrible explosions on the *Jéna* and the *Gloire* can be avoided by the cooling of the magazines on warships. If all refrigeration had done had been to obviate the sights that were seen in Brest and Lorient when the dry-eyed Breton women watched the biers, draped in the tricolor, pass behind chanting choir boys to the cemetery, it would have amply justified itself.

Amongst the other deeds of the freezing-engineer may be reckoned fully one Carnegie Library the more given to the nation, and not built with sweat either, for refrigeration has reduced the cost of producing steel in Pittsburg by, it is said, four shillings the ton. The para-

doxical way of doing it is to cool the air which feeds the blast-furnace, and so get more heat from each pound of coal, for the reason that cooling the air freezes out the moisture in it. Another case where the machine is useful in freezing out moisture is in sinking pit-shafts or boring tunnels through wet or porous ground. In such a case it is easier to freeze the water into a solid ice wall by means of a freezing-machine than to pump it out.

Finally, the freezing-machine has rendered life bearable during hot weather in all sorts of places—theatres in Cologne and Buenos Aires, the Stock Exchange in New York, hotels in Chicago. Maybe, one of these days, we shall do that in Britain too.

The actual principle of the machine is simple. It depends on the fact that when the liquid boils and turns into a vapour it makes its surroundings cold by abstracting heat from them. Hence, if the liquid is caused to boil inside some coils, which are placed in the interior of a cold store (with good thick walls to keep the 'cold' in), it will steal heat from the said cold store, and from the objects—say shoulders of mutton or sacks of apples—which the cold store contains. Thus both the store and its contents will become cold. It follows that all the machine has to do in order to work a cold store is to make a suitable liquid boil inside the coils of piping mentioned above, and for this purpose you require a pump. The pump sucks at the coils till it makes the liquid within them—generally ammonia, sulphur dioxide, or carbon dioxide—boil freely and enter the pump as a vapour. The same pump then discharges the vapour into a condenser, so that it can be recondensed into a liquid, which is squirted once more into the evaporating coils, and used over again without wastage.

The refrigerating machine is, in fact, a gratifying realisation of the theorist's dreams.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XII.—A NEAR THING.

THE moments were speeding, and I had none to lose. I swung the boulder back into its place, covering the packet, and went immediately below the breach in the rock-wall. The face of it was worn smooth as an egg by the tireless hand of the tides; but I clambered up by the little footholds, swung through the entrance, and found myself in God's daylight. Some half-a-dozen feet below was a narrow alley of shingle, bordered on either side by rocks of medium height, slanting up above me, ending in flat tops where I could see green turf and here and there brackens stirring in the breeze. There was no human being in sight. The place looked lonely enough; but I knew that The Garth could not be far behind me, and at the

thought I drew back in apprehension from the edge of the ledge where I stood, and reviewed my situation. There was the merest semblance of a footpath curling up to the top of the rocks. Indeed, it was scarce more than an old sheep-track; but it had two virtues, it was evidently rarely used, and from half-way up it was overgrown by shrubs and brackens. To descend to the shingle would have been easy; but I knew not what might confront me there. For one thing, my steps would sound harshly on it, carrying a danger of rousing suspicion or curiosity, to lead to I knew not what, were I discovered and carried back to The Garth. I was more inclined to make for the summit, where at least I could go without tell-tale noise,

and there I could make shift to hide while I looked around me and took my bearings. One thing was clear. I could not waste time standing where I was. I took the track upwards, and ran crouching until I got to the screen of the brackens, when I dropped and crawled on hands and knees, threading my way cautiously up until I reached the top. Then I struck off the path, lay down in a thick cover of bracken, and peered about me. Luck was with me. I could see the alignment of the shore below me, the tide fringing firm-looking sand that lay white in the sun, and away beyond the hills of Fife and the ships moving on the Firth of Forth. The wind blowing the smoke over Edinburgh showed me in a measure where I was—somewhere, I hazarded, about eight miles eastward from it. Below me the disposition of the rocks formed a little pan-shaped cove, its handle a great crooked fissure, its floor covered with shingle and rocks.

A little way off the chimneys of The Garth peeped over the trees. But for the events I had stumbled on I would not have given the place a thought except one concerning how to get as far from it as possible. The outlook towards the sand and the sea engaged me; but The Garth, with its blank windows and its air of neglect and reticence, invited no second glance from the beholder, unless perchance he might wonder at the dejection and silence that hung about it. The air of the morning was inexpressibly sweet after my confinement. I could have lain in the bracken breathing it for long enough; but the thought that at any moment my escape might be discovered haunted me. I pictured the ragged Highlanders quartering the links for me. Unlike them, I had no weapons, and the prospect of a bullet or a dirk in me sent a rustle through my blood.

I was just about to crawl back down to the shingle to try my luck along the sands toward Edinburgh, when a sudden clamour of sea-gulls rose, and a flock of them wheeled and dipped, their wings twinkling in the sunlight in seemingly aimless activity not far from where I lay, near the edge of the little cliff. On guard, I crouched again, and, at the moment, a hand and arm appeared over the ledge of the cliff. A head followed, and a man clambered up and looked around him. He was so near me that I could see his face distinctly, and hear his heavy breathing after his climb up the rock. For a moment or two he seemed to hesitate, and then made straight for a little company of trees. I watched him get behind one of them, when he drew forth a spyglass, rested it on his wrist against a tree-trunk, and began to sweep the Firth. The ships and the sea occupied his attention for a moment only. Turning the glass toward The Garth, he spied steadily for a time, lowered it, and looked about him leisurely. There was a coolness, a delibera-

tion about the man that interested me. Without hurry, sauntering like a man taking the air, he came down the sheep-track, humming a tune to himself. He was a slim, good-looking youngster, delicate of feature and almost delicate of frame, but clean-built, carrying himself well, a touch of modishness in his dress, a small sword swinging at his haunch. His careless air of strolling might, I thought, be studied, a part of his morning's work, whatever it might be, for his eye ranged all around him, alert as a bird's. I was not without suspicion; and, to put the coping-stone to my thoughts, just as he came within a few paces from where I lay he stopped, took out a pistol, examined the priming, concealed the weapon on his person again, and resumed his saunter through the bracken.

The singular, disquieting act sent my thoughts on a fresh current. The man knew something concerning the House of The Garth. Whether he meant harm to its inmates I could not tell; but, although I had been loaded with indignities there, and had been under menace of my life, two visions arose, one of the sad blind giant, and the other of the girl's face in a rain of tears, and at the thought of any peril to her its single issue prevailed. Danger was here my neighbour, perhaps my friend. Who could tell? Something beyond and above me, beyond reason, routed the thought of turning my back on the house. Crouching low, I followed the man.

He struck off the track and into the bracken, where, coming to a hollow, he put the spyglass in use again. The house was now plainly to be seen, not a feather of smoke coming from the chimneys, the only signs of life a few crows lurching in the wind in and out of the trees. The man kept the spyglass to his eye for long, scanning the place patiently. Once, I thought I saw a flutter of white at one of the windows. He rose, looked once swiftly around, and, making a détour that avoided crossing the open green space in front of the house, disappeared into the wood beyond. I crept half-way after him. He must have received some signal, for suddenly he emerged from the wood, and walked erect swiftly and without concealment straight towards the house. As he did so, the door opened, and the girl stood open-armed. He took her in his arms, and for a moment I saw her head on his shoulder, his arms about her, and heard her, broken, weeping words of welcome. The great door closed with a clang. As for me, the warm glow that I had felt about my heart but a few minutes before died as suddenly as it came. A black cloud lay on my spirits. I lay a-thinking too long on many things, until the thought rushed over me like a rousing douche of cold sense that there was every chance of the stranger—the girl's lover (the words stuck in my throat)—being told of my capture. Mistress

Charlotte would doubtless be impatient to receive my promised confession. I pictured their visit to the empty room. There would be a hue and cry, and here was I crouching within a pistol-shot of the accursed house. Upbraiding myself for my wool-gathering wits, I doubled hastily through the wood, and reached a footpath behind the house that led to the stable-door.

It was slightly ajar, and the sound of a snore reached me. I peered in. The red-haired servant was lying on his back, sound asleep on some straw. To my great joy, the mare was there, bridled, but the saddle was nowhere to be seen. I tiptoed to the stall, and the good beast well-nigh ruined my plans, for she whinnied aloud for joy, and just as I had loosened the halter the man awoke with a start and saw me. Before he could voice the astonishment I saw in his eyes, I was at his throat. He was a powerful little brute, and struggled like a wild cat. We swayed together in a grim embrace, his hands at my wrists clutching them like steel grips. Could I hold on to his throat until he was past raising an alarm? Suddenly he let go one hand and tried to stoop for his skean-dhu, the little black knife that the Highlanders carry. It was his undoing. I had him thrown over my shoulder, and the skean-dhu fell with a clink. I picked it up, as he came to the ground with a groan and lay stunned, not a moment too soon, for my ear caught the sound of voices and a door opening. I led the horse hastily out, mounted, and put her down the path at a gallop. As I turned the corner, I saw with the tail of my eye two or three people coming at a brisk run, led by the youth I had watched in the bracken. I gave the mare a prick with the skean-dhu, the first and last time I used spur of any kind to her. She shot forward. On the instant a couple of pistol-shots rang out in quick succession. The horse squealed with pain, plunged, and for a tense moment I feared she would falter and come down. But the bullet served my pursuers in exactly the reverse of their hopes, for the beast fairly

bolted. It was the best thing that could have happened. I let her go. Indeed, I had no option. All I could do was to make myself as small a target as possible, and strive to keep her on the path. I heard another shot; but, unless she stumbled or was badly hit, I felt that I was out of danger so far. I have never ridden at such a pace. The hottest burst I have ever had with the Eskdail was child's-play by comparison with my bare-backed ride for life. Once I was nearly jerked off by a branch as we crashed through a coppice. The road flew under me. I passed several foot-passengers, who scattered like fowls at my approach, standing by the roadside to stare open-mouthed; and little wonder that they did, for we were going like the wind.

It was a full ten minutes before I could steady her. Even then she galloped on full of heart; and when at length I slowed down and ventured to look behind, there was no one to be seen. I had put a good half-hour between me and The Garth. I was far more winded than my horse; and, coming near a cluster of houses, I was fervently glad to dismount and rest, while she stood by with heaving sides. Gradually my breath came back; but I dared not risk waiting too long, and pushed on to a wayside village, where I felt more at ease. There were a number of country-folks on the way to Edinburgh, a few of them with roadster horses. Behind them I rode leisurely, not a soul breaking speech with me. I satisfied the guard at the City Gate without much difficulty, and came back to the 'White Horse' in a considerably more chastened mood than when I left it, thoroughly satisfied that my father's advice not to meddle with other folk's affairs was sound and solid sense.

The good beast had saved my life, and I hastened to see to her comfort. I had good cause to be grateful, for her off ear carries to this day a tiny little hole, the billet of a bullet that was meant for me.

(Continued on page 182.)

EDIBLE ODDS AND ENDS.

EVERY nation has its staple dishes; but the odds and ends are the more interesting, and in their way more indicative of the general status of the civilisation of those partaking of them.

Mankind on the whole has an instinctive dislike to reptiles of every kind and degree; yet of the four families into which the older naturalists divided them—the saurian, ophidian, batrachian, and chelonian—each affords sustenance to man, civilised or savage. So in some parts of the world it is a 'cut from the alligator,' not 'from the joint;' and a darty waiter may bawl his order of 'Boiled snake—one!'

A peculiarly dainty and nourishing dish is made with the iguana, the flesh of which is as white as that of a chicken, and just as palatable; though the appearance of the reptile, with its scaly, black-spotted green coat, is more repulsive than either crocodile or alligator. To the inhabitants of the West Indies and the Bahamas the iguana is a much-valued source of food, and is hunted down by means of dogs, which are muzzled to prevent them using their teeth and damaging the iguanas, which are sold alive, or killed, salted, and barrelled for home consumption. The flesh of the reptile is usually served

up boiled or steamed, together with a dish of clarified iguana fat, sometimes seasoned, into which the very savoury meat is dipped as it is eaten. The eggs of the iguana are also much relished, and are like hens' eggs in taste, but wholly filled with yolk, and do not become hard in boiling. The horned iguana of San Domingo is much appreciated by the *bons vivants* in the West Indies, the flesh tasting just like the roebuck's, though infinitely more delicate.

The common green lizard is eaten with much gusto by many tribes in Africa, and in the south of Portugal the writer has partaken of the gray lizard both baked and fried, the dish in both instances tasting rather like chicken. In Brazil a green-and-yellow snake is consumed by all classes; while among the Sardinians the adder is frequently added to broths and soups.

Crocodile-flesh is publicly sold in the meat-markets of Senaar, in Africa; and in Siam one sees the carcasses hung up for sale like sheep in the butchers' shops. The flesh of this great aquatic lizard tastes somewhat similar to veal, though to the writer it had a faint fishy smell. In South America the cayman, or alligator, affords a dish, when boiled or fried in butter, just as tasty as rabbit. Both crocodile and alligator eggs are much prized by certain nations. The natives of Madagascar are particularly fond of the first, and the Siamese prize the second as a great dainty. In flavour the eggs are said to resemble those of a duck that feeds mostly among the sea garbage of a foreshore, plus a very faint seasoning of musk.

It is the common sea-turtle, though, which has won the highest commendations as an edible reptile. It is a species used in the preparation of the hereditary dish at most of the city banquets throughout England, the supply being sent from Jamaica and the Antilles, the favourite resort of these much-prized reptiles, which travel hundreds of miles in order to deposit their eggs. A single turtle of the Amazon is a heavy load for a strong man; but though much larger than the Caribbean species, it is coarser in flesh. At Ega every house has its turtle-pond, which is stocked for the winter when the Amazon runs low. There are several excellent methods of preparing turtle for the table. The Brazilians cut steaks from the breast and roast them; the lean parts are also roasted; sausages are made of the stomach, and the entrails are used in preparing stock for soup. The usual way is just the simple one of boiling the turtle in its own shell. Newly hatched turtle, with the remains of the yolk still inside it, is particularly dainty and nourishing.

On the Continent the tortoise takes the place of the turtle, especially in the German markets, for which the reptiles are fattened on bread and lettuce-leaves. The mud-tortoise is preferred in Provence and Languedoc, where, as in Italy and

Greece, its blood is drunk, and its eggs and flesh are cooked to satisfy the Lenten hunger of the devout, the tortoise being considered by the clergy as a fish.

Of the batrachians used as food, the frog is the most popular and most historical; the French, Germans, Italians, and Belgians (Walloons) all being noted throughout the centuries for their frog-eating proclivities. The frog is in best condition for the table in the autumn, just before it takes to the water for the winter; but is most popular as food during the spring, for it is then easier to catch. The French usually eat only the hind-quarters, dressed in wine or served with a white sauce, when it is an exceedingly dainty and nourishing dish, finer in flavour than a chick. But the Germans and Walloons, being of a more economical turn of mind, use every part of the animal save its skin and intestines. The species in favour for table purposes is that known as the green frog, though the red frog, much eaten in Italy, is just as good. There is no doubt whatever that the toad is often served in place of the frog in countries where frogs are much used.

But there are many tastes in the dietary of the nations. Bear's flesh is in great demand throughout Germany as one of the most esteemed delicacies, and smoked bear's tongue and hams are much in esteem there. Consequent on their rarity, they are among the most expensive luxuries of the table. From bear liver are made sausages so dear to the stomach of the Teuton; but a very remarkable price has to be paid for them.

Tiger-flesh is eaten in many parts of India, though it is somewhat tough and sinewy. Lion-flesh is very good to eat, and much in favour among the Hottentots and other South African tribes, who are also as fond of rhinoceros as any good Englishman is of a rump-steak. Rhinoceros-flesh tastes rather like something between beef and pork.

But it is elephant's foot which wins most tributes. All who have eaten the baked foot of the elephant agree that it is most emphatically a dish for a king. The flesh of the elephant may resemble, when cooked, nothing more than a compost of soft leather and glue; but the foot! The foot is cut off at the knee-joint, then a hole about three feet deep is dug in the ground, and the sides of it baked hard with burning wood. The embers are removed in time, and the foot is placed in the hole, which is then filled up with earth tightly rammed down. A great fire is built above it, and kept blazing for three hours. At the end of that time the foot is removed, and the casing of hide and earth peeled off. The flesh is now like a jelly, and may be eaten with a spoon. It is certainly one of the greatest delicacies in the world.

If we were hard pushed for a new animal food, it would be a long time before bats were chosen

for a desirable addition to the table; but the French in Tahiti and other islands of that group find the 'flying fox,' a bat measuring some fifteen inches across the wings, an especially edible animal. It is prepared for food by first cutting off the wings, and then passing the body through the fire to remove the fur, and with it the strong foxy smell with which it is impregnated. It is then carefully scraped, split open, and grilled on the embers spatchcock fashion, when it is ready for the table, and is capital eating, having a rich gamy flavour, something between a hare and a woodcock.

That elegant little cuttlefish called the flying squid is also a popular dish among the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, being served both curried and fried; while a dish of octopus is esteemed a luxury. The cuttle is dried in the sun, cleaned, and scraped, when its outer skin and suckers come off. It is then cut into pieces, tied up in a green banana-leaf, and baked in a quick oven, together with coco-nut milk and a certain amount of the sepia which the octopus exudes. When well prepared, the cuttle, naturally tough and stringy, becomes one of the most delicate and luscious of dishes. Its tripy, stringy-looking substance is converted into a solid meaty food, having a singularly close likeness to lobster

both in flavour and colour, only rather firmer in texture.

But in such dissimilar things as edible odds and ends the most unlooked-for occurrence is often come across. Perhaps among the most singular of these is that connected with the use of the white ant as a food. Eaten in many parts of the East Indies and in various parts of Central and South America, not only by the poor but by the well-to-do, the white ant is prepared in much the same way as obtains in different parts of Africa, where the ant and the wasp form a staple supply of food to the natives. The method of collecting and cooking them is to skim off with calabashes the insects that at time of swarming or migration fall into the water; they are then parched in iron pots over a slow fire, and frequently stirred as in roasting coffee-beans. In this dried state the white ant is looked upon as a most delicious food; and, strangely enough, when pounded and made into a paste, this queer edible has an exceedingly close resemblance, both in flavour and substance, to that very toothsome sweetmeat—marzipan! Burckhardt, the famous traveller, declared that he had never tasted anything so delicious. Such globe-trotters as are daring enough to taste this dish repeat the encomium.

THE DOOM OF THE ZEPPELIN.

CHAPTER II.

WITHIN her impregnable barriers the little fortress island of Heligoland was buzzing with excitement and brass bands. All Highest Majesty had deigned to grace the island with his presence, to hallow and glorify the start of the mighty air fleet designed to cripple the coast defences and complete the wreck of the capital of England.

The scene was well staged. Along the eastern side, from end to end of the island, fifty huge Zeppelins, arrayed in crescent formation, swayed and strained at their earth shackles. Each ship was well equipped with every devilish aid to her holy mission. Guns were mounted fore and aft; a light machine-gun mounted on a platform on the top of the envelope to ward off danger from above; bombs of new and improved design, the latest creations of destructive science; in fact, nothing seemed wanting to ensure success save the blessing of the Emperor, for which they were waiting.

There had been no sleep for the island that night. Through the hours of darkness high-angle guns had followed the sweep of search-lights, and a swarm of 'Taubes' had continually circled round the coast. In the gray of the dawn the garrison had turned out in review order, and the troops were drawn up in glittering ranks within the amphitheatre of airships. The

bands fell silent as the Kaiser, who for an hour had been delivering frenzied speeches, appeared alone on a bastion of the cliff fortress, and stood, a solitary commanding figure, wrapped in a gray cloak, gazing intently eastward.

Not a movement was there in the crowd that waited in strained silence for the signal, all eyes focussed upon their statuesque War Lord. It was a situation dear to Wilhelm's heart.

As the first level rays of the rising sun touched his helmet with fire, he flung aside his cloak, and stood revealed in shimmering blue-and-silver uniform. Twice his sword flashed in the air; the bands broke into the National Anthem, a mighty roar of cheering burst from the crowd, and the vast flotilla rose with slow majesty, hovered a minute overhead, and then moved off with gathering speed toward the west.

Hour after hour the flight of monstrous shapes drove slowly forward against the westerly breeze. There was no hurry. Ample time had been allowed, and there was no sign of the enemy above or below. Petrol was scarce in the land, and the reserve carried might be wanted for a rapid dash homeward when their work was done.

The flagship flew in the centre, and the Admiral had thrown his wings forward on

each side in a wide V formation. He was busy with a map of the English coast, when the telephone-bell from the lookout on the upper gun platform rang sharply.

'Leading starboard ship falling, sir. No enemy in sight,' came the startling message.

Seizing his glass and rushing to the window, he was just in time to see the skeleton of the ship, clothed in a mass of fluttering rags, strike the water and disappear beneath the sea. As there were no hostile craft in view and no guns had been heard, he judged it to be an accident of some sort, and was in the act of ringing for the wireless operator, when again the alarm-bell rang.

This time he did not wait to take the message, and reached the window in time to see the second ship of the line pitch forward and dive, wrapped in a sheet of flame. Even as he looked, the envelope of the third ship swelled out, bursting through the containing ribs, and she fell like a stone.

It was enough. Without waiting for orders, the whole fleet broke line, wheeling and circling like a flock of frightened birds, not knowing which way to turn to avoid the danger, or whence came the death-blows that continued to strike, now here, now there, without sight or sound.

'How's the tally, Charlie? I'm feeling mighty sick. It's a brutal, ghastly business.'

'There's only one more, Jack. You're quite right; it's horrible. Skulking down here in the dark, and picking off the poor devils on a screen when they are five miles away—well, it's like striking a blind cripple from behind. One thing about it—it will never have to be done again.'

X 1 was a beast of a ship, a stinking abomination to live in. Her under-water atmosphere was appalling, as, in addition to the scent of hot engine-oil, petrol, wet clothes, and other subtle essences that pass for breathable air on all submarines, there was more than a suggestion of acid fumes from the accumulators—tightly packed in the space originally designed for her torpedoes—which dried up the throat and made eyes smart and tingle. She was simply a mobile power-station, everything but stability having been sacrificed to that end.

The two men were seated in the control chamber, a small darkened cabin about eight feet square, the walls a mass of switchboards and levers. They were bending over the objective screen that occupied the centre of the room, intently watching a disc of light slowly moving over the concave surface. Through the ceiling immediately above the centre projected the end of the view-finder, a telescope-tube thrust upward to the surface of the water, arranged to swing freely in any direction, a sort of lengthened aërial periscope, focussing the image direct upon

the screen without the use of prisms or mirrors. Rigidly attached to the top of the view-finder, swinging in unison with it, was a parabolic reflector of elwinite, having the concave lens as a central point. The wires from which the destructive current was discharged lay sunk in spiral channels running from the centre to the circumference round the face of the reflector, the curves of the grooves so arranged that all the waves of energy were directed in a parallel beam, following the axis of the telescope.

This cup-shaped object—the only part that appeared above water when in action—being painted a neutral gray green, was practically invisible from above at any distance over a mile.

Slowly Elwin moved the lever that controlled the view-finder until at length into the moving circle of light crept a tiny image of the last unit of Germany's proud air fleet, flying headlong eastward to carry home the news of disaster.

'Stand by to fire, Charlie,' he said, as he gradually worked the diminishing figure of the airship to the point where two fine lines intersected in the centre of the field of vision. 'Fire!'

A hissing flash as the switch came over, a crackling splutter overhead from the projector, and the outline of the last Zeppelin blurred on the screen as her gas-chambers exploded and she fell out of sight.

'The Board of Admiralty have issued the following for publication (Press Bureau):'

'A German air fleet, consisting of fifty Zeppelins coming from the direction of Heligoland, and flying west over the North Sea, has been totally destroyed. We have suffered no casualties. The police authorities have been informed that all regulations restricting the use of bright street-lights, sky-signs, and illuminated advertisements in London may now be withdrawn. (Official).'

So much, and no more, were news-hungry Londoners allowed to know. Edition after edition of the evening papers containing the bare official news, differing only in the sensational wording of their posters, sold like wild-fire. The streets that night were filled with excited crowds, cheering as line after line of electric arcs blazed out, and familiar legends regarding beef-tea, whisky, and soap ran in letters of coloured fire across the darkness of the sky.

In a prison palace across the North Sea, a gaunt and haggard spectre of royalty, driven finally over the borderland of reason, watching and waiting for news that never came, spent his frenzied days of madness urging phantom forces on to victory, mercifully spared the knowledge of his people's anguish and his country's impending doom.

THE END.

A WEEK IN MANDALAY.

By SIMPLEX.

IN the army it is a well-recognised belief that in a military station a death seldom happens singly. There may be no casualty for many weeks; but when the break comes, in the shape of a death, two other deaths may invariably be expected to follow in its wake. Call it superstition if you will, nevertheless it is decidedly remarkable how frequently such a grim sequence happens.

A certain week in the year 1898 is indelibly engraved upon my memory. I was quartered in the fort at Mandalay. The life of the little garrison had been disturbed by nothing untoward for some time. Expeditions after snipe, the daily polo, tennis, and golf, followed by whist, pool, and gossip at the club, made up the day. Except for an occasional field-day, the peace of cantonments had drifted along through one hot day into another still hotter without a break for a monotonous length of days.

Nevertheless, the break—some sort of break—was sure to come at last. So far as I was concerned, it came one morning while I was seated at breakfast in the little wooden mess-house lying beneath the shadow of the great north gate.

A running native ward-boy from the military hospital conveyed a message to the mess butler. A British soldier, having dived into the regimental swimming-bath, had struck his head against another swimmer's body. It sounded nothing. On seeing the injured man, however, I found that his neck was completely broken. One need not enter into pathetic details. Though completely paralysed from his neck downwards, he remained perfectly clear-headed, but his mental agony was pitiful. He struggled on for over four-and-twenty hours; then, to every one's relief, death claimed him.

It was an unusual case. But it was not entirely in the rarity of such a death that comment centred. Death No. 1! Where would fall the other two?

Life in the East is strangely cheap, and death near, as compared with the West. With plague demanding its daily victims amongst the native population at one's doors; with the possibility of cholera, smallpox, &c. almost at every turn; with the suddenness of calamity and the subsequent staggering rapidity of burial within twenty-four hours, the instability of human life becomes rapidly recognised even by those unaccustomed to the East. Looking around a mess-table on the confines of the Empire, one cannot be sure that one of the members of the mess at dinner may not only be dead, but buried, before the dinner-bugle again sounds. I myself received a Christmas card from a brother-officer who had lived with me at Mandalay; but before it reached me

he had been decapitated on the China-Burma frontier.

The answer as to where death No. 2 was to hail from came a few days later. A soldier reported himself sick to me at the hospital, complaining of being unable to breathe properly. He was a fine, strapping fellow, showing, on careful examination, no physical abnormality whatever. He could offer no explanation for the strange catches in the breath. As he answered questions, however, he repeatedly sighed spasmodically. So little could be discovered of his condition that he was half-suspected to be suffering from hysteria. Although hysteria in a healthy-minded soldier is almost non-existent, still its possibility could not be ignored. During the day his spasms of inability to draw his breath properly gradually increased in severity. In the middle of the night he suddenly began to run about the ward, gasping for breath and crying out with fear of impending death. Here again it would be out of place to enter into details. It is sufficient to relate that, by then, his symptoms were easily diagnosed as those of acute hydrophobia. He died before morning.

Next day, his death having given some clue to follow, it was learned from a comrade that both the deceased and he himself had been bitten by a monkey some weeks before, and had forgotten all about it. It was before the days of the Pasteur laboratory at Kasauli. A board of officers was hastily convened to consider the case of the remaining man who had been bitten; and, as was then the usual custom, he was despatched forthwith to the Pasteur Institute in Paris. He left on the day of his late comrade's funeral. What that journey of some four weeks or more—by sea, rail, sea, and rail again—must have meant to a nervous man imagination only can depict. And who would not have suffered from nerves under the circumstances?

One would have thought that, in the ordinary run of things, Mandalay would by then have amply satisfied the Angel of Death in that fateful week, and been permitted to return to peace. Nevertheless, those who cared to think shook their heads. Casualty No. 3 had yet to be faced.

That the pessimists were, unfortunately, correct in their forebodings is interesting, if nothing else. The strangest of all was yet to come.

A brother medical officer and myself were seated at dinner in the army medical mess. The ground floor of the building was used for dining-room and anteroom, and in the upper storey were our sleeping quarters. It was the usual windless, tropical night. The continuous hum of grasshoppers and the croaking of frogs

punctuated the stillness. The breath of heated bricks, emanating from the wall of the fort not fifty yards away, drifted languorously on the scented air. The monotonous swish of the punkah lulled the senses. Coffee and cheroots were at hand. The day's work had apparently ended.

Suddenly the sounds of revolver-shots—a regular fusillade—awoke the fort.

One doesn't shoot flying-foxes with revolvers as a rule. What could it mean? We shrugged our shoulders. That there could be an attack on the fort was an idea which, had it presented itself to us, we should have dismissed with scornful laughter.

We were, however, given little time for idle conjecture, for we had hardly begun to consider the matter when the voice of an excited officer of one of the Burmese regiments, driving a pony-trap, reached us from our compound.

'Come along quickly!' he shouted. 'Dacoits are attacking the fort! There is a soldier and a woman badly wounded.'

To drop the remains of our repast, seize some necessary instruments, and spring into the *tum-tum* was, I need hardly relate, a matter of a very few seconds. We had no weapons. We trusted to our conductor for what protection might be needed.

As the little Burmese pony trotted off at full speed down the straight road toward the opposite end of the fort we asked questions, but were little the wiser from the replies. All seemed confusion. What was exactly happening nobody seemed to know. Also, we at that moment had no time to waste in interrogation. All we knew was that desultory firing, the blare of infantry bugles, and the flicker of unusual lights were disturbing the customary evening calm of cantonments in a most disconcerting manner.

Now the history of the raid upon Mandalay fort by some score or more of dacoits, led by a fanatical *phonjee*, was, doubtless, recorded *in extenso* (with due colouring) in most European newspapers at the time. Such an account, written in cold blood after the actual facts were known and most of the hearsay evidence was deleted, has gone down to futurity. Great events, however, are mostly composite affairs. The component details may be considered unworthy of record by those who merely read. To those who provide the spectacle, however, it is the individual detail, closeted in memory, which makes the story.

In an officer's bungalow we found the woman, a recently bereaved widow of a British soldier, who was awaiting a troopship to take her to England. She was bleeding profusely from sword-cuts on the back and arm, not to mention shock. The shots, therefore, had not been for nothing!

It appeared that the woman had been walking in the cool of the evening with a soldier near

one of the main gates, which opened toward the native town lying outside the fort. They had been set upon by a fierce mob of Burmans, waving *dáhs*, and bent upon wholesale murder. The native sentry was useless to stay the rush. The British soldier—truly a brave man!—held up his unarmed hand to ward off a blow directed at the woman. The next moment his hand, severed at the wrist, lay in the dust of the road.

Handless, he ran to the nearest bungalow, which happened to be the officers' mess of one of the two Burmese regiments quartered in the fort. He had not waited to pick up his dead hand. The woman was down, and he was helpless. He did not think of himself. Holding his bleeding stump aloft, he shouted an alarm to the officers seated at dinner.

'What can I do, sir? Look!'

That there had not been the faintest glimmer of rumour relative to such a possible attack is well known. How such an attack could have happened without news filtering through to the police is not for me to criticise. The officers of this regiment, therefore, were, as can readily be believed, taken completely by surprise. What was happening they had to learn for themselves. What they themselves had escaped by this premature disclosure of the intentions of the dacoits can easily be imagined.

We had all left the club before dinner without a suspicion of the presence of a dacoit within a hundred miles. The sight of the fainting soldier was sufficient to awake his hearers to reality. The officers wasted no time. Running to their bungalows for revolvers, shot-guns, rifles, and what not, they sallied forth. The brown naked bodies of dacoits were boldly advancing in the dark. Then the shooting began.

By the time we medical officers arrived on the scene the wounded soldier had departed in a *dhoolie* for the military hospital. Leaving word with my brother-medico to attend to the woman and convey her to the female hospital, I hastened away after the *dhoolie*.

The hospital veranda presented a bizarre scene twenty minutes later. I was conscious of the weirdness of it even at the time. There was no European medical officer to help me, but that was a matter of no great moment. There was no operating theatre either. A table on the open veranda for the patient, another table for instruments and basins, a lantern held by a native ward-servant, a young Eurasian assistant-surgeon to administer chloroform, and another to do what he might be told comprised my outfit. With the light heart of youth I set to work. The scented tropical night and the giant trees surrounding the hospital provided the atmosphere.

For some minutes there was comparative silence. A distant mumble of voices from the patients overhead passed unnoticed. What was happening in the other parts of the fort I did not know, nor had I time to care. I had an

amputation to do; that alone, for the time, mattered. A scavenging hawk almost above my head flopped noisily from one branch of its tree to another. Except for the small radius of light in the vicinity of the lantern all was in dense shadow. My eyes were busy with my task, but my ears were at their acutest tension.

Presently the sound of a body of marching men, followed by a sharp word of command, resounded through the hospital compound. Next moment the figure of a British colour-sergeant loomed up on the edge of the veranda.

'I have to report to you, sir, for orders,' he stated.

'What orders?' I demanded, looking up over my shoulder as I changed an instrument.

'I have been sent with the hospital guard, sir,' explained the sergeant.

'Good! Well, then, don't let any one in here, that's all. Surround the hospital!' I grunted, bending again to my labours.

'Very good, sir!'

A few further words of command, the grounding of arms, and all was again in apparent peace. The hum of the ever-present grasshoppers and the incessant croaking of bull-frogs continued to sing a lullaby. Now and again a sentry challenged. Otherwise, the recent occurrences since dinner seemed strangely unreal, hardly believable.

My work at the hospital completed for the time, I departed in search of news. Except that no more Europeans had been wounded, I could still learn nothing definite. The officers' mess of the British regiment was almost empty. Most officers were still out on duty somewhere. The gates were all shut. The mounted infantry were patrolling the interior of the fort. How many dacoits there were, or where they were, seemed to be an unanswerable conundrum.

Mandalay fort, it will be remembered, is a mile square, encompassed by crenellated brick walls twenty-six feet in height, the whole being surrounded by a broad moat. In its exact centre stands the gilded old teak-wood palace of the late King Theeabaw, and great wooden gates open from each of the four walls. Round the palace is an inner small moat of no pretensions. The roads inside the fort run straight and parallel, the intervals being occupied by barracks of the native and British troops and the bungalows of the officers. The compounds of the latter are spacious; consequently there is a considerable extent of grass-grown land lying between individual bungalows. Trees there are also in abundance.

It will be easily understood, therefore, that to patrol such an area on a dark night in search of naked brown men who might be crawling about behind any tree or in the long grass, armed with the murderous *dâhs* of the country, was no easy or agreeable task. The following day, when individual facts were known and the routine of the garrison had again resumed its normal aspect,

one felt inclined to smile at the fears and strategy of the previous hours of darkness. At the time, however, it was decidedly not the case that 'ignorance is bliss.' At all events, I for one did not so regard it. To walk from the hospital to the barracks and to the mess seemed a jumpy business, particularly when one was unarmed. The ladies of the station—their husbands away on duty—congregated together, I believe, in certain bungalows, and by no means relished the situation.

The actual attack had soon been thwarted, but not before many shots (well and badly aimed) had been fired. These things I learned before I slept. All the troops were under arms. A mountain battery quartered two miles outside the fort, at Mandalay Hill, was the only unit not concerned in the fray. By midnight the game of hide-and-seek had practically ended. It was known that several of the enemy had been wounded and taken prisoners. Some, climbing the high wall of the fort by the inside ramparts, had dropped to the other side and swum the moat. How many more, however, were still loose in the grass? That was a point that we two who lived in the little mess-house near the north gate wanted to know very much before we could retire, with clear consciences, to sleep.

At last we undressed and donned our usual night attire of silk Shan trousers. My stable-companion, having patched up the wounded woman and amputated a thumb, had become possessed of a revolver. Armed with this, he began restlessly to haunt the top veranda, upon which our bedrooms opened. I was tired, and throwing myself on my charpoy as a temporary measure, drifted into thought. My companion's footsteps, and the knowledge that a loaded revolver stood between us and danger, acted so insidiously upon my senses that I had soon forgotten Mandalay and all contained therein. Why my sentry did not awaken me to take a turn at duty I am afraid I never asked. That he did not do so was evidenced by the fact that it was broad daylight when I awoke.

By noon the next day no vestige of the raid remained. Talk, and the 'swapping of lies,' as the American calls it, now had its innings. The fanatical plot of the dacoits was unfolded in all its childish simplicity. The instigator, an old *phongee*, had collected his followers, and induced them to follow him to glory with the fairy-tale that should they succeed in seating themselves on the disused throne of old Theeabaw the Europeans in the fort would instantly fall down dead, and Mandalay would be Burmese once again. What, except dreamland, could possibly have been responsible for such fiction who can say? The ancient gilded teak-wood throne stood, openly exposed to view or touch, in the cardroom of the club. Burmans daily went to visit it in all openness. Had, indeed, the old *phongee* ventured to place himself upon its dusty seat during the progress of an interesting game

of whist, I am certain that not a soul would have questioned him. There is no doubt that the unfortunate soldier and woman, by their presence at the gate, saved many lives. Had the dacoits reserved their attack until they had invaded the messroom of the British regiment and the officers were seated at dinner, they could have decapitated practically the whole of them with their *dāhs* before the officers were aware of their presence.

Sixteen, I think it was, of the dacoits were hanged in Mandalay jail. One of them, although bandaged as the result of the kindly attentions of a civil surgeon for the treatment of a bullet-wound, naively pleaded an alibi! It provided a touch of humour thoroughly appreciated at the time.

A handsome subscription was collected for the benefit of the wounded woman before she left for England. Not so, however, the wounded soldier. He had, it appeared, been actually

suffering from fever at the time he received his wound. Also, the *dāh* by which he was wounded being by no means clean, he developed erysipelas immediately after his operation.

Walking in the cool of the evening outside the north gate beyond the moat as the great orb of the tropical sun was sinking into the Irrawaddy, I paused, listening. Upon the still evening air came that sound which there is no mistaking. It was the roll of muffled drums!

I had no duty to perform in connection with that last grim note of the week. I had had my share of it. With a profound sigh of relief, I remembered that the death angel had at last been appeased. The third casualty had come and gone. The strains of the 'Dead March' grew fainter and fainter as I hurried away. The echo of the 'last post' reached me as I entered the club by a roundabout way. I wanted a drink, and I got it.

THE SELLER OF PEPPERMINT-WATER.

By the Rev. THOMAS CASSELS.

KING'S KITCHEN lies on the western slope of Scotland, between the moors and the sea, and geographers know it by another name. It is a town with one main street, which bunches out about the middle into a labyrinth of smaller streets, like ribbon tied into a true lovers' knot with trailing ends. Quite a happy, smiling place is King's Kitchen. It is a little gossipy perhaps, but it is quite good-natured; and the green fields are so near that throughout the length of the town, and even in the little streets at the knot, the women in their kitchens can hear the larks singing on an April morning.

Here, as in all such Scottish towns, may be seen the passing of a civilisation. Most of the old people, and even many of those in middle life, retain the manners and characteristics of their forefathers. They are sarcastic, old-fashioned, thrifty, and friendly; and they use the soft, caressing speech of long ago—the auld Scots tongue, for which Burns and Scott won a high place among the languages of literature, and whose words have so often a chuckle in them, as if they had been born in the hour of a great jest. Lovable folk are these; but, alas! they are a diminishing band. The new generation has been educated at Board schools by teachers who talk English jumping with Scotticisms. The old ruggedness has been planed down. Clever they are in their way, these new young people; but the pawkiness and the couthiness have disappeared. The words that chuckle, the metaphor that leaps and laughs, have gone from their lips. Burns would not know them for Ayrshire folk if he arose from the dead. They are commonplace.

But the future belongs to them. A few years, and the old uncouth Scots civilisation, with its

frolic and thrift and quaintness, will have disappeared; and so it becomes almost a public duty to try to limn it ere the model has left the atelier. And when I think of these men and women whom I knew, with their dying crafts, their superstitions and strange adventures, it is not long ere my thoughts come round to old Mungie Campbell, the seller of peppermint-water.

Mungie lived in a tiny thatched cottage situated towards the eastern end of King's Kitchen. It had only one room, low-ceiled and cosy, with two windows, one of which looked out on the long street, and the other, half-covered by a white rose-bush, on the garden behind. A pretty little interior it was, with a tall eighteenth-century clock in one corner, and in another a rack of old earthenware that some collectors would fain have known about. But what the cottage lacked in size the garden behind made up. It ran right down to the river—a long strip of sunlit ground, and here was grown the peppermint from which Mungie's wife brewed the famous peppermint-water. She did it twice a week during the months of greenness, locking the door and blinding the windows, for the operations were secret, and the recipe was the heirloom of her own family. The neighbours naturally resented this secrecy, and many were the attempts to outwit her; but she foiled them all, and they were left guessing. They said, indeed, that when she brought out her little still Mungie himself had to go elsewhere; which I believe was quite true, though not, as the neighbours unkindly said, because the secret was kept from him, but because a man is apt to get in a woman's way when she has something serious on hand.

At any rate, there was no question of the excellence of the peppermint-water in public opinion. There were scores of people in King's Kitchen and the parishes round about who would not trust themselves to sleep at night without having first a thimbleful of Mungie's peppermint-water, as a charm against the imps of colic and toothache which are abroad in the darkness. It was no unusual thing for him and his wife to be wakened at midnight for some peppermint-water to be administered to a wailing baby; for, though dill-water could be purchased in the shops, there was a smack and a potency about Mungie's peppermint-water that commanded public respect.

Mungie himself peddled the water over the countryside, carrying it in two little kegs slung over his shoulders. He had his regular customers, whom he visited at intervals, and some of these visits required leagues of travel. He announced his approach to any abode of man, be it farmhouse or bothy, with a kind of chant, lauding the properties of his famous distillation:

Gude for colic,
Gude for wun',
Gude for big folk,
Gude for weana.

The man was interesting. His father was a clansman of Argyll, who had come from his native glen, not long after Waterloo was fought, to help to make the industrial prosperity of the West of Scotland. He had married an Ayrshire girl, and Mungie was the seventh son. From his Lowland mother he had inherited the pawkiness, the fun, and the grit. From his father had come a few words of Gaelic, a high temper, and a touch of the second-sight.

With such a mental make-up, many were the adventures of his spirit as he footed it to some outlying farmhouse. He had strange thoughts, and sometimes saw strange sights on the wide and solitary moors that lie behind King's Kitchen. For it is a land remote. People live there almost within sight of the smoke of Glasgow, yet knowing almost nothing of the movements of the world; for, though there is a weekly newspaper, the farmer would fall asleep as he began to read it. To these places Mungie came as full of news as a post-bag and as welcome as the flowers in May. When the familiar figure was spied by the farmer at his plough, he would leave it in the furrow with the waiting team, and come over to chat with Mungie.

These things I learned soon after I came to King's Kitchen; but it was a month or two before I heard the war-cry raised one night outside my window, and knew that Mungie had come to claim me as a customer. He stalked in, a tall, gaunt man, the kegs on his shoulders. With an easy swing he deposited them on the floor, and, after shaking hands with me in a wordless way, produced from his pocket a cloth. Wrapped up in it was a small metal cup, which he carefully

wiped. Lifting one keg, he shook it, with his head to one side listening. Then he resorted to the other keg. Tilting it up, he filled the cup about half, and handed it to me. 'Ha'e,' he said. 'Gude for colic, gude for wun', gude for big folk, gude for weana.' Very cautiously, as a man trying the unknown, I did as I was told. It tasted of forgotten things. Surely, sometime long ago, in babydom, when I cried in the night, my mother had given me something that tasted just like that.

'It warms ye,' said Mungie; 'feel how it warms ye—away doon.' And he indicated the probable course of the fluid with a gesture.

I thanked him and expressed my appreciation of the warming properties of his merchandise, and was going on to say that I would take some, once a year or so, when he stopped me. 'I'm no' after business the nicht,' he said. 'I'll come back again. I cam' up because I needed the advice o' an inkycot.'

And with a rush the story came. He had been up that day at the Lampits, which is a small farm lying away in the moor. A few acres of arable land—a green patch amid the brown—explain why a human habitation is there. Around it are bogs and torrents, and an eighteenth-century traveller has told us how dangerous he found them. In days of unsettlement the Lampits was a refuge and fortress better defended by its morasses than by cannon. A strange place it is, with thrilling histories clinging to it; a place of tragedies, a house of fear, a farmhouse on the frontiers of the occult.

A long and solitary way, engineered by a past generation over the morasses, is its only approach. About a quarter of a mile from the Lampits there is a loop in the road, where an inundation once necessitated the making of another line. After a while the water had subsided upon some movement of the bog, and foot-passengers generally use the shorter road—the old road—but the farm-carts and the horsemen have to go round the loop. The two roads are within a hundred and fifty yards of each other.

That day Mungie Campbell was due at the Lampits, for he visited it every three months or so. It was November, and the fog lay on the moor, blotting out the landscape with its wetness, and making all things indistinct. There was no wind, and the silence was broken only by the gurgle of the water in the bog. When he reached the loop he took, as was his wont, the shorter lower road, picking his steps with care. About half-way over he glanced toward the other road, and stopped astonished, for he saw coming from the direction of the Lampits a funeral procession. There was the King's Kitchen hearse, grim and unmistakable, with a dozen mourners walking behind, followed by conveyances to take them up at a decent distance from the house, for it was a long way to the churchyard at King's

Kitchen. Mungie recognised the mourners and the drivers, all save one, of whom he was not sure until he recollected him as the new man who had just come to town—namely, myself.

'I was vexed, vexed,' said Mungie, as he told me the story. 'I saw the coffin'—the King's Kitchen hearse has glass panels; 'it was a wee white ane; an' I said to masel', "Puir wee Danny! puir wee boy!" for Danny is the laddie at the Lampits, an' him an' me are chief. An' I thocht it queer that I hadna heard; but of coorse it's a far cry frae hereabout to thereabout.'

In after days, when I came to know Mungie well, I knew with how sad a heart he would go on to the house. Childless himself, he was the friend of children, to whom his kegs suggested smuggling days and high romance, and who besought him for a taste of his peppermint-water. But when he came to the Lampits with sad face, out of the byre ran Danny himself bright as a bee, and just home from his three-mile trudge from school; and after him came his mother with her milking-pail in her hand, and laughing with pleasure to see Mungie. 'Come awa' in, Mungie,' she said, leading the way to the kitchen. 'I'll gi' ye tea, an' ye'll gi' me peppermint-water.'

'Noo,' said Mungie to me when he had told me all this, 'I sat there in the Lampits kitchen an' thocht o' what I had seen, an' asked masel' ower an' ower, "Will I tell her?" I said to masel', "Better that she shouldna ken. It may be years awa'; an' then anon I said, "It wud gi' her time for a wee bit lovin' an' a wee bit pettin' afore she loses him." I didna ken what to dae, an' they thocht me queer—no masel' at a'. Weel, I was to bide at the Lampits the nicht, an' come to King's Kitchen in the mornin', but I couldna bide. I cam' hame through the daurk; an', seein' ma ain minister wasna at hame, I thocht I wud ask you what ye thocht. The question to be settled is, will I gang back an' tell her?'

I smiled to myself at the simplicity of the man, and gave my advice with a light and confident heart. 'You did well not to tell her,' I said. 'There is nothing to go upon but what you thought you saw in the fog. It may have been a farm cart with a load of peats—or—or nothing at all.'

Mungie rose, picked up his kegs from the floor, swung them over his shoulder, and tightened the buckle of the belt that carried them. 'I doot,' he said quite solemnly—'I doot ye dinna grasp the seriousness o' the situation.'

But I think I did grasp it four days later, when I was summoned to the funeral of wee Danny at the Lampits, for the custom then was at King's Kitchen to give a general invitation throughout the town. In a case like this of the dead being brought from some distance, the townsfolk who were able to be present waited at

the town-end the approach of the sad procession. But this sequel to Mungie's story had startled me, and I made arrangements to go the whole journey. I had my own trap, and on my way out of the town I drew up at Mungie's door and offered him a lift up.

He came out to the kerbstone. 'I'm vexed, vexed I didna tell her,' he said 'That was what they sent it for.'

'They?' I asked.

'Ay, they—they sent it for her to be telled, an' I didna tell her, unfaithfu' servant that I am.'

I asked him to come up with me.

'Na, na,' he said, 'no' a fit. I wudna gae near the Lampits the day, no' for a' the gold in the world; me an unfaithfu' messenger.'

I began to see how little I understood of the Scots character.

I arrived a little late at the Lampits. The procession was just starting; but I had a glimpse of the mother rocking herself on her low stool in the kitchen, and saying again and again, 'If I just had kenned! If I just had kenned!' The boy, I was told, had climbed up on the roof of an outhouse, and, falling off, had struck his head on the edge of a grindstone lying beneath. He had never regained consciousness, and the grief of the mother was edged by the remembrance that she had been so much displeased with him that morning that she was not speaking to him. She was a woman of that kind, and no punishment, she had discovered, was more severely felt by the little boy than her silence. On that day he had pursued her awhile as she went about her work in the farmyard with his pathetic cry, 'Speak to me, mother! Speak to me, mother!' and then, heartsore at receiving no answer, had essayed the desperate adventure for his sma' feet of climbing on the roof. 'If I just had kenned!' she said again and again. I was glad Mungie was not there to hear.

When we started on our long journey to King's Kitchen I walked among the mourners, whilst some other man took my place on the driver's seat. The day was dull and cold. A Scotch mist filled the moor and blotted out the road behind us and in front at a little distance. It was my first visit there, and I was struck with the silence. Save for a low murmur of talk, that sounded almost sinister in these surroundings, and the muffled noise of the horses, the place seemed deserted; not even a bird called across the morasses. In two hundred paces or so the farm was indistinct behind us; a little farther and it had disappeared, the mist closing round it. A few minutes' walking brought us to the loop. We took the road to the right, the longer higher road that horses followed. It was with interest that I looked over toward the lower road, remembering Mungie's story. The line of it was visible through the mist; a difficult, dangerous road, beset with moss-hags, it

appeared to me as I looked down on it. Then I saw a man coming along it—a tall figure creeping out of the mist. 'My God,' I whispered to myself, 'it's Mungie!' There was no mistaking him. He came striding along with his kegs slung over his shoulders and his eyes set on the ground, picking his way carefully, as any traveller on that road would do. So absorbed was he that we were almost abreast of him before he saw us. Then he looked over and stopped.

I found myself shivering as if an icy wind were searching me. My teeth chattered, and it was all I could do to keep step with the rest. I felt as if I had stumbled on some secret and dreadful thing, some strange deformity of nature. The figure stood looking at us for a moment or two, and then, with a sad little gesture, let the kegs slip off his shoulders to the ground. Then he took off his cap, and I saw him pass his hand across his eyes.

Slowly the mist swallowed us up, but the last I saw of the mysterious traveller on the other road was his still gazing after us with uncovered head.

When we drove into King's Kitchen a little group of the town's-people joined us for the slow walk through the long street; and among them, decently dressed in black, came Mungie, who, they assured me, had waited with the others, and had not been out of the town that day.

Shadows though we are, is it possible that we cast shadows somewhere, on some unknown screen; and was there some strange displacement of shadow and substance in the fog at the Lampits? I do not care to say. But certainly, in Scots villages at least, such adventures come, though now they come not to the young folk but to the old—the people of the dying civilisation, like Mungie Campbell, the seller of peppermint-water.

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY'S NOVELS.

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

THACKERAY was pre-eminently a Londoner.

Indeed, it might be confidently argued that he was more a Londoner than Dickens; for his whole life was practically passed in 'the Wen,' as Cobbett termed it; and, unlike his great contemporary, he was never drawn away from its attractions by the charm of a country existence. Most of our great novelists have, of course, dealt with the city in their works, more or less fully—from Fielding and Richardson, Fanny Burney and Jane Austen, down to Meredith, who has left us an unforgettable picture of London Bridge and a vivid description of a London 'particular,' and Gissing and Mr Morrison and Mr Whiteing, who have reproduced the very atmosphere of those mean streets which reveal in themselves so much of London's complex life. But in this particular phase of what, for want of a better name, may be called 'romantic topography' Dickens stands easily first. For just as he re-created Christmas, so he may be said to have rediscovered London; and the London he found—the London, that is, of the first half of the nineteenth century—is exactly the London in which his great contemporary was discovering homes for his characters.

The aims of the two writers may, to some extent, I think, be judged from the *milieus* they selected for the men and women of their inimitable fancy. Dickens seldom comes west of Temple Bar; Thackeray not often goes east of it. They meet on the mutual ground of the Temple, and occasionally make incursions into each other's territory—as when we find Mr Merdle in Harley Street and 'Cousin' Feenix in Brook Street, or

Mr Bungay in Paternoster Row and Pen and Clive in the Charterhouse. But, to lay down a rule which has its frequent exceptions, it is the West End that Thackeray affects; it is the mysterious East which Dickens has made an almost open book to the dwellers in the realms of fashion.

Somehow or other, however, Thackeray has never quite been regarded as an exponent of London in the same way as has Dickens. A whole library attests the interest which Boz has awakened in the subject; but only once, so far as I know, has any one compiled a book on the London of Thackeray's novels, and this was, characteristically, produced by an American nearly a quarter of a century ago. And yet what a field is here for exploration; how much information about the London of the early nineteenth century is forthcoming from a study of the great novels and the shorter stories and sketches! Here I can but adumbrate the subject—merely name (so to speak) the chief peaks in its mountainous ranges.

Let us take *Vanity Fair* first. It is the London of the Regency that is presented to us; before Regent Street had come into existence; while yet Waterloo Bridge was in the making; before the old Houses of Parliament had given place to Barry's great medieval pile; when the Turnpike yet existed at Hyde Park Corner, and the Lock Hospital still stood in Grosvenor Place. Buckingham Palace was yet the red-brick picturesque structure which George the Third had bought for Queen Charlotte, and the Ranger's Lodge (the stags from whose entrance now adorn Albert Gate) stood in the Green Park

opposite Down Street. Russell Square had not long been formed, so that the Sedleys and Osbornes, who lived there, must have been some of its earliest inhabitants. The Square was much frequented by the legal profession, and Amelia may have known Sir Samuel Romilly, and perhaps Lord Denman (both residents), by sight, and no doubt wondered at the crowds of fashionable people who drove up to No. 65, where Sir Thomas Lawrence was engaged in perpetuating the lineaments of his generation. Russell Square bulks largely in the first part of *Vanity Fair*; it is the arena wherein the *dramatis personæ* chiefly disport themselves. But we can go elsewhere in their goodly company—to Vauxhall, for instance, when Jos, under the influence of the rack-punch, made such an exhibition of himself, and when 'the hundred thousand *extra* lamps' lighted up the gentle countenance of Amelia and the green eyes of Becky, the complacent features of George, and the homely 'phiz' of Dobbin.

The Great Gaunt Street where Sir Pitt Crawley's family mansion was situated was, I surmise, either Harley Street or Wigmore Street, and I have no doubt whatever that Lord Steyne's palace, Gaunt House, was the Harcourt House, Cavendish Square, demolished some years ago in favour of a vast block of flats. It has been stated that both Lansdowne House and Manchester House were the prototypes of the mansion where Becky distinguished herself on a memorable occasion; but any one who reads carefully Thackeray's description will not, I think, be likely to concur in this view.

One cannot always be sure of identifying Thackeray's houses, however; otherwise one would be able to say which was Miss Crawley's residence in Park Lane, or walk unerringly to the miserable Raggles's snug little house in Curzon Street, where the Rawdon Crawleys lived on nothing a year. Where, one would like to know, was the 'wonderful small cottage,' in a street leading from the Fulham Road, to which the ruined Sedleys retired; and where the chapel, down Brompton way, in which George and Amelia were made one? By the bye, Thackeray is careful to tell us that when George drove to that rendezvous from the old Hummums in Covent Garden, the carriage passed Apsley House and St George's Hospital, 'which still wore red jackets'—the original red brick not yet having been encased.

Bay's Club—no doubt standing for White's—links us on to *Pendennis*; for out of the famous bay-window of that place where Wenham interviewed Rawdon Crawley after the duel with Lord Steyne, the redoubtable Major was accustomed to gaze in company with his cronies. The Major's lodgings were conveniently near, in Bury Street, where, at that period, he must have had Tom Moore as a neighbour. His nephew, the hero of the story, had been educated at the

Grey Friars (Thackeray's name for his own old school, the Charterhouse), and the descriptions of that seminary here and in *The Newcomes*, and elsewhere, are unusually elaborate and *documentées*. Foker, it will be remembered, was also educated here—Foker, the rich and worldly, whose parents lived in Grosvenor Square and drew their wealth from the family brewery.

But it is the Temple in which most of the action of *Pendennis* takes place, where we find Pen, under the *ægis* of Warrington, working hard at journalism, and frequenting those haunts on which his fashionable friends rallied him, but which gave him the materials for his first literary success. During this period of his career Pen was holding out one hand to the West End (his uncle saw to that), and was stretching forth the other to the coal-heaving company at the 'Fox under the Hill' and the denizens of the 'Back Kitchen.' Like Warrington, however, he undoubtedly preferred, at this time, 'a sanded floor in Carnaby Market to a chalked one in Mayfair.' The Embankment chased the 'Fox under the Hill,' familiar to readers of *David Copperfield*, out of its existence near the Adelphi Terrace. The 'Back Kitchen' was Thackeray's name for the 'Cider Cellars' in Maiden Lane, which stood next door to the Adelphi Theatre, and was once the haunt of the classic but bibulous Porson. It was hither that Colonel Newcome brought Clive on a momentous occasion.

In those days the Fleet Prison was in existence, and we visit it with Pen and Warrington to see Captain Shandon, a prisoner for debt in that degrading abode, who was producing for Bungay the prospectus of the *Pall Mall Gazette* amid his grimy and squalid surroundings. The spirited proprietor of that journal, Finucane, occupied chambers in the Temple, it will be remembered, and frequented Dick's Coffee-House, formerly known as 'Richard's,' which occupied the site of 8 Fleet Street till its demolition in 1899. The offices of the *Pall Mall* were in Catherine Street hard by. Closer still to the Temple was that Shepherd's Inn, near Holywell Street and Wych Street (where are they now?), where Altamont and the Chevalier Strong lodged, and Costigan, and whither Pen was drawn by the charms of Fanny Bolton. Shepherd's Inn was but another name for Lyons Inn, where Mr Thurtell—whom Weare murdered—had rooms.

As in *Pendennis*, so in *The Newcomes* do the Charterhouse and the Temple bulk largely. We begin the book with the famous school, and end with it—in a passage notable among the great word-pictures of literature. But we are carried about London in all directions outside these academic centres. Bloomsbury Square is the headquarters of one branch of the Newcome family; Hobson Newcome lives in Bryanstone Square, and John Giles, his brother-in-law, in

Bernard Street, Russell Square; Sir Brian conducts his stately affairs in Park Lane. A subsidiary character, Lady Budge, dispensed 'the most elegant hospitality,' according to Charles Honeyman, at her mansion in Connaught Terrace. Where the Reverend Charles himself lived is not so clear. Thackeray says he had rooms in Walpole Street, in the Mayfair district. This may stand for Market Street at the back of Curzon Street, where Lady Whittlesea's chapel, otherwise Curzon Chapel, notorious for the doings of the Rev. Alexander Keith, was situated.

The hotel patronised by Colonel Newcome—Nerot's—was in Clifford Street, and was probably identical with the Clifford Street Coffee-House once standing at the corner of Bond Street, and notable for its Debating Club, where the budding eloquence of Mackintosh and Canning was first heard. The Colonel's later and more permanent residence was a large, rather gloomy house in Fitzroy Square, which he took in conjunction with his friend Binnie, and where the latter's sister came to keep house and rule with a rod of iron. This quarter was then, and for years after, an artistic centre—Eastlake and Ross and David Roberts all lived at one time in Fitzroy Square, and this no doubt influenced the Colonel in his choice of a residence; for his son, as we all know, was destined to be a great painter. After his father's return to India, Clive took lodgings in Charlotte Street hard by, where Richard Wilson and Constable, Farington and Westall, had all lived. Indeed, Constable must have been there at this very time, for he occupied Farington's old house, No. 35, from 1822 till his death in 1837.

Other localities in *The Newcomes* which we can identify are Jermyn Street, where Florac lodged and Pendennis lived; Belgrave Square, whither Barnes Newcome went after his accession to the baronetcy; Queen Square, Westminster, now Queen Anne's Gate, where Pendennis abode later, and also where he was domiciled when we meet him in *Philip*.

In this book we are in many of the same quarters as we were in its predecessors—the Greyfriars and the Temple, Mayfair, Bloomsbury, &c. But where was Ringwood House? (There is a Ringwood House at Walthamstow.) Thornough Street, where the 'Little Sister' lived, must have been near Fitzroy Square. But can it be traced? You may pore over a map of that mighty organism which we call London, and despair will catch hold of you when you attempt to unravel from its complicated web some skein which shall lead you to a solution. The Twisdens, we know, lived in Beaunash Street; and from what we learn of that family, we feel certain that their abode was in a fashionable quarter, but I defy any one to put his finger on the thoroughfare. Who, too, will identify the clubs mentioned in the *Book of Snobs*? We can put names to the Martium and the Viatorium, the Reformatorium and the Ultratorium,

which greet us in the *Roundabout Papers*; but which was, or is, the Megatherium; which the Palladium?

The Berkeley Square of *The Fatal Boots* is not clearer to us than the Buckley Square of Jeames's Diary; the Scarlot Street of Cox's Diary is as plain as the Charlotte Street where Pendennis lodged. But Thackeray, like Dickens, used to the full the novelist's privilege of mixing up his localities—of, here, giving them their correct names; there, hiding their identities under more or less thin disguises. When he was purely historical, as in *Esmond* and *The Virginians*, there was no need for fictitious appellations, and Lady Castlewood can live in Kensington Square and Bolingbroke in Golden Square; duels can be fought (as they were fought) in Leicester Fields, and Mohun and Hamilton can go to their last fatal meeting in Hyde Park. But there were sometimes reasons, no doubt, when a more contemporaneous narrative was in hand, for using just sufficient mystification to obviate the chance of wounding the susceptibilities of the denizens of a particular street. Even were this the reason for some of Thackeray's careful covering up of topographical traces, the fact still remains that the memory of the Rawdon Crawleys will remain as long as Curzon Street exists, and Baker Street will hardly outlive the dreary character which the novelist has bestowed on it.

Those who know their Thackeray will perceive how slightly I have been able to touch on this fascinating subject. Nothing short of a book can do justice to it; and when I have completed the volume in which I want to deal with the London topography of Thackeray's novels, I hope I may be able to make clear some of the mysterious identities which have puzzled me and, perhaps, others.

OLD SONGS AND STORIES.

WHEN books were rare, and leisure long,
And human cares were passive,
The world had time to learn a song,
Or loiter months and months among
Old folios tall and massive.

Great books were not great evils then,
Nor fact so dear as fiction;
The age was more romantic when
No critic yet o'ersat the pen,
Which ran without restriction.

Hence grew the grace of balladry,
Like flowering broom on Couden;
And, plumed and mounted, fair to see,
Beauty and Chivalry rode free
Through many a chapter golden.

Now wealth and greed our hearts estrange
From all those pleasing fancies;
So knights no more the woodlands range.
Ah me! it is a woeful change
From ballads and romances.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE LONG PORTAGE.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD FIELD, the pilot, mail-carrier, and general portage agent at Whitewater Rapids, scrutinised, with the eye of a horse-dealer about to make a purchase, the straddle-legged moose calf.

'There isn't enough meat on him to feed a chipmunk,' was his final decision; at which the squint of the Indian who had brought the moose from the woods became more pronounced.

'Him heap young. Him put on fat pretty blame quick you feed him up.'

The Indian, dressed in the garments of civilisation four sizes too large for him, wore huge gold-rimmed glasses and a sun-hat minus the brim. He held the moose by a twisted willow-wand looped round the animal's head midway between the eyes and nostrils. The calf, with an air of drowsy indifference, stood with forelegs wide apart, and at intervals waved its great ears with casual inquiry.

'I'm no connoisseur in moose-meat,' the pilot stated. 'And, anyway, I don't want the blame thing.' And Mr Field turned on his heels.

'You give me pair of moccasins, one pound tobacco, I give you blinking good calf. Fair trade.'

Just then the door of the bungalow away up the clearing opened, and the pilot's daughter came out. Evie Field stared in astonishment at the moose, then called to some one inside the house, 'I say, Tim—Mr Potts—just you come and look here.'

Evie Field, a pretty, joyous, pink little creature, ran down the clearing, followed by Tim Shields, a fair-haired English boy, and Potts the clerk. Top-Hat John, a Cree Indian youth from the mission station, came a bad fourth.

'Where did you get him from?' the girl inquired, addressing the Indian.

'Shot the mother away up Coyote Pass way,' Mr Field explained. 'The calf, feeling kind of lonesome, followed them out; so Marcus brought him along.'

'One pair moccasins, one pound tobacco, blinking good'—

'I'll give you ten dollars for him,' Evie offered promptly.

The Indian shook his head. 'Want tobacco, moccasins,' he stated sullenly.

'You can buy them at the store for ten

dollars, you copper-coloured pagan!' Tim informed him.

'Give him his money and let him be going,' suggested Potts. 'Then we'll have moose-meat to keep us till Christmas.'

'I like your style, Potts,' observed Evie, producing a wad of bills. 'This isn't a philanthropic meat trust, anyway.'

The exchange was made, and Evie, with an air of possession, took charge of the halter.

'What do you reckon you're going to do with him, Evie?' inquired Tim Shields.

'You wait till the freeze-up comes along, then you'll see.'

Mr Field regarded his daughter narrowly. 'I don't hold with pet wild animals,' he stated gruffly. 'They're all right when they're small, but when they grow up one doesn't like parting with them.'

Tim took the halter, and, throwing it over his shoulder, tugged the reluctant young moose up the clearing, Top-Hat John—so named on account of his partiality for an old top-hat presented to him as a parting gift by one of the mission station Sisters—falling in behind and pushing.

'They use reindeer in Norway for pulling sledges,' Evie answered. 'Why shouldn't we use moose in Canada?'

'Because it don't work, girl, or we should have used them years back. If that's your idea, I tell you right now you're shinning up the wrong tree.'

Evie took her father's arm, and there was little doubt they had come to an understanding when they reached the veranda.

The young moose was bedded down in the stable, and given a hot feed of bran, which it ignored.

'It wants green stuff,' said Tim. 'You'll have to lead it about a day or two till it gets to know the place; then it can run loose.'

During the days that followed the moose calf occupied all the spare moments of the young people at Whitewater Rapids. Fall was settling into winter, and the white mists that hung about the clearing each morning till the sun was up already held a flavour of frost. Top-Hat John, the Indian boy, was despatched by canoe to Kilween to purchase a leather collar and cow-

bell; and, thus adorned, the young moose was given free run of its forest home. Potts, who was a moderate amateur joiner, was put into commission; and, by the liberal use of strips of hardwood, screws, and green paint, he managed to convert an old basket dog-sled, rescued from under the bungalow, into a moose-sledge so smart that even Evie complimented him; at which the clerk almost collapsed with surprise. Top-Hat John made the harness, adorning it neatly with porcupine-quills and coloured beads.

In the meantime the young moose had attached itself permanently to the camp, and from dawn to sunset the *tink-tonk* of its bell sounded about the clearing, never more than fifty yards distant. At meal-times it haunted the veranda, and once or twice strolled into the house with its usual air of nonchalance, to be unceremoniously driven out by Potts and Mr Field. It was fed on bread and potatoes, or any other such delicacy that happened to be left over; and when the meal was finished it would return to the forest-edge, straddle down a young birch or poplar, and browse on the topmost branches.

Under a varied and abundant diet the young moose grew at an alarming rate from the day of its arrival, while its lapdog disposition became somewhat embarrassing to its owners. It was happiest when allowed to walk in some one's footsteps, its great muzzle resting wearily on its companion's shoulder; and if left behind it would utter a weird little chirruping squeal, obviously absurd for so large an animal.

One day the calf happened to be following Potts in this manner while the latter was searching the clearing for firewood to save himself the trouble of cutting a fresh supply. Potts was essentially a city man, and even in the matter of clothing he seemed out of place in the woods. Why he remained at so isolated a place as Whitewater Rapids many had wondered, and indeed the only explanation seemed that—well, no matter. Evie was a remarkably pretty girl, and had a free and taking way with her which most men who visited the portage found vastly pleasing.

Potts was wandering about the clearing, the moose at his heels, when suddenly the young animal, feeling itself ignored, seized one of the man's black locks in its teeth and gave a yank that threatened to draw the wisp out by the roots. It happened that Tim glanced from the bungalow window at that moment, and saw the clerk strike the moose savagely across the face with the shaft of the axe he was carrying. The creature gave a scream, and dashed into the forest; while Potts, after a hasty glance to convince himself that he was not observed, hurried into the little wooden hut he occupied as an office.

For some time that evening Moosewa defied capture, and when finally Evie succeeded in laying hands on it she called to Tim, 'It has damaged one of its eyes. Must have rammed a branch

into it, or something. It looks bad, anyway;' and she pointed to the injury.

Tim glanced at Potts, but the pale face of the city clerk was turned away, and he said nothing. It was such little deceits as this that had enabled Tim to weigh up his companion since they had become cabin mates.

In spite of the girl's careful nursing, the damaged eye refused to get better, and finally became permanently closed. The moose was blind on one side for life.

'Mighty inconvenient for it,' observed the city clerk with a laugh. 'But I don't fancy it will spoil it any for driving.'

'Not until it begins to foul the timber on its blind side,' observed Tim dryly.

Tim and Potts lived together in the spacious cabin on the opposite side of the clearing from the bungalow. The clerk had appeared upon the scene that summer, and thrown in his lot with Tim, who had lived at Whitewater a matter of three years. They were men of vastly different types, and Tim found the southerner's wonderful stories of his own adventures tiring in the extreme. He tolerated Potts just as he had learnt to tolerate the fly plague and other objectionable features of his pioneer existence. Mr Field had taken Tim into his charge with fatherly affection, and now the boy was more like a son of the house than a hired man. He had proved himself as hard a traveller as he was trustworthy, and an exceptional dog-driver. There were rumours to the effect that he would shortly be given a share in the business, and that he would carry it on after the old man's retirement.

Winter came slowly that year. The moose was better again, the sledge and harness were ready for the ice, and Evie chafed under the long delay. But at length a flutter of snow fell, followed by a tense stillness. Next morning the rim ice had formed along the creek-borders, while the central race moved with that oily sluggishness that precedes a quick freeze-up. When darkness fell again the river was sealed from bank to bank in the silent grip of winter.

The breaking of Moosewa to harness proved a disgustingly tame affair. Tim, Evie, and Top-Hat John had conjured up in their minds pictures of pacing mustangs and bucking broncos, and had imagined a snorting, red-eyed moose careering panic-stricken across the ice, till finally their gentle persuasions brought the animal round to their way of thinking.

The whole household assembled upon the flat to see the show. The harness was donned, Tim took his place in the sledge, and at a word the moose was given its liberty. For the space of a minute the animal stood stock-still, amidst roars of laughter from the assembly; then suddenly the thought occurred to it that the touch of the harness was irritating, and forthwith the moose proceeded to eat it.

'Mush! Hi, mush on, there!' shouted Tim.

The driving-switch was called into operation, and with a playful squeal the moose turned, scattered the group, and proceeded to amble leisurely toward home. But the breaking-in process was continued till the steed intimated its opinion of such a pastime by sitting down in its tracks with a good-natured grunt.

'I tell you, Evie, it'll be no end of a success,' said Tim with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy. 'It's beginning to learn already what the tugs at the halter mean, and it can go like the wind.'

Evie and Tim had now a common interest which brought them regularly into each other's company. On moonlight evenings they spent many an hour together on the flat above the rapids, and it is to be thought that the moose was not the sole item of interest they found there. When opportunity occurred Potts obtruded his presence upon them; but for the most part the clerk was busy with his books till long after the fall of darkness.

Soon Tim began to realise that the feelings he entertained toward his cabin mate were becoming mutual between them. The man's suave manner was assumed to hide a soulful jealousy; and, knowing more about Potts than he cared to tell, Tim realised that the disguise with which each of them concealed his feelings would sooner or later be uplifted. The constant petty meanness of the city clerk, his habitual evasion of physical exertion, began to irritate the young Englishman more and more, and many a night, on returning weary from the trails, Tim was on the point of settling Potts once and for all.

Ere the first month of snow was past the young moose had thoroughly learnt its lessons, and soon proved a great success as a draught animal. It was faster than the best dog-team on the river, while its great snowshoes prevented it from sinking where a horse would have floundered helplessly.

One day Tim drove the outfit to Kilween City, despatched the down-river mails, and arrived back at Whitewater, beating the previous record by one hour and seven minutes. After this the fame of the moose-sledge spread far and wide. Bearded traders from the Hudson Bay outposts, prospectors, drummers, and Jesuit missionaries came from far and near to see the new outfit; and Evie, swathed in furs and a picture of loveliness, gave many exhibitions of the speed of the moose, and incidentally of her own skill with the reins.

'I tell you, in a year or two we shall see moose-sledges driven up and down all the country,' Mr Field prophesied one day.

An old missionary, hearing the statement, shook his head gravely. 'It's not the first outfit of the sort we've seen in these parts,' the veteran stated. 'Thirty years back a Hudson Bay factor hit out from Winnipeg with a moose-sledge. The heavy beast found a weak spot in the ice, and the whole shoot disappeared for

good. That made moose unpopular for quite a while. The next I saw was driven by a little French guide named Druille. One night he got half the wolves in the country following him, and all they could find after the chase was the upturned sledge.'

Mr Field was thoughtful. 'You mean that moose-driving generally ends in a tragedy?' he observed at length. 'That's what I'm scared of, and I'll see they don't keep the animal after this winter.'

Early one morning Potts set out with the sledge for Kilween, evidently intent upon beating Tim's record. It happened that a party of Indians, negotiating the same creek some hours later, heard cries for help issuing from behind an island. On investigating, they found an angry, red-eyed moose, with bristling mane and tangled harness, stamping round an upturned sledge, under which its terrified driver had sought refuge. Potts went home on foot, the Indians taking charge of the moose; and when Tim finally conveyed the animal to the stable, the great wales down its right flank told him how the accident was brought about.

Shortly after this happened Mr Field turned to Tim one morning and observed that the milk consumption at the cabin was surprisingly high. 'Nine cans in a month!' he pointed out. 'I fancy there must be a leakage somewhere.'

Tim promised to look into the matter, saying that he would question Top-Hat John, who would own up like a lark if he were guilty.

'John, are you a good Christian?' asked Tim solemnly, finding the boy alone in the shanty.

'Blame good Christian,' John answered with equal gravity.

'Then why in thunder have you been stealing the milk, my son? Nine cans gone in a month, and no milk-puddings!'

John wagged his head cunningly. 'Potts like milk, you bet your life,' he affirmed. 'I catch him drinking out of can. Him give me good drink not to tell. Then we share and share alike. Savee?'

The boy climbed on to an empty hogshead and drew a can of evaporated milk from its hiding-place above one of the cupboards. The tin was half-full, and on either side of the lid a hole had been punched so that the contents could be poured out.

'I thought as much,' muttered Tim. 'Regales himself on the company's milk during my absence. Well, I'll settle this business for good.'

By means of a fountain-pen filler Tim injected a good tablespoonful of paraffin into the half-empty tin, and carefully replaced it above the cupboard.

'You tell and I'll whack you,' he informed John. 'You steal any more milk and I'll whack you again. Savee?'

At breakfast next morning Tim recognised the can of milk on the table as the one he had

doctored. Potts handed it to him; on which he tossed it into the stove. Top-Hat John exploded with laughter. 'Him take blame good drink, anyway,' the boy blurted out. 'Him sick as dog, eat no breakfast.'

Potts glared savagely at Tim. 'I've put up with your quiet insolence and superior manner for long enough,' he stated; 'but you'll find you've kind of made a mistake if you play dirty pranks of that sort on me.'

'You should act squarely, then you wouldn't get stung,' answered Tim, unruffled.

Potts leapt to his feet. 'What in blazes is it to do with you, anyway?' he demanded viciously. 'I tell you what, Shields, it's about time one of us got out of this show.'

Tim turned quietly to the Indian boy. 'John, take my snowshoes across to the bungalow and renew the broken strings,' he said; and when they were alone he turned to Potts. 'I've wanted to have a face-to-face talk with you for some little time back,' Tim began. 'We've lived together long enough, Potts, to get to know each other pretty well, and as a rule a man's past history doesn't matter much in these parts. But you're an exception. Suppose we just go back a matter of four months, which takes us into the middle of the forest fire season. Whitehorse City, away down the line, was burnt out, but curiously enough the hotel survived, though it was in the very centre of

the fire-belt. The clerk was the last to make for the lake, and with him he took about seven hundred dollars snatched from the till at the last moment. When he did not return after the blaze-up, every one thought, of course, that he had perished, like so many others, and the loss of the seven hundred dollars was covered by insurance. But as a matter of fact the man got out all right, tramped up the rightaway to Beswick, took train north, then by canoe to Kilween. Do you follow?'

'You lying devil!' hissed Potts. He snatched up the coffee-jug, evidently intent upon hurling it at his companion; but Tim's fist shot out in the nick of time. The city clerk staggered into a corner, and for a moment sat still.

'You call me that again and I'll flay you. I've got a pretty good memory for faces, Potts, and I saw you in Whitehorse City myself. When I was there last month I made inquiries, and actually procured a photograph of the missing clerk—bought it from a dancing-girl for two dollars. Here it is.'

Tim slammed the miniature print on the table as Potts rose to his feet, then replaced it in his pocket-book.

'That black moustache you've grown since alters you no end,' he stated finally. 'But if you take my tip you'll wait another year or so before going south.'

(Continued on page 200.)

STARS AND PLANETS.

By J. ARTHUR HILL.

ARTEMUS WARD had one little difficulty in regard to the stars. He could understand how we measured their distances, and the amount of their mass, and the speed of their motion; but what always gravelled him was: how had we discovered their names? There are many wonderful things in astronomy, but Artemus's special difficulty is not the chief one for most of us; though, indeed, the history of the christening of some of the stars is lost in the mists of antiquity, and we should very much like to know the reasons which led their godfathers to a choice. Sirius has something to do with sunstroke (Greek, *seirios*), and Arcturus is the guardian of the Bear; but the Bear and the zodiacal constellation-names hail from prehistoric times.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Our system is only a comparatively small affair. The sun—which is so important to us that we call it *the* sun, as if there were no others—is only one of the smaller stars; and if it were as far away from us as some of the stars which we see, it would be quite invisible. Between our system and the nearest star—or, rather, the star which, out of those whose distance has been measured,

is found to be the nearest—there is a space-gulf of about 25,575,000,000,000 miles, or 275,000 times the distance of the sun. Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second; therefore it reaches us from the sun in eight minutes; but from this nearest star (Alpha Centauri, in the Southern Hemisphere) it takes over four years to cross the vast space which separates us from it. Yet our little sun is quite a respectable size if we think of it in miles, its diameter being 866,400, or about a hundred times that of the Earth. As to volume, its size equals over a million Earths. It is of course much less dense, being probably still molten, for the most part, with a large proportion even gaseous. Its density is one-quarter that of the Earth. It has two motions, spinning round on its axis in six hundred and seven hours, and at the same time moving through space at about ten miles a second, toward a point in the constellation Hercules, and taking us with it whether we will or not.

The system is made up of eight known planets with their satellites, a lot of asteroids, which seem to have resulted from the burst-up of a planet revolving between Mars and Jupiter, and a few comets. By the way, there is a difficulty

about the burst-up theory of the asteroids, for if they had a common origin their orbits would be in the same plane, and this is found not to be the case. Like many other astronomical facts, it has to be left unexplained until we find other facts which will point us to a more indisputable theory.

The order of the planets, starting from the sun, is: Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune. Their distances from the sun are in a sort of orderly progression, in accordance with what is known as Bode's Law, which holds good for all of them except Neptune, which the law would place farther out than it really is. Probably there is a still undiscovered planet beyond. It was because, according to Bode's Law, there ought to be a planet between Mars and Jupiter that this space was examined with more care, with the result of the discovery of the asteroids. The law may be shortly described as follows: If we take the series of figures, 0, 3, 6, 12, 24, 48, 96, 192, in which each figure represents the double of the preceding one, and add the number 4 to each, we get 4, 7, 10, 16, 28, 52, 100, 196. These figures very nearly represent the proportional distances of the planets—for example, Mercury, 3.9; Venus, 7.2; Earth, 10; Mars, 15.2; asteroids, about 28; Jupiter, 52.9; Saturn, 95.4; Uranus, 192.0. The mean distances of the various planets from the sun, in millions of miles, are: Mercury, 35.9; Venus, 67.0; Earth, 92.7; Mars, 141.0; Jupiter, 482.0; Saturn, 884.0; Uranus, 1780.0; Neptune, 2780.0. Their period of revolution round the sun is of course in ratio with their distances, increasing as they recede. Mercury's year is eighty-eight of our days, that of Mars is six hundred and eighty-six, and Neptune's is sixty thousand. So, if there are human beings on Neptune, a Methuselah of nine hundred and sixty-nine years would be only six years old when he died; and the supposed span here, of seventy years, would be only half a year there.

This matter of the habitability of the other planets is a perennially interesting one. It imports living interest into the dreary waste of mathematical physics. We cannot yet be sure of anything in this department; but there is a good deal to be said, not unprofitably.

Dr A. R. Wallace, the great co-discoverer with Darwin of the effect of natural selection in producing differentiation of species, thought that our Earth was probably the only abode of beings of our kind. It may be so, but the balance of evidence seems on the other side. It is true that the larger planets, such as Jupiter and Saturn, are still probably too hot to admit of life as we know it, while the Moon is too cold and Mercury too small and too much exposed to extreme heat and cold; but in the cases of Venus and Mars the conditions are so very nearly like those of Earth that the supposition of some form of life is reasonable. Venus is too much wrapped in cloud, and is consequently too brilliant,

for any close observation of its surface. But Mars has very little water on it, and consequently can be continually examined; and at its nearest to us, when the Earth comes between it and the sun, as it did in 1909, and will do again in 1924, the distance is only 35,000,000 miles.

IS MARS INHABITED?

There is solid land, and perhaps seas, on Mars, and there is an atmosphere. There is snow on the polar regions, and there are green areas, which wax and wane with summer and winter, in the temperate and tropical zones. The force of gravity is less than on the Earth, but is comparable therewith. A pound weight here would weigh half a pound on Mars. Consequently a man of ordinary human strength would feel an extraordinary buoyancy on Mars. He would be able to jump twice as high and twice as far as he would here, and could go upstairs two steps at a time with the same exertion as is required for one step here. But of course, if there are living and intelligent beings on Mars, they will doubtless have evolved along lines parallel with the other conditions of the planet, and will differ in many ways from the inhabitants of the Earth. It is worth noting that as Mars is smaller, and has therefore reached a colder and more mature planetary existence than Earth, we are justified in supposing that its inhabitants, if there are any, will have reached a higher stage of progress than we have. They may have harnessed to their use forces of nature with which we are still unacquainted.

The chief evidence for the Martians' existence is the so-called canals. Astronomers are divided in their opinions respecting these markings; but the opinion seems to be gaining ground that they are at least artificial, not natural. At one time it was thought that the narrowest line that could be visible to us must be sixty miles wide, and this seemed to render artificial construction improbable. But it is now recognised that the streaks seen or photographed may be less than a mile wide, perhaps even only a quarter of a mile. The markings are so numerous and so geometrical that intelligence and design are strongly suggested; and the green patches which appear in their neighbourhood, in what seems normally a desert, are probably due to vegetation which is made possible by the great system of irrigation which the canals seem to indicate. If the water comes from the polar ice-caps, as seems likely, it must somehow be made to run uphill, for Mars bulges in the middle, like all the planets and many men. But the construction of extensive pumping-stations is probably not beyond the powers of the Martian engineers. The planet rotates in almost exactly the same time as Earth—namely, twenty-four hours and a half. It has, however, two moons, discovered in 1877, and so small as to be visible only through a powerful telescope. One of them revolves round its primary in the remarkably short period of seven hours and a

half. The result of this is that to an observer on Mars this moon will rise in the west and set in the east twice every night. The other moon, travelling more slowly than the rotation-speed of the primary (revolution in thirty hours), will seem to travel from east to west in the normal fashion. It is a curious fact that Swift, in *Gulliver's Travels*, makes his astronomers, in the flying island of Laputa, discover two satellites of Mars, one of them revolving in ten hours. The fact of there being two might seem a reasonable guess; but the revolution-time of ten hours, which turns out nearly correct, would have seemed wildly absurd before Professor Asaph Hall's discovery in 1877. There is no other instance in the Solar System of a satellite revolving faster than its primary rotates; and at first sight the fact seemed to conflict with the nebular hypothesis, according to which the smaller bodies of a system are flung off from the larger ones while fused or gaseous, and therefore ought not to be found travelling faster than the original body. The apparent anomaly is, however, now explained by the theory of tides. The friction of the tides, as they are dragged across a planet by a moon's attraction, tend slowly but surely to retard the planet's rotation. Our own day is accordingly lengthening. The moon's day has lengthened until it is as long as its revolution; that is, it always turns the same face to us. The same thing has happened with Mercury. So with Mars; its inner satellite, being only 4000 miles away, caused such great tidal friction that the planet's rotation was slackened until it was lower than the satellite's revolution speed.

Jupiter is the giant of our system. His

diameter is eleven times that of the Earth. He rotates very rapidly for his size, his day being only ten hours long. This speed has made him bulge more, equatorially, than the other planets, and his oblateness is visible with a very low-power telescope, as are also his four principal moons, which may be made out with a good field-glass. Little is known about Jupiter except that his density is low—about like that of the sun—and that his surface is cloudy or vaporous. At such a high temperature many substances will be vaporised which are liquid or solid here.

Saturn is a beautiful object, seen with a good telescope; but we know little about it. The rings are probably composed of innumerable small particles of the asteroid type, perhaps the débris of an exploded moon. The heavens must be a gorgeous sight from the surface of Saturn, for the planet has ten moons as well as the rings.

The Solar System's relative sizes and distances may be usefully impressed on the mind by the following: Think of a well-levell'd field with a globe in the middle, two feet in diameter. This represents the sun. Mercury is a grain of mustard-seed 82 feet away; Venus, a pea, 142 feet from the globe; Earth, also a pea, at 215 feet; Mars, a rather large pin's head, at 327 feet; the asteroida, small grains of sand, at 500 to 600 feet; Jupiter, a moderate-sized orange, at a quarter of a mile from the central sun-globe; Saturn, a small orange, at two-fifths of a mile; Uranus, a large cherry, at three-quarters of a mile; and Neptune, the same, at a mile and a quarter. The nearest fixed star would be about ten thousand miles away, on this scale; so we need not fear a collision just yet.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XIII.—'SIRS, I DO CALL THIS MAN WORTHY.'

NEXT day, I reflected that I had done nothing to forward the private business that had called me to Edinburgh, which was to see the lawyer who had charge of the affairs relating to my succession to Darehope. There were one or two legal formalities to settle, tedious but needful matters; and, as my lawyer had a name for honesty and brains, I had thoughts of telling him of the extraordinary house by the sea. A caddie conducted me to his office, up a stair in a narrow street. His clerk showed me in, and I discovered a tall, lean gentleman of ruddy cheek sitting among a sea of papers that had flowed over his desk and spilled on to the floor.

'Mr Peter Scott?' I said.

He ran a humoursome eye, brisk and blue, over me.

'I'm all that's for him,' said he; 'and you, sir?'

'Edmund Layton from Westmorland, come to see you on the business of the estate in Liddisdaill.'

He rose, tumbling more papers to the floor, shook hands most heartily, and after accommodating me with a chair, told me that I favoured my late mother, 'Miss Jean Elliot o' Darehope' that was. 'Yes, sir, ye favour her extraordinar'; and, if I may make bold to say it, I hope ye've fallen heir to her good sense as weel as her looks and the bonny place in Liddisdaill. No offence, ye ken!—no offence! She was a by-ordinar' woman!'

'She was an Elliot,' I said, not without pride.

'A Border Elliot. There's few like them. Ye remember (um—um—how does the stave clink again?) Oh ay!' He hummed a note or two, and broke suddenly into the first verse of

*Elliot's o' the Middle March,
Glave and spear and spur.*

It was a mediocre performance, in a voice somewhat the worse for wear, but he gave it with refreshing zest and enjoyment.

He stopped as suddenly as he had begun, and waved a hand at the litter of papers.

'This is no' a place for singin', and I am an auld fool,' quoth he with a little sigh. 'Indeed, Mr Layton, ye'll be thinkin' that I'm only a middlin' serious body; but, troth, gin a writer were to cast his mind in the moulds o' his clients the trade would be a sorry one. Most o' folk (at least in my experience) wait until trouble tirls at their door, and then come to us poor lawyers wi' lang faces, layin' the wyte o't on everybody but themself's! Ay, we get mony disagreeables in the practice o' the profession; but I am happy to say, sir, that my late partner and I have been the doers for Darehope for forty year, and I wish a' my clients gave me as little trouble. I am fameeliar with your affairs—fameeliar, sir.' He had a quaint habit of finishing up a remark by repeating a word or phrase he had used.

We talked of my affairs for some time, Mr Scott producing a bundle of papers from a deed-box, and regaling himself, if not his client, for nearly an hour with explanations about my little estate, all very accurate and business-like no doubt; about casualties and excambions and infetments; but the jargon was as Hebrew to me. Before he had finished my head was fairly reeling. In truth, my mind ran so much on the doings of the last night but one that I had difficulty in avoiding the appearance of ill-manners. I think Mr Scott must have observed this, for he broke off to say, 'Ye look weary, Mr Layton. No doubt ye had a lang journey from Westmorland. I should have considered that. The business of signin' your name and what not can keep till this evening, when I beg the honour of your company to supper. I'll take no denial—no denial, sir!'

I thanked him, and accepted his hospitable offer.

'It is a great pleasure to meet one o' your family—a great pleasure. By the way, ye didna mention where ye left your mails at.'

'I am at the "White Horse,"' I told him.

'A decent hostelry, no doubt,' said he, nodding his head in approval. 'I hear there's word o' the name being changed to the "White Rose." To let you understand, ye see the White Horse figures on the shield o' Hanover, and if the cat louns that side o' the—— But, preserve me, here I am meddlin' in politics!' and he gave me a look sidewise. 'And how is canny Westmorland like to gang this time? 'Twas a sorrowful business at the "Fifteen." Whig or no Whig, I could have spared many a man before the Earl—many a man, sir.'

Jacobite or Royalist, he could not have taken a straighter road to my heart, for my Lord Derwentwater's name, despite his politics, was ever to me a cherished one, and I told him so.

'Your politics are not red-hot, Mr Layton.'

'They are like yours, for King George. My

father took the field in the "Fifteen," and I have no mind to act otherwise, should His Majesty need my service.'

'Well enough said,' said the old gentleman. 'But a word to ye! Keep your own counsel! King George will see the end o' this business; and to my thinkin' there will be heads on the Scotch Yett at Carlisle afore many months gang by. But it will be the deil's ain business. There are fools on baith sides. As for me, I'm an auld writer peaceably inclined. I have titles here o' folk that are wearin' the White Cockade, though I wadna seek to deny that most o' my clients, like yourself, Mr Layton, are for Brunswick. So I sing small, as the sayin' goes, and gang my own gate. Do ye the same, until ye get across the Border again. Mind ye, the Pretender has a way with him—oh! a way with him!'

'Way or no way,' I said, 'it would be a strange day when a Layton forgot his rightful king.'

'Again, well enough said! But he that lives longest sees the maist ferlies, and I ken things that are queer enough to send a wheen folk to the Tolbooth.'

'I'm an honest man,' I began, a little loudly perhaps. He stopped me with a wave of his hand.

'I'm no' hard o' hearin',' he said, taking a pinch of snuff deliberately. 'Ye might as well raise your voice on the top of the Berwick Law as in my office. Honest here! honest there! I am just as honest as the world will allow an old writer body to be. But—here he cast off his quizzing smile, and laid a hand on my shoulder—'I'm an older man than you, and I've seen as honest men as you run against the horns o' circumstances. Tak' my advice. Keep your opinions to yoursel' till you cross the Border again, for the town is fairly hotchin' with spies and jacks-o'-both sides. I'm speakin' as a friend—as a friend, sir!'

I made haste to give him thanks for his advice, for indeed the old man was to my liking. He asked when I proposed to ride south.

'As for that, I have a day or two to spare.'

'Ay!' he said, smiling, after a pause, 'an' the guns o' the Castle and the Pretender's drums are ticklin' your ears, and you're thinkin' o' bidin'. Weel, weel, I dinna say that I blame ye. I was young mysel'—once.'

He led the way down the stairs. It was nearly high noon, a bright September sun flooding the streets. He was evidently well known and respected, judging by his reception and the degree of his acquaintances.

'A good mornin', gentlemen,' he waved to a passing group. 'That's the Lord Provost. I wadna niffer places wi' Archie Stewart. I doubt if the Pretender is greatly ta'en up wi' his judeicious delays. Still and on, Mr Stewart is a kind friend and a level-headed man; but when the smoke clears I wadna be surprised if the Advocate sees in him a handy scapegoat for ony blame for the capture o' the city.'

'When the smoke clears! Then you think the Stuart cause hopeless?'

'If I wore the White Cockade I would wish for some mair siller in the Prince's sporrán. No doubt, for the credit o' his cause, he keeps down cutpurses and such-like; but there are whispers already that Edinburgh will have to pay twa or three times through her auld nose for his veesit here, and that means gude kens how much clapped on to the assessments. I ken the toun and the Lowlands as well as Mr Secretary Broughton, and the very best way to get to their hearts is through their purses—the very best way, sir.'

This was true of most people, I thought. All I said was that I supposed the rebel army must live somehow.

'I see very little necessity for it, as the judge said to the man in the dock. No doubt, afore

the gowks in London waken up, Charles Edward may be owre the Border and levyin' what he can on the towns that arena garrisoned; but it fair overcomes me. It's a kittle business to be wantin' siller—a kittle business, sir!'

'France?' I ventured.

'France might have helped to keep England thrang baith here and in Flanders; but last May's work at Fontenoy has heartened her. I wadna lippen to her. To be sure, there's siller comin' now and again from France. Lord John Drummond is a French subject, very chief at the French Court, his hand eident against His Majesty and the Kirk and State. But I would count but little on France. There's the Tron chappin' twelve! I have a tryst that I have kept this thirty year every day except the Sabbath. Ye'll just come awa' wi' me.'

(Continued on page 196.)

RAILWAYS AND CANALS.

By T. GOOD.

THE cost of the carriage of goods is a subject claiming, and rightly claiming, special attention. A Royal Commission was recently inquiring into some aspects of the railway problem. Traders are protesting against recent advances of railway rates, and current discontent is bringing railway nationalisation within the range of practical politics. A big agitation is also being carried on in favour of the nationalisation and resuscitation of our canals. In these circumstances no apology need be offered for calling attention to one or two aspects of inland transit that are apt to be overlooked. Indeed, a great deal of misconception exists in the public mind regarding railways and canals, and it is of prime importance that this should be cleared up before the State, or any party in the State, is committed to any new policy. Without a doubt, something might be done to improve our railway service and our canal system; but before anything is attempted by the State—certainly before any vast expenditure is incurred—the special features of inland transit in this country should be clearly understood. Comparisons are constantly drawn between the apparently low railway and canal rates of continental Europe and the apparently high rates in this country, and it is assumed and argued that with State ownership we could have rates as low as those on the Continent; but this is a serious mistake.

With regard to the canals, it may be observed that the natural conditions in this country are such that we cannot possibly have the cheap and speedy water transit of Continental countries. Generally speaking, it may be said that the industrial centres on the Continent served by inland waterways are comparatively flat, whereas industrial Britain is very hilly. It follows from

this that canal construction is cheap on the Continent, but costly in Britain. This may best be illustrated by a simple statement of fact. In France they have seven thousand and six miles of navigable inland waterways, of which no less than four thousand three hundred and ninety-two miles are natural river; in Germany, out of a total of seven thousand and thirty-eight miles, five thousand eight hundred and fifteen miles are natural; in Great Britain, out of four thousand and seventy-five miles, only one thousand four hundred and eighty-two are natural. If our waterways were widened and deepened to accommodate large barges such as they have in France and Germany, then it is safe to say that at least five miles out of every six would have to be artificial; whereas, taking the Continent generally, less than two miles out of six are artificial.

The canals of the Continent, about which we hear so much, owe their success, if not their very existence, to large and deep rivers flowing through extensive tracts of level country. The inland waterways of Germany, France, Belgium, Austria, &c. have been at least half-made by nature. The rivers in those countries lend themselves naturally to canalisation; but in Britain the rivers are narrow and shallow, have many weirs, and are in very few cases suitable for economical canalisation. Thus it follows that our canal construction must be abnormally costly.

There is also the question of locks. It is quite common on the Continent for barges to go from ten to twenty miles without a lock to interrupt them, the land is so level. In this country we have a lock for every one and a half miles of navigation. In the two hundred and thirty miles that separate Berlin from Hamburg by

canal there are only three locks. On one of our canal routes between London and Liverpool, two hundred and sixty-seven miles, there are two hundred and eighty-two locks. Of course these are extreme cases; but, on a rough average, we have five times as many locks as they have on the Continent, distance for distance. Our lack of level country, our lack of suitable rivers, the abnormal number of locks we have, and must have, in any canal system we may devise, the great number of tunnels, the delays at the locks, the expense of pumping up to the top levels again the water that comes down through the locks, and of maintaining the locks, combine to make economical canalisation on any large general scale practically out of the question in Britain; though, of course, improvements are possible in the case of some of our existing canals. The point here, however, is that those who believe that what canals do for the commerce of Germany, France, and Belgium, canals could do for England, Scotland, and Wales, are hugging a delusion.

Similarly with the railway branch of transit, or the cost of carriage, it is very easy to draw striking comparisons between British and foreign ton-mile rates, usually showing our charges to be from 50 to 150 per cent. higher than those of our rivals, to contend that British traders are thus handicapped, and to argue that with State-owned railways we could have rates as low as those of other countries; but the people who think and talk in this strain ignore three or four cardinal points. They forget that railway construction has been extremely costly in this country; they forget the geographical features of the country; they forget the density of the population, and what it involves; and they forget our short haulage distances—the supreme point in the problem.

To begin with, we were the railway pioneers. We had all engineering problems to solve for

ourselves, and often at great cost. Our rivals, who started to make railways much later, had the benefit of our experience. We had to build with costly materials, with primitive appliances, and with unskilled labour. Our rivals were far better circumstanced when they began to build. Again, in our thickly populated country we had to pay dearly for land, we had to bridge or tunnel big towns, and make fine stations in the centres of cities. Railways in other countries have had cheap land, and have in many ways been encouraged and aided. And, again, while our railways have been put to enormous expense in promoting Bills in Parliament, and in overcoming the opposition of local authorities and property-owners, foreign railways have been welcomed. Thus the fact that the capital cost of our railways has been far greater than that of others is not to be wondered at; and, naturally, the necessary interest on the railway capital has to be paid by the traders and travellers who use the railways.

Then there is the question of distance. Relatively to population and traffic combined, Britain is the smallest country in the world. With exceptionally short haulage distances we are bound to have exceptionally high rates. A goods-wagon sent ten or twenty miles in this country has to be loaded and unloaded the same as one sent fifty or one hundred miles on the Continent, or five hundred or even one thousand miles in America. It has been calculated that in the group of iron trades, for example, the average hauls for raw materials and finished goods, mines to furnaces, and works to ports, are less than thirty miles in Britain, against one hundred and fifty in Germany, and between four and five hundred in America. Obviously, we cannot have our ton-mile rates low; obviously, also, if our rates are high our miles are few. Such, briefly, are some of the facts and factors in the general cost of carriage.

THE HAUNTED VILLA OF CHENNEROI.

By M. F. HUTCHINSON.

There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us;

Then turn thee and call on the chief of thy choice!

BYRON—*Napoleon's Farewell.*

COLONEL HERRIES, of the Royal Field Artillery, sat down on the edge of the bed with a sigh of satisfaction. Then he smiled suddenly as he thought of the struggles of some of his beloved gunners until they had succeeded in understanding a French cooking-stove and the array of burnished pans placed on it before a sufficient supply of hot water could be obtained. Those brightly burnished pans had been recklessly handled. They and everything in the little villa spoke of an excellent and careful housewife; the bedroom was full of what Colonel

Herries described as flummeries. He had tried to remove the curtains at the windows gently and carefully, but the elaboration of the fastenings made him impatient. They stood wide open now, and unsecured hangings flapped in the wind. Yes, a woman's room!

What had become of the owner of the little house? It stood intact, and showed no sign of the vigorous bombardment, though two yawning pits in the garden spoke of the fall of shells.

First, the violence of the German fire had made it necessary for French troops to retreat from Chenneroi; but that day had seen it gloriously retaken, and the German line pushed far back by relentless fire and vigorous pursuit.

The brigade of artillery commanded by Colonel Herries, after a particularly splendid effort, was ordered to remain in the place for a brief rest.

The colonel looked a little wrathfully at the feeble light of the candle; he had a poor opinion of the candles and matches of the French. He wanted to read again a little packet of letters from home; but since he knew them by heart, he could say them over and over until, to the sound of the measured footsteps of the sentry posted outside, he slept.

It was the memory of tender sentences which made him think regretfully of the owner of the dainty little villa. He hoped she was in safe shelter somewhere, and that none of her possessions would be seriously injured by those who had taken possession of the place. He must see to it that his men, great at polishing, left the pans as brightly burnished as they had found them. How came it, he wondered, that the Germans had not used the house?

He was dog-tired, and yet sleep did not come at once. He was too comfortable, and this was the cause of his restlessness. He ought to get up and lie on the polished boards of the floor. A bed after three weeks in dug-outs and rough shelters!

Was it in his sleep that he heard a footstep and the faint sound of a woman's skirt? He was at home again, and his wife——

A footstep! He sat up erect, his hand feeling for the revolver under his pillow. That momentary exquisite sensation of home surroundings was followed by one of profound uneasiness. Where was he? He remembered perfectly he was in the front bedroom of the pleasant little villa, and outside paced the sentry. He had gone to bed in the dark, grumbling a little at the feeble light; but now the room seemed brilliantly illuminated, as if, after all, his resourceful gunners had fought a battle with the electric light, and conquered!

Close to the open window was a figure—a woman's figure. The real owner of the house? Apologies rushed to his lips. She must not be afraid, this unknown woman; neither she nor her house would be injured by those who had taken forcible possession—*à cause de la guerre*. He was actually pleased with the remembrance of that French phrase.

His fingers no longer clasped the revolver, but it seemed impossible to speak the words on his lips. That figure dominated everything, the silent figure of a woman holding a book, quite a small book, in clasped hands. He wished he could see her face distinctly.

Why, it was a dream!—he was sitting up in bed, staring straight before him into the darkness—just a dream, the result of tremendous exertion and constant strain. He could not lie down again. He found the matches, and then with a sulphurous smell a flame fizzled up, and he

lit the candle. What a fool he was to go in for an attack of sheer jumps! The loose curtains and muslin draperies at the window, moving in the night air, had made him think he saw the figure of a woman, a woman holding a book.

When the candle burned steadily he held it up and saw close to the bed a little table on which lay three books. He stretched out a strong hand and picked them up. One was exactly like the book held by that figure. No, of course not; it was not an actual figure, just a trick of the imagination.

He opened the book, and found pages yellow with age and worn by time, but no written words. At one side there was evidently a pocket. He found it, and in it papers, one an ardent love-letter, unsigned, written in French in a large flowing hand.

Where had he seen that writing? There was an odd appearance of familiarity about it. Wasn't it rather a shame to look at these things, old though they were? Something seemed to compel his fingers to unfold the second paper—a map—a map of the northern frontier of France and the whole of Belgium. Down one side names were written, the names of Generals familiar to all soldiers because of their share in the Napoleonic wars, and inscribed in that oddly familiar writing.

He held the map closer to the candle, and saw a cipher in one corner; the map had been used and carried by the great Napoleon himself. What a find! Even as the words were on his lips he corrected himself. Of course the map was not his; it belonged to the owner of the house.

Here and there were marks made in blue ink. He bent over the map, studying it more and more closely.

Once more a strange sense of unreality seized him, and for a moment the paper shook because the fingers holding it trembled.

As he gazed small red circles or blotches appeared on the map. He bit his lips and held his breath—the position of the Allies as it was at the moment! From these faint circles of red went arrows converging upon a definite point. They had not been there when he first looked at the map.

Drops of sweat stood out on his forehead, and impatiently he rubbed them away with his left hand.

After close study he folded up the map and put it back in the pocket of the little leather book. For ten minutes by his watch—its soft ticking seemed to fill the room—he left the map where it was. Again he took it out, opened it, and saw no trace of so much as a red line, though he held it close to the candle. Then the same thing happened: the red blotches appeared, and the converging arrows.

The relief sentries were being posted; he distinctly heard the familiar sounds, and with

a swift movement sprang out of bed, and took candle and map with him into an adjoining room.

'Marshall, it is a cruel shame to wake you!'

'Wake me? I can't sleep; I'm too comfortable. What's up?'

Herries sat down and recounted his weird experience. 'Now, look here, take the map and have a good look at it. There isn't a doubt as to whom it belonged to. Just look at it, and tell me what you see.'

Major Marshall, wide awake and alert, did as he was asked. 'My word, it's a find—precious loot, Herries!' He read out the names of four Generals, and commented on the blue marks.

'I see nothing else. Hold hard a minute, though! It must be the reflection of the candle-flame. No, it's not that. Red marks, circles—a whole lot of them! I say, this is queer! It is our front—the whole allied front—Herries!'

'Do you see any other marks?'

'No. By Jove, yes!—arrows, red arrows, all pointing in the same direction. What in the name of wonder does it mean?'

'What do you think yourself?'

'What do I think? What do I think? It is madness; but those lines of Byron's are just rattling in my head. He makes Napoleon promise to return just when his help is needed most. It looks as if he were pointing the way. Are we mad, Herries, you and I?'

'We must look at it in broad daylight. We must try to sleep, Marshall; we both need it badly enough.'

'Sleep? A manifestation like this to come to a couple of Englishmen! Napoleon hated us. I say, Herries'—

'Let us wait for daylight.'

Herries took the pocket-book, put it under his pillow, and with his head on it slept profoundly, to wake in the gray light of early dawn. He would not allow himself to look at the map until the actual light of day was strong enough.

Chenneroi echoed and re-echoed to military sounds. A regiment of French infantry and a brigade of cavalry clattered in from the south, and a fine battery of artillery unlimbered in the Place. After all, Chenneroi had inhabitants who had braved the terrors of the war, and looked on.

A priest, busying himself over hot food for these soldier-children, answered questions Colonel Herries put to him about the little house, unscathed by shell-fire, which stood at the foot of the hill on a road leading to the ruins of the ancient Hôtel de Ville. There was the new Chenneroi and the old, it appeared.

'The owner of the house, Monsieur le Colonel, was a true *grande dame*. Her history! Must we speak of these things? Her mother was very beautiful, *ravissante*; and it was understood that she was a friend—perhaps too great a friend—

of one who possessed all and lost all save his sovereignty over some faithful hearts. She lived to a great age. Her daughter—as beautiful as her mother, and as solitary—died, monsieur, when the Germans took possession of Chenneroi. She was old, monsieur, very old and feeble, and her heart failed; the excitement was too much for one so aged. I buried her at night, because of the shell-fire; but the guns roared all that night. And so you slept there, monsieur? Well, madame would not harm you; are you not fighting for our country?'

As he talked the priest never ceased to cut huge slices of bread, and the English officer helped him.

'When you have more time, Father, I have something to tell you.'

'God be with you, my son!'

Colonel Herries raised his hand in salute. How the English have learned to admire these French priests!

Then, standing in the full sunlight, Major Marshall by his side, he opened the map, and saw it just as it had at first appeared. Would they see the red lines and circles again? They watched almost breathlessly, quite unnoticed by those who hastened by. Maps were in the hands of all officers. Two brave Englishmen consulted together.

Again they saw the red circles and arrows. Marshall pointed with a trembling finger. 'We smash their line of communications here; we surround them there! Herries, you can't keep this to yourself?'

'No,' was the serious answer, 'we certainly must not.'

Officer after officer studied the map, and each in turn, ignorant of any one else's experiences, saw the wonderful appearance of those red lines and arrows.

The Headquarters Staff, at this moment in the titanic conflict, had two alternative plans, and the one most favoured by the experts coincided exactly with the suggestions on a map one hundred years old.

That afternoon two English officers cut all the flowers still blooming, because of the sunny autumn weather, in the garden of the villa, deeply ploughed though it had been by shells. They carried them to the grave pointed out by the priest, and piled them high upon it. They knelt there, simple gallant soldiers, while prayers for the dead were tenderly read.

They spent another night in the little villa, and there the chivalrous Englishman, having debated the question much with himself, burnt that ardent love-letter intended only for a woman's eyes. He found himself wondering why the daughter had never done so. Then he fell asleep with a feeling of deep peace, and left Chenneroi the next morning, confident of victory—victory for the allied forces.

THE SINGAPORE RABIES EPIDEMIC OF 1884.

MANY strange things have happened in the island of Singapore, best known as the telegraphic centre of the Far East. This is a description of one of the worst scares Singapore city has known during recent years. Mr William T. Batten, who told the story, was for many years stationed on the island; and the incidents here described are still fresh in his memory. Doubtless these will be recalled by many readers who were in Singapore at the time. For obvious reasons, the identity of the people concerned has been withheld; though their names have been made known to the Editor. Otherwise the narrative is accurate in every detail.

The pariah dog of the Far Eastern city is usually a rough-haired, mangy-looking creature, nearly as large as a sheep-dog. He is a mongrel; in fact, he is the most mongrel mixture of all mongrels, and in the United States would be described as a 'yaller dog.' In all cities where these dogs exist it frequently becomes necessary to destroy some of them; otherwise they would multiply very fast and become a great nuisance. Until the year 1884 the method adopted to reduce the number of dogs in Singapore city was somewhat barbaric. The task was allotted to the municipal dog-killers, low-caste Madrasses, and the days on which the killing was to take place were advertised some time before in the local Press. Thus the owners of dogs received proper warning, and were able to take precautions that their canine pets were not running loose about the streets.

Dog-killing days usually occurred in the first week of each quarter, when the municipal dog-killers were to be seen sallying forth, usually three men working together. Two of them carried heavy clubs, about five feet in length and four inches in diameter at the thick end, and the third man attended a bullock-cart which they took with them on their round.

As soon as a pariah was seen, one of the men armed with a club would creep up behind it, and, taking the poor brute unawares, endeavour to despatch it by one blow. The Madrasses, however, evidently found it easier and more certain first to cripple the dog by dealing it a blow across the spine, and then to despatch it by a second or by several blows on the head. This was the usual way they went to work.

The rabies epidemic broke out in the year 1884, and after that a different method of procedure was adopted. In place of the club, the municipal dog-killers were equipped with long-shafted tongs so fashioned that they would grip and hold a dog by the neck or by any other part of his anatomy more convenient, and

a large cage on wheels was substituted for the bullock-cart. When one of the men succeeded in seizing a dog a companion at once came to his assistance, and between them they hoisted the captured pariah into the cage. It was no uncommon sight to see this cage passing through the streets half-full of dogs, the animals lying down or standing quietly, as though they knew what was about to happen to them. The dogs were kept for twenty-four hours, so that owners of missing animals might claim them. Thereafter the animals were taken out of the cage and shot one by one. Later it occurred to some one in authority that a much better way of finishing off the brutes would be by backing the cage and its contents down a slope into the river, and for years afterwards this plan was in operation. From this it will be seen that the dog-problem in Singapore city always received the close attention of the authorities.

Early in the year 1884 the steamship *Coblentz* put in at Singapore harbour with a large consignment of dogs, which her master, Captain Schmidt, had brought out from England. It was duly advertised in the *Singapore Free Press* that these dogs were to be sold by Messrs Curtis & Company on a certain date at their 'godowns' in Commercial Square. In every clubroom the possibilities of the sale were discussed, and on the appointed day many of the young men of the city who were interested in dogs and sport put in an appearance at the auctioneers' salerooms. The dogs, mainly fox terriers, proved to be as fine a lot as one would see anywhere outside a show-ring, and were sold at very good prices, some to the officers of regiments then quartered at Singapore, others to civilians living in the city or in the neighbourhood. Thus in two or three days the consignment was practically scattered all over the island.

Some weeks passed, and in the meantime the *Coblentz* completed her voyage to Hong-kong and Shanghai, passed Singapore on her return journey, and was well on the way home, when it became known that one of the dogs in the consignment had suddenly gone mad and bitten a horse and a cat. This report was quickly followed by others of a similar kind, till very soon it became manifest that most of the dogs that had formed the deck cargo of the *Coblentz* were infected with rabies.

Previous to this there had been no authentic cases of rabies originating on the island of Singapore, which seems to prove that tropical heat does not produce rabies, and there were very few cases on record of the disease having been imported. The state of affairs soon afterwards can well be imagined. The disease spread

rapidly, first making its appearance in dogs introduced by Captain Schmidt. Many of these had changed owners, and by coming in contact with other dogs had spread the rabies broadcast. Several natives were bitten either by their own dogs or by pariahs which were running amuck. Before very long dog-owners, though loath to destroy their canine pets, began to regard them with suspicion.

One of the first Englishmen bitten was a young officer, Captain Fulton, of the regiment then quartered at Fort Canning. Fulton was playing with a small fox terrier he had bought at the Commercial Square sale, when suddenly the dog turned, snapping at him savagely, and before he could realise the danger it had bitten him through the hand. The animal then ran out of the messroom to the barrack-yard, snapping to right and left as it went. There it was finally surrounded and killed by the soldiers of the garrison.

This was about the fourth case of rabies; and, fearing the consequences of the bite, Fulton at once placed himself under medical treatment. On his hearing subsequently that the scourge was increasing, the matter preyed upon his mind to such an extent that the regimental doctor attending him finally advised him to take a sea voyage. Fulton at once obtained leave, and took the next P. & O. mail-boat to Japan, where he spent several weeks.

On the day of his return several of his friends went down to the P. & O. wharf to meet the boat. Not seeing Fulton on deck, they made inquiries of the captain, and were told that the young officer was very ill. When, a few minutes later, they were allowed by the ship's doctor to enter Fulton's cabin, the sight that met their eyes was one not to be readily forgotten, as they were just in time to see the unfortunate man pass away in the agonising throes of hydrophobia. Fulton, who had been perfectly well during his visit to Japan, joined the boat at Yokohama, and it was only during the ten days' voyage down to Singapore that the dreaded disease had shown itself.

The news of this sad event was received at Singapore with deep regret. The young officer was well known and well liked, and the rabies epidemic was now almost the sole topic in club and messroom. Other cases of hydrophobia were reported. One day a dog ran down Kallang Road, biting a horse on the way, and entered the gasworks-yard at Rochore. Here it was surrounded by a mob of yelling house-boys, who finally got the brute into a corner, where one of them impaled it with a native spear taken from the dining-room wall of the manager's house. Incidents of this sort happened almost daily in various parts of the city and suburbs.

Dog-killing was now carried on with greater zeal than ever. In addition to the municipal

dog-killers, who only caught dogs within the city limits, the Government instituted a new department, and a number of men under a competent European were brought into service as dog-killers. These men, armed with shot-guns charged with buckshot, scoured the island outside the municipal limits, killing almost every dog they saw at large. Many of the Chinese squatters, who grew vegetables in the country districts for the Singapore market, kept large numbers of dogs; but within a week or two this number was considerably reduced.

In the city the dog-killers were at work daily. False alarms were by no means uncommon. Indeed, the cry, '*Anjing gela!*' ('Mad dog!') was often to be heard in the streets. So great was the vigilance of the authorities, however, that most of the dogs that became infected were killed before they had time to do harm.

The fact that within the month succeeding the death of Captain Fulton between three and four thousand dogs were destroyed gives some idea of the magnitude of the scourge. So far as is known, all the dogs that formed the *Coblentz* consignment were killed, whether they showed signs of rabies or not, owners willingly sacrificing them in order to stamp out the disease; while a very small proportion of the pariah dogs escaped the vigilance of the Government employes. Several deaths from hydrophobia occurred among the native and the Eurasian population.

Previously it had not been necessary to obtain a license (costing one dollar) to keep a dog; but this was now compulsory both within and beyond the municipal boundaries. Further, every dog had to be equipped with a collar bearing a small brass badge with the number of its license thereon. This bylaw helped greatly in clearing off the superfluous dogs, as the natives, rather than pay a dollar per dog, now began to kill off the pups.

By the end of June there were very few dogs left, and the disease appeared to be completely stamped out. All the remaining pariahs were destroyed during the one or two succeeding months, and for many years no further cases of rabies were reported.

In the meantime the whole truth regarding the consignment brought by Captain Schmidt became known. It appeared that Schmidt and his chief officer, while their ship was being refitted, had spent their leisure time in London going round to the various dogs' homes and buying up all the good-looking and saleable animals; and during the voyage the dogs were cared for by the chief officer, who was going shares with the captain in the speculation. All this was thoroughly legitimate; the illegitimate part of the proceedings began when, finding that they had rabies among the eighty odd dogs on board, Captain Schmidt and his partner

did not at once destroy the whole consignment, but decided to hush the matter up and sell out at the earliest opportunity.

Captain Schmidt never dared to show his face

in Singapore again; and about two years later he and his chief officer went down with their boat, which seemed to the people of Singapore to be an occurrence approaching poetic justice.

WAR BENEATH THE WAVES.

SUBMARINES.

By W. O. HORSNAILL, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E.

ALTHOUGH a limited number of submarines were used in the Russo-Japanese war and during the more recent fighting between Italy and Turkey, they were of a type which is now considered obsolete, and it is only within the last few months that the perfected modern submarine has been able to show its capabilities.

We shall know a great deal more about the effectiveness of these underwater craft before the end of the war, but up to the time of writing they have not done the execution expected of them. Before hostilities began some experts were of opinion that battleships would prove sufficiently vulnerable to the attacks of submarines to render them obsolete within a few years, and that all naval warfare would in future be conducted under the water or in the air. This view has not been justified up to the present; and when we consider that hundreds of our warships have been exposed for months to the attacks of hostile submarines with only a very small percentage of casualties, it would seem necessary vastly to improve submersible vessels before they can hold their own against fighting-ships on the surface.

It is, of course, exceedingly important that the details of our latest submarines should not become known to our enemies; hence every one engaged in the construction or handling of these craft is sworn to secrecy. Many interesting features are, however, common to nearly all submarines, and the description of them given below should enable the reader to form a good idea of the way they carry out their deadly work.

The submarine is much older than many people imagine, a vessel of this type having been successfully used during the American Civil War. In that instance the explosive charge was carried on a long spar in front of a wooden submarine propelled by hand-power, and the blowing up of a hostile vessel involved almost certain death to the heroic crew. The first really successful submarine was designed by Holland in America about forty years ago.

The difficulties to be overcome in building a vessel which can travel under water for several hours at a stretch are very considerable. It is, of course, easy enough to make a cigar-shaped hull which can be sunk by letting in water, and raised to the surface again by pumping it out. Neither is there any difficulty in propelling such a craft by an oil-engine on the surface and by

an electric motor when submerged. The main problems which early inventors had to contend with were keeping the vessel level when under water, providing a sufficient supply of fresh air, being able to see without coming to the surface, and preserving a constant depth.

Keeping a vessel level when submerged is no easy matter, and several of the early submarines were lost by going head-first to the bottom. In a boat on the surface, if a weight is moved from one place to another, the only effect is to make the boat float a little to one side or down at one end. Even one man moving from the bow to the stern of a large submarine at rest below the surface might make her stern go down until she floated vertically instead of horizontally. This feature is of the utmost importance, as unless it was counteracted the crew could not move about, and the firing of a heavy torpedo from one end would completely upset the balance. The difficulty has been overcome by automatic apparatus which transfers water quickly from one end to the other of a submarine when the balance is upset by movements of the crew or heavy articles such as torpedoes. No details of this apparatus are available; but in all probability it is controlled by either a pendulum or some form of spinning-top. For example, a heavy pendulum might have an electrical connection on each side of it, with just room between for it to hang clear without touching either when the vessel was exactly level. If the bow went down the pendulum would touch one of the connections and send an electric current through a small motor, making it run in a certain direction. Similarly, a sinking of the stern would bring the other connection up against the pendulum, thus causing the motor to run the opposite way. Now, suppose we have a tank half-full of water at each end of the submarine, with a pipe between the two. Our motor could be made to admit air at a high pressure to the bow or the stern tank according to which way it ran, and this air would force the water from one end to the other, thus keeping the vessel exactly horizontal. When *moving* under water a submarine can also be kept level by the horizontal rudders provided at the bow and stern.

In the earliest submarines the atmosphere was replenished by chemical means; but in all existing craft fresh air is carried in reservoirs at a very high pressure, whereby a large

volume occupies only a small space. This compressed air is allowed gradually to escape, while the foul air is pumped out at the top, and forms the train of bubbles given off by all submarines.

The periscope enables those inside a submarine to obtain a view all round at the surface when the vessel is completely submerged. This instrument consists of a tube about six inches in diameter which stands up some twelve to fifteen feet above the conning-tower. At the top is a lens and a prism which project the view down the tube to the observer below. Every new submarine is fitted with at least two periscopes, having field-glasses at the bottom to magnify the view. The lens at the top gives a view over a wide angle, and can be revolved to point in any direction.

So long as the periscopes are out of the water a submarine can be safely navigated by sight; but in warfare it is often necessary to submerge them when approaching an enemy's fleet. In such cases the submarine is steered by compass for direction, while another instrument shows the distance run; hence it is quite easy to come up at any predetermined position. In the meantime, however, vessels in sight before the submarine dived may have altered their positions, and other vessels may have arrived; therefore, when she is coming to the surface there is always the possibility of a collision. In fact, this form of disaster has actually taken place. If not already done, there is little doubt that some instrument will be devised to indicate, inside a submarine, the near presence of other vessels when her periscopes are submerged.

As regards keeping at a constant depth, this is done by the horizontal rudders already referred to, in conjunction with a gauge which shows the number of feet below the surface.

Until the advent of the gyroscopic compass, steering offered some difficulty, as the magnetic compass was seriously affected by the powerful electrical machinery for propelling the submarine under water. The gyroscopic compass is based on the tendency of a spinning wheel to place its axis in line with that of the earth, and therefore to point to the true north. This instrument is not affected by either electricity or masses of iron, and it is now almost exclusively used in warships of all descriptions.

British submarines are propelled by Diesel engines which are worked by the cheap residue oils left after distilling off the petrol, paraffin, and other lighter products from crude petroleum. Many French submarines are fitted with steam-turbines. In either case these methods of propulsion are only used on the surface, as under water it would be difficult to get rid of the exhaust gases from the oil-engines or from the liquid-fuel burners under the boilers. Hence electric motors are used for driving the propellers when submerged. These motors are mounted on the shafts between the engines and the pro-

pellers, and they are supplied with electricity from large storage-batteries arranged under the floors. Before taking electric current out of a battery, however, it must first be put in, and this is done on the surface by the motors themselves, which are made to generate electricity whilst being run by the engines. All modern submarines have twin screws driven by separate engines or motors, and there are clutches to uncouple the engines from the motors when running under water. This description of the propelling machinery may seem complex, but really the engines, electric motors, and storage-battery form a combination of common appliances which have long since proved their reliability.

In addition to keeping up the supply of fresh air in a submarine when under water, and adjusting the balance, compressed air is used for starting the oil-engines and firing the torpedoes, air-reservoirs being placed in various positions for these purposes. Two air-compressors, usually driven by electric motors, are installed for charging the reservoirs.

In the larger submarines two torpedo-tubes are fixed at each end, and four spare torpedoes are carried, making eight altogether with those ready in the tubes. This number is by no means excessive, as, owing to the difficulty of aiming a submarine for firing, many torpedoes miss their mark.

Electricity is used for working the pumps and rudders, for lighting, and for cooking and heating, as stoves would, of course, vitiate the atmosphere when the submarine was submerged. It may be remarked here that it is no longer necessary to carry white mice to give warning by their behaviour when the air is becoming dangerously charged with petrol-vapour, as petrol-motors are no longer used.

A submarine has a cigar-shaped circular body, with a raised portion along the top which forms a platform. In the middle of this platform is an armoured conning-tower, with observation windows in it. The top of the conning-tower is fitted with a steering-wheel, and forms the control position for cruising on the surface when the vessel is not under fire. The crew enter or leave through a watertight door on the top of the conning-tower, and as an additional safeguard there is a second watertight door into the body of the vessel.

The size of submarines is continually increasing, and the larger ones now in service measure nearly one hundred and eighty feet in length by about twenty-three feet in diameter, while the weight is over eight hundred tons. These are roughly the dimensions of the British E Class, and they have engines of one thousand seven hundred horse-power, which gives them a speed of sixteen knots, or eighteen and a half miles an hour, on the surface. The electric motors develop about six hundred horse-power, and drive the vessel at about eleven knots when submerged; while the battery holds enough current to propel the sub-

marine under water for seventy miles. On the surface a submarine of this class is capable of cruising for four thousand miles without putting into port for a fresh supply of oil.

Submarines can dive safely to a depth of a hundred feet; but unless it is necessary to avoid mines near the surface, they usually proceed under water either with the periscopes exposed or only a few feet submerged. Under the latter condition the E Class cannot be safely manoeuvred in less than fifty feet of water.

When making long cruises a submarine runs on the surface whenever there are no hostile warships in sight, and at night, when she cannot be seen, as surface cruising uses up less oil for the distance traversed, and a higher speed can be maintained than when running submerged.

When the submarine is making a voyage on the surface the ballast-tanks are empty and part of the circular hull is above the water. In this 'light' condition, as it is called, the vessel is steered and controlled from the top of the conning-tower, and in fine weather the crew can walk about on the platform. With hostile craft in sight water is pumped into the tanks and the hull sinks until the platform is level with the sea. Under this 'awash' condition the officer in charge manoeuvres the ship from inside the conning-tower, and the submarine is ready to dive at any moment by simply turning the horizontal rudders downwards. The vessel is kept at any desired depth below the surface by the rudders, or brought up again by the same means. It will be noted that water is *pumped* into the ballast-tanks and not merely *let in* from the sea when the ship is sinking to the 'awash' condition. This plan compresses the air in the tanks, which is thus left ready to blow the water out again for rising to the 'light' condition. Of course, to keep submerged without moving, more water must be pumped in, but only a small quantity, as a very little extra weight will sink a submarine when 'awash.'

The tendency is at present toward the building of larger and more powerful submarines, the latest French examples being approximately two hundred and fifty feet in length, with engines of nearly five thousand horse-power. Some of these vessels are probably now in service. The Germans also are building larger submarines, which are said to be two hundred and fifteen feet long, with four thousand horse-power. There is good reason to believe that recently launched British craft are fully equal in size and power to these French and German vessels, but great secrecy is preserved regarding their dimensions and capabilities. The speeds have also been increased to over twenty knots, or twenty-three miles an hour, on the surface.

Although the main function of a submarine is to fire torpedoes at hostile warships, twelve to twenty-four pounder disappearing guns have been installed in many of these craft. These

guns will probably increase in calibre with the size of the vessels, and it is reported that six-inch guns have already been fitted to a British submarine.

No warship of any description is now considered complete without a wireless installation, and the larger submarines are fitted with the necessary equipment for sending and receiving messages.

In the earlier and smaller submarines the accommodation for the crew offered little comfort, but at that time only short trips were attempted. The thirty or more men who form the crew of a large modern submarine have quarters in which they can sleep and eat comfortably for many days at a time.

Provision, in the form of air-traps and breathing-helmets, is now made for saving the crew of a submarine which has been sunk by collision. The air-traps are formed by vertical partitions at the sides near the conning-tower, and they act on the principle of a diving-bell. There is room on either side to accommodate the whole of the crew, with their heads well clear of the water. This arrangement gives time for each man to put on a species of diving-helmet and watertight jacket in which chemicals are provided for purifying the breath. A man can live under water in one of these escape helmets for nearly two hours, which gives him ample time to get out of the submarine and float to the surface. On coming up he can blow out part of the jacket, and thus obtain enough buoyancy to open the glass sight-door in front of the helmet, when he is able to breathe fresh air and to keep afloat until rescued.

The submarine has fully demonstrated its value both for attacking hostile craft and for making observations off an enemy's coast; hence these vessels are likely in future to form a permanent feature of all navies. To what extent the size will be increased it is not easy to foretell; but obviously, unless their shape is modified, the use of very large submarines would be limited, owing to the great depth of water needed for complete submergence.

A SONG.

THE Spirit of the Mountain,
He hath spoken unto me
When the mist is on the water
Of the loch beside the sea.
I have lain within the shelter
Of a little hazel-tree,
I have heard him talking slowly
To the Spirit of the Sea.

I have seen a figure moving
Through the mist upon the lake,
When the winter day was breaking
And the birds were scarce awake.
'Twas the great soul of my father,
I have heard him pray for me
To the Mighty of the Mountain
And the Spirit of the Sea.

ALLAN G. BEE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

ONE day of late, when I was among the books of an old home in the North, a new obligation was suggested, as happens continually to all who stay to think and wonder in such times of trembling circumstance. There are new hindrances to life and contentment, new necessities to conscience, duties to self, to people, and to country. Those who fearfully suggested that when the war is over life would not be the same again were a trifle timid in their prophecy, too distant in their period of change, for life is already different. The sunny summer of yester-year seems so soon to have belonged to halcyon days of a past so far remote and nearly incomprehensible to those in this desperate struggle for light and life, that it might have had the kind ladies and knights of romance or the sprites of fairyland for actors in it. But better times than these will come for the conscience and the spirit. On a shelf was a large and well-remembered book, a paternal possession of the mid-Victorian times, one odd volume of *Chambers's Journal*, which happened to be the first thing of its kind I ever read; and now one turned over its pages again for the good memories that they stirred. There are no such remembrances of the spirit and freshness of earliest youth as the first books one read for recreation. Hardly another story has created in my mind such a real, living, and lasting atmosphere as one in this old volume, a romance of the backwoods of America, with a sweet Cora for heroine, great adventures, Red Indians, repulsive Mormons, strife, and suffering, and happiness. But, apart from the story, and in no obtrusive or even intentional way, such old volumes of periodicals as these necessarily convey a fine impression of the thoughts and feelings and even appearances of the times in which they were printed. It is inevitable, and that is the historical value of the journal and the magazine. So, in many ways, the sentiments and the aspirations of those happy mid-Victorians may often be gathered from these leaves far better than from any other medium meant to be more direct in teaching. They create the atmosphere, make you feel, present the under-surface to your inspection, and you nearly understand. There is no better night's entertainment now than to look through such pages and those of

the old illustrated London weeklies of round about fifty years ago, see how they regarded their battles then, how they celebrated their peace, what was the spirit of the Empire just as it was rising to its supreme greatness. Some day, far ahead, the people who follow us, enjoying—let us believe—the most perfect peace and happiness, and still most fervently prosecuting those ideals for the preservation of which Britain and her friends are bleeding now, will look back and most surely inquire and wonder about the thoughts and feelings of their ancestors—ourselves—who paid the price of freedom as it had never been paid before. There will be mountains and mountains of newspapers and periodicals for them to look upon and read; but few of them, with their soldiers' letters and their official reports and their observations of governmental eye-witnesses, will tell anything to posterity of the real story and the *feeling* of this tremendous period. All the histories which are being written now and which will be written afterwards will likewise fail. It is all too great, and it is one of the minor tragedies of this cataclysm that those who follow in the world long after can never really understand. How shall they when even now we ourselves only just begin to see and feel? Now London, for example, may look less concerned than any other of the capitals of the Allies, but in reality it is the most concerned. On London, meaning the heart of the British Empire, depends the result of this war as it depends on neither Paris, Petrograd, Brussels, nor any other chief city. But to the eyes of the casual stranger London is hardly different in daylight now from what it is in times of peace. It is perhaps a little more serious; there is less display of self-indulgence in any form, no gaiety or mirth. At night it is sombre, gloomy on the whole; but bright spots may still be found. In details London is much changed even on the surface; but it matters little. In thought and disposition, and in mode of feeling, it is changed very much indeed; and what has happened in the war-days in these respects will, one imagines, have some permanent effect on the life of the town. To make a revolutionary change in the manner of life of London within the space of a very few months is a marvellous, an almost

unbelievable thing. Perhaps nothing less overwhelming than a war of the world could have done it, and it is one of the most wonderful results of this war that, for the chief example, London has discovered that it has a hearth, a fireside. It begins to seem that those words which were the burden of the song of the royalists in the French Revolution—you will recall them: '*Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?*'—might almost be adopted for the new motto of the restless metropolitan as he was. This change is remarkable; and yet, though we feel the effects of it every minute of our lives in town, and may always do so, it is not being described in either letters or pictures for the benefit of posterity. Perhaps it will be overlooked. The crowds, the meetings, the recruitings, the marchings of the soldiers, the arrival of the wounded, the eventual rejoicings—such will all be well treated and recorded; but, after all, these are ephemeral matters. They are mere acts which fade away as thoughts and feelings are taking permanent root, yet in their way they are interesting. Thinking of that old volume on the shelf, I should like to state a few impressions of the capital at the time of the greatest upheaval that the world has known. With, as I have said, no great and very obvious changes on the surface that a stranger might discover at once, they need sometimes to be searched for. London has done its best to live on as usual, and has done it well. There is no commotion, no apparent distress, hardly any sense of shock. It might have been better had there been a little more.

* * *

Yet the Londoner turned his head one day when there strode slowly and deliberately down the south side of the Strand the strange but engrossing figure of a man who had something of the look about him of a human empire. He came out from one of the big hotels with that manner of right and self-possession that only the colonial can master to perfection. Big and burly, he had a round, red, clean-shaven face. He wore corduroy breeches, with shining leggings and the most glittering spurs. He had a black shirt, and a kind of knotted scarf about his neck, and on his head was a wide soft hat. He wore neither vest nor jacket—or tunic, as one should say; but this strong colonial study in amber and black walked out into the Strand and up and down the Strand, and through the noble Square, and along, with his hands in his breeches-pockets at the front, thumbs out, thinking much, glancing here and there, and caring for—quite respectfully—nothing and nobody. This sight came before me in the last days of October or the beginning of November, and I think that splendid fellow, such a man of head and heart and limb, was the first colonial soldier that I saw in the Motherland. He had

come up from the middle of some far somewhere, one of those lusty pioneers at the outposts of the Empire; and one could not only admire him and his like, but bless them for their magnificent sturdy independence. We are less conventional in London than we used to be. The frock-coats have gone; silk hats are fewer; there is less regard always for what is quite exact and 'proper'; but this jacketless, black-shirted colonial soldier, pacing down the Strand at the beginning of the winter, was a most unfamiliar sight. It told us that they were coming, and had come, the men from the far corners who had been doing their own work quietly all the time, and seeming not to bother. Really now they had come; they had arrived. They walked down the Strand with their jackets off, and they were ready. That was the first real impression one gained of a change coming over the surface of London. Next day again I saw a cavalryman riding at a trot along the Strand. Truly it were better that a cavalryman should ride on his horse than take a taxicab, and there was no reason why he should not trot down the Strand and up Ludgate Hill and along Cheapside if he wished to reach the big railway station at Liverpool Street; but this again was a most unusual thing, and we turned our heads to look at it. Except he were a mounted policeman, it has been as common for any man in any capacity to go a-riding horseback down the Strand as for a huntsman in scarlet coat to gallop along there screaming 'Tally-ho!' but not more so. Now we become accustomed to these things and their like. We paid no heed yesterday when we saw an armoured motor-car, a strange drab thing, boxed up, with no driver visible, but the long, intimidating snout of a gun poking out from its forward parts, tearing down the Mall at the top of its speed as if it would shoot at Buckingham Palace before the end of the world should come.

* * *

These, indeed, are small details, and thousands and thousands of them only make up that little change which is apparent on the surface of the town. When before—and in the winter, too—did the military bands play every day in our great Trafalgar Square? Young men in London can still remember when we and the French did not love each other, and, for our part, we were not much pleased on hearing two people speaking French as they passed us by; yet now there are many important parts of London, inside and outside, where as much of it is heard as English, and there are restaurants in the most public places where it is the more extensive. The ordinary Londoner, the worst linguist in any capital in the world, is beginning to pick up a few phrases of French, and thinks he may acquire some more. In the streets they are selling *Le Cri de Londres*, *L'Indépendance Belge*, and other newspapers

with foreign titles; we see evidences of France and Belgium everywhere, and only one evidence still remaining of false Germany—a direction in three languages at the entrance to Charing Cross Station. These French and Belgians for the most part seem happy people; the Belgians, at any rate, though they have lost so much, have achieved a great deliverance and a comfortable sanctuary. There have been sorrow and sadness in London since the war began—so much of it; but for the most part the suffering has been hidden from the public view. If we have seen the wounded come in at Waterloo Station, they have—O you rare beggars of British soldiers!—usually been laughing and smoking cigarettes. But a little while since there were the most poignant scenes to be witnessed at Charing Cross and Victoria when the Continental trains arrived and brought with them every afternoon and night great loads of these miserable Belgian refugees. Once or twice, from the window of a restaurant overlooking the platforms of Victoria Station, I watched them come at night, and ask now to be spared from any more sorrowful sight, anything more intensely, sadly pathetic, than that of the little Belgian children clinging to mothers who bore in their arms bundles of oddments wrapped in cotton sheets—all that was left of the Belgian home! And the little ones smiled and did not understand. Motherhood and childhood, and the home that is lost—that is the world; but there is something of heaven in it also, and all heaven in the sweet innocence of these smiling babes.

* * *

Soldiers, soldiers, soldiers everywhere! They are marching through the streets continually, with their bands playing, their pipers skirling, their faces smiling. But the soldiered streets seem almost to have become normal London; nor do big guns in places that were gunless attract attention now. The town wishes to be as normal as it can. At the beginning of the war the people talked excitedly for a while; and still they speak of nothing but the war, and daily ask each other the futile question, 'How long will it last—how long?' We have more nights of war-talk in this town than anywhere else in the world; only when we go into the country do we discover among the people the capacity for discussion of other things. Little wonder, then, that when the Londoner, after dinner and talk with a table of pessimists, goes home through darkened streets, passes the tower of St Stephen's (whose clock-face now is for the first time unlighted, whose Big Ben is utterly silent), and is sometimes nearly destroyed by black omnibuses that hurtle up from the darkness and vanish again—as torpedoes might pass in the night—I say we should not wonder if this Londoner sometimes dreams that there is a mine beneath his bolster and a Zeppelin over-

head. But he wakes well, and is a cheery soul. We did not like these darkened streets at first; and if, among the many reasons that have been given as to why the lights have been masked or extinguished everywhere, the true one is not to give an indication of the whereabouts of the greatest city to its flying enemy, we like them still less. When before was London afraid? Paris has not been afraid, nor even Berlin. And really London is not at all afraid. If it were a matter of that, its people would blaze away every unit of their electricity at night, and use fireworks for a finish. I beg of posterity that it will never believe that London was afraid. Yet, if we pass this sentiment, let it be said that some who have become accustomed to it, and whose nerves are unaffected, find some satisfaction and even beauty in this darkened London. As a lighted town it was at its artistic best in the past days of the yellow gas, or perhaps those others we did not know when lanthorns and candles made the illumination. Then there was softness. The night soothed. Modern London in peace is a harsh, a terrible glare, and, with its sky-signs, a jumpy, streaky nightmare when the sun has gone. This new war-gloom is two or three shades too deep, but otherwise it gives us fine nocturnal effects; and the nocturnes of London are, or could be, equal to those of any other cities. You recall the ineffable grandeur of the Colosseum at Rome on a moonlight night. It is less than a year since I sat among these ancient stones and listened to the story they faintly whispered from the ages of the dazzling imperial shows—and the horrors of their combats—and it is an experience that strikes sharp upon the mind. But lately, in the last days in London for a time, I have been walking home at nights down Whitehall way and past our splendid piles at Westminster. This, on a fine night, when a moon is gliding in the heavens, makes a nocturne of unequalled grandeur that no man of thought and feeling may contemplate without emotion. Then the black mass and delicate outline of the Palace of Westminster, cut out clean against the indigo with the silvery edge that Phœbe paints, is, in its cold beauty and its suggestion of an immensity of strength, a midnight sight that makes its mark upon the soul. Here is the Mother of Parliaments; here is the life-centre of the glorious British Empire. Then pass by the Abbey, into which many thousands of Londoners, moved by some strange impulse, have lately been where they had never been before. Beloved Abbey! Those who have looked and lingered in admiration in the aisles and chapels of Continental cathedrals have seen nothing in its way so rare, nothing so great, as the Abbey of our nation. See, when you enter from the east, how it is jumbled up with the monuments of the great, how tightly packed it is, how in a certain careless simplicity, almost a studied disorder, it does

suggest the rude strength of our island home and the greatness of the British spirit! Here the kings are crowned; here they lie asleep for ever, with their spirits brooding still over the England that they made. Here among them all is Henry the Fifth ('Cry God for Harry! England! and Saint George!'), the spiritfult soldier-king, and high above his tomb are his helmet, his shield, and his horse's saddle. His spirit may rest in peace. England, as ever, does nobly still, does well. Here lie the admirals of the seas; here are the bodies of the generals resting, the great statesmen, the writers, the artists, the makers of England. What a casket of imperial jewels, made of hearts and blood, is this Abbey of Westminster!

* * *

More than a thousand other little tales could still be told of London now, but the war would be done and the bells in London steeples would be ringing for the peace if all the changes on the surface were to be listed; and as for the changes in the thoughts and feelings—that new love for the fireside and the hearth and home, that kindling of friendship, which is the greatest of all the changes—one may write of these again. All these have been solemn words; and, oh, solemnity! we shall tire of you in town by the time the battles end! Even as it is, one must finish now upon a lighter theme. It is known that the fourth and fifth classes of Londoners—or it may be the sixth and seventh—with all their knowledge and alertness, find continually that life presses so hardly, even in times of peace, so much harasses the mind, makes an inclination for the nerves to tremble, that some nearly blank relief is needed, some very simple change, some distraction most elementary. Let us suggest and believe that this is why, if you and I should suddenly stand still and look

up at nothing in the sky, there would soon be a dozen or more around us looking upward too. A fallen horse will gather a greater company of sympathetic spectators in London than anywhere else in all the world. It is an attraction that never fails in town. And as for the crush to look at nothing, or what is not known to be anything, surely this is intelligible; for is not this a mystery, and what is there better to feed curiosity than a mystery, its most natural food? In such matters as this man is simple and intensely human, just as a little child. He likes to look. The other day, when turning from the Strand down a side-street leading to the Adelphi, I saw a group of Londoners of many kinds gathered together. They were mostly young or middle-aged men, respectable of appearance; some were children. There were some soldiers too. The hour was noon, and the day was fine. Why were these good people assembled, and how were they so well entertained? Punch and Judy! A one-man travelling show of the oldest kind was here presenting a performance of the famous and cruel tragedy at the corner of the Strand, with all the effects and all the thrills with which it had been exhibited to the children of many generations. The barbarian Punch, singing his madman's song, belaboured the unoffending Judy as before, Toby the dog saw much and said little, murder was done, justice was established, Ketch the hangman came and hanged that rascal Punch, and then the watchers dropped a few pennies into a little can. Within a yard or two there was the swirl of London traffic along this mighty thoroughfare, and newsboys with placards of amber and green and white were shrieking out the tidings of the war, shouting to us that the Russians were pressing on and on, that the French were forcing through, that the British were sweeping all the seas and fighting well in Flanders.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XIV.—IN WHICH I MEET THE 'SCOTTISH HORACE.'

THE lawyer led the way by a short cut among a warren of closes, coming out in Writers' Court, where his 'howff,' Lucky Clark's tavern, stood, evidently a thriving house of call, for the place hummed like a beehive.

'The usual, my lass,' he said to a wench who waited. He asked me what refreshment I favoured, and I told him that claret would be agreeable to me.

'No better to be had than where we are, but gie me a "cauld cock and feather." It lies warmer about my auld bones than the claret wine.'

The mysteriously named refection turned out to be a glass of brandy and a bunch of raisins. He applied himself to these with gusto, his talk

sprinkled with many an interruption of 'How d'ye do, sir?' for he was evidently a man of many acquaintances.

The seizure of the city was the topic of conversation uppermost; but I caught very little of the talk, for there was no disposition on the part of the 'douce' writers and burghers to advertise their opinions. They spoke in subdued voices in little groups of three or four together, with much discretion, knowing shakings of heads, and interchange of snuff-mulls. Mr Scott pointed out some of them to me whom he called 'k-nowledgeable' men. I remember the name of a Mr Charles Stewart, a writer, who he said knew a great deal concerning many undercurrents in Jacobite circles. 'A decent man,' he whispered,

hand to mouth, 'but sairly perplexed how to keep loyally to his clan name and at the same time his own reput' wi' the law officers o' the Crown and his Grace o' Argyll.'

He excused himself for a minute or two to speak with some friends, while I sat at the table marshalling my thoughts, trying vainly to piece together some solution of my adventures at The Garth. Would it not be better, I speculated, to settle my business with Mr Scott and ride home to the quiet hills, better to banish the thoughts that continually assailed and baffled me? But even as I strove to do so there rose clear before me the vision of the blind man at The Garth and the girl when last I saw her demanding my 'confession.' I wondered if she had read it. If ever I saw Mistress Charlotte again, would she deign to give me as much as a glance? My heart sank at the thought. Yet there must be some way whereby I could clear myself in her eyes, and I swore for the hundredth time that I would find it.

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell Mr Scott my adventures, and rely on his sense and knowledge to throw some light on them; but at the moment a little, squat man came in. He walked briskly, with a thought of mincing in his gait, and seemed on the greatest good terms with himself.

'Here is denty Allan himsel'!' quoth Mr Scott; and aloud to the new-comer, 'Man, ye look the younger the aulder ye get, Allan. Is it the last week's work that has heartened ye? I'll warrant it. Come, sit ye down, and join us in a whet.'

'Blithely, Peter! blithely!' said the little man.

Mr Scott presented me. 'Mr Edward Layton from Westmorland, with good Border Scots blood in him. His mother was an Elliot of Darehope.—This is Master Allan Ramsay, whose famous name I make no doubt is fameeliar to you.' He gave me a nudge that conveyed much.

I am no great reader of verse; but by good fortune, when at Darehope on my way north, I chanced on a copy of *The Gentle Shepherd*, and had beguiled the evenings with it.

'It is indeed an honour to meet the "Scottish Horace,"' I said, as politely as I could, and bowed to the little man. My legal friend, I thought, breathed more freely, and beamed on us both. It appeared that the poet was never averse from adulation.

'Hoot, toot, sir, ye flatter me!' said he. 'But I am sensible of your kindness. Mr Pope, maybe, or Mr Gay, I might company; but when it comes to Horace! Hoot, toot, sir!'

He shook a protesting pinch of snuff in the air; but I believe had I put him beside Will Shakespeare he would have taken it with equanimity and as sober truth.

'Ye have come to Edinburgh at a stirring

time, young sir. The auld Stuarts back again!' His eye kindled. 'My faith, Peter! did I no' tell ye the day would come?'

'Ye did that same, Allan—frequently, Allan! frequently!'

'And here it is! Recruits for the Chevalier coming in every day! Word o' a French fleet getting ready!' He lowered his voice, and mentioned to us various great names whose bearers he said were *coming out* for the Prince.

'We'll see *the Act* repealed yet, Peter. Fine I ken that ye are a Whig; but ye'll be fain to admit that the turn o' the tide is with the White Rose.'

'Um—I'm no' so sure o' that. By the way, I didna see ye at the Proclamation o' King James at the Cross,' quoth Mr Scott, a twinkle in his eye, and with the very swiftest suggestion of a glance in my direction.

'Ah, Peter, man! we are auld cronies, and ye maun have your jest. Young bloods like our friend here can throw their bonnets in the air; but I'm auld now, and there are other weighty reasons that interdict me. Ye understand, Peter?' He nodded his head portentously.

'Fine, Allan!'

There was a pause.

Allan Ramsay passed his glass over the water-carafe and drank without words the toast of 'The King o'er the water.' 'Ay, there are mony considerations,' said he, as he put the empty glass down. 'Gin he were younger by thirty year, Allan Ramsay would never be a chimney-keeper if the Prince or His Majesty his father waved a hand for him.'

My friend Scott's face was a study in grave and sympathetic interest; but when the little poet bent his head over his dram he had given me the tiniest droop of an eyelid.

'I ken all ye say is true, Allan; but Mr Layton has as much notion of helping the Chevalier as I have, and that, as ye ken, is dooms little. So we'll thole each other's politics (that should never come atween friends); and ye'll no' forget ye sup at my house to-night. Just now, I'll haste me back to my desk, for I have my kale at twa, and I have a couple o' pleas to straucht out before that.'

He and I gave Mr Allan Ramsay good-day. The man of law laid an approving hand on my shoulder.

'Ye kittled him the right way about his lesterary powers. I am rejoiced to observe, Mr Layton, that you have some ideas o' a little judeecious flattery.'

'That is precisely what I do not possess, but you gave me a nudge that I could scarce misunderstand.'

'Well, I think ye pleased him,' he laughed. 'You and your "Scottish Horace"! And, indeed, the singular and fortunate thing was that I had made a friend of the little man, and he was to show this on a very unexpected occasion.'

'He is a fine bit creature, Allan, though he havers a lot o' wearyfu' nonsense about considerations keepin' him from public profession o' his being a Jacobite. He is a client o' mine; and the fact is, he has a thrivin' trade at wig-makin', and though he counts himsel' a hantle above the business, he would be sweirt to lose a patron through the White Cockade, for he's no' like most o' the feckless kind that write poetry. Na, na! Allan kens baith sides o' a saxeption. But a fine mannie, and a great service in many ways he has been to the town.'

He enlarged on the little poet's kind heart, his public spirit, his circulating library, his musical and theatrical tastes, and what not, until we came near the 'White Horse,' when we parted.

I made my way to my quarters and inquired for Walter Irving. He had left a message that he had gone to see friends, and would in all likelihood come back that night. The house was full of people, and in the courtyard men and horses were coming and going. Stable-boys shouted and swore, the ring of hoofs came from the stables, house wenches clattered upstairs and downstairs with dishes, and caddies ran with messages or hung about the kitchen daffing, melting their fees into small ale, and keeping up a babel of talk not of the politest. Presently another rider arrived on a steaming horse. He showed much excitement, so I went outside and gathered the news. He was a farmer in the Lothian, and had ridden hard with the news that Sir John Cope's ships were in the Firth, and by this time his army would be landing at the port of Dunbar. Others came hot-foot after him, decent-looking country people, in manifest concern about the troublous state of affairs, all with the same tidings, and all on nettles (as the saying goes) as to what would happen next. All that afternoon a tide of people flowed into Edinburgh, swelling the press of people in the streets, and as the day went on the rumours hardened into first-hand evidence. Cope's army was landing at Dunbar!

There came a burst of rain later that cleared the streets somewhat, but it filled the inns with gossips and shelter-seekers. I was fain to avoid the bustle in the house, and retired to my room, where I sat and smoked, alone with my thoughts. These ran continually on my adventures at The Garth. I had left my *Virgil* with my other papers with the lawyer for safety, but the copy of the secret paper I knew by heart. It danced before my tired eyes without further result than an access of irritation. There was little purpose in this, and being (as I think) a man not given to idle speculation, I called for writing materials, and bent my thoughts on a letter to friends in Westmorland, telling them of Charles Edward's capture of the city, and striving to keep my mind round practical matters, instead of ranging round theories and fruitless fancies, including a pair of hazel eyes. This done, I went out and walked briskly for an hour, and came back when it was striking six o'clock by the Tron.

Irving's broad blue bonnet and overcoat were lying where he had thrown them on a bench in the corridor; but I could not find him, until the landlord led me to a room and pointed to the closed door. 'They are at the cartes,' said he.

I opened the door and went in. The room was the best in the hostelry, though this was not to say a great deal. Ill-lighted by three or four candles, and barely furnished, a good blazing wood-fire went far to redeem its gauntness, for the evening was falling chilly. There were four men there, two of them standing. One of these was Walter Irving. I was about to greet him, when he held up a warning hand and pointed to the table where the other two were sitting at play. The three strangers were well-dressed, in perukes and knee-breeches; small-swords at their haunches; and in their hats, thrown carelessly down beside them, was mounted the White Cockade.

(Continued on page 214.)

WAR BENEATH THE WAVES.

TORPEDOES.

By W. O. HORNSNAILL, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E.

AN interesting feature of the present war is the great importance of the torpedo in naval fighting, now that it can be discharged at close range by the submarine. All kinds of warships are fitted with underwater torpedo-tubes; but the chances of getting close enough in the face of modern gun-fire effectively to discharge a torpedo are very remote—hence the use of this weapon will probably be confined to the submarine in future.

Torpedoes are really submarines in miniature without any crews, and they are much larger than many people imagine. The Whitehead torpedo now in general use measures over twenty feet in length, has a diameter of twenty-one inches, and weighs over a ton. A torpedo consists of a cigar-shaped steel shell, which contains an explosive charge, the machinery for propelling it through the water, and the automatic devices for directing its course towards

the vessel aimed at. Fired from a tube under water, it travels below the surface at a higher speed than the fastest warship afloat, or nearly fifty miles an hour, and it is effective up to a distance of five miles. Torpedoes are, however, seldom used at anything like their full range, as there is little chance of hitting a moving battleship at over, say, two thousand yards. Moreover, there is no need for a submarine to fire her torpedoes at long range, as she can creep up to within a few hundred yards of a hostile vessel, whose only means of defence is to manœuvre out of the way. Even at close range it is by no means easy to hit a vessel with a torpedo when she is moving fast through the water; hence in future most of the naval fighting will be done at full speed.

A torpedo is fired from a tube either by compressed air or by a charge of cordite; in fact, the torpedo-tube is practically a gun, but the small charge of explosive used is only just sufficient to give the torpedo a send off at its correct speed and in the right direction. These tubes were originally carried on deck in a species of gun-mounting, so that they could be aimed in any direction; but this plan has now been abandoned in favour of underwater tubes. Of course the latter cannot be swivelled, as in submarines they are built into the ship's plating; hence it is necessary to aim the whole vessel. This is done from the conning-tower, and the torpedo is fired by an electric switch at the right moment.

Coming to the actual details of the torpedo itself, we find the shell divided up into a number of compartments by steel divisions or 'bulkheads,' as is the case in an ordinary ship. The first compartment in the head of the torpedo is filled with about three hundredweight of gun-cotton or some other explosive. Right at the point a metal rod, known as the 'striker,' projects in front, and when the torpedo hits the side of a vessel this striker is forced inward on to the percussion-cap which explodes the gun-cotton. Without some safety device it would be very dangerous to handle a torpedo, as the striker might be inadvertently hit, and this danger is guarded against by a safety-pin right through the striker, which cannot be pushed inward until the pin is removed. This pin must, of course, be taken out when the torpedo is run into the tube for firing, and there is still some risk of the striker being forced 'home' by the concussion or by hitting some small object in the water close to the ship. To make certain that the charge shall not be accidentally exploded until the torpedo is some distance away, a nut with a very fine screw-thread is screwed on to the striker. This nut has little blades on it like a propeller, and as the torpedo rushes through the water these blades unscrew the nut and leave the striker free after a certain distance has been traversed.

After it leaves the tube the torpedo is propelled by a compressed-air engine of about one hundred horse-power. This engine turns two propellers in opposite directions, one being mounted direct on the engine-shaft, while the other is carried on a tube which slides over the shaft, this second propeller being driven through suitable gear which makes it turn the opposite way. These propellers are right- and left-handed—hence they both drive the torpedo forward; and the reason for this arrangement is that the two propellers may balance each other, and so have no tendency to revolve the torpedo, which would rotate if only one were used.

The compressed air for the engine is contained in a strong steel reservoir which takes up nearly half the length of the torpedo. This reservoir is charged by compressors in the ship to the enormous pressure of one thousand three hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch; and to guard against the risk of explosion it is periodically tested to a much higher pressure. Between the reservoir and the engine is a heating-chamber, where the air is heated by a burning spray of alcohol, the effect being to increase the volume and thus make the supply last much longer than if it were used cold. In this chamber is also a reducing-valve which automatically delivers the air to the engine at a pressure of about one hundred pounds to the square inch no matter what the pressure may be in the reservoir.

We have now explained how a torpedo is discharged and afterwards propelled on its errand of destruction; but we still have to provide for steering it on a straight course and keeping it at the right depth below the surface. For these purposes there are vertical and horizontal rudders in the tail. The horizontal rudders are worked by compressed air under the control of a pendulum in such a way that the slightest movement of the last-named puts in operation powerful gear for working the rudders. Merely keeping the torpedo level, however, is not sufficient. It must also be kept at a certain depth under the surface, so as to strike a battleship below her armour-plating without any risk of passing quite clear beneath the ship. The pressure of water upon any object immersed in it varies with the depth, and amounts roughly to one pound upon every square inch of surface for each two and a half feet. Thus at a depth of twenty-five feet the pressure is about ten pounds to the square inch. A device based upon this is used for keeping a torpedo at the right level, and if it dives below or rises above the proper depth this device acts upon the rudder-gear and steers the torpedo up or down as required.

A torpedo is kept on a straight course after leaving the tube by the vertical rudders, which are moved by compressed air under the control of a gyroscope. As in the case of the pendulum and the horizontal rudders, the compressed air does the work, and only a very small effort is

exerted by the controlling device. The peculiarity of the gyroscope, excepting the special type used in the gyroscopic compass, is that when it is spun its axis will continue to point in one direction, and it cannot be moved without considerable force. This feature applies only to the *direction* of the axis, and so long as this remains the same the gyroscope offers no resistance to being moved bodily. In other words, you can *move* it about, but you cannot *twist* it about. The gyroscope in a torpedo is set spinning by a spring which is released at the moment of discharge, and it is connected to a little valve for admitting compressed air to one side or the other of a piston which works the rudders.

Such are the main features of the modern torpedo, but there are many other small devices

for ensuring safety or greater effectiveness. Of these the delay-valve and the net-cutters are perhaps worthy of mention. The delay-valve holds back the compressed air from the engine until the torpedo is discharged. If this were not done the engine would 'race' in the tube and damage itself. The net-cutters are for cutting through the wire nets hung round battleships as a protection against torpedoes.

Torpedoes cost over one thousand pounds each; consequently they are not discharged unless there is a fair chance of hitting the object aimed at. So far the vessels hit by torpedoes have been stationary or only moving slowly; but it is probable that as the crews of submarines become more expert they will be able to hit a warship occasionally when she is moving at a high speed.

THE LONG PORTAGE.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER this disagreeable incident the attitude of Mr Potts underwent an entire change. It was clear now that there were other reasons why the clerk chose to remain at Whitewater, for the line that connected them with the civilised world was likewise the sole artery between Whitehorse City and the cities to the south. True, Potts was not the only man in the district who was known to be wanted by the police; yet it was clear to him now that Tim rode the high horse. The city clerk, being one of those obnoxious persons who can attune his moods to suit his purposes heedless of all conditions, proceeded to make the home life of the young Englishman a luxury joyous to experience.

But Tim was not without his suspicions. Had he known the man he had to deal with a little better, he would not have been without his fears also. The incident last described had brought home to the mind of Potts even more forcibly than before that the young Englishman was an impediment in the pathway of his desires. Tim had won the heart of the woman he loved; while, if the information the young man possessed became generally known, Potts knew it would cost him his job, and it was unlikely he would find similar employment in the neighbourhood. Since he was no woodsman, this would mean facing the southern journey, and farewell for ever to Evie.

Christmas found Mr Field in the country of the Hudson Bay, and Tim in charge at Whitewater Rapids. Two days previously a strong thaw had set in, and even a slight fall of rain; after which the thermometer dropped below zero with a sudden flop. The trails were simply a sheet of ice, which men and dogs alike were hard put to to traverse; but the moose, with its

knife-edged snowshoes, was entirely at home amidst such conditions.

On Christmas Eve Tim found himself with an important errand to perform at Kilween, and in consideration of the festive season suggested that Potts should ride with him—an invitation the clerk readily accepted. They set out at fall of dusk. A cheery 'Mush! mush!' from the young Englishman, and Moosewa, glad to stretch its legs once more, was bounding over the creek in its awkward, shambling gallop, the sledge rocking and bumping over the frozen snow with a force that threatened to shake the two occupants from their seats.

On either side was the darkness of the forest, from which the echoes came to meet them in multitudinous ghost-voices. The men talked little, for each was busy with his own thoughts. The thoughts of Potts were of the girl they had left at the bungalow and of the man at his side. They were not pleasant thoughts. Tim, too, thought of the girl; but after a time a new line of inquiry, for the moment more pressing, opened up in his mind. He noticed a strange uneasiness about the beast he was driving—noticed how the huge funnel-shaped ears twitched back and forth as at intervals a faint gust of wind fanned down the waterway. As yet it was dark as pitch, but Tim realised with relief that in an hour or so the moon would rise to light them on the return journey.

Presently they reached the spot known as the Long Portage. Here a trail led up from the waterway and wound across the face of the perpendicular bluff, finally crossing the divide. It was a track made for dog-teams, and none too wide at that; while on one side the cliffs dropped sheer to the creek below, a depth of three hundred feet.

The two got out, and slowly and steadily the moose toiled upward at Tim's heels. Its breath came and went in clouds of white vapour, settling on the coarse hair of the animal's flanks in white crystals of ice. The men experienced difficulty in keeping a foothold, while the sullen hiss of the rapids far below brought to their minds the significance of what a fall might mean.

'We'll have to use the sprag coming back,' observed Tim when at length the long ascent was completed, 'and I guess we'll borrow a bucket-load of sand at Kilween to scatter under the runners.'

The going for the remainder of the distance was now almost level, and Tim could have beaten his previous record even with the double load had he chosen to do so. But again he had noticed that questioning timidity on the part of the moose, and once it glanced nervously behind, its ears tense for the faintest unfamiliar sound. Time and again their speed increased almost imperceptibly, and Tim was compelled to throw his weight upon the reins to avoid the likelihood of a spill.

Reaching the city, the two men separated, agreeing to meet at the Frearson House Hotel in two hours' time. Tim's first errand was to procure a bucket of sand and place it in the back of the sledge; after which he purchased a string of horse-bells and attached them to the harness. Next he visited the cabin of an old prospector and miner who had just returned from a visit to the south.

'Got it, Sam?' inquired Tim eagerly as he threw open the cabin door.

'You bet your life I have, my son. A real gem. Just cock your best eye on that!'

Prompt to his appointment, Tim entered the saloon at Frearson House, where he found Potts in possession of a demijohn and gulping down neat whiskies against time. Just one for luck and the homeward journey; the moose, scared at the city lights, bounding down the main avenue at a speed which called forth the attention of every free dog in the neighbourhood. The bells tinkled merrily, and two minutes later the darkness of the forest once more closed upon them.

Ahead the trail shone like a pathway of glass in the moonlight, and ere they had gone a mile the moose suddenly broke into a gallop, the sledge skidding from side to side across the trail.

'Seems to know it has got its head toward home,' observed Potts, his tongue loosed by the liquor.

Tim glanced toward the darkness of the bush, then nodded meaningly at his companion. 'It's scared,' answered the young Englishman. 'Its nerves are just anyway. I kind of fancy we're in for a joy ride.'

Potts looked apprehensively toward the bush. 'You don't say!' he muttered thickly. Then, after a pause, he added, 'Game's been mighty

scarce for weeks past. Baynes says the wolves were devilish hungry along Snake Falls way. They had difficulty in keeping them off the packs. Devilish hungry!'

There was another long silence. 'See how it keeps listening!' exclaimed Tim as the moose suddenly slackened pace. 'It was scared all the way coming, and it's worse scared now. When you come to think of it, Potts, it's a blame silly game driving a moose at night-time through forests which wolves range for game. It's only natural they'll run it if they hit the scent.'

At that moment the moose bounded forward with a suddenness that threatened to snap the traces, while behind them a strange chaos of sound suddenly broke in upon the forest. Enhanced by a thousand echoes, it was like the note of a deep-toned siren, for a moment coming and going, then seeming to float away into distance above the tree-tops.

Tim had risen to his feet, his full weight upon the reins.

'They're after us,' muttered the city clerk. 'For God's sake let it go, Shields, or we shall be eaten, safe as houses!'

But Tim was aware that an exhausted moose would mean the closing in of the pack, with what results he dared not think. Potts had drawn a small automatic pistol from his coat, and kept his gaze on the white expanse behind them. He saw nothing, but presently a soft rustling and movement sounded from the forest on either side of the trail. Tim became aware of a gray ghost gliding noiselessly past the sledge on his left. He shouted to Potts. Potts fired, and instantly the wolf drew back into cover.

The moose was squealing with fear, and making frantic endeavours to free its head from the tension of the reins. The ghostly effect of moonlight and shadow, the obvious terror of their steed, the suddenness of the attack made upon them, were sufficient to unnerve the most hardened woodsman, and for once Tim appreciated the companionship of the city clerk.

'Seems to me there are four or five packs running us,' Tim observed presently. 'There's a fair bunch of them, anyway. Just listen to them going through the timber!'

Tim's gaze was fixed ahead, and suddenly he beheld a scene which seemed to freeze the blood in his veins. Potts slipped to the seat with a startled imprecation. A huge dog-wolf had taken up its stand in the very centre of the roadway ahead, and with gleaming eyes and naked fangs was awaiting the approach of the sledge.

Instantly slackening the reins, Tim, with a shout, brought the driving-switch across the back of the moose. The animal bounded forward in terrific leaps, evidently intent upon trampling the waiting wolf beneath its great splayed forehoofs. But the tinkle of the bells proved too much for the leader of the pack, and the wolf

bounded aside into the bush just as Potts again discharged the pistol.

'If they get at its legs we'll have to stand by and put up a fight,' muttered Tim. 'Don't run, for heaven's sake! or they'll down you.'

Potts had hurled the bucket of sand from the back of the sledge to lighten the load. The demijohn followed it. Then his eyes sought the face of his companion, and wandered back to the pistol in his hand. Tim was standing at his place and straining at the reins; he did not see the sudden wolfish leer that lit up the face of his companion or the scowl of hatred that succeeded it. Very deliberately Potts placed the pistol on the seat at his side; then, with a movement quick as the strike of a rattlesnake, his fist shot out. Tim clutched wildly at the rein-guide, missed his hold, and shot headlong from his place across the solid ice of the trail.

Once, only once, Potts glanced behind him. He saw a dark heap lying motionless in the shadows of the trees, and a triumphant smile curved his thin lips as the patter of moving paws in the bush on either side suddenly ceased.

Evie was alone at the bungalow, with only the Indian boy for company. Potts felt that the matter was now in his hands, for Shields, at any rate, was out of the running. The moose, free at last, bounded headlong over the frozen road, the lightened sledge skidding and ricochetting behind it. Crystals of ice beat against the face of the city clerk; the cold night air beat upon his forehead.

Then suddenly a slim gray ghost appeared like a sheet of vapour from the shadow of the sledge. It overhauled them at a bound, and with a startled cry Potts groped on the seat for his pistol. To his horror, it was not there; it had slipped down among the rugs, but in the frenzy of the moment he did not stoop to search for it. Gripping the driving-switch, he lashed out wildly at the wolf, all but upsetting the sledge; but with a snarl the brute vanished into the timber.

Potts was alone! He had left his companion behind him—that dark heap lying motionless among the shadows. He fell to lashing the moose with fiendish cruelty, while to the muffled rumble of hoofs and the jingle of the sledge-bells he added his own frantic shouts of 'Mush! mush! Curse you, mush!'

Red-eyed, panting, the great brute lurched forward, its crimson nostrils dilated, its terrified eyes seeming to start from their sockets. Again the streak of vapour shot past them, seeming to soar upward. For a moment Potts beheld the horrifying vision of a wolf hanging to the nostrils of his steed. With a scream the moose hurled it aside, and Potts felt the right runner pass over something soft and yielding.

The foam that flaked the pulsing chest of the moose was now touched with crimson. The huge funnel-shaped ears were laid back sharply across the scalp, giving a wholly devilish appear-

ance to the massive head. Once the brute halted as though to turn at bay; but the driving-switch cut through the air, putting an end to any such intention.

Potts had long since lost his landmarks, and too late he recognised the single dead tamarack that grew by the right-angled turn at the crest of the bluff. The trail suddenly turned to the right, and dropped to the level of the creek along the sheer face of the precipice.

It was an awful moment. Potts jerked the sprag upward, and a grinding and jolting told him that it was home. The moose took the corner at a bound, struggling to keep a foothold on the downward slope. But the blind eye of the brute was toward the face of the cliffs, and with a crash and the rending of timber the right runner struck a protruding ledge. The moose, jerked from its legs, sprawled headlong down the sheet of glassy ice, the sledge swinging broadside toward the face of the precipice. A cloud of ice-dust rose upward, a stifled cry of horror, then silence. Man, sledge, and beast had vanished from the trail, and from the very edge of the bluff an assembly of ghostly figures peered downward into the gloom.

For some moments Tim lay motionless beside the trail, a deep blackness before his eyes. He was aware that something was dragging at his leather coat; he felt the cold touch of fur about his face. Slowly he recalled what had happened, and quickly following came the realisation that to lie still meant certain death. His hand groped for the knife at his hip, and he struck out wildly at the dark shape above him. With a snarl the wolf leapt back, and Tim struggled to his feet.

A moment's panic would have cost him his life as he stood in the centre of the trail, knife in hand, every nerve of his body tense, conscious that many invisible eyes were watching him from the darkness of the timber. In the distance he could still hear the pounding of hoofs and the tinkle of sled-bells.

At the sight of the formidable waiting figure in the centre of the clearing the wolves recalled their natural fear of man, and doubtless decided that there was easier game to be had in their natural prey—a half-exhausted and wholly terrified moose. Tim heard a questioning *gurr-woff*, followed by the pattering movement of paws in the timber. Then silence closed in upon him.

Tim remained motionless till the cold warned him to move on; then, dazed and stumbling, he continued along the trail. As he reached the dead tamarack above the creek a ghostly and horrible sound came from the depths below. He peered downward from the trail into the gloom of the gulch, and saw in the moonlight a mass of ghostly figures assembled on the rim-ice between the cliff and the rapids.

One glance at the trail was enough for Tim.

With a shudder of horror he hurried ahead, the eerie sounds gradually fading away.

'You are late,' said Evie, as she met him on the veranda with a smile of greeting. 'Don't tell me that you've left Potts behind you! I couldn't bear it!'

'We sha'n't see him this Christmas, anyway,' Tim answered, with a brave endeavour to echo her laugh. 'But, say, Evie, I've got all the things you asked me to get, and'—here their eyes met—'there's one present I'm not going to wait until to-morrow to give you, 'cause I'm in no end of a hurry, and—say, old girl, will you take it?'

He drew from his pocket a diamond ring, a

real gem, as Sam had described it; and without further ado slipped it over her yielding white finger.

'Now, old girl,' he said finally—'now that there's no one in our way, I'll tell you the whole story about Potts.'

He would have kept it from her, for a time at any rate, as he had already kept so much; but no way occurred to him by which he could avoid telling her of the adventure and disaster. 'So poor old Potts has crossed the Long Portage,' concluded his story. 'Our first duty to-morrow will be to go down the creek; but, Evie, I'm afraid there won't be much to bury.'

THE END.

AMBASSADORS IN WAR AND PEACE.

By W. V. ROBERTS.

PROBABLY at no period of history have the diplomatic arrangements of the world been so disorganised as at the present time. The United Kingdom interchanges embassies with nine Powers—Germany, Austria, Turkey, France, Russia, Japan, the United States, Italy, and Spain—and legations and consulates with many smaller States. As to the nine Great Powers, our Ambassadors have been withdrawn from the capitals of the first three in the list; the second three are our Allies, whose relations with the first three are necessarily affected; and the last three alone remain out of the conflict. The position of Belgium is peculiar. Its Government retired into France in face of the onrush of invasion, and it is still, of course, recognised by the British Allies as the *de facto* Government. But Brussels is under a German governor, and the only diplomatic representative of great authority remaining there is the Minister of the United States.

On the whole field the net result is temporarily to give to the representatives of the United States, as the strongest Power not engaged in war, largely accentuated influence in all the capitals of the belligerent nations. That circumstance explains why it is that the people of the United States are able through their Minister in Brussels to distribute food to the starving people of Belgium. The people of the United Kingdom are subscribing liberally to the relief of these distressed Belgians; but in the vast area of Belgium the people of this country have no footing, and cannot themselves distribute their relief; hence the value of the good offices of the United States Minister. It was through their Ambassadors or Ministers, again, that the children of the United States were able to send their Christmas gifts to the children of all the warring nations. The children of the United Kingdom, having no Ambassador or Minister to represent them in the enemy

countries, were without official agency for the distribution of their Christmas gifts.

Diplomacy works so silently and so much behind the scenes that its place in a foreign country is not always recognised. To break off diplomatic relations is sometimes, though not always, tantamount to a declaration of war. When a representative is withdrawn the interests of his people can only be left to the good offices of the representative of some neutral Power who remains. But while the relations between country and country continue unbroken the position of the respective Ambassadors is interesting and unique. As representing his sovereign and Government, the Ambassador stands apart from all his compatriots. The embassy he occupies is to all intents and purposes part of his own country. An Ambassador, for instance, is not amenable to any law save that of his own land; he may not be arrested; neither may any member of his family or entourage; nor may his goods be distrained upon. The embassy is in ordinary times, in effect, a sanctuary inviolate. A few years ago an interesting controversy arose in London because of a report that a prominent Chinaman, Sun Yat Sen, was being detained as a prisoner at the Chinese Legation. Little or nothing could be done on his behalf. Although his case evoked widespread interest, days elapsed before representations by Lord Salisbury could secure his release. During the Boxer riots in China the conditions were reversed. Europeans, especially missionaries and their families, who were in peril sought refuge in the British and other legations. There they remained during much fighting; and, although lives were lost, the legations were undoubtedly, for the reasons indicated, the safest places at the time. There are, therefore, occasions when the security of an embassy or legation becomes something more than a mere name.

Because of the fact that the communications which pass between an Ambassador and his Government are so exceedingly delicate and confidential, an embassy naturally becomes sometimes the storehouse of secrets in black-and-white that no Minister would wish to have divulged. Most people will remember what a hurried flight, under conditions of grave discourtesy, our Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, had to make from Berlin in August last, when war was declared. It is probable that many things of importance were left behind; but it may be hoped that the building is being guarded at least as carefully as the German Embassy in London during the continuance of the war. One day both embassies will be reoccupied, and respect now for private property will then be an aid in promoting goodwill.

But an embassy is not merely the office of a representative or agent; it is a social centre almost regal in its appointments, the Ambassador being often the host not only of his own sovereign but of the sovereign of the country to which he is accredited. Not many months ago M. Poincaré, President of the French Republic, visited London, where he had a most enthusiastic welcome. His rendezvous was the French Embassy, whence he visited our King, and where our King paid his return visit. Later King George visited Paris, and the British Embassy, of course, became to him what the French Embassy in London had been to M. Poincaré. So with other people of influence and importance. Viscount Morley, in his *Life of Gladstone*, for example, quotes from that statesman's diary some notes of a visit to Paris during his premiership in 1883, an admirable little sketch of the ordinary influence of an embassy:

'27th, Tuesday [February].—Reached Paris at eight, and drove to the embassy, where we had a most kind reception [from Lord Lyons, British Ambassador]. Wrote to Lord Granville, Lord Spencer, and Sir W. Harcourt. Went with Lord Lyons to see M. Grévy [President of the Republic]; also M. Challemeil-Lacour [Minister for Foreign Affairs] in his most palatial abode. Looked about among the shops and at the sad face of the Tuileries. An embassy party to dinner; excellent company.'

But people other than Prime Ministers call at embassies, and with some Americans introductions to their Ambassadors at the European capitals they may visit are sometimes said to be carried to the extreme.

To such a calling as that of Ambassador there are, of course, many aspirants. Few, however, are chosen. The diplomatic is the most exclusive branch of the public service. Special gifts and training are required in view of the delicate nature of the work to be undertaken; and it is held by some that influence in high places at the Foreign Office goes a long way toward

securing the first stepping-stone. Indeed, a candidate must in the first instance obtain the permission of the Secretary of State to appear before the Board of Selection. In any event, there is a tedious road to travel before the higher prizes may be reached, the steps including third, second, and first secretaryships, the position of *chargé d'affaires*, and Minister of Legation before the office of Ambassador is attained. An attaché receives no pay for the first two years of service, and only one hundred and fifty pounds a year for the next four or five years. Hence the condition that he must have a minimum private income of four hundred pounds a year. Even when he has obtained an appointment, a man may spend years away, say, in South America, or in some out-of-the-way part of the world, before securing a congenial post; or promotion may come by sacrificing for a time an appointment in one desirable city for something higher in rank in a less desirable city. The embassies in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, or Rome are those most eagerly sought, though it is said they are not always the best training-grounds for the younger diplomats.

Sir Edward Malet, one of the most distinguished Ambassadors of recent years, records in his book, *Shifting Scenes*, the circumstances under which he was transferred from Rome to Constantinople. He was in London in 1878 on leave from Rome. On his visiting the Foreign Office, a hint was given to him that Lord Salisbury desired him to go to Constantinople, and would not like to be refused. Sir Edward would have preferred to stay in Rome, but he writes as follows of the interview that ensued:

'Lord Salisbury . . . said to me immediately, with the kind, grave tone which is habitual to him, "I am going to offer you a change which I fear may not be agreeable to you. We have had accounts from Constantinople which lead us to fear that Sir Henry Layard's health may oblige him to come home, and we wish you to go out to be in charge in case our fears are realised." I said at once I was deeply obliged to him, and it was speedily settled that I should start forthwith.'

Financially, the Constantinople appointment was worth one thousand pounds a year more than that at Rome. As already explained, the United Kingdom has nine embassies abroad, and in point of remuneration Paris stands highest with eleven thousand five hundred pounds a year; Berlin, Constantinople, and Vienna follow with eight thousand pounds; St Petersburg (or Petrograd, as it is now called), eight thousand pounds; Rome, seven thousand pounds; Washington, ten thousand pounds; Madrid, five thousand five hundred pounds; and Tokyo, five thousand pounds. For salaries of Ambassadors, Ministers, staffs, and the upkeep of their buildings abroad, Great Britain pays something like six to seven hundred thousand pounds a year.

Until quite recently, the interchange of embassies was confined to the Great Powers of Europe. The United Kingdom and the United States were, as between themselves, content with a legation for the transaction of their business; and so distinguished a man as Russell Lowell was one of the last American Ministers of Legation in London. But the feeling grew that, in view of the magnitude of the interests, both countries should establish embassies, and the change was made in 1893. The United States makes a point of choosing some of its most eminent men as European representatives. A publisher and editor was in 1913 appointed to England, Dr Walter H. Page, of Messrs Doubleday, Page, & Co., New York. On this side, so prominent a man as Mr Bryce, now Viscount Bryce, gave up a seat in the Cabinet to go as British Ambassador to Washington, where his writings, especially on the American Commonwealth, made him a *persona gratâ*. Embassies between Spain and the United Kingdom were established in 1888; and those between Britain and Japan followed the Japanese war with Russia and the treaty with this country.

It is sometimes slightly said that the duty of an Ambassador is to lie abroad in the interests of his country, and such jests are hard to kill. Prince Bismarck, in his younger days, probably had the tradition in his mind when, writing of a ball at the embassy at Frankfort, he spoke of 'a great many odd stiff ladies who lisp English when they lie.' It is certain that the methods and duties of Ambassadors have of late undergone some change. In the olden time all important despatches between Foreign Offices and embassies, and *vice versa*, were carried by king's messengers to ensure safety and privacy, and the practice still obtains; but the telegraph and telephone have modified and simplified procedure, and may do so still more.

Facility of reference to his Government may

relieve an Ambassador largely of the discretion he might formerly have exercised. It is recorded that on one occasion Lord Lyons, then British Minister at Washington, was instructed to present an ultimatum to settle some dispute, and break off relations if it were not accepted within twelve hours. The Secretary of State asked for twelve hours more. Lord Lyons, on his own responsibility, agreed, and the situation was saved. On the other hand, during the negotiations in Paris in 1860 for settling the commercial treaty, the British Ambassador refused to decide a trivial point without instructions from home—a fact which led Cobden to say that when he was 'a bagman at home travelling for orders' he had more power than the Ambassador.

There may be occasional indiscretions, as in the case at Washington a few years ago, when Lord Sackville was said to have departed from correctitude in regard to the presidential election. But it is well to remember the words of Lord Dufferin, one of the wisest diplomatists who ever served the United Kingdom, when he compared himself to a man in fustian with a tin pot, who went about pouring oil into the wheels of a complicated machine—an allusion that aptly applies to much ambassadorial work. It is indeed a debatable question whether the Ambassador on the spot or the Government at home always makes the wiser decision. Sir Arthur Gordon, afterwards Lord Stanmore, relates in his Life of Lord Aberdeen that during the negotiations which immediately preceded the Crimean war the insertion of the words 'for a reasonable time' in a despatch sent to our Ambassador at Constantinople was attended by disastrous consequences, as the Turks seized upon it to suit their own purposes. But, broadly speaking, it may be said with truth that the mistakes which diplomacy makes are few compared with the dangers which it undoubtedly averts.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PERISCOPES FOR THE TRENCHES.

THE development in warfare in the western area, and the existence of practically a state of siege, owing to the elaborate and intricate network of trenches and field fortifications, have been responsible for new tactics. The opposing lines are so near to one another, and sapping operations are conducted with such vigour on both sides, that rifle-firing has been rendered exceedingly hazardous, as the men dare not show their heads above the trench, for they are certain to be picked off by vigilant snipers. The result is that practically operations have to be carried out by periscope, and the urgent need for such instruments is revealed in the letters received

from officers in the firing-line. A soldier saved is a soldier gained; hence the demand from the officers. But a periscope, to be of any real service in the trenches, must be specially designed for the work, and British manufacturers are now directing their energies to the supply of this need. Recently an excellent instrument of this type at a low price has been introduced, and it adequately fulfils all the requisite conditions. It gives a brilliant view over a wide area, and may be used with any binocular. It also meets the requirements of portability, inasmuch as it is collapsible, and folds into a compact sling-case measuring about twenty-one inches in length by four inches wide and one and a half inches deep; further, it is of substantial construction,

being made of metal, and painted a neutral tint. Its complete weight, including spare mirrors, is within four pounds, and it is furnished with an extending leg to fix it to the trench. As the officers are requesting these periscopes instead of cigarettes and comforts, it would be worth while to use a portion of the funds being collected to assist our fighting men for the purchase of these instruments. Thus no difficulty should be experienced in satisfying one of the most urgent needs of the men at the front. This periscope is known as 'ork-oie.'

THE AUTOGRAPHIC CAMERA.

With the approach of spring thoughts turn to the open air and photography. A hand-camera is a good companion, but the difficulty of making at the time a note of the object photographed is generally experienced, as the operator frequently forgets to make this entry, mainly because it demands the withdrawal of a pocket-book for the purpose, which is considered too much trouble. For many years inventors have been endeavouring to perfect a simple process of writing the necessary title upon the plate or film itself immediately after the exposure has been made, but the difficulties appeared to be insuperable. An American inventor, however, solved the problem, and some idea of the value of the development may be gathered from the fact that the patent was purchased for the sum of sixty thousand pounds by one of the leading American photographic camera manufacturers. With this camera it is possible to write upon the film itself, immediately the exposure has been made, the title of the subject, or any other useful general particulars, together with details of the light conditions, stop, and exposure. The inscription is permanent, and is of incalculable assistance when development is undertaken.

THE ELECTRIC VEHICLE.

We have become so familiar with the petrol-driven vehicle and its many conveniences that it seems almost impossible to improve upon the system. But this ubiquitous method of propulsion is encountering a serious rival; and although the competition is not yet pronounced, it promises to become considerably keener in the near future. This is the electric vehicle. Electricity as a propelling agent for cars and wagons was tried before the explosion motor came into vogue, but at that time it was a complete failure. Now, however, many of the defects incidental to the early vehicle have been overcome. The great advantages of electricity are silence, reduced wear and tear, especially in regard to tires, saving of lubricants, and remarkably lower running costs. In fact, the economic advantage over the petrol system is extraordinary. Thus in one Scottish city, where a one-ton electric vehicle is in use as an experiment, an average of nine hundred miles per month is

being maintained at an annual expenditure of two hundred and forty pounds, whereas identically the same work performed by a similar petrol car costs four hundred pounds per annum. Commercial houses are also becoming attracted to the new method, and electric cars are being run in competition with petrol-driven vehicles of similar carrying capacity, so as to obtain reliable comparative data. In the case of one large firm it has been found that the electric vehicle can be run for two-thirds less than the cost of the petrol car. Municipalities appear to be devoting considerable attention to this, as the majority of them own electric tramways, so that the utilisation of electric buses to act as feeders to the tramways is a logical step, for the simple reason that electricity is readily and cheaply available, and can be controlled by the one staff, whereas the petrol-driven vehicle demands a distinct and special organisation which tends to inflate the expenditure to an unwarranted degree.

A NEW TINDER LIGHTER.

While a thoughtful public has subscribed readily and freely toward the supply of smokes and matches for our soldiers at the front, the last-named article has not given complete satisfaction. Wind and rain have militated against its successful or economical use. A tinder lighter is far more useful and satisfactory under such conditions. Some four years ago a lighter of this description was introduced, and enjoyed a huge vogue, but it suffered from the disability that the tinder required to be soaked in petrol. Such a contrivance is useless at the front, owing to the impossibility of obtaining the petrol. Recently an improved lighter has been devised which requires no spirit or petrol. The tinder, in the form of a woven cord or thick wick, is fed through a short length of tube, to which is attached a smaller tube carrying a milled wheel; and when this wheel is turned smartly it strikes the flint and emits a spark which instantly ignites the tinder. Owing to the area of the spark a large flame is obtained which defies extinction by the strongest wind. When it is desired to extinguish the tinder a pull is given to a short length of chain attached to a ball, and this fits into the end of the tube, thus quenching the flame and keeping the end of the tinder wick in a perfectly dry condition.

THE COOLIDGE X-RAY TUBE.

The Coolidge X-ray tube, the first appearance of which some months ago created a sensation, is now manufactured on an extensive scale, and is used in the military hospitals at the front. This tube represents as great an advance in X-ray operations as the motor-cycle upon the dandy-horse. It does not demand such delicate handling as its prototype, can be easily and readily adjusted to any degree of intensity, en-

ables the quality of the rays to be reproduced as often as required, can be used continuously, enables the work to be carried on at a higher speed, and to a certain extent can be used instead of radium, as rays can be emitted resembling the gamma rays of the radio-active mineral. One tube can also be used for various classes of work, while its average life is about a thousand hours. A medical correspondent, writing from the Queen Elizabeth Hospital at Calais, describes the X-ray installation there, a gift of the brother-in-law of the king of the Belgians. By its means an instantaneous photograph of parts of the body is secured by a powerful electric installation, and an ingenious arrangement of negatives with a mirror gives a stereoscopic picture, which shows the position of bones and foreign bodies, and enables them to be exactly located.

THE 'CLARE ISLAND SURVEY.'

The Royal Irish Academy is publishing what may be described as one of the most remarkable series of memoirs ever undertaken. It is known as the *Clare Island Survey*, and represents the work of more than one hundred specialists during the years 1909-11, covering the flora, fauna, geology, meteorology, &c. on the Clare Island and the adjoining mainland. The island was selected for this scientific undertaking not only because it is typical of western Ireland, but because it is one of the most interesting spots in Europe from the faunistic and floristic points of view. It is claimed that this report, when completed, 'will provide the most complete survey of the fauna and flora of a definite area which has ever been made.' The report will include descriptions of some fifty species of plants and animals new to science, in addition to records of some two hundred species which are new to the British Isles, and at least one thousand species which are new to Ireland.

TRAINING ELEPHANTS TO WORK.

An interesting effort is being made in the Belgian Congo in the endeavour to raise and train the African elephant to perform domestic duties, and to become a useful beast of burden. Elephants are employed in Farther India for a variety of purposes, such as handling and stacking lumber. It was the success in this instance which prompted the Congolese experiment. A training station was established in that part of the country where the animals are particularly numerous, and Captain Laplume, who is carrying out the work, caught his first elephant in 1900. Three years later the stock had been increased by capture to fifteen head, while now he has thirty-four animals. Only young elephants were caught. As they grew tamer and older the investigator commenced his training course, utilising the animals for carrying, haulage, and ploughing. The effort has met with success, inasmuch as he has now sixteen animals which

are proficient in this work, perfectly tractable and docile, while the others are shaping in a promising manner. As a result of his experience the captain states that the task of training is not difficult, while the animals are of distinct economic value in the Congo, where other beasts of burden are not readily available.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SUBMARINE.

So far as naval operations during the present war are concerned, the submarine has come very prominently before the public eye. Mr Horsnail contributes a paper on the subject at page 190. Strange to relate, the average individual possesses a very slight knowledge of this craft and its possibilities, which is undoubtedly due to the fact that developments in building have been jealously guarded by the various Powers. The latest example of this arm is particularly formidable. For instance, the modern German submarine, which is of the *Germania* type, has a radius of action of three thousand miles; that is to say, it can travel fifteen hundred miles from home and then back again upon a single fuel charge. It is able to descend to a depth of one hundred and fifty feet with safety, and to lie at that depth, if necessity compels, for a round eight hours; while at a shallower depth it is able to remain submerged for twenty-four hours. It can carry sufficient provisions to keep its crew for about a month, the latest processes for compressing comestibles facilitating this practice. It may be pointed out that the submarine which was built in this country for the Australian navy travelled from the British shipyard to the Antipodes under its own power, thereby completing the longest journey ever made by a submarine. The one defect of this craft at present is its comparatively slow speed, which limits its utility somewhat appreciably.

WIRELESS IN WAR.

Comparatively little has been heard of the utilisation of wireless telegraphy in the present campaign, at least so far as the military operations are concerned. This is due to the fact that in the present stage of the development of the science it is unsuited to the task. Aeroplanes have been equipped with wireless, but the fact that communication cannot be maintained over a distance exceeding thirty or so miles is a militating feature. Again, the fact must not be overlooked that wireless has not been rendered absolutely secretive. A message despatched from an aeroplane is picked up by every station within range, by friend and foe alike. True, it may be useless to the enemy, being in code; but the foe finds the receipt of the message useful in other ways. In the first place, he is apprised of the fact that his antagonist is on the move, and in a certain degree can estimate roughly the approximate distance of the aeroplane. Then there is always the risk of a coded message being decoded,

especially as experts in cryptography are retained upon all military staffs for this work. Military strategy has been reduced to such a fine art that it does not pay one side to permit the other to gain the slightest information. Wireless is likely to reveal the approximate position of the sending station, inasmuch as the ranges of portable or mobile stations are pretty generally known. Moreover, this method of communication can be rudely upset. The foe has only to transmit a meaningless and continuous jumble of letters or words in rapid succession. These become associated with the actual message, and invariably render it indecipherable. All things considered, wireless is one of the scientific wonders which has not established its value as a military asset in the present campaign.

A TELEPHONE WITH A MEMORY.

Devices for making a telephone 'remember' what is said to it have been available for many years, but have never been commercially successful. The 'telescribe,' an instrument of this type recently devised by Thomas A. Edison, is said to be both simple and practical. A little desk-instrument is used, by means of which one of the parties to the telephone talk may record the conversation on a phonograph cylinder. The process is as follows. The receiver of the regular desk-telephone is first removed from the hook and placed in the socket of the telescribe; then the user takes up a small receiver, which is part of the telescribe, and gives his call to the exchange. He can start and stop the dictating machine by means of two small buttons on the telescribe in order to record the conversation between pauses or delays, thus avoiding any waste of running the wax cylinder meanwhile. Both sides of the telephone conversation are recorded, including all evidence of the central operator's voice in making connection. The telescribe, it is believed, will place the use of the telephone in a more serious light in business. After a conversation the dictator will turn to his dictating machine, and confirm his message in the usual manner covering the general understanding. The wax records may be retained indefinitely for reference.

THE DOMESTIC FUEL OF THE FUTURE.

The article in our January issue entitled 'The Domestic Fuel of the Future' having called forth a number of inquiries from interested readers, who are wishful to know whether the fuel described is as yet available for general consumption, we have communicated with the author, who furnishes us with this further information. The low temperature process of distillation of coal for the recovery of oils, benzol, and other valuable by-products is now in operation at many collieries throughout the country, notably at Sheepbridge and Clay Cross in Derbyshire, Low Moor near Bradford, Snydale near Nor-

manton, Brackley near Manchester, at the Barnsley Main, at the 'D' pit of the Lambton Collieries near Durham, and elsewhere. The coke produced by these various plants is, however, practically all consumed by the local ironworks, leaving no surplus for general consumption. The preparation of a lightly coked coal for domestic use will come gradually, as the supply of oil and benzol begins to overtake the demand, and when, also, more coke is produced than is needed by the ironworks and factories. A brave attempt to inaugurate a household business in this fuel was made by the British Coalite Company of Barking, Essex; but owing to the active opposition of the gas companies and other interests in London, who viewed the new fuel with jealousy, the effort has proved almost fruitless. The company still exists, and its pioneer work has thrown much light upon the potentialities of the low-temperature distillation as a source of oil as well as of an admirable domestic fuel. Other companies near London producing similar fuel are the Tarless Fuel Company of Battersea and the Oil and Carbon Products, Ltd., of Barnea. Anthracite, which is found in South Wales, would of course provide a complete solution of the smoke problem; but, apart from its great cost, it requires a sharper draught for successful combustion than is usual in most open-fire grates. The whole point is that it is becoming profitable to distil coal for oil, and not only for gas as heretofore, and in so distilling it a by-product is obtained which makes an admirable domestic fuel. In gas-making every bit of volatile material is drawn out at high temperatures. For oil-making these high temperatures are destructive; hence the residue coke after oil distillation still contains sufficient volatile constituents to render it suitable for open fireplace combustion.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

LOVE'S IDOL.

THERE is an idol in my heart,
And of my very soul a part—
The image of a loved one's face,
A never-failing source of grace;
Turning darkness into light,
It ne'er deserts me day or night.

It flees not when an evil star,
A-seeking out the world to mar,
In adverse wandering casts the gloom
Of frowning fate where love should bloom;
And, though obscured may be my path,
There cometh forth love's aftermath.

Pity broodeth in that eye
So eloquent of charity,
Appealing more than silv'ry speech
Or aught that human art can teach.
Her name is Love, and Love is she,
And where man is must ever be.

JAMES MELDRUM.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE STRANGLERS OF POLP.

By C. EDWARDES.

CHAPTER I.

IN one active week the Duke of Wesen—thirty-five, a direct descendant of Henry the Fowler, with much other royal blood of more recent tincture in his veins, and one of Europe's handsomest and most esteemed noblemen—had lunched or dined with four kings and the president of a republic, each in his own capital city. All these influential personages had afterwards, metaphorically or positively, patted the Duke on his broad back, and wished him 'God speed' toward the cut-throat country which they had collectively decreed should, until further notice, be a kingdom, with a throne upon which the Duke might sit if he dared.

He and his wife Adela had agreed to dare. He was in London now for his fifth royal meal and conference within eight days; also, to complete the arrangements about a loan of one million pounds with Shemstein, the famous banker of Leadenhall Street; and to be newly measured by his English tailors, Ponting and Proud, the world-renowned Bond Street people, for certain of his requisite garments of state.

The Buckingham Palace interview was over. It had been as gracious and encouraging as he was given to understand that it would be; and a subsequent half-hour with the Secretary for Foreign Affairs was equally agreeable to both gentlemen.

Shemstein the banker, however, was not quite so easily dealt with. It was not a question of security about the money, because the European Powers who had offered the Duke this crown were themselves guarantors for the million.

'Your Highness,' said Shemstein, as soon as he had bowed the Duke to a chair, 'I am grieved to inform you that I find the transaction too dangerous. I have lately received a threatening letter'—

'From some of my dear Blenarian irreconcilables, no doubt? Oh, that is nothing, Mr Shemstein,' laughed the Duke.

'But I am to be *shot*, when I least expect it, your Highness,' urged the banker, 'if I do anything to help in the constitutional settlement of their country! My wife and family implore me to withdraw from this undertaking, and for their sake'—

'And I, Mr Shemstein,' interposed the Duke, No. 223.—VOL. V.

'am to be strangled before midnight to-day for my presumption in accepting the crown of Blenaria. Perhaps you have not heard of the Stranglers of Polp? It is a very bad, old-fashioned part of Blenaria, this Polp, and the strangle is the favourite way of despatch they have in the vendetta of private life. In my opinion it is a very unpleasant one, and so we will not discuss it. Behold, here is the letter that gives me the obliging news! It is signed by five individuals—in cipher, naturally—who are here in London as representatives of the party of disorder in Blenaria. Excuse me, I may smoke a cigarette? Yes!'

While he spoke the Duke calmly made a spill of the unpleasant communication, which he then took to the fire. 'It troubles me no more than this, my dear friend,' he continued, not quite truthfully, as he returned to his chair.

The banker had already shuddered. Now, with his eyeballs very much in evidence, he murmured faintly about the harassing effect upon his mind of the menace with which he had been favoured.

'My talisman is here, Mr Shemstein,' said the Duke, with his hand to his heart and the breast-pocket from which he had taken his own epistle of doom.

'But we are not all endowed with such courage and such wonderful nerves as your Highness,' demurred the banker.

The Duke disclaimed an exceptional allowance of either; and then, deliberately or otherwise, he proceeded to shock the banker still further in a different quarter. If an extra half per cent. interest per annum upon the coupons of the loan would overcome or allay his anxieties about his life, he suggested that it might be conceded. But he begged Shemstein's pardon the next moment so winningly, with his hand out to be clasped, that the banker's scruples began to melt fast.

'I did not mean that, my friend,' he explained.

'It was only an effort of diplomacy, an art to which I am as yet unaccustomed. All is fair, is it not? in Finance, as in Love and War. But I see I have almost persuaded you, and therefore I am justified of my baseness, my good friend.' He consulted his watch. 'I have, however,

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MARCH 6, 1915.

much to do,' he resumed. 'I can give you only a few minutes more. There are my stranglers to prepare for, and much else, if I am alive. But I tell you what. You will send one of your clever young men of business to establish a house of credit in my capital next month. And by Christmas, or perhaps before, I shall, I hope, institute my first order of nobility in Blenaria, and have the satisfaction of including your important name in my earliest list of creations. Come, we are agreed, are we not, my friend?'

The Duke's magnetism was entirely successful in the end. Ten minutes later the banker escorted him to his waiting car as respectfully as if he were already an esteemed and quite safe European monarch of long standing. But Shemstein made a hasty return to his desk the instant the car moved. The Duke's parting pleasantry was not at all to his taste, in spite of the gay air that accompanied it.

'I have now three ladies to visit, all charming, and I must, I believe, keep a watch on my neck all the time. Good-bye! Good-bye!'

The Leadenhall Street pavement was as crowded as usual during business hours. Nevertheless, these words of the Duke made the banker feel ridiculously solicitous about himself until the heavy door of his bank had swung behind him and he was under the immediate protection of his host of clerks at their desks.

Nothing of vital consequence befell the Duke between the City and Hyde Park Gate, the first of his three places of social call. To be sure, there was a traffic block in Cheapside which brought the car to a stand, and tempted a beggar to be bold. The man pushed his arms through the open window of the Duke's car and cried, 'Give me something. I'm starving!' with such apparent ferocity that he momentarily startled the Duke. Moreover, his grimy fingers had reached almost to the Duke's throat. But he was clearly only the poor destitute object he assumed to be, and the Duke's hand was in his pocket for a coin, when the man was roughly thrust aside by a gentleman, who then turned and shook his head at the Duke with an expression of almost mournful concern.

'Uncharitable imbecile!' exclaimed the Duke. 'Give him this at once.'

The uncharitable imbecile was Captain Albrecht von Ensling, his aide-de-camp and determined shield and buckler throughout this European tour. He accepted the rebuke and the proffered sixpence in silence. Then the traffic moved, and the Duke had time only to call to him, 'And no more of this shadowing nonsense, my good fellow, or I shall be really angry with you. You may expect me back at the Ritz by six o'clock, all right, never fear.'

He spoke impatiently, yet as if he were amused. Then he recessed himself out of

general sight, and took from his pocket the talisman he had mentioned to Mr Shemstein—a letter-card received that morning from his young and beautiful wife, who was already in Blenaria working in his interests and those of Blenaria itself as he knew that no one else could. He kissed the coronet on the flap of the envelope, and then read again her stirring lines, which at the first perusal had made him clench his fists and assure himself that it should be so. He would endeavour to be as fearless and brave as herself. No man could be more than that.

'From your droll but so picturesque palace in preparation.'

'MY ULRIC,—This I have learned since yesterday. Your movements in London are all known, and you will be watched and followed everywhere. But there is one sure way to gain all the hearts of Blenaria, even those which now most wish evil to you. Be fearless and as brave as man at his noblest. Almighty God is in His heaven. All my prayers and thoughts are with you night and day, *carissimo*. ADELA.'

'*Carissima!*' echoed the Duke, very softly and reverently, as he replaced the card in its cover.

While the car glided through High Holborn and past half the great shops of Oxford Street he held the card to his heart, with a rapt expression in his eyes. Then the weakness, if such it were, passed. 'This will not do!' he said, straightening his back. 'I must be of iron, not silk and sentiment. These strangling rogues! It is well she does not know of this cheerful part of the day's programme, my Adela! I wonder'—

He was still wondering how and when, or if at all, his neck would be confronted with its peril when the car drew up and he stepped forth. 'Perhaps it may even be here!' The thought flashed, and was so entertaining an absurdity that in a minute or two he was sharing it with the first of the three noble English ladies whom he was honouring that afternoon with a fraction of his valuable leisure.

'Permit that I look behind the screens and things before I seat myself, Countess?' he said afterwards, almost as if he meant it.

'But you must be jesting, my dear Duke!' protested the shocked lady.

The Duke's prompt laugh consoled her. 'Yes, yes,' he said. 'It is true about the letter the rascals sent me, but without any doubt they too joke like myself. I should not have told it to you; but you must now forget it and give me a cup of tea. These excitements are the one thing necessary, Countess, to convince us—my wife and me—that we truly are king and queen like the others on the map, though in a very small way, and with not many diamonds in our crowns yet. It is our deplorable duty to suspect everybody at first, even those most dear to our

hearts; and so even you yourself must promise me that there is no poison in the tea.'

He took the same stout humour with him to his other two lady friends, but said nothing more about screens and stranglers.

It was a quarter-past six when the Duke returned to the Ritz; and again, as in Cheapside, he had at once to remonstrate with his devoted seneschal Von Enseling, who received him on the pavement outside the hotel with a fervent whisper of 'Thank God, sire! Another five minutes, and'—

'And what?' inquired the Duke. He took the aide-de-camp's arm and feigned annoyance. 'You conceive that I am to behave like a machine to oblige you? By the Bones of Saint Zaphanie!—as one must say in Blenaria when one is very cross, remember—is it that I have kept the tailor kicking his heels for me, my friend? Or perhaps Messieurs Ponting & Proud are so busy making coats for the English Nuts that they have no time to attend to a somewhat incomplete king—eh, is it that?'

'It is yourself, sire. Your precious life'—began Von Enseling.

But the Duke checked him. Pressing Von Enseling's arm to his side, he laughed and said, 'Bah, bah! He has no trust in Providence, this young infidel of mine. But come! The *ascenseur* is ready for us, and the tailor too, I hope.'

'Since six o'clock, sire, yes; but'—

'Enough said, then, Albrecht *mio*!' exclaimed the Duke curtly, as he led the way to the lift. He sat down in it, folded his arms, and drew a deep breath as of relief. 'I think we are running through our day in London very nicely, my friend; and there is nothing for you to look so worried about,' he said as the lift rose. 'While I am with Mr Proud'—

'Mr Proud has not come,' interrupted Von Enseling. 'He was taken ill, sire, it appears, at the very moment he was about to wait upon your Majesty, and one of his young men has come instead of him.'

'Oh, well, it does not matter who it is, so that I get my clothes made,' said the Duke indifferently. 'But that reminds me, Albrecht. I wish you to send a second telegram to Blenaria, *tout de suite*, to say all is still well with us, and that I shall not again leave the hotel until we go to dine with the Italian Ambassador. But fewer words than that, because my dear subjects over there do not like to pay taxes, they tell me.'

The lift stopped, and, laughing softly about this peculiarity of the Blenarians, the Duke strode into the corridor.

Von Enseling would have followed, but the Duke turned and was peremptory with him.

'Did you not hear what I said about the telegram, my friend?' he asked, with a look and mien that brooked no opposition.

The Duke's body-servant, Hans Reuter, came into the passage at the sound of his master's voice, and was soon helping the Duke to prepare for the measuring-tape of Messrs Ponting and Proud's gentlemanly and exceedingly well-dressed young representative.

'So Mr Proud is poorly? I am sorry for that,' the Duke had remarked, after an affable nod for the dark-eyed young fellow, whose bow and tremulous 'Good-evening, sir!' seemed to indicate some natural nervousness about the honour thus unexpectedly put upon him. He explained in a low voice that Mr Proud's indisposition was a sudden attack of heart trouble, which he hoped the Duke would be kind enough to pardon.

'Dear! dear!' commented the Duke. 'Heart trouble! There are so many causes for that, some not so bad as the others. Perhaps he had a little something risky at his luncheon to-day which did not agree with him—eh?'

'It is possible, sir,' assented the young man. The Duke's affability was designed to set him at his ease, but did not seem to have that effect; and no more words passed until the Duke's imposing figure in shirt-sleeves was at his disposal, in front of a large mirror.

'We must get through it sharp, my boy,' said the Duke. 'I have not so much time to spare for these vanities as I thought.'

But the modish young tailor was clumsy rather than quick. Indeed, he had taken only two measurements, and recorded them, when the Duke seemed struck by the reflection of his embarrassments in the mirror. He noticed a glance as of extreme shyness which the young man cast at Hans the valet, who stood by the mirror, sentinel and critic in one. The young man's hands shook, and this also the Duke noticed.

'Concern yourself with something somewhere else, Hans,' he said in compassion for the young tailor.

But scarcely had the valet betaken himself to another part of the room when a strange premonition of evil stole upon the Duke.

'If you will be so good as to turn just a little to the window, sir,' entreated the young tailor huskily at that moment.

The Duke did so, mechanically, and thus faced away from the mirror. He did not, of course, associate this bashful young tailor with the mysterious feeling that had come upon him; but, as it chanced, his chin itched and he raised his hand to it just in time.

His struggle with the strangler was brief and silent, but fierce. Hans, in the next room, heard nothing of it, and was without suspicions until his master called to him and nodded at the crimson-faced and now wild-eyed young man, whose arms were bound to his sides with the garrotte of bull-hide, garnished with ugly little knots, which had made its futile attack upon the Duke's windpipe.

'Lock the doors,' said the Duke calmly. 'There is no need for any scene. This poor boy'—

'What has he done? Is he mad, sire?' babbled the astounded valet when the Duke paused.

'Yes, that is it. It must have been a mad fit, or something, so that I was obliged to tie him up for his own good. Set a chair for him, and then lock the outer doors of the suite while I talk to him.'

'Talk to him, your Majesty!' echoed the valet incredulously.

'Do I not speak plain?' demanded the Duke, with a gleam of anger in his eyes. Himself placing a chair for the strangler, who collapsed heavily upon it, he pointed to the door that connected immediately with the corridor. 'It is better that you are outside, I think, for a few minutes,' he continued. 'Go and request Captain Von Enselsing to telephone to the Ambassador that I may be rather late with him this evening. But say nothing of this little affair to any one. And knock at the door when you come back—in five minutes. Be off.'

The valet went without another word, and the Duke locked the door behind him and removed the key. From the dressing-room the Duke passed to the other rooms and secured their doors also. Then, still in his shirt-sleeves, he returned to the strangler, and with folded arms contemplated him in silence for two or three seconds.

'Surely you are not of the country—of Blenaria, my poor boy?' he asked then.

His tenderness seemed to have a composing as well as a compelling effect upon the strangler.

'I am a younger son of the Chieftain of Polp, sir,' he answered.

'Chieftain of Polp! Ah yes, that is the mountain province where they wear such remarkable dresses; where the men are so strong, and the women are, I remember I have heard, so beautiful! But you are of such an English

appearance, and you speak English—my faith, yes!—better than I myself do.'

'I was educated in Scotland; that is why, sir,' explained the strangler. His eyes had softened at the Duke's references to the people of Polp.

'So!' said the Duke, briskening. 'But this is very interesting. I had no idea of such a thing. And Messieurs Ponting & Proud employ you?'

'I'm not a tailor—saints forbid!' exclaimed the strangler in a burst of scorn. 'I have my medical degree in Edinburgh since two years. But I am a patriot before all, sir; and'—his voice sank—'why don't you send for the police and get it over?'

'The police—eh?' The Duke seemed to ponder the suggestion; but the strangler's face was averted, and his friendly accompanying smile was thus lost upon him. 'No,' said the Duke, 'that is not at all my intention.' He drew up a chair and sat down by the strangler. 'This is all too much like the improbable romances one reads in the magazines, my poor boy,' he added. 'See! I shall show you. I do not wish you to go to prison, or to suffer in any way, so young as you are; only to be sensible and a good boy in the future, especially as you are a son of that splendid old man of Polp whom I admire—from what I have heard of him—perhaps more than, as his king, I ought to do. You were not very sensible just now, you know, especially to think that a lad like you could choke a strong man like me and no harm come to yourself—eh? Although, mind you, I dare say you have a useful knowledge of the anatomy of a neck which would perhaps have helped you.' This gravely, yet ending with a quiet laugh, not at all ironical, while the Duke busied himself in untying the strangler's bonds. And then he stood up with the dangling garrotte, which he proceeded to coil round his left wrist.

(Continued on page 233.)

RAIN AND WIND.

THERE are certain outstanding crises in life that call upon us to summon up all our courage, to put on a smiling face if possible, and to laugh if we can. If there is any climax that makes laughter rather difficult and the business of life rather monotonous, it is an almost perpetual downpour. One soaked overcoat is already smoking on a rail before a fire that finds a difficulty in burning, as the wind has made the chimney-draught rather free; and the other is being removed, wet through, from our back. The wind is roaring like a fiend, and taking perfect leaps at the eaves and spoutings, mercilessly whirling any loose spray of ivy capable of being detached from its hold on the wall. The

ivy is a brave soldier, but it has sometimes to yield. A pool at the rear of the house is full; and, albeit there is a sandy base for it, it continues full, being continually fed from the heavens. The west is dark with blinding sheets of rain—avalanches, as it were; and great splashes are driven against one's face, the while the hat-brim becomes a veritable waterspout. Inside, in one's room, the sashes are shaken up and down violently, and the present-day cry for 'open windows'—a proper cry, too—has to be disregarded. And yet the earlier blossoms are out in great masses—snowdrops in the garden and celandines at the hedge's base. The colts-foot-flower shines in the furrow, and the little

hazel catkins are sadly shaken—bearing it all, however, with a wondrous tenacity. Nature's so-called 'weak things' are stronger than we think. But one must feel intense pity for that early lamb out in weather that would try an older flock.

Rain changes the whole aspect of thought and of life. We really wonder how many splendid poems have failed to reach maturity in cold northern climates like our own. It is true that philosophy can always be cultivated; but philosophy is, like duty, a cold, or, rather, a cool, thing at the best; it has no brightness, no delightful vagabondage about it—is just philosophy! It is simply trying to swallow a nasty pill which has not got a sugar-coating. At all events there is a possibility that many stirring strains and many fine romances have failed to reach an eager crowd because of rain; it is possible that many splendid mechanical inventions have been lost also; and it is more than possible that even suicides may have been helped forward. We trust that we are 'out' in this last conjecture; but we are certain that fairly good tempers have been made into the snappish order, and that in days of rain trifles are manufactured into 'mountains.'

The aspect of nature is desolate in the extreme. Every twig is dripping, each with its own note, and each little bud carries its own separate load. It is true that the buds gleam—that is, if the sun comes out; it is true that the grass is greener than in time of drought, a cold greenery that makes one shiver at its very mention. The only available consolation at such a period is the fact that we are on the threshold of spring; that no shower can last for ever, though showers may last for days—ay, even a week at a stretch; and that the floral army is gathering its forces at the command of the vernal queen, whatever the weather may be.

Rain has the effect, it is true, of causing a good deal of gossip all in one key. It generally begins with, 'Did you ever see such weather?' and ends with, 'Wretched. I call it miserable.' The farmer's ploughing has yet to be done, to a large extent; and the ploughman on the furrow is scarcely discernible as he urges forward his smoking team. The tails of his coat are tied, and they bob up and down like the sign of a pawnbroker in a gusty street in winter. He is wrapped in a glittering oilcloth that shines from the distance, and half-a-field away one can hear the merciless slashes of the monster rain.

There is one sublime image in the poems of Shakespeare which we fancy will live for ever; it is where the 'winds' take 'the ruffian billows by the top.' He pictures the ship-boy sleeping in such a turmoil, and perhaps he is right. One may possibly sleep soundest when the winds are rioting, but not when winds and rains combine their forces. Outside of our own dormitory is a

tank receiving water from the spouting. It has three keys in its harmony. The first is a raging major note when the tank receives the first roof-overflow; the second is a dirge-like minor when the vessel has been filled, and is venting its overplus through the waste-pipe; the third is the monotonous *gurgle, gurgle* of the rain that has been let out, and that almost chokes the drain. For weeks scarcely a night has passed without these notes being regularly and faithfully played. The only variation occurs when one hears a loud *whoosh* as a falling strain is sent flying right away from its destined path by the sheer force of the tempest; and this occurs pretty frequently. When the turmoil subsides, how gently sleep descends, but in a northern climate it will not be for long!

Rain in the country has, it is true, certain attractions, for in the lull of the shower, in this earliest springtime, it is possible to see a black-bird with 'flute of gold' walking about the gardens and dreaming of his ready music which will soon make homeland and spring a place of enchantment. Starlings also are about; jack-daws too, and the ever-resonant crow. What should we do without the black-coated brigade of the bird-world—fearless, perky, neat, and adventurous? In the town street the gutters run; the centre of the pavement only is available if one tries to save the neck from a gratuitous bath; the letters you carry to the post-office are either receiving the deluge in your hand or are stuffed into a wet coat-pocket. The pillar-box is trembling with drops, and if that kindly message reaches your friend half-sodden and almost undecipherable you may lose a friend, and never gain his ear again. This is where 'trifles' make up the 'sum of things'! The pedestrian's umbrella is perchance carried too low, and its load is heaved into your eyes or down betwixt your coat and collar; the man you are about to pass may be blinded by a sheet of rain, and a collision not of the gentlest is a possible result. These are some of life's questionable 'joys' in a city.

Betwixt tall hedgerows, on a country road—but, alas! road-contractors and surveyors are now insisting on farmers cutting their hedges lower—it is sometimes possible to find a friendly gap with an overhanging tree capable of defending one from a fierce squall. If, however, you do not run out directly on a cessation of the rain, you will get the whole collected mass inside your collar. We have many memories of deluges of this kind, and they are not sweet reminiscences either! Perhaps the worst thing about tempest, wind, and rain in general is that one can find no object to grumble at. One knows that trials are in the human lot, and that this is just a natural, universal chastisement—universal, at least, in climates that are not tropical or semi-tropical. There is nothing and no one to grumble at, and this is hard on the average Britisher, for he does

love to apportion blame, dealing the arrows of his wrath in some definite direction. 'Bother the rain!' is as far as he can get in the instance under our heading. Perhaps the strangest effect of heavy winds and rains that 'cut like scythes' is the horrible disfigurement of the humans who cross your path. There is a noted poem, 'The Demon Ship,' in which gigantic terrors and 'baleful shapes' haunted a man who had been picked up by the crew of a coal-carrying vessel. When he realised that it was the *Mary Anne* of Shields, and that the devilish-looking crew were only workers amid coal, how his heart must have bounded with joy! That figure, wrapped in oilskins, with rakish down-turned sou'-wester gleaming in the street-lamp of a winter's evening, what a gorgon he looks! We have heard of the 'headless horseman,' but never of the headless pedestrian! There is one, however; for the oilskin coat is not on, but over his sleeves, and the neck of it is pulled over his head. All that one sees is a soaking, glittering bulk heaving forward. His eyes are just visible, and that is all. To your statement that it is a 'wet night'

—for one *must*, however it comes, communicate a fact that all know too well—he gruffly answers, 'Yes;' and surely there is something like murder in those eyes. He is too wet and miserable to want any speech with us, and we have been so uncharitable as to force our speech upon him. Are we not thoughtless, oftentimes, in this direction? It is, we aver, impossible, for a man who is wet to be sociable, and we should bear our own burden 'in silence and alone.'

This article would not be complete, however, without something of *real* philosophy. A sailor who had been much in hot regions, where blue and unclouded skies were the rule, and rain the exception, said, as he saw the gutters of London pour, 'Confound your blue skies! Here's something like weather.' 'Home' was 'home, sweet home' after all; and perhaps, had any one of us to pass a year beneath cloudless skies, walking daily on burning sands, our sigh for rains, winds, and tempests would go out very heartily indeed. Ever we sigh for what we do not possess; ever do the 'distant hills look green.'

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *On Old Speyside*, *The Bernardine*, *The Ship of Shadows*, &c.

CHAPTER XV.—IN WHICH I TAKE A HAND AT ÉCARTÉ.

EVIDENTLY the game was not an ordinary one. None of them had time to give me more than a glance, so intent were they on watching the luck of the cards. They were playing écarté. The man with his back to me dealt. He looked at his hand, and said, 'I chance it!' The other man nodded, and led into the dealer's suit, but lost every trick. He rose, opened the door, and shouted, 'House.' I took advantage of the lull and craved pardon for my intrusion.

'Gentlemen,' said Irving, 'this is Mr Edward Layton, who has honoured me with his friendship. We travelled from the Border together. —These gentlemen,' he added, turning to me, 'were kind enough to invite me to play; but as I have no skill at the cartes, why, they would have me join them at the claret.'

'And you will join us too, sir,' said the other spectator of the game; 'for this is a right joyous week, the forerunner of glorious days.' He was standing by the fireplace, a fine figure of a man, with a great hearty voice. 'More claret, lass!' he called to the wench.

I gave him thanks, and he plunged at once into talk of the success of Charles Edward's arms. There was never a doubt in him about the outcome. Johnnie Cope would be driven into the sea, he said.

'Ye see, Mr Layton, the tartan has never had a fair upstandin' trial wi' the redcoats.

The "Fifteen" was badly handled, but 'twill be a different story this time. I am Colin Cameron, major, and these my friends Patrick Maxwell and Ronald Murray, captains in his Royal Highness's army.'

I bowed. Luckily the claret appeared at the moment, and I was saved the necessity of telling him that I differed from him and his friends in politics.

The two card-players turned to the table, and the cards flickered again. The younger of the players, Murray, looked a good-natured booby, his round face flushed with claret, a complacent little smile set on it. But, booby or no booby, he had the fortune of the cards. He won trick after trick. The pile of money on the table at his elbow grew steadily, while his adversary's dwindled and dwindled. The game went on for a time, in a silence broken only by the flutter of the cards and the tinkle of the money passing. His opponent was as unlike him as can be imagined. A clean-cut face, deep-set frank blue eyes, with a poise of the handsome head as he watched the cards that I was taken with against my will, for I was chary of gamblers and gambling. The man's eyes burned as they watched the cards. Not a muscle of his face moved. But for the blue sparks of his eyes I would have put him down as a man of ice; a Ferrara blade, handsome and keen, but cold. I am older now, and would as lief

judge a man by his shoe-buckles as by his face. My heart warms for him to this day; for, although Patrick Maxwell was a gambler born—and gambling has the heels of any vice for stealthily sapping a man's honour—he had as clean and kind a heart as any of the gallant breed whose name he bore.

The game went steadily against him. Time after time, looking at his hand, luck seemed to be with him, only for him to discover that his opponent held better cards, and that the little heap of coins by his elbow was rapidly lessening. The three of us watched silently, until the last coin crossed the table to Murray. Maxwell rose suddenly with a great oath and a dry, mirthless laugh, a laugh that his eyes had no share in, and lifted his glass.

'Luck's with the novice!' he said. 'I'm picked as clean as a dog's bone.—The devil has backed you to-night, I'm thinking.' He strode to the fireplace, drained the glass, and stood for a moment there, the flame playing on his pale face. Then he wheeled round. 'I've nothing but my horse left. Come, another bout!'

'No, Maxwell; take heed. Not to-night,' interposed Cameron.

'Why not to-night? As well to-night as any other. For aught we ken, we may all be on the wrong side o' the heather one o' these days.' Maxwell looked at the scattered cards, and took a step forward. Invisible hands were pulling him towards them. 'To it again! The horse is worth thirty guineas.'

The youngster Murray hesitated. 'As you will, Patrick,' he answered at length. 'I have won enough, an' ye ken the luck's no' wi' you. But just as ye say.'

'Then I say "play." I'll let the tow gang wi' the bucket. I'll stake the horse at thirty guineas, and you'll be well mounted if you win him.'

Without a word the cards were shuffled and dealt again. Irving snuffed the candles.

'Let us end this,' said Maxwell suddenly, after a round or two, and named a stake that meant the end of his tether.

They played again, no one speaking a word. Maxwell lost.

Without hesitation, without looking up at any of us, he drew a ring off his finger and threw it on the table, with 'I stake this!'

'Not that, by Heaven! His Highness's ring! Take my word, Maxwell, ye are making a tryst with blacker luck than ever ye can conter if ye stake that,' said the major earnestly.

'Well, well, fortune here, fortune there!' Maxwell turned the ring round and read from it '*Tanlem Triumphans*.' 'It is the Prince's motto, and is not his Highness in the greatest gamble in history?'

'Please God, no!' said the other.

Maxwell hesitated. Now, I know not what strange impulse urged me. He had lost every-

thing, and deservedly, I thought. I had little taste for play; yet, before I knew, I leaned forward and said, 'If you do me the honour, I shall play. But I name the terms, as I am no card-player. We play for an hour—that is, until half-past seven of the clock.' Then I named a sum high enough, as I thought, to set against the ring.

'Sir, you are generous,' he made answer; and with a gamester's superstition, 'Money will not buy the ring. The Prince gave it to me with his own hand. But it will bring me luck at cards. I take you!'

The other two officers shrugged their shoulders, as if to say, 'A wilful man has his way.'

I sat down opposite Maxwell, and again the cards whispered on the table.

I must say that the man was haunted by the hardest of ill-luck. If I played almost any card, he would follow with a worse. No one spoke, the ring winking in the candlelight in the middle of the table. We played on and on, until I was ashamed of my easy victories.

'Three minutes to go,' Walter Irving cried.

The cards were dealt. I had but an indifferent hand. Maxwell led into my suit. I won each trick. The clock struck the hour.

'You have the vole!' said my opponent calmly, and handed me the ring. He smiled, but he was pale to the lips, and his eyes played traitor to his brave attempt at unconcern. I could have sworn that for a moment their blue flame was dimmed.

'Nay! I played but to kill time,' said I. 'The jade Fortune has jilted you. I should be a churl indeed to claim what I hope will be a better talisman for other affairs than écarté. Allow me to restore it;' and I pushed it across the table.

He rose to his full height, a good clean-built six feet, the smile struck instantly from his face. 'You insult me, sir. The ring is yours. You offer charity, and to a Maxwell! By Heaven'—and his hand dived to his sword-hilt.

'My name is Layton;' and I got to my feet as I spoke. 'Like the Maxwells, the Laytons neither offer charity to their equals nor ask it from them. Come, Captain Maxwell, 'twas well meant. Keep the ring, and you shall still owe me the paltry guineas. I take your word for them, and I am within my rights. I do not know the custom in the North; but in Westmorland there is neither law nor custom that compels a man to accept money against his inclination, and I shall never be the first to introduce it.'

He looked long and earnestly at me. 'I ask your pardon, Mr Layton,' he said in a changed voice. 'I keep the ring—meanwhile. In truth—in truth—I was loath to part with it! But I shall not wear it until I repay you.'

He held out his hand and gave mine a grasp. It nearly made me wince, but it meant gratitude, and no second-rate flickering impulse.

It was a relief when the loud voice of Major Cameron broke in.

'Gentlemen, it looks like scant courtesy, but we must put foot to stirrup. I could bide here till cock-crow, with sound claret and the company of men like yourselves; but you can guess that we are due elsewhere. Our horses were ordered for seven o'clock, and the hour has gone long ago.'

We accompanied them to the door and saw them mounted.

Maxwell bent in the saddle as they moved off, and said, 'Remember, I do not wear the ring until I repay you.' He looked back and waved his hand as they rode round the corner out of sight.

'Come,' I said to Walter Irving; 'hast had any adventures since we parted?'

'Devil a one,' he answered, 'unless ye call colloquing with my kinsfolk by way of an adventure, listening to an auld wife's havers about her rheumatism and an in-come in her back, until I wearied, and came back to the town. There's nothing in Edinburgh but dis-peace and disappointment.'

'Ah, the lady! Is she still as coy as she is beautiful?'

'Coy or no', I'll marry her in a fortnight,' he said with great deliberation, and a new note in his voice.

'It would be a difficult business if the lady were not of your mind, unless you carried her off.'

'That's just what's in my mind, and it's what may very well happen. I'm tired o' courtin', and I'm thinkin' some women tire o' courtin' too, and would as lief be carried off as be made sugared speeches to.' He asked suddenly, 'Heard ye aught o' the numbers o' Cope's army?'

I laughed in his face; the change of subject was so palpable. As for him, he never looked to left or right, but glowered down the darkening street.

'You have not a great deal in the way of news,' said I.

'As much as you, maybe.'

'I doubt it. I'll tell you mine on condition that you keep it a secret.'

He looked at me, alert; another man in a twinkling. 'A secret?'

'Yes, a dead secret. Let us go back to the "White Horse." It is a long story.'

(Continued on page 227.)

BASSORAH, THE VENICE OF THE EAST.

By J. NIVEN.

THE Union-Jack having been hoisted at Basrah (also Basreh or Bassorah), a vision of my first visit there rises clearly before me; the atmosphere of the East seems once more to surround me, its indefinable charm to haunt me, and again in spirit I find myself nearing the land of the *Arabian Nights*. We had left the open sea behind when we reached Fao, where our soldiers landed lately. It consists of a few scattered houses on the edge of a level arid plain; but here the submarine cable which brings Persia and Mesopotamia into touch with the West is brought to shore, and at the telegraph station the news of events at home are ticked out, and then sent on to Mohammerah, Ahwaz, Basrah, and Baghdad, to be eagerly read and discussed in all the little communities of Europeans stationed there.

There is a great bar here, formed by the shifting bed of the Shat-el-Arab, as the waters of this swift-flowing river rush down to meet the sea, and the steamers are partially unloaded before they continue their journey up-stream. The Shat-el-Arab is a broad and turbulent river, formed by the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates. At this part it forms a sort of natural boundary between Turkish Arabia and southern Persia. As we enter it, the banks are bare and uninteresting; but soon signs of cultivation appear, and a fringe of palm-trees borders the wide expanse of desert which stretches away toward the horizon. These gardens become more frequent as we near

the junction of the Shat-el-Arab and the Karun River. Here lies the town of Mohammerah, which only a few years ago consisted of a mere cluster of traders' houses and a British consulate, grouped together on the outskirts of the desert, with a wharf on the river-front. This wharf was generally piled high with boxes and bales, waiting the arrival of the little shallow-draught steamer that sailed once a fortnight for Ahwaz, a small town which is situated farther up the Karun, and which is the forwarding station for goods destined for Shuster, the Bakhtiari Hills, or Ispahan. At Ahwaz these goods are transhipped to a still smaller stern-wheel steamer, or loaded on mules and camels, and are carried through ancient canals or over desert and wild mountain-passes to the cities of the plains. Now Mohammerah is quite an important and busy port, with offices belonging to the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, a dock for the reception of the heavy material required for the construction of the oil-refineries, and houses for the officials of the company. As we reach it the cry of the *muezzin* calls every devout Mohammedan to evening prayer. We lie here for a night, and as the short Eastern twilight passes swiftly into dusk we sit on deck and watch the myriads of stars appearing one by one in the deep blue of the tropic sky. As the winches cease whirring we become conscious of a never-ending chorus of sounds which had been inaudible during the pulsing life of the day. The deep, guttural croaking of thousands of frogs

forms a bass to the sharp soprano notes of the never-resting cicadas, and at intervals the long, melodious trills of the singing tree-frog ring out loud and clear above them all. This vibrating, pulsing fullness of life under the date-palms is enfolded in the brooding silence of the desert, which, we know, is spreading out beyond the belt of trees, into the wide unknown, 'baring its bosom to the stars,' in its vastness and its unchanging stillness like a great image of eternity. Yet ever and anon this brooding silence is broken in upon and shattered by the startling suddenness of a loud, discordant cry, the hopeless wailing of some prowling hyena, or the short yelping bark of a pack of jackals. There seems to be no rest anywhere in the tropic night save in the eternal heavens, which shed so clear and transparent a radiance over all that the feathery fronds of the trees, the stubby banks of the river, and the gleaming waves of the swiftly flowing great stream itself are spread out in clear detail before us. An Arab is standing at the prow of the boat, and his figure stands out in a clear silhouette against the background of the sky. His flowing cloak, his picturesque head-covering, his stately pose, and above all the rapt stillness of his gaze as his eye searches the wide desert spaces seem to bring to mind old half-forgotten tales of magic ships sailing through perilous seas 'to faerie lands forlorn.'

We go to sleep this night with the joyful feeling that we have at last reached the magic East, and have already a premonition of the spell which this land of wide spaces is fated to cast upon us; already we hear the first faint call of the desert, which rings for ever in the ears of those to whose heart it once has reached. We wake next morning to find ourselves under way, and are steaming slowly up-river toward Bassorah, whose name is already familiar to us as that of the birthplace of Sindbad the Sailor. At one time this was a very prosperous city, with a larger population and more extended commerce than Baghdad itself; but now much or all of its glory has departed, though it might outrival its former splendour if it were delivered from the oppressive rule of the Turk.

As we sail up, the river-bank on the left (or Arabian) side shows ever greater luxuriance of growth. Every half-mile or so canals are led inland, and these again break up into a network of smaller canals which serve to irrigate the soil. As the export of dates to America, India, Europe, and Britain is the chief source of wealth, we find that wherever there are canals there are also date-gardens. The umbrella-shaped foliage of the palms gives just the required amount of shade to protect any undergrowth from the fierce rays of the burning sun, which would otherwise scorch the tender shoots of the springing plants. The light thus filters through the fronds of the trees and falls in a soft golden radiance on a miniature forest of growing things: trailing

vines, whose clinging tendrils are led from tree to tree; the twisting fibres of the cucumber-plant, eagerly pushing their way along the ground; a luxuriant tangle of tomato-bushes; long trails of green sheltering the slowly ripening golden melons; delicately graceful pomegranate-trees, with great waxen bells of vivid crimson staining the soft green of the quivering leaves; apricot-bushes, leafless still, but covered with a cloak of snow-white blossoms; peach-trees, a miracle of loveliness, as their delicate pink blossoms glow in the softened rays of the April sun—all these make up the unforgettable vision of an Arabian date-garden.

As Bassorah itself comes into view the date-gardens become more and more numerous and more luxuriant; everywhere are signs of cultivation and care; and as we leave the broadest canal behind us we turn a bend in the river, and have our first glimpse of the houses on the front. These are the dwellings of the wealthy native traders and of the British residents; and a little farther on is the official residence of the commodore of the Turkish fleet, with a solitary Turkish gunboat anchored in mid-river in front of it. The houses here are built of native-made bricks, in the form of squares or oblongs, built round a central open courtyard, and most of them have wide verandas at the southern side. A few are covered with creeping plants and sheltered by trees; but as these serve as cover for reptiles and mosquitoes, most of the Europeans sacrifice beauty to comfort, and leave their houses bare and unlovely. Behind the houses are the date-gardens; and on the opposite side of the river stretches an unbroken line of desert, yellowish-brown and arid, and seeming to quiver in the hot, palpitating air. The river here is full of life and sound. Sailing-vessels from Mossul or Baghdad, with sails so set that they seem like gigantic butterflies, and great carved prows rising high out of the water, remind us of the Viking ships of the old Norsemen; bellums, the native rowing-boats, glide past to the rhythmic cadence of the oars; one or two tramp-steamers are loading or unloading cargo; the lighter ships are preparing to steam to the bar to meet the incoming mail-boat; and the shallow-draught steamers which sail to Baghdad are being boarded by dozens of Arabs, Persians, Chaldeans, Jews, Turks, who will soon have made a temporary home for themselves on the upper deck, where they will cook their food, sleep, eat, dress, and undress in the small space allotted to them during the five days' journey to the City of the Caliphs.

Bassorah proper lies two miles inland, and can be reached either by land or water. To reach it we get into a bellum, which is long and narrow, somewhat like a gondola in shape, and is generally painted in vivid colours, bright blue or green, or even red. In the centre is a mattress or cushion and two or three pillows, and

there is just enough room to allow two passengers to sit side by side. Each boat has three rowers, or bellumgees, picturesque figures wearing the usual Arab head-dress and long blue tunics which reach to their ankles. As we turn out of the river into the main canal, known as Busreh Creek, we have on one hand the military barracks and on the other the Custom House. The barracks is a large, rambling, ramshackle building of the usual native pattern, and is surrounded by a mud wall. As we pass the band is practising, and a strange medley of discordant sounds reaches our ears, for each man seems to practise his own part without regard to the others, and often without much regard to either time or tune. The Custom House is an ugly brick building, with a wharf in front. Here the luckless merchant must leave his goods for days, and often for weeks, till such time as a liberal application of 'palm-oil' may induce the officials in charge to examine them and impose duty on them. The hapless owner may consider himself lucky if his bags of flour have not been standing for days in some inches of water, or if his tinned goods have not shown a remarkable quality of mysterious evaporation.

As we glide into the creek we come upon a busy and characteristically Eastern scene. An endless stream of figures seems to move up and down the road which borders the canal, and which is the only 'road' in the district. In the vivid sunshine they move restlessly to and fro: Arabs on graceful Arab horses, Turkish soldiers on hard-paced hacks, lumbering vehicles drawn by wretched mules, hurrying coolies with bundles poised on their heads, black-robed veiled women, with long skirts trailing in the dust, and balancing bronze pitchers on their heads, and blind beggars groping their way by the aid of a stick. As we near the town the road abruptly ends, and houses rise sheer out of the waters of the canal. Some of the houses are overhung by wide-spreading acacia-trees, and are covered with creepers through which the bright blues and greens of the woodwork gleam in flashes of colour. But soon these—which are the dwellings of the native merchants—give place to bare and ugly brick buildings, the law-courts and the prisons.

Soon we reach the end of the creek, and on leaving the boat find ourselves in the bazaar, whose narrow, covered-in alleys seem dark and gloomy after the fierce glare of the sunshine outside. The paths are unpaved and full of holes and ruts, and are so narrow that foot-passengers have to stand close to the wall to let carriages pass, or to avoid the greasy skins on the backs of the water-donkeys which pass in seemingly endless procession, while the *bheesties* goad them on by means of iron-shod staves. On either side of the street are rows of shops, or, rather, of shop windows without any glass. Here the merchant sits amongst his wares, often

smoking a *kalian* (or water-pipe), ready to talk or to bargain as his customers may desire. As in all Eastern places, purchases take long to make; every *keran* (a native coin) has to be fought over and bargained for. The bazaar in Busreh is relatively small and unimportant, as the wealthier natives have their silks, embroideries, brass vessels, and leather goods brought down from Baghdad. After a cursory glance at the stalls of groceries, spices, vegetables, and tin wares, we pass from the dark lanes to the bright sunshine of the desert.

Some groups of reed huts (or *sareefas*) mark the outlying native villages; beyond them there is a narrow belt of date-palms, and beyond that a vast stretch of desert land. This land wants only adequate irrigation to become the granary of Europe. Sir William Willcox has said that the soil is even more fertile than that of the Nile Valley, and would repay cultivation even more generously. At present the natives find that it does not pay them to cultivate grain in any quantity, as the Turkish Government taxes the crops so exorbitantly, and may at any moment lay an embargo on their exportation. Remains of ancient canals, which must have been in use when Babylon was at the height of its prosperity, can still be found, and explain the one-time splendour and wealth of that city of the plains. But, waste land though it be, the desert is a joy to those who love wide spaces and 'winds austere and pure.' Even during the torrid heat of summer, when the thermometer stands at one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, a keen air blows here. But in the springtime it blows salt and fresh, as though it came over the sea, and conjures up for us a vision of blue seas and freshening breezes which sweep round our island home.

A gallop on the desert is a thing to dwell in one's memory for ever. The horses themselves feel the call of it, and become things compact of fire and swift exulting motion. Far on the horizon can be seen the silhouette of a long line of camels bringing in merchandise from Zobeir, the town lying out in the midst of the desert. As they move on with stately stride they seem like a flight of ostriches against the blue background of the sky. Here and there can be seen an Arab, with flowing cloak, on a richly decked horse; he breaks into a sudden gallop, and in a moment has become but a speck on the great endless plain.

When our horses are tired we walk them home through the date-gardens, where they pick their steps over the narrow mud-paths and date-tree bridges. There is a peaceful loveliness in this fertile growth after the vast emptiness we have left behind. A breath of sweetness is wafted from a distant bean-field, recalling memories of home; the sicklier perfume of the mimosa makes the air heavy and languid, the

scent of the myrtle speaks of purity and peace, and the orange-blossom sheds its rich fragrance on every side. There is no grass, but fields of *jet*, or clover, grow in prodigal abundance; the canal-banks are pink with roses, the mulberry-trees are bent under their load of fruit, and Nature seems to be casting her gifts in prodigal profusion at the feet of man, for it is April, when the sun is still a beneficent and life-giving power.

Under the rule of a just and well-ordered Government there would be almost no limit to the possible development of such a land as this. At present the European population—including British, French, Germans, Greeks, and Russians—numbers not more than forty or fifty; but with improved methods of communication, the power to build and irrigate, and the prospect of permanent occupation, traders would increase in number, and trade might be developed on a very large scale. The climate is exceedingly hot, averaging one hundred and five degrees in the shade during the five hottest months; but the heat is fairly dry, except in May and part of August, when the atmosphere recalls the inside of a steam-laundry. The winter and early spring are delightful, a time of brilliant blue

skies, keen fresh winds, and life-giving sunshine. There is no rainy season, and rarely are there dull skies or lowering clouds. The lover of sport can enjoy fair shooting, wild pig, snipe, wild duck, and partridges being found in abundance. There is a club-house where one can read the latest telegrams, papers, and magazines, or play bridge or billiards. Tennis and badminton, riding, rowing, walking, keep the residents 'fit.' Even golf can be indulged in, for a course has been marked off on the desert across the river; but unfortunately the 'greens' are very often under water, as the snows melt in the distant hills and the river comes down in flood. In winter picnics and gymkhanas on the desert bring all the Europeans together; and sometimes, when a gunboat is lying in the river, cricket and football matches are played. Life out here is a thing remote from the hurry and bustle of our modern cities. *Bacha* (to-morrow) is always time enough for Arab or Persian; no sound of shrieking engine or clattering car is heard as the soft-footed camels pace slowly over the desert sand, and the great carved Viking ships glide noiselessly on the bosom of the stream. One has time to think, to feel, to enjoy—to live!

A HOUSE OF DREAMS.

By MRS GEORGE SAVILE.

ONE of the pleasant memories that remain after a long sojourn in India is the cold-weather camp. At all times there is much to ensnare the fancy in camp life, and the change of scene from cantonments to the jungle can never be forgotten. To many, all over the world, the mere thought of camping out wakes a thrill in the heart, and there are also many who will even endure hardship to lead a gipsy life for a while; but in India, where all the arrangements are so well understood, and where everything is run on luxurious lines, it can only be a delightful existence. Besides, it stands for a holiday—no bugles, no parades or courts-martial, no balls, dinners, or parties; only freedom from restraint, and shooting all day and every day—'for men must work!'—with, in some places, a delirium of snipe, duck, and other wildfowl. For the ladies of the party there are riding and walking in the cool hours of the morning and evening, and for some of the more sporting ones shooting with the other guns. In the afternoons the long, slumbrous hours; the white circle of tents, so quiet and so peaceful; the evening stir of food being prepared on numerous camp-fires, each caste cooking for themselves, and the wreaths of their blue smoke rising through the trees. A breeze brings the acrid smell of smoke, blended with the smell of boiling grain—the horses' food; and, as it nears the time for their evening meal,

the soft whinnying of the ponies. Bullocks, clad in sacks, are lying ruminating over the cud, and some less happy are bringing water to the camp; herds of sheep and goats and cows pass silently by in a cloud of dust on their way home for the night; an emerald flash of parrots, as they fly screaming overhead; servants stand or sit about in groups—all component parts of a great moving picture that, once seen, lives in the memory.

Then the last day, when every one goes his way, and everything has to be gathered up and packed away in the bullock-carts, and sent on early in the morning, to have time to get to the next place before dark; my husband and I following later at our leisure in the pony-cart. Only one more *dāk* before cantonments! Next day we should be back again, after a month's leave, doing the usual round of duty and pleasure that makes up life in India.

At Minahpur, where we were to sleep the last night of our leave, there was an old Residency, long dismantled; the commission had been moved elsewhere, and the house was no longer needed.

We arrived to find all our carts congregated under big banyan-trees in the huge compound. Our servants greeted us with the questions, 'What orders? Will the sahib and the mem sahib sleep in the tents, or shall their servants make them beds in the bungalow?' The butler

added insinuatingly, 'Very good bungalow, sar.' I suspected him of laziness. I felt sure it was only to save himself the trouble of superintending the putting up of the tents, which he evidently considered a waste of energy for one night; moreover, he probably hoped to get in early next day to his wife and family.

It had been very cold in tents the night before, and the thought of getting into a house rather commended itself to me. 'Is it clean?' I asked.

'Yes, mem sahib; commissioner sahib just done sleeping there two, three nights.'

'Let us go and inspect,' advised my husband.

We walked across to the bungalow, a very fine one. The veranda at the back had been built up roughly and screened off into a series of small rooms, in two of which the perfidious Trim Bux had already put our effects. That he meant us to spend the night there was obvious.

'Why not inside, if at all?' I asked coldly.

Trim Bux fidgeted. 'Better here, mem sahib. Here commissioner sahib slept.' He was like a parrot, but his tone implied that what was good enough for a person in authority was good enough for a mere major's wife. He then added confidently, 'They tell—inside—a house of dreams.'

To my surprise, however, the dinner-table was laid inside—looking a small island in the huge dining-room that went all across the house. The house was in fair repair, though dismantled; but as I stepped across the threshold I disliked the atmosphere. A disused house in India soon takes on an eerie feeling; I have noticed it a score of times, and it is generally at once inhabited by cats, rats, and bats. I looked at the matting; it was quite new and clean. There seemed nothing to complain of that I could see, but I felt uncomfortable, and was glad to walk quickly through the equally huge drawing-room and out of one of the five great French windows that made the bow, on to the veranda beyond. Scraps of curtains of a gorgeous, though faded, blue satin hung before these windows; but why they had been left it was hard to say; they intensified the feeling of desolation. I glanced through the window into the best bedroom—a gaunt room, with the ceiling-cloth torn down in a far corner—and was thankful Trim Bux had not compelled me to sleep in that ghostly room! However, once in the garden, we—both ardent gardeners—were soon engaged in the interesting pursuit of tracing out paths and beds. It had evidently had a lot of work expended on it in the past. A broad walk led from the house to a balustrade at the end; on either side of this path were beds aflame with amaryllis lilies, making a brave show.

'I have never seen so many together before,' I said. 'How gay!' Then somehow I felt gaiety was the last thing to be said of that desolate garden, where departed glory brooded over everything. The long walks under shady trees were grass-grown; the borders round the

beds were hedges now. The rose-garden—so large and well laid out, with a fountain in the centre—had returned to type! Only the common red and pink Edward and Emma roses (on which the better kinds, in lieu of briers, are budded in India) remained in wild luxuriance, while all around the jungle undergrowth had crept up and was encroaching steadily.

After a pleasant hour of wandering round, we again came down the broad walk, and leant against the balustrade, which was on the edge of the plateau on which the house was built. Below us was a deep gorge, a forest of trees covering the sides of it from top to bottom. We amused ourselves tracing the footpaths made by the wood-cutters, as they wound through the thick jungle from the plain below.

'What a wild place, but how beautiful!' I said; but I shuddered.

The mists were rising from the valley, and it was getting dark. We were glad to go in to dinner; and it was surprising how soon afterwards we decided there was nothing to sit up for, and that it would be nicer to go early to bed.

But as I settled down to sleep I found myself repeating, 'A house of dreams! a house of dreams!'

There was a whispering close beside me in the veranda, an irritating, whispering sound. For a long time I could hear nothing; try as I would, I could not hear a word that was being said. At last one of the servants—oh yes! it was the native servants, of course—grew excited, and said aloud, 'Four sahibs come.'

'Hush!'

The whisperers were annoyed, but still continued to whisper, 'Four sahibs;' once I had caught it, I heard it again and again in their talk; and once the words 'commissioner sahib,' and somehow in connection 'pistol.'

Next I became suddenly aware of lights in the dining-room, and saw the table-servants moving about, laying the table for dinner. They took the usual minute care with the floral decorations and in putting on the silver and glass. What a lot of silver! It was evidently to be a large dinner-party. Still the servants muttered, 'Four sahibs,' as they talked in low voices, moving round the table as they did their work.

Finally all the candles were lit; the dinner-hour had come. It struck me suddenly that no company had arrived. The diners were presumably guests in the house. In the drawing-room a buzz of conversation arose, men's voices, and now and again a woman's voice, and a gay, high laugh. Presently round the screen of Turkey-red twill in its handsome carved black-wood frame—all details were photographed on my brain—that, Indian-fashion, divided the two rooms, came the host and three men with him. He was a tall, powerfully built man, in a white duck suit, with long, narrow trousers that added

to his height, and a buttoned-up coat, a high collar, and black tie. His dark hair was long and waved on the top and sides of his head, he wore side-whiskers of the type called later 'Dundreary,' and had a flowing moustache. His three friends were similarly dressed, the only difference being in height and appearance.

From the other side of the screen appeared the lady on the arm of a fifth man, the most curled and scented of the lot—an Apollo! She was looking up and smiling into his face and talking with great animation. She was an apparition worth looking at.

'By Jove!' said one of the other men to his neighbour; 'isn't she arresting, by Jove!'

She was clad, in the height of fashion of her day, in a flame-pink silk dress, cut in a long-waisted bodice, with a lace *berthe* and short sleeves, from which her lovely drooping shoulders and shapely arms emerged with dazzling splendour; her skirt, with its downward-sweeping flounces, was very full and wide, and 'stood up by itself'—the acme of praise in those days. It swept round her as she walked. Her fair hair was braided round her head in oval form, and a wreath of small flowers surrounded her piquant face. She was very gay and sprightly; her eyes gleamed; her red lips parted in smiles that revealed her pearly teeth.

There was much laughter and conversation. The hostess's sallies were well received and much applauded. The champagne was handed round so that the gallants could drink to her. The servants stood round with imperturbable faces.

'Stop!' cried the host, smelling his glass. 'This is corked. Don't drink it.—Boy, bring another bottle, here to me. I will open it. Do you hear?'

'Better be on the safe side,' he said *sotto voce* to the man at his side. 'Probably medicated. All the servants disaffected.'

The lady's voice arose. 'My ayah left suddenly to-day. She said she was ill, but I don't believe her; so I had to dress myself.'

'Beautiful, I am sure,' drawled her cavalier, bowing low to her. 'You know I think you prodigiously handsome.'

She tapped him with her fan. 'Maurice'—with a sibilant lingering at the end of the name—'helped me.—You will always help me when I need help, won't you, Maurice?' she lisped.

'Even unto death,' answered her husband in a deep, vibrant voice.

At that she laughed again, but a sudden fear dawned in her eyes. 'The natives are curious just now, aren't they? I was glad to be rid of my ayah. Last night she talked of nothing but death. Now you are doing the same thing, Maurice!'

The host's great voice broke in, while he glanced at the immovable black faces round him. 'Listen to what Mackenzie says. He knows a certainty for the Calcutta stakes.'

It was not considered wise in India at that time—the spring of 1857—to probe below the surface of things or to discuss the situation. The Europeans were not blind to the danger-signals, but they were afraid the slightest digression from their usual ways might fire the mine and bring about the catastrophe they dreaded.

When the conversation became general again the host said cautiously to the man on his right, while he still watched to see that no one was listening, 'I have kept it from her. Good of you fellows to come. I have sent for the Seoli Horse. When they come we shall be safe.'

His friend nodded. The wine circulated in silver 'coasters.' The reflection of silver and flowers on the shining table made a charming picture. The hostess was more brilliant than ever. She was strangely like the flaming lilies in the garden.

'Mohammed,' she cried, 'bring the sahib a light for his cheroot.'

Mohammed, standing in the doorway with his back to the room, was peering out into the night. There were sounds of arrival, orders given, a scuffle.

Mohammed turned round with an evil leer, and twisted up his moustache—a gross insult from a Mussulman.

The gentlemen sprang to their feet and drew pistols, which they all had concealed about them. Maurice came round to his wife and put his arm round her, while she clung in terror to him. 'Courage, dear! courage!' he whispered to her.

The next moment all was wild confusion. Shots were fired. A crowd surged in on them. The Seoli Horse had mutinied and joined the servants. '*Deen! deen!*' ('Kill! kill!'), cried the Mussulmans.

The Englishmen, who just before seemed such 'curled darlings,' stood together and fought like lions. England's enemies have always found it unwise to underrate her sons; but the odds were against them. They were outnumbered by ten to one, though many bit the dust before the brave resistance failed.

Maurice, with a sword he had taken from a dead sowar, was fighting desperately; but the end had come; he knew he could not hold out much longer. He turned an agonised face on his wife, who had swooned at his side. He had one thing to do before it was too late, and he had reserved one bullet for it. He put his pistol to his wife's heart and shot her dead as she lay.

Two hours afterwards all was silent in that awful room. A single lamp still shed a light on the ghastly heaps on the floor. All the silver and valuables had been taken; everything else was broken and trampled under foot. The dead—black and white—were lying crumpled as they had fallen. The mutineers had looted

the bungalow, and gone on to continue their devilish work.

A head arose from the *débris*, stared around, and listened. It was Maurice, still alive, but bleeding, terrible, scarcely recognisable. He crawled to his wife's side; a corpse had fallen between them. When he found her he lay still again. He was too tired to think or care. But as the dawn brought a degree of coolness he woke, gathered up the woman in his arms, and with great difficulty bore her through the drawing-room and down the broad walk in front. Slowly, slowly, with almost superhuman effort, he dragged himself and her down one of the jungle paths, until, hidden by creepers, he came to a cave in the rocks. There he laid her down at the far end, and prayed over his dead.

'Dead! dead!' he moaned. 'Oh gracious Father, in Thy mercy let me not live, now she is dead!'

With a wild scream I woke. My husband came running to me.

'What is the matter? What frightened you?' he asked, putting his arm round me; and I was as glad to feel it as that other woman must have been to have her husband's strong arm round her in her hour of danger; though, alas! it had been powerless to save her.

I sobbed weakly, like a child, 'I've—I've had a bad dream.'

He petted and consoled me, as I had often consoled my own little son in like circumstances. 'See, it is dawn. The servants are stirring; they are going to start for home now. All is safe. Lie down and go to sleep again.'

We breakfasted under the trees. I remember the crows stole the butter. I could not bear the dining-room. I was still oppressed by my dream, and was quite determined to search for the cave. My husband humoured me. I could see he thought I was obsessed, and the only way to cure me was to let me find out that, after all, it was but 'the fabric of a dream,' a man's way of knocking the bottom out of a woman's 'silly fancy.'

He called the *chowkeda* (caretaker) and questioned him. Oh yes, there were caves—plenty

—down in the jungle. Would we go and see?

We marched down a long way, and it was hot and stuffy in the wood. At last the caretaker stopped before long hanging roots of a banyan-tree that had become almost trees themselves, and pointed into a well-kept cave, evidently a show-place; and, looking hard at me, he began the oft-told tale: 'Here, sahib and mem sahib hiding in the Great Rising. Jungle people very kind, bringing food and water, and afterwards bringing sahib and mem sahib safely to cantonments.'

'This is too far down,' I said. 'Let us go back to the balustrade. They turned off sharp to the left,' I insisted.

Arrived at the top, we found a path, passing a tree under which was a native god painted vermillion. 'Yes, I saw that in my dream. Here! here!' I said excitedly, going to his left.

At that our friend confessed. 'Yes, here was a hiding-place. Sahib knew it and made ready. Villagers always wondering where he had taken lady, but my father knew. It was easy to find them. Sahib was weak and very faint; he fell often, and there was blood all the way. My father put mud over it to hide marks. He loved Binnington sahib. He would have helped him.'

'Was he dead?' asked my husband sternly.

'Yes, truly, sahib; both quite dead. Sahib and mem sahib together quite dead. My father putting stones before the place, and for a long time no one going in again. Now if any go in a devil comes and stops them; and when foot passes by at night mem sahib's spirit cries so loud men run away and hide their ears—so,' graphically putting his hands over his ears to show us how.

Later we verified the above facts. We found people living who had known them in the past. We had the cave walled up and a cross placed in front of it; and on it we had this inscription carved:

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
MAURICE BINNINGTON AND LILIAS, HIS WIFE,
KILLED AT MINAHPUR, MAY 1857.
'In death they were not divided.'

THE GREATEST LIVING GUERRILLA.

By PERCY CROSS STANDING, Author of *Guerilla Leaders of the World*.

THE writer has been privileged to hold personal converse with the octogenarian Colonel John Singleton Mosby, one of the dwindling band of survivors, on the Confederate side, of the American Civil War of 1861-65. I am aware, of course, that in venturing to describe the veteran Mosby as the greatest living guerilla leader I may have to break a lance with those enthusiasts who would fain claim such a distinc-

tion for the unheroic General De Wet. But that erring soldier, Christian de Wet, has so passionately declaimed against the description 'guerilla' as applied to himself, in his remarkable book, *Three Years' War*, that I have deemed it well to omit him from the comparison.

The exploits of Colonel Mosby were responsible for one of the most celebrated of President Lincoln's many *mots*. On the occasion of Mosby's

capturing the Federal General Stoughton and a number of horses in the course of an exceptionally daring raid, the President dryly remarked, 'Well, there won't be any difficulty about making another General, *but how are we to replace those horses?*' And the dashing colonel once got so close to Washington—in sight of the Capitol, in fact—that he cut off a lock of his hair and humorously requested a passer-by to convey it to Mr Lincoln with his compliments. 'But the exchange was never effected.'

Like so many thousands of others, John S. Mosby entered the service of the Southern Confederacy, on the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, as a soldier in the ranks; but his merits were speedily recognised by General R. E. Lee, the famous Confederate Commander-in-Chief, in an Order of the Day. Promotion followed, and he became attached to the cavalry corps commanded by the chivalrous J. E. B. ('Jeb') Stuart. The latter was quick to recognise the young officer's extraordinary merits, and he encouraged Mosby in the direction of a series of daring raids upon the enemy's railroads, lines of communication, &c. Nevertheless, in a letter to the present writer, the veteran partisan says: 'My command never consisted of more than two or three hundred men.'

Early in 1863, the third year of the war, Mosby was promoted captain, when he decided to justify his promotion without delay. What immediately followed is perhaps best told in his own picturesque language: 'It was on 7th March 1863 that I started from Aldie with twenty-nine men. It was pitch-dark before we got near the enemy's cavalry pickets at Chantilly. Here a good point was won, for once inside the Union lines we should be mistaken for their own men. We passed along close by the camp-fires, but the sentinels mistook us for a scouting party of their own cavalry. I had no reputation to lose by failure, but much to gain by success. I remembered, too, the motto that Ixion in heaven wrote in Minerva's album, "Adventures are to the adventurous." There were a few guards about, but they did not suspect us until they saw a pistol pointed at them. Of course they surrendered. Some even refused to believe we were Confederates after we told them who we were! Joe Nelson rode up to me with a prisoner who said he belonged to the guard at General Stoughton's headquarters, and with a party of five or six men I immediately went there. An upper window was raised, and a voice called out, "Who is there?" The answer was, "We have a despatch for General Stoughton." An officer (Lieutenant Prentiss) came to the front-door to get it. I caught hold of his shirt and whispered my name in his ear, and told him to lead me to the General's room. As resistance was quite useless, he did so. A light was struck, and before us lay the sleeping General. He quickly raised himself up in bed

and asked what this meant. I said, "General, get up; dress quick; you are a prisoner!" "What?" exclaimed the indignant General. "My name is Mosby. Stuart's cavalry are in possession of the place, and Jackson holds Centreville." "Is Fitzhugh Lee here?" "Yes." "Then take me to him; we were classmates." "Very well; but dress quickly." My motive in deceiving him as to the amount of our force was to deprive him of all hope of rescue. I turned over my prisoners to Stuart at Culpeper Court-House. He was as much delighted at what I had done as I was, and he published a General Order announcing it to the cavalry, in which he described it as "a feat unparalleled in the war."

No wonder that President Lincoln, seated at the dinner-table, is alleged to have lifted up the corner of the tablecloth and looked anxiously under it. 'I'm looking to see if Mosby is underneath,' the President humorously explained.

The rival President, Jefferson Davis, received the news of Mosby's daring capture of General Stoughton in the following terms from the Confederate Generalissimo:

'You will, I know, be gratified to learn by the enclosed despatch that the appointment conferred a few days since upon Captain Mosby was not unworthily bestowed. The point where he struck the enemy is north of Fairfax Court-House, near the Potomac, and far within the lines of the enemy. I wish I could receive his appointment as major, or some official notification that I might announce it to him.

'R. E. LEE, General.'

The enclosure ran as follows:

'CAPTAIN,—Your telegram announcing your brilliant achievement near Chantilly was duly received and forwarded to General Lee. He exclaimed on reading it, "Hurrah for Mosby! I wish I had a hundred like him." Heartily wishing you continued success,

'J. E. B. STUART, Major-Gen. Commanding.'

A few weeks later came the first big nail in the coffin of the Southern Confederacy, the death of that supreme genius for war, Stonewall Jackson, in the arms of victory at Chancellorsville. In July of the same fatal year (1863) followed the fall of the fortress of Vicksburg and the Waterloo of Lee's army of northern Virginia on the bloody field of Gettysburg. It has been said that the primary cause of the loss at Gettysburg was the absence of the whole of the Confederate cavalry on a big raid around the enemy's lines of communication; but Colonel Mosby has combated this view in an elaborate and fascinating volume entitled *Stuart Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign*. Characterising the story as a myth and a 'Gettysburg legend,' the veteran adds: 'As I myself brought the information that induced General Stuart to ask permission to pass the Potomac in rear of the

enemy, and was selected to command the advance of his column, I think I have a right, as an actor in the great tragedy, to be heard.'

The knightly Stuart himself fell in battle near Yellow Tavern, Virginia, on 11th May 1864; and on 4th September ensuing General John H. Morgan—Mosby's only possible rival as a great Confederate guerilla leader—was shot dead at the battle of Knoxville. Still fighting with the courage born of despair, however, Colonel Mosby evoked from one of the opposing commanders this flattering (?) encomium on his capacity for war: 'Mosby is the devil. There will be no peace till he is killed.' In one of his later raids he only just fell short of capturing General Grant himself; and what would have been the moral effect of taking prisoner the Federal Commander-in-Chief at such a juncture of affairs may be better imagined than described. Grant subsequently wrote about him: 'Since the close of the war I have come to know Colonel Mosby personally and somewhat intimately. He is a different man entirely from what I had supposed. He is slender, not tall, wiry, and looks as if he could endure any amount of physical fatigue. He is able, and thoroughly honest and truthful. There were probably but few men in the South who could have commanded successfully a detachment in the rear of an opposing army, and so near the border of hostilities, as long as he did, without losing his entire command.'

After the Gettysburg disaster, Mosby was despatched at the head of his dwindling guerilla band to oppose General Phil Sheridan—the Stuart, so to speak, of the Northern army—who was laying waste the fertile valley of the Shenandoah. He must have given Sheridan many sleepless nights, for the latter writes of him: 'Mosby was the most formidable partisan I met in the war;' and this although Sheridan had also fought against the not less celebrated Morgan and Forrest. Grant wrote to Sheridan while Mosby was harassing his communications: 'If you can possibly spare a division of cavalry, send them through Loudoun County to destroy and carry off the crops, animals, negroes, and all men under fifty years of age capable of bearing arms. In this way you will get rid of many of Mosby's men. All male citizens under fifty can fitly be held as prisoners of war, not citizen prisoners. If not already soldiers, they will be made so directly the rebel army gets hold of them. Give the enemy no rest. Do all the damage to railroads and crops you can. Carry off stock of all descriptions, and negroes, so as to prevent further planting. If the war is to last another year, we want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste.'

That smiling valley did become 'a barren waste;' and, as the awful contest grew more and more embittered, Colonel Mosby was declared an outlaw by the Federal authorities and a price

was actually set on his head! Nevertheless, the veteran has emphatically and successfully combated the suggestion that he was ever guilty of contravening the laws of civilised warfare; and it speaks volumes for his own Commander-in-Chief's opinion of him that after the capitulation of the army of northern Virginia in April 1865, General Lee invested Mosby with the direction of what remained of the military forces of the Confederate States until the final termination of hostilities.

Old wounds and rancours were healed, and long years after the Civil War, when Mr Roosevelt went to the White House as President of the United States, he invited John S. Mosby to join his administration as head of the United States Department of Justice. In this connection Colonel Mosby writes amusingly to me that he eventually went out of the administration and back to private life 'because I opposed the Indian "steal"'—that is, the drastic measures of the United States Government when 'acquiring' the Red Indians' territory.

I conclude my appreciation of this incomparably Grand Old Man of guerilla warfare with a brief extract from the eulogy of his prowess penned by Colonel Henderson in his magnificent biography of Stonewall Jackson: 'These [Mosby's] operations are brilliant examples of the great strategical value of a cavalry which is perfectly independent of the foot-soldier, and which at the same time is in the highest degree mobile. Those who have never had to deal with the communications of an army may be unable to realise the effect that may be, and often is, produced by such a force; but no one with the least practical experience of the responsibilities of a Commander-in-Chief will venture to abate one jot from the enormous strategical value assigned to it by American soldiers. The horseman of the Civil War is the model of the efficient cavalryman.'

COULD WISHES MAKE THY PATHWAY.

COULD wishes make thy pathway lie

By silver streams through sunny meadows,
Keep o'er thy head an azure sky,

And from thy path all shades and shadows;
Then, love, thy heart no care should know,

Thy pathway lie in pleasant places,
And wheresoever thou didst go,
Thou wouldst discover well-loved faces.

But human minds in life's stern school,
And human hearts in stress and striving,
Must learn to conquer and to rule
Themselves, before at rest arriving.

So I, my love, can only pray

That in all sorrows that betide thee,
And howsoever dark thy way,

That God will keep and guard and guide thee.

LUDOVIC LITHGOW.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

EDINBURGH UNDER ARMS.

By J. C. BRYDEN.

THE cold wind sings through the coarse gray grass of the Braids; the gulls float slowly over the spires and trees of the town; the old gray city by her leaden strip of sea seems to smoke as quietly and calmly as in her stillest years of peace. And yet it is not really so. Once more her grim old Castle looks down on armed men, the challenge of the sentry is heard in her streets at night; and, even as we look, a long thin snake of khaki winds slowly down the hill and is lost away among the gorse. Edinburgh is under arms yet again!

If it is true that familiarity actually breeds contempt, then never was there city better qualified than Edinburgh to look on these martial scenes with indifference and calm. From the time of earliest history till the days of the 'Forty-five,' she has met and met her enemies again and yet again. Indeed, till 1375, the incursions of the English were so numerous and common that little was built of stone; and just a few poor little dwellings formed of earth and thatched with reeds clustered closely round the Castle and the base of the Castle Rock. It was useless to build substantially when any night the bale-fire's gleam might give the dreaded warning of the enemy's approach, for the citizens never hesitated to make a Moscow of their city whenever they were assured of the English host's advance; but by the light of their burning houses they would shoulder their few poor goods, and, driving their cattle before them, seek the shelter of the hills.

The exodus of these citizens, ancient history though it is, must have strikingly resembled what Belgium can show to-day; for, difficult as it is to realise it, there can really be no doubt that the civilians, then as now, had little to do with war. But though a surprisingly small part was taken by the citizens in most of the besiegings that went on within their town, it was often a townsman's brains, and not infrequently his daring, that forced the Castle's garrison to surrender or seek for terms.

This was particularly the case in the days of Robert the Bruce, when the castles of Stirling and Edinburgh alone held out for England. For many nights and days Sir Randolph, first Earl of Moray, had laid siege to Edinburgh Castle, which still defied him from its Rock, when at length one William Francis, an inmate of the town, proposed

a daring scheme which seemed to promise some success. As he was the son of a man once keeper of the fort, it appeared that this William Francis had lived within the Castle, and that during his stay on the Rock he had fallen violently in love with a certain doubtful lady who dwelt within the town. The frowns of the father being all against the match, he curtly forbade his son ever to see the lady again; but the stalwart William Francis, though a dutiful son by day, did not always obey his parent during sentry-go at night. With the incredible daring of youth, and at risk of his life and limb, he would scramble down the precipice in the heart of the darkest hours; and, having visited his lady, and taken a sweet farewell, would coolly reascend before the winter morning broke.

Such a marvellous feat of skill, as this climb undoubtedly was, must have seemed as impossible then as it seems impossible now, yet the dauntless Earl of Moray, and thirty men besides, resolved to attempt an assault by this terrible ladder of love. The night which they chose for their venture was black as any soot; but, despite this and their armour, which was heavy, cumbersome mail, they duly began the scramble up the rocks overhanging Princes Street Gardens, with Francis as their guide. The cliff was steep and high, but with infinite pain and toil they managed to reach a jutting ledge some half-way up the Rock; and there they paused to rest, while from the blackness far above them they could faintly hear the coughing of a sentry at his post.

Suddenly there was a shout, 'Away; I see you well,' and an enormous block of stone came thundering down upon them, leapt past them, and was gone. By what seemed to be a miracle, not one of them was hit; and by a superhuman effort each refrained from crying out. All that broke the stillness was a cough and a stifled laugh as the sentry on the rampart enjoyed his silly joke. He had only launched the boulder to frighten his fellow-guards.

Once more the brave attackers began to ascend the cliff, and at length, though all but exhausted, and bleeding from many a scar, they managed to reach the summit and overpower the guard. The fight that then ensued was fierce in the extreme, but the surprise was too complete for the issue to be in doubt, and as the March sun rose

the standard of England fell, leaving Edinburgh Castle in Scottish hands once more.

It is interesting to contrast this method of attack with that which was employed when cannon came into use; to contrast the deeds of Randolph with those of Regent Morton when he strove to take the Castle in the days of Mary Stuart. Though cannon had been known long before Queen Mary's time, though we read of how at Cressy the archers set between them a number of little bombards 'to frighten off the horses,' and though we know that by 1330 strange mortars had been wrought, some of wood bound round with metal, and even some of leather, it was not till the sixteenth century that guns were recognised as the most terrible of weapons that man had ever used. Before 1573 the Castle had been held during more than two long years for Mary Queen of Scots, and the exasperated Morton, who was then in charge of the siege, was forced to apply to England for cannon to reduce it. At length the cannon came, some twenty lumbering pieces, with many arquebusiers and pikemen in their train; and no time was lost in setting up the batteries, one of which was planted in the churchyard of Greyfriars. On the 17th of May the bombardment itself began; and though much had been expected from such large and powerful 'engines,' every one was appalled by the havoc which they wrought, and by the night of the 24th the Castle was in ruins, a melancholy example of the power of cannon-balls. The Wallace Tower and David's Tower, the Great Gate and Portcullis, were reduced to crumbling heaps, beneath which many men lay buried, and the remainder of the garrison, with all their bravery, were too exhausted and defenceless to do anything but surrender.

That Scotland was not always without cannon of her own, though at this memorable time she had to call on England, and that she did not always scruple to extort such from her people, the following curious Act will do very well to show:

'That landed men, and others, provide Guns: for each hundred pounds of land of new extent, one Hagbut—a terrible little arquebuse which took fifteen minutes to load, and which always prostrated its owner whenever he let it off; 'for each hundred marks of land, two Culverings'—an early form of cannon weighing a couple of tons or more, and capable of throwing a ball of eighteen pounds; 'and for each forty pounds of land, one Culvering, with all its pertinents. And that Merchants bring them home.'

But in order to ensure that none of these fearsome weapons should be used in any 'bicker' that might bring danger to the State, another law was drafted and soon brought into use by James the Sixth and his Parliament:

'That no man shoot with, or wear guns under penalty of cutting off the right hand; except that men may shoot for Pastime within their

inner closes . . . or in defence or pursuit of Thiefs.'

In the days of the Covenanters the methods of defence employed to defend the city from the 'fireworks of the Castle' were simple, and so effective that the town knew little 'scathe.' They simply took all houses that faced the Castle Hill and filled them with sand and water to stop the cannon-balls, while on the causeway of the streets 'they raised midding mounds, and on ilka mound ane cannon was stellited with all due care.' But if the town knew little 'scathe' from the fireworks of the Castle, the Castle knew as little from the guns of the 'midding mounds,' for it is authentically reported that a shot fired from the city missed not only the Castle, but the Castle Rock as well. In fact, so surprisingly ineffective were their 'modern contrivings'—though one of them was a mine which made a good-sized breach—that the canny Covenanters only gained the Castle at length by starving out the garrison by means of a close blockade.

A much more serious matter was the mine in Cromwell's time, for, with the aid of the Lothian colliers, a tunnel of sixty yards was driven from the southward right into the Castle Rock, and the powder being placed and the fuse and match got ready, the garrison was summoned to surrender within an hour. As may well be imagined, the threat was quite enough, and before the hour was finished the Castle gates were opened, and, with honourable terms, the garrison marched out.

On the 5th of October 1745 the guns of the Castle spoke out yet once again—spoke out, please God, for the last time to an enemy, for never since that day have they shot a deadly charge. They seem very far away, those days of the 'Forty-five,' and gradually the Castle becomes more and more a relic, till now the time has come when naval big guns could pound it into powder in less than a winter's day. But as the use of forts grows less, the need for men grows more, till now we ask not thousands but millions to drill and arm; for, with stone and steel and concrete proved useless as bow and spear, we know it is men, and more men, that alone can save us now.

Even in 1456 the need of men was great, and every able man between sixteen years and sixty was expected to be ready to oppose the English host. Sixteen years and sixty! And now we talk of thirty-eight as the greatest age permissible for a man who volunteers. Nor was it thought enough for a man to give his strength; he had also to provide himself with 'ane pricked hat and ane jacket,' supplied (if that were possible) with 'sleeves down to the hand;' while for arms he must produce an axe, a sword and buckler, a bow with all its arrows; besides a horse, 'gif he can get it.'

To ensure that every man could actually bring

these things, and, bringing them, be capable of using them with effect, King James the Second and his Parliament made the following drastic law :

'Item, It is decreed and ordained that Weapon Showings be holden by the Lords and Barons Spiritual and Temporal four times in the year ; And that Foot Ball and Golf be utterly cried down and not used ; And that bow makers make, at ilka parish, a pair of Buts ; And that Shooting be used.'

Though few of us, I fancy, would care to revive the penalty exacted from those 'who came not to the shootings'—two pennies (Scots) 'to be drunken at the Buts'—yet many to-day would most gladly support the clause that football and golf be utterly cried down.

It must not, however, be inferred from such laws as these that the Scots were ever shirkers when it came to defending their homes. Part of the great Flodden Wall, grim monument that it is, stands there to-day in the Vennel to decry so base a charge.

The news of the great defeat and of the death of Scotland's king reached the city before it was known that the English had retired, and great was the consternation and clatter of feet and tongues when the rumour quickly spread that the enemy approached. Then, amid the clanging of the bells which rang from every steeple, a proclamation was read from the base of the City Cross. It exhorted all the women to 'cease their clamour and go to prayer,' while the men were strongly urged to join in completing the wall which would then surround the city and give them the means of defence. Right well did they respond, and in a week the wall was finished, with ramparts, gates, and towers, a marvel of height and strength ; for even the women and children had helped by carrying stones procured from their own poor houses demolished for the purpose. The enemy never came ; but their labour was far from lost, for they raised a lasting monument which for hundreds of years has stood a testament of their devotion to their country and their homes.

But if the citizens rallied well in these far-off days of Flodden, they rallied no less nobly a

hundred years ago. For when the successes of Napoleon made an invasion all too probable, there was hardly a man in Edinburgh that did not carry arms. 'We were all soldiers one way or another,' writes Henry Cockburn in his delightful book of *Memorials*. 'Professors wheeled in the College area, the side-arm and the uniform peeped from behind the gown at the Bar and even on the Bench, and parade and review formed the staple of men's talk.' Indeed, so constant were the drillings, the marchings, and the shootings that from 1803 till 1814 Edinburgh has been described as one monster armed camp.

Not the least enthusiastic of these patriotic citizens—who often, by the bye, drilled as early as 5 A.M.—was the ever-energetic and determined Walter Scott. Debarred by his lameness from joining a regiment of foot, he was soon the heart and head of the Midlothian Troop of Horse ; and many tales are told of his ferocity and skill when sabring a turnip impaled for practice on a stick.

Slowly the years dragged on, and still no enemy came ; but not till the great Napoleon signed his fate at Fontainebleau did Scotland deem it prudent to dismiss her citizen troops.

And now those stirring days have come back to us once more ; once more we drill and march, and wait patiently for news ; and the same unanswered question that rang in our fathers' ears is haunting us, possessing us—the question, 'Will they come ?'

The future alone can answer ; at present no one knows ; but certain things we do know, and these we should not forget. We know that our old gray city has never feared to meet her foes ; that the long gray guns on the Forth are ready and willing to speak ; and that out beyond the suburbs, where the curlews swoop and cry, the khaki-coated sentries are tramping to and fro. And another thing we know—for the last few months have proved it, proved it in Flanders and Scarborough beyond the slightest shade of doubt—we know that never before have our soldiers, citizens, wives, shown such cheerful, practical courage, such indomitable pluck.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XVI.—IN WHICH I ASK FOR ADVICE, AND TAKE MY OWN WAY.

WE went back to the inn, to the room we had just left. The place was indescribably depressing. The fire was black out. The smell of guttering candles, stale drink, and tobacco hung about, and the cards littered the table and the floor.

Irving rang for fire and more lights, and when these were brought in I told him my story. 'The secret concerns another—others,' I began ;

'and, truth to tell, I am fairly at my wits' end to put a name to it. Irving, man, since I saw you I have been in deadly grips at least twice ; I have seen strange sights ; I have been in danger of being knifed.' I turned up my coat-sleeve and showed him the wound. 'I have been within an ace of being winged, bullets singing round me. Luckily one of them got my horse's ear, and she bolted, or I should not have been

here to tell you the story. All these things happened through my meddling with another person's affairs, and the other person is a woman !' 'A woman ! Your boast on the road up from the Border was that you were heart-free.'

'So I was—so I am !'

'This is a strange business.' He rose, opened the door, and looked into the passage. 'No one there,' he said, and closed the door. 'It behoves us—the town, I'm told, is a fair mowdie-heap for spies and runagates and broken men—to risk nothing if ye have enemies, though how that comes about beats me, for I understood ye had no acquaintances in Edinburgh.'

He looked at me curiously.

'Nor have I, except a decent lawyer that never saw me until to-day, and after the black doings I'll now tell you of I hope you'll be able to see more daylight through them than I can.' And I began to set it all out before him as shortly and clearly as I could. He listened without a word, but his mobile face betrayed his intense interest. With all his hail-fellow-well-met air, under the surface I suspected a deep lode—reserve power, hidden forces. At times I could almost have thought that he was holding his breath in anxiety, and when I came to the final moments of those few crowded hours, he drew a long breath of relief and sympathy, like one who had just escaped dire peril himself. He got up and paced back and forth in deep thought, his eyes very keen, two bright spots glowing on his high cheekbones. I could scarcely have believed that he was so highly strung.

'Ye made my heart loup !' he said. 'Ye cam' brawly out o' the business—brawly ; but what it means neither you nor I can put a name to. I can mak' neither tap, tail, nor middle o' it. Ye are sure o' the name ye said—the lady's, I mean ?'

'Sure—Miss Charlotte Macdonell. She is proud of her name, and gave it with great spirit. Indeed, had you been in my place you would have thought as meanly of yourself as I did ; a great hulk of a man standing like a ninny before a slip of a girl, wondering what would happen next. I am certain that at a nod from her the two Highlandmen would have finished me where I stood. Their hands were itching to get to their dirks.'

'It's plain enough that ye came by accident to a Jacobite house ; plain, too, that the inmates take ye for an enemy, there by design ; and that they think the letter found in your holster had been sent to you.'

'Yes. Up till the escape of the mounted man, when I got the cut on my wrist, I had nothing to complain of. But from the moment that I crossed the door of The Garth I was a prisoner, and, as I think, mighty near taking my last look at this world.'

'And the tall man in the cave, what was he like ?'

'A moving thing it was to see him groping

his way with such stealth and anxiety, so chained in his movements by his blindness ; such a sadness, such impotence in his burning eyes. I once looked upon a cruel thing, an eagle in a cage, and the sight of it poisoned the sunlight. It was in my mind to free it, and I declare that I had the same thought as I watched this man.'

'Ye were maybe safer to lie laich, as ye did. Eagles have talons. Glenira was a word that ye heard, said ye ?'

'What I knew concerning the plot against Glenira ; so said the lady of The Garth.'

'I have a notion that I have heard the name. I think he was afore my time or yours. But the name rings in my mind. Was there no 'a Glenira i' the "Fifteen" ? Tell me again, what was he like ?'

I described the tall man once more, Irving listening intently. He knitted his brows in thought for a little, and then shook his head.

'No ! My mind is as bare on the business as the Moor o' Rannoch o' corn ; but ye have tumbled owre a Jacobite wasps' byke. Do ye want my advice ?'

'I do.'

'Ye'll reject it ; but gin I were you—he looked very earnestly at me—'I would wash my hands o' the whole affair o' The Garth.'

I made no reply.

'Here ye are,' he went on, 'like mysel', wi' little or no mind to meddle wi' politics, young, come into your ain bit rent-roll, a smooth enough road in front o' ye through life, and what has happened ? The very first week that ye venture from your father's roof ye are like to get your feet taigled wi' Lord kens what—Hieland dirks and ladies in tempers and tears by turns, a blind man that kens secret passages and hides papers when decent folk are asleep, and—— By the way, ye didna show me the paper.'

'I left it with the Writer to the Signet, for safety. I sup with him to-night, and shall ask him for it.'

'I might have a look at it when ye get it back. On the back o' all this comes your man in the brackens wi' a pistol keeking out o' his pouch, and then you on a barebacked horse, bullets singing about your lugs ! Ye have had a fair runaway tirl at death's door.'

He smote the table with his fist until the glasses rang.

'The whole business scunnors me, Mr Layton. Tak' my advice, and see no more o' Miss Bright Eyes, or ye'll maybe never see your bonny Westmorland fells again. Ye'll pardon my speakin' frank and free ; but we made good company on the North Road together, and it would never be the part o' a friend (so to call myself, Mr Layton) if I didna open my mind to ye. Ye have your choice between peace, hame, the bonny place o' Darehope, and a fine

dounsettin' to your name; on the other hand—Faugh!' he snapped his fingers—'a meddlin' and trokin' wi' the affairs o' strangers, schemin' Jacobites or worse, the chance o' a slit throat, or, at the best, the chance o' your name being in the Lord Advocate's List wi' a black mark forment it.'

'But this affair need not entangle me in politics,' I interrupted.

'No, if you keep outside it. But rebellion is rebellion, and the next sax months may see a wheen necks in a tow. You and I cannot put a name to this business. Cast it behind ye. Take my counsel, Mr Layton! Ye're followin' a marsh lamp. Leave The Garth folk to redd out their crooked affairs wi' their ain hands. Again I ask ye, take my counsel. Get your affairs settled with the lawyer, and put your horse to the road again for Westmorland.'

He had laid a hand on my shoulder, and spoke so earnestly that I was loath to say anything that might savour of my taking offence. Yet I could not bring myself to the idea of leaving Edinburgh so soon. These were stirring times. Cope's army was at the very moment in the East Lothian. There would be a coming to grips between Stuart and Hanover. Fighting was in my mood. I was fain to see war. I pictured myself back, the centre of interest, at Westmorland, telling all that my eyes had seen—no longer a stripling, but a travelled man full of experiences at first hand; a person of some consequence. I suppose my thoughts cast some reflections on my face.

Walter Irving looked at me narrowly. 'I see ye are switherin',' said he.

'I am. I am thinking that I cannot come by much harm if I tarry a day or two in Edinburgh. The clash of steel is worth listening to. It calls me, and—and'—

'And ye have a score to set right wi' Mistress Charlotte Macdonell, her wi' the come-hither in her eye!'

I rose to my feet in a clap of anger, the blood in my face. 'You take a liberty. It would be well to leave her name out of this talk altogether.'

He raised his eyebrows, saying nothing for a long minute; and when he spoke his words stung me, although they were simple.

'So!' he said at last softly, as if to himself. 'So that's the way o' it! That's the way o' it!' I disdained to reply. 'Your mind is set, then, on meddlin' wi' other folks' affairs? So be it. Never say I did not warn ye. So be it!' He had gone to the door, and was standing holding it open. 'I—I meant well,' he said awkwardly.

I was too irritated to reply. Next moment he had closed the door behind him, and I heard his footsteps going down the stair.

I instantly began to repent of my flash of temper. It was true that he had presumed on

his acquaintance with me, but it was the first occasion of it. His reference to the lady of The Garth grated on me. Still, he was not of my station, I reflected. His outlook would probably be different from mine, and I might have been somewhat to blame in making free with him on our ride north. His advice to hasten back to Westmorland chimed with prudence. As he had said, he had meant well. A wavelet of regret touched me. I could almost have run after him to offer him my hand; but the moment passed, and I paced up and down the room, disquieted.

The voice of experience fretted me with its empty yet impregnable logic. Copy-book maxims of my schooldays—'Count the cost,' 'To-morrow oft means never,' and their kindred—passed in colourless procession. Their dull precision galled me. There was no quick blood in these sluggish burgesses in life's business. They were secure, too secure, in their citadel of prudence. Outside it, were there not heart-beats, colour, danger's bright eyes? Nevertheless, I reflected with a sigh, to listen to and obey these measured voices of experience was the ordinary lot of mankind. So I sat there in a little fever of unhappiness, my head in my hands, fully conscious that I was engaged in the most sterile of all mental phases—trying to convince myself against my will. One moment my thoughts would be on the smooth tide counselled by Walter Irving; the next there would come a swirl in the current, to cast them about and buffet them in conflicting waves of emotion, until they were spent and useless. I railed at myself for a weak trifle with Fate.

I might have sat balancing my thoughts until dawn; but I remembered my invitation to sup with Mr Peter Scott. The time was now after eight o'clock, and when I made a change in my dress and went out, the dusk had thickened. As I turned sharply at a corner to avoid a knot of people, my mind was still hesitating at the cross-roads of my life. But watching Destiny had played with me long enough, and there and then, in the twinkling of an eye, shook me to a resolve with a strong and contemptuous hand. There was a sound of hoof-beats, a flare of tossing torches, and in their momentary but trenchant gleam I saw a woman, wearing a screen of Macdonald tartan, riding a chestnut horse. The dusky street suddenly lit up.

She looked neither to left nor right (trouble in her eyes, I thought), and did not see me in the press of people. But an instant and she had passed, and the place was strangely dark again. It was as though a door in a lighted chamber had been suddenly clanged in my face. I stood and watched the torches of her running servitors dwindle from ruddy jewels to pin-points and vanish; and, strangely happy (although my heart beat unevenly, and the street seemed a leaguer of gathering shadows), I turned swiftly

where I stood, and went back to the 'White Horse' to tell the landlord that I had changed my plans, and that my mind was to remain where I was.

Prudence and cold reason fled at the first

quickened beat of my heart. The armoury of logic that almost had sent me soberly home to Westmorland fell like a house of cards before the first breath of the wind of my desire.

(Continued on page 244.)

LITTLE LUXEMBURG.

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

OF few parts of the world can a more varied, interesting, and even exciting story be told than of Luxemburg, whether by the name is meant the Grand Duchy or the city which is its capital; nor is there a much prettier or more attractive small country under the sun. Yet the whole land, of which I am to write under the affectionate and at the same time quite accurate title of Little Luxemburg, is known to very few people outside it and the districts immediately adjoining. Many travellers, on their way across it, rushing perhaps from Brussels to Bâle, have caught fascinating but fleeting glimpses of its beauties, and could scarcely have helped thinking that they would like to pay it a visit some day, if haply the opportunity came. Being about a dozen hours' journey or so from London, it was accessible enough in ordinary times, and doubtless will be so again when ordinary times recur; but the fact remains that, speaking generally, it was and is *terra incognita* to the vast majority; the man in the street knoweth it not, its soil has never been desecrated by the common roaring and ramping tourist, and some of us gave thanks for 'that same.' Still, twice within the last fifty years Luxemburg has suddenly emerged from its not altogether unhappy obscurity, and become, at least for a brief space, the topic of well-nigh every tongue.

The former occasion shortly preceded the Franco-Prussian war. Napoleon the Third wanted Luxemburg for France as a set-off against Prussia's gains after her defeat of Austria in 1866, and this precipitated a crisis which nearly produced a rupture between these two Powers, incidentally bringing the Grand Duchy into universal notice; then the matter was settled amicably, or at least without bloodshed. The latter occasion is of far more sinister significance. On 1st August 1914 Germany took the initial serious offensive move in the western area of the great war by seizing Luxemburg. The 1st of August of that year, destined to be ever memorable, was a Saturday, and during the night hours of that date the Germans secretly threw forward, according to plans long matured, a strong advance guard, which, by occupying the stations and the bridges on the Trèves and Trois Vièrges Railway lines, was able to take Luxemburg completely by surprise, as well as to ensure a free passage to the German armies through the Grand Duchy by rail to both the French

and the Belgian frontiers. In its unexpectedness and the rapidity with which it was executed the *coup* was so absolutely successful that when the Luxembourgeois woke up on the Sunday morning, it was to find, to their profound astonishment and dismay, that they had lost their country without the striking of a blow! Their distress could not have been lessened when they recognised in officers of the invading forces men who, up till two or three days previously, had been living in their midst in various capacities and accepted as friends and neighbours. Germany's seizure of Luxemburg, in this swift and dramatic manner, opened her campaign in the western theatre of operations, and focussed the eyes of the world once again on the little Grand Duchy.

This seizure of Luxemburg was an act of the basest treachery on the part of Germany. What was known as the 'Luxemburg Question'—a phrase which epitomised the former occasion that brought the country forward so prominently—was solved by the diplomats by the Treaty of London in 1867. By that treaty the independence and neutrality of the Grand Duchy were guaranteed by the Powers of Europe, Prussia of course being one of them. As in the far graver case of Belgium—far graver, because the interests involved were of much more importance, though the principle violated was precisely the same—Germany, in these days another name for Prussia, did not scruple to tear up this 'scrap of paper' when she thought it to her advantage. Luxemburg was in no position to offer the slightest resistance. By a sorry trick of fate the very treaty by virtue of which she existed as a sovereign autonomous state had deprived her of any power she might have possessed to make a stand against foreign aggression; for by its provisions the fortifications, which had made the city of Luxemburg, itself a great natural stronghold, one of the most formidable places on the earth, were demolished. The special irony of the thing was that the rocky plateau on which the city stands is connected with the surrounding country only on the side next to France, its other sides being defended by deep, precipitous gorges; thus nature had seemed to place a tremendous barrier in the way of an advance from Germany. Whether—seeing the overwhelming effect of high explosives and enormous guns on Liège, Namur, and other

fortresses—the city, had it remained fortified as it was prior to the treaty, could have long prevailed against German assault may be questioned. But whatever chance it had was gone. Beautiful public gardens and fine residences had taken the place of its forts, and in military terms it was an open town, incapable of defence and defenceless. The Germans simply walked into it.

On the night of 1st August German troops seized the Adolf Bridge, Luxemburg's chief viaduct, and a great triumph of engineering due to the genius of Monsieur Ségourné, the famous builder of the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée Railway. All they had to do was to march into the city. The army, if such it can be called, of the Grand Duchy consisted of some three hundred men and half-a-dozen officers—really at best a police force; but the majority were postmen, railway hands, and custom-house officials, who were soldiers only occasionally. Resistance on the part of such troops, even if they had been concentrated on the spot, would have been as absurd as it would have been futile; they could do nothing against the German hosts, and they did nothing. The first detachment of the German force arrived early on the morning of 2nd August at Sept Fontaines. M. Eyschen, the Minister of State of the Grand Duchy, drove in his motor-car across the Adolf Bridge, and presented to the officer in command of the German advance guard a copy of the treaty which Prussia had signed along with the other European Powers guaranteeing the neutrality of the country. Vain, silly scrap of paper! The German officer replied that he knew of its existence; it did not concern him in the least; he 'had his orders.' The Grand Duchess, the sovereign of Luxemburg, a young, pretty, and high-spirited princess of twenty, who had succeeded to the throne two years before, entered an emphatic protest by trying to block the bridge with her motor-car, but she was sternly told to go back to her palace and keep quiet. General Vandyck, the Commandant of Luxemburg, who had followed her on to the bridge, had a revolver levelled at his head. It was a case of *force majeure* of an overwhelming kind, and the Grand Duchy had to resign itself to the inevitable. A prominent American critic has contrasted the action of Luxemburg with that of Belgium to the former's disadvantage; but there is no real parallel between the two, as a moment's consideration of their respective circumstances shows. No British writer is likely to minimise in any degree the magnificent stand made by the Belgians, and I certainly as little as any. But neither the Grand Duchess nor her people had the ghost of a chance. Unwillingly enough, they bowed their heads.

Nothing could have been more unpalatable, more hateful, to the Luxemburgers than the occupation of their beloved and lovely little land by the Germans, in spite of the facts that

its sovereign, of the House of Orange-Nassau-Vianden, has German blood in her veins, that the majority of its population is of Teutonic origin, that its 'vulgar tongue' is a kind of German, and that it has long been a member of the German Zollverein. 'There is no one,' it has been truly said, 'that a Luxemburger hates so much as a Prussian.' The inhabitants of the Grand Duchy have for many years past strenuously resisted the Germanisation of their country.

There is not room in a short article such as this even to outline the ancient history of Luxemburg, which has memories of Cæsar and his legions, Attila and his Huns, Charlemagne, and other great figures. The present Grand Duchy is the eastern half of the old Duchy of Luxemburg which shared the vicissitudes of the Netherlands after its union with Burgundy in 1443. After the fall of the great Napoleon the Congress of Vienna carved out a new Europe, and Belgium and Holland became one kingdom under William the First. Nassau was taken from him, but he was given the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg in its stead. In 1839 what is now known as Belgian Luxemburg was divided off from the Grand Duchy, leaving the latter with an area of barely a thousand square miles; it is smaller than many an English county. The kings of Holland continued to be Grand Dukes of Luxemburg till the death of William the Third in 1890. When Queen Wilhelmina succeeded him on the Dutch throne the Salic Law deprived her of Luxemburg, which passed to her relative, Adolf, Duke of Nassau, a principality which had been annexed by Prussia in 1866, but under an arrangement which left him an immensely rich man. Adolf died in 1905, and was followed by his son Wilhelm, who passed away in 1912, leaving seven daughters, the eldest of whom, the Princess Marie Adelheid (Adelaide), became Grand Duchess, under a law made by the Parliament of the Grand Duchy itself some years before, when it appeared certain that the Grand Duke Wilhelm would not have a son to succeed him. From 1815 to 1866 the Grand Duchy, though its sovereigns were Dutch, belonged to the Germanic Confederation, and the fortress-city of Luxemburg was garrisoned partly by Dutch and partly by Prussian soldiers. It was after the dissolution of the Germanic Confederation that the Treaty of London, 1867, declared the country neutral territory, and guaranteed its integrity and independence.

Even from the above very brief sketch of the modern history of Luxemburg it may be gathered how strong an influence Germany might have on the Grand Duchy. Previous to the reign of the Grand Duchess Marie Adelheid, German influence was well-nigh supreme at Court, though deeply resented by the great bulk of the population, who are a sturdy, independent sort of folk, about a quarter of a million in number, mostly agricul-

turists and miners, conscious of the privileges they enjoy in a free, constitutional, self-governing state, and determinedly opposed to the absorption of their country in any other. The railway system was under German administration; Germans were put into official positions instead of natives; and at times almost desperate attempts were made to replace French, which is the official language of Luxemburg, by German, but these efforts were unsuccessful. It may be remarked in passing that the Grand Duchy is bilingual, as under the Constitution of 1848 both French and German are recognised; but French is the parliamentary, administrative, and judicial language. Both languages are taught in its primary schools, but French prevails in the higher schools. The 'vulgar tongue,' to which I referred before, is a *patois* peculiar to Luxemburg, and, though mainly derived from the German, includes Keltic, Roman, Saxon, French, and other words all drawn from the speech of the different peoples who at various periods possessed the land; through the Saxon, it is interesting to us to note, it has words and expressions as English, even in sound, as any we use to-day.

Soon after the Grand Duchess Marie Adelheid ascended the throne she gave evidence of considerable strength of character, girl though she was, and particularly in identifying herself with the general anti-German sentiments of her people. Reversing the policy of her predecessors, she substituted native for German officials, and otherwise encouraged the local spirit of independence, so that she was adored by the Luxemburgers.

Germany, knowing well that she was doing a great wrong, as indeed she subsequently acknowledged officially in her Parliament, though she attempted to justify it on the ground of necessity, tried at the outset of her occupation of Luxemburg to give it as decent an appearance as she could. On the 2nd of August the Imperial Chancellor at Berlin telegraphed to the Luxemburg Government that no hostile act was intended, but only such measures were to be taken as were necessary to secure the safety of German troops by protecting the railways of the Grand Duchy from probable attack by the French. In other words, Germany said that she was not at war with Luxemburg; but she took care at once to act as if she were, although compensation was promised, by destroying houses, cutting down woods and crops, and by demolishing anything that might afford cover to an enemy. With the German troops in effective possession of the country and its capital, it can readily be supposed that the pro-German party in Luxemburg jumped at the opportunity to pay off old scores; certain persons were arrested, and others, it has been stated, were executed as spies; the rumour spread that the young Grand Duchess, certain to exhibit her customary courage, had been conveyed across the frontier and imprisoned in a German fortress. All that happened during the

first months of the war with regard to Luxemburg has still to be elucidated; but it appears to be the case that, speaking generally, the Germans maintained as 'correct' an attitude as was probably possible in the circumstances, as may be guessed from the facts that they did pay part of the compensation promised, engaging that the balance would be made good in due course, and that the Grand Duchess was permitted to open in person the Parliament of Luxemburg in mid-November by a speech from the throne in which she recorded and reaffirmed the protest of the Grand Duchy against its seizure and occupation.

The result has been—at the time this is written, at all events—that Little Luxemburg has been spared in a very large measure the awful horrors and the frightful devastation and desolation that have been the sad and terrible portion of Belgium. Whether the Grand Duchy will altogether escape some of the worst effects of war before the end of the great struggle is reached remains to be seen; but I, for one, hope that destiny will be kind. It is a beautiful country, though of course it is not equally beautiful everywhere. The north is the south-eastern part of the lovely region of the Ardennes, Caesar's *Arduenna*; but neither the French nor the still more attractive Belgian Ardennes, favoured by many British visitors, can show such an entrancing panorama of hill and vale, stream and forest, old storied castles and quaint villages and homesteads. The centre of the Ardennes of Luxemburg is Diekirch; and when the war broke out there was gathered there its usual gay holiday population, Dutch, Belgians, French, a few English and other outlanders, on whom, as on their unsuspecting hosts, the occupation of the Grand Duchy must have come as a veritable bolt from the blue. It was the same at other main points of interest. My friend Mr Francis Gribble, the well-known author, was at Vianden, which, with its mediæval village on the Our, fronting the Prussian Eifel, and its magnificent partly ruined castle, one of the birthplaces of the royal families of Holland and Luxemburg, is the most picturesque 'bit' in the Grand Duchy, and one of the most romantically beautiful spots in the whole round world; there Victor Hugo pleasantly spent one of his periods of exile during the Second Empire, as he has told us. Mr Gribble tried to effect his escape by way of Coblenz, but was seized and imprisoned by the Germans. By-and-by, however, he will have a story to put on paper which, I fancy, will perhaps recompense him for some of the suffering he endured.

From Diekirch, after enjoying the numerous charming promenades and excursions in its immediate neighbourhood, one went through the fascinating district to the south of it known as *La Petite Suisse Luxembourgeoise*, with its miniature Alps, rivers, and glens, a fairyland, to Echternach, an old-world town still a-dream of

the Middle Ages, of which its famous annual Pentecostal 'Dancing Procession,' dating back to the thirteenth century, is a strange and unique survival. From ancient Echternach the traveller journeys to the city of Luxemburg by the Prince Henry Railroad, along the valley of the Sure, and there he comes face to face with history graven in rock and stone for twenty centuries; and such a history, so varied, so striking! The country west of the city and all the south of the Grand Duchy is mainly agricultural land, with

considerable mining in the canton of Esch, as its many furnaces, forges, and foundries indicate. This part of Luxemburg is called Gutland, and from its fertility deserves its name; the other part, with Diekirch as its chief place, is called Osling; each has a beauty and a charm of its own, and over both, in ordinary times, there breathes a spirit of peace and happiness that is a perpetual joy. For my own part, I love this simple, lovely little land, and wish it well out of these desperate days.

THE STRANGLERS OF POLP.

CHAPTER II.

'THERE!' he continued. 'Now we can both breathe again without thought of trouble. But you must let me keep this ugly little object in remembrance, and to help me to what they call in England "too the line" prudently in the Blenaria which it is my hope soon to love as fondly as you, of course, love her yourself. I do not go there for fun, you know, but to try to give the people good times, because I have been asked to do so. That is what good government means—good times, happy homes, as they say in prosperous England, where there are so many of them, with something nice in the pot every day that they can eat without a fear that it will be taken away from them. Well, you are feeling better after this little sermon—eh?'

The strangler made no reply. From the time when his arms were released he sat like a stone image, staring straight before him. The deepening colour in his cheeks alone told the Duke that his little sermon had not fallen on deaf ears.

'Come, you need not be sad!' continued the Duke blithely. 'I must give you a *petit verre* of old cognac to buck you up, I think; but, before I let you go, just tell me something. How do your friends think my death would be a benefit to Blenaria? Another thing I do not understand at all is how you come to me from my tailors, Ponting & Proud. Never mind about that, though; there is no time to—Hello!'

The strangler had sprung to his feet with an ejaculation, and for a tense instant or two his eyes and the Duke's met and engaged at close quarters. Then he bent his knees to the Duke, touching the floor with the right one.

'Don't do that, my boy!' whispered the Duke, much moved by what he had seen in the young man's eyes. 'And you shall not do that either!' he cried.

The strangler had fumbled a little bottle from his waistcoat-pocket, and was pulling at the cork.

But the Duke was too sharp for him, and easily took it from him. 'That was very wrong

of you,' he said. 'What for do you want to do a silly-ass thing like that—eh?'

'It is what they expect of me, and I might as well be dead as not,' answered the strangler, looking straight at the Duke.

'So! They expect it of you? The gentlemen in Whitemonk Street?' asked the Duke, no longer smiling.

'My father expects it, sir.'

'Your father expects it? Oh, but I can't believe that. He is not altogether a barbarian, your father. And, in any case, you must disappoint them,' said the Duke, with his hand on the boy's.

A loud knock at the door, after an attempt upon the handle, made him turn and cry frowningly, 'Yes, yes! Who is there?'

The anxious voice of Von Enselsing replied, 'It is I, sire.'

'Ah!' The Duke raised an admonitory finger to the strangler as he went to the door. 'I am not yet ready for you. Give me another minute or two, my Albrecht,' he called out. 'Perhaps I do not go to the Ambassador at all. Telephone and say so. I have matters of more importance, but you are not obliged to tell him that. There! that will do. Run away. It is my wish.'

He rejoined the young man, and said, playfully at first, 'It is really a great bore to be a king, and perhaps your friends are more kind to me than they believe in trying to keep the crown from my head. But it must be good-bye now. Your name is Kragatz, then, since you are a son of the famous chieftain?'

'Yes, sir, Pedro Kragatz,' answered the strangler without hesitation.

'And you go now to your friends'—

'They are not my friends now, sir. I have done with them. But I am going there to tell them so,' interrupted the strangler, with a light in his eyes that dignified him more than a little.

'Ah!' said the Duke, noticing the change in him. 'You go to this house in Whitemonk Street? Naturally they did not give me the

number of the house in their letter to me, or perhaps'—

'It is No. 19, over a French laundry, on the third floor, and you may send the police to arrest them, for all I care, although my own father is one of them. It makes me sick,' said the young man huskily, in a breath.

'No. 19—and it makes you sick! I'm glad it makes you sick—very glad!' said the Duke slowly. 'Perhaps I shall see you in Blenaria yourself soon?' He offered the strangler his hand.

But instead of accepting this tribute of more than forgiveness the young man snatched up his hat. 'Let me out, sir,' he cried as he made toward the door. 'I want to get into a church and say some prayers.' With his hand on the key of the door, he faced round, and a tormented sort of smile flickered in his eyes as he whispered, 'Since there is only you to hear me, I shall say, "God bless Ulric, King of Blenaria!" and chance it, sir.'

The Duke made no movement to detain him from opening the door. 'Adieu, my boy! and just the same blessing to you,' he whispered back.

He was sitting in an absorbed attitude in the chair vacated by the strangler, when a rush of footsteps in the corridor prepared him for something else; and, after a quick movement in the lock of the door, Von Enseling, Hans the valet, a round-faced, dapper little gentleman whom the Duke recognised as Mr Proud the tailor, and an official of the hotel whom he did not know, with a key in his hand, all entered the room excitedly, the aide-de-camp leading.

'Your Majesty is—safe, then?' almost shouted Von Enseling joyously.

The Duke looked from one to another of them with raised eyebrows. 'Safe? To be sure I am safe. What is all this fuss about?' he asked. 'Ah!' he then exclaimed, 'this is my worthy friend, Mr Proud. So you have recovered your health, Mr Proud? I must compliment you about that. But this gentleman with the key—what has he to do with me?'

The Ritz official, thus addressed, took the hint of dismissal in the Duke's tone and manner. He bowed himself out of the room, with a murmur of contentment that there was obviously no cause for alarm about His Majesty.

'You may close the door after you, please,' said the Duke; and the Ritz official did that also.

But already little Mr Proud, the tailor, had begun the story of his grievance. 'I have been the victim of a most diabolical outrage, your Highness,' he burst forth. He pointed at the measuring-tape and his business record book which the strangler had brought with him, and used them as an inspiring text for his narrative.

'The infamous scoundrel who has presumed to impose himself upon your Highness as one of our assistants, for some nefarious purpose which fortunately'—

With his chin in his hand, the Duke listened to the outpouring, but showed little interest in it.

Punctually at a quarter to six Mr Proud had mounted into a taxicab to keep his appointment with the Duke. About one minute later he was overpowered in the car by two strangers who had joined him during a temporary obstruction in the street with a polite audacity which spell-bound him at the time, and which he now lacked words to describe. They had forced him into the well of the car, gagged him, tied his head in a sack, his hands behind his back, and his feet at the ankles, and kept him thus nearly suffocated while the car drove he could not tell whither for hours—so it had seemed to him. At length the car stopped, and he was lifted out, still with his head in the sack, and left to lean against a wall. And there he might still have been leaning (awaiting death, he said) but for the providential aid of a school-teacher who chanced that evening to take a short cut to her lodgings past the back of the particular house, in the neighbourhood of Hampstead Heath, against the garden wall of which the miscreants had propped him.

'But I scarcely even thanked her, your Highness,' said little Mr Proud, with much elation at this stage, 'for I had in the meantime put two and two together in my mind, in spite of my physical distress. The scoundrels had not, so far as I was aware, robbed me, and I understood, therefore, that they were after higher game than me; or, rather, I should say—since the expression is open to misconception'—

'In other words, they were after me, not you—eh, Mr Proud?' interjected the Duke, as if nothing could be more natural. 'That was very smart of you, and like a detective, my dear Mr Proud.'

'Yes, your Highness; it was a plot from the very outset. I felt convinced of it. The driver of the taxi and the other two ruffians—well dressed both of them—were in a wicked confederacy to'—

But the Duke had now had enough of it. 'I think that will do,' he said, rising and offering the tailor his hand, which had in the meantime been idly toying with the garrotte still round his left wrist. 'I thank you, my dear Mr Proud. It is all *very* like a story in a newspaper, but I don't want to hear about any more of it to-day. And these wardrobe matters—these mere trappings of state, eh?—must wait also. You come to me to-morrow morning, about ten, let's say. Perhaps I tell you then about that young chap who took your place, perhaps not. He measured me twice up the arms, and'—the Duke's smile when he hesitated held the three men entranced—'and that's all for the present. Good-bye,

my dear Mr Proud. I've had a very occupied day.—Fact is, Albrecht, I think I'll lie down for a little. There is something I wish to consider about, by myself. You see Mr Proud safe to the street yourself.—Until to-morrow, then, Mr Proud, ta-ta !'

Nothing could have been more congenial to the tailor than to be addressed, even sent away, with such flattering friendliness by a Duke who had become a king. And his gratifications of

that sort were heightened by the tone of asperity with which, immediately afterwards, the Duke, having taken up his coat on his way to the bedroom, ordered Hans the valet to stay where he was.

'I do not want you—or anybody—until I say so, mind that !' the Duke added, with a nod for the aide-de-camp which told him unmistakably that he was included in the phrase.

(Continued on page 249.)

THE ROMANCE OF AN AMERICAN EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE life-stories of the men who have engaged in the merchandise of literature are quite as interesting, instructive, and fascinating—perhaps more so—as those of persons who have been engaged in the merchandise or manufacture of soap, cotton, iron, or steel, although the monetary rewards may amount to very much less. The stories of the British pioneers in book-selling and publishing occupy a distinguished place in the realm of biography. Although we know much less about them in this country, the United States has also furnished many men of outstanding ability in these professions. Up till recently author and publisher here had a distinct grievance: it was possible to reprint in America valuable works without compensation to the men who had written and produced them. There were honourable exceptions; but the literature so produced was called 'pirated literature,' and for many a year the American public had quite an easy conscience about the matter. The same American public has been quick to recognise genius and merit in British writers even before some of them were acknowledged in Great Britain. Long before Thomas Carlyle had received any money from the British edition of his *French Revolution*, three instalments of fifty pounds each were sent him from an American publisher, mainly through the exertions of his friend Emerson. The British edition of Thomas De Quincey's works was based on a collection of his miscellaneous writings first made in America. It is on record that Mr J. T. Fields, the American publisher, left a cheque with De Quincey when calling upon him at Polton. Dickens and Thackeray, though they could only get payments for advance sheets of their works, managed to gain enormous sums by reading and lecturing in the United States. They thus benefited, in a way, by the previous universal circulation of their works there.

Some American firms have a world-wide reputation. James and John Harper, who founded the firm of Harper Brothers, were at first expert printers, who began printing books on their own account in 1818. They were keen, sagacious, and honest business men, and the firm

that they founded introduced a great many of the new works of English authors in their various 'Libraries.' Besides, they became successful publishers of periodicals. James T. Fields, of the Boston firm of Ticknor & Fields, was a personal friend of the authors for whom he published, the most distinguished of these being Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, and Lowell; while he introduced the works of De Quincey, Tennyson, and the Brownings to American readers. For a time he edited the most literary of transatlantic periodicals, *The Atlantic Monthly*. George Palmer Putnam, founder of Messrs Putnam's Sons, and his son George Haven Putnam, have been honourably associated with the Copyright League, which furthered the Copyright Bill of 1891. The younger Putnam has published, among other works, a narrative of his experiences as a prisoner of war in Virginia.

An editor and publisher of genius and originality, Mr Samuel Sidney McClure, has published *My Autobiography* (John Murray and F. A. Stokes Company), which is a distinct and valuable addition to this class of literature. It tells how this remarkable Ulster boy founded a newspaper story syndicate of a novel kind, and also became the founder and editor of a magazine. Another Ulster boy, Alexander Irvine, has written a remarkable autobiography, entitled *From the Bottom Upwards*, and its sequel, *My Lady of the Chimney Corner*. Both men displayed remarkable courage, grit, and perseverance. Samuel McClure (for the middle name is a later addition) had in turn been farm-boy who ploughed, milked cows, did odd jobs, washed; acted as schoolmaster, as printer's devil; been a butcher, cook, and peddler—all to get the wherewithal to pay for his classes during the period of his curriculum at Knox College. Sometimes half-starved, he lived on eighteen cents a week, his cheerful philosophy through all being, 'If you don't mind a thing it can never hurt you.' Success was only reached after twenty-five years of uninterrupted bodily and mental exertion and constant financial difficulty. Robert Louis Stevenson took McClure as the

prototype of Jim Pinkerton in *The Wrecker*. Through his syndicate and magazine he was the means of introducing work by R. L. Stevenson, Meredith, Conan Doyle, and Rudyard Kipling to a large American public hitherto ignorant of it. He bought from their authors and printed such stories as interested himself, and believed that the bulk of his Middle West readers were interested too. His test of a story was how it interested himself personally, and at intervals he would further test it by reading it again, maybe three times over. He introduced a new kind of article into his magazine which anticipated the newspapers, and from the method employed of working them up several of these 'specials' cost from four hundred to eight hundred pounds each. The first account of Marconi's wireless was given in *McClure's Magazine*, and was heartily disbelieved by many readers. He 'got a renewal of the power to be interested' by breaking away for a time from the work in hand, as from restlessness he had been doing all his life. 'Good editorial work,' he says, 'can only be done out of spontaneous personal interest, and it cannot be forced. To lose his enthusiasm is the worst thing that can happen to an editor, next to being without any.' Mr McClure's test of the market value of a writer was that of every publisher—the number of people who would read what he had written; and he held that 'the only critic worth listening to is the publisher, the critic who backs his judgment with his money. A writer does not exist until he is read.' His own ideals were not to get rich quickly, but to get an education, the wife of his heart for whom he worked and waited, the founding of his newspaper story syndicate and a popular magazine.

Samuel Sidney McClure was born on a small farm midway between Londonderry and Belfast, in County Antrim, on 17th February 1857. His mother, Elizabeth Gaston, the daughter of a farmer, was a woman of unusual vigour, intelligence, and great energy, who often did a man's work in the fields besides that of a woman within doors. She was of Huguenot descent; his father's family belonged originally to Galloway, in Scotland. Thomas McClure, being a joiner, made all his own house furniture. The parents, though poor, were of the well-to-do poor, decent, church-going folks, who aimed at giving their children a good education and a right start in the world. The children attended the National School, and Samuel McClure liked going and coming from it, and the lessons he learned there. 'My life, the pleasant part of it, has always been made up of interests, and my school was my first live interest.' There he was perpetually hungry, owing to his thriftless habit of eating his lunch on the way to school. He could never get enough books to read; amongst the few he had were the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the Bible, the stories in which took the place with him

of books of adventure. His father died by an accident when the boy was eight years of age; their small farm was sold for one hundred pounds, and Mrs McClure and her boys emigrated to the United States, settling near relatives at Valparaiso, Indiana. It would serve no useful purpose to mention all the various occupations adopted by mother and sons in order to earn an honest livelihood; these have been already indicated in the case of McClure. The optimistic Irish boy, when it was decided that he should have more education, started for Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, with eight dollars in his pocket, which was reduced to fifteen cents when he got there, with a seven years' curriculum before him. For the first month he lived on grapes, bread, and soda crackers. He had never any difficulty in getting work to do; and the way in which he did it, and its variety, is charmingly told in the autobiography. How he could study after being a boy-of-all-work in the morning and evening is not explained; but he did succumb to cold and semi-starvation more than once. During the period of work and study he hardly ever read a newspaper. And when he fell in love with a brilliant and beautiful girl, Miss Hurd, the Latin professor's daughter, he received the cold shoulder from her parents at first. He was for a time estranged from her also. School-mastering in the vacation did not agree with him; peddling various kinds of wares up and down the Middle West did, however, and gave him money for winter work. Some of the articles he sold were coffee-pots, microscopes, lamp-wicks, pens, cheap hosiery, and handkerchiefs. Travelling about three thousand miles round the Great Lakes not only established his health, but gave him a knowledge of the kind of people he had to cater for when he had literary wares to sell. In 1876 he returned to Ireland with his mother, who wished him to settle there; but he worked his passage back as cook's assistant to the officers' mess, reaching Galesburg with one dollar in his pocket.

After graduating with distinction at Knox College in 1882, McClure felt disappointed with himself in that he was no taller, no wiser, and was without plans for the future. Miss Hurd had ceased to correspond with him. Disappointed and careless of what came to him, he arrived at Boston with six dollars in his pocket, anxious and willing to do anything. His first employment was that of helping beginners to ride at a cycle rink. Colonel Pope, who was at the head of the great manufacturing establishment which employed him, saw the good qualities, the earnestness, grit, and talent of the youth, and gave him his first chance, which was to edit the *Wheelman*, a cycling magazine. Cycling was then in its first enthusiasm, and one of McClure's earliest enterprises was to purchase from the *Century Magazine* the electro-plates of an article, 'A wheel Around the Hub,' in that

magazine, and the right to reproduce it. The style of the page of the *Century* was copied as well. It began to be evident that he had at last got into his groove, and was now earning fifteen dollars a week. What pleased him even more, he saw Miss Hurd again, and after seven years' acquaintanceship he was married in 1883 to this unusually gifted and accomplished woman. Through Mr Roswell Smith, of the *Century*, he secured an engagement at the De Vinne Press, with twenty-five dollars a week, his work consisting in reading proofs and in making up the work done by the compositors. His wife also secured a position on the staff of the *Century Dictionary* at fifteen dollars a week. Her work consisted in selecting sentences illustrating the usages of certain words for quotation in the dictionary. The work-hours were from seven to six, with half-an-hour for lunch. Then both husband and wife went home dead-tired, cooked the dinner, and washed the dishes. Sunday was the only day they saw each other by daylight.

Then his power of invention and initiative awoke again, and he inaugurated in 1884 his newspaper syndicate for selling to various newspapers and magazines old stories and new stories which he bought from authors. He found the selling of the stories commissioned from authors the difficult end of the business. His method was to buy a story from the author at a certain price and sell it to perhaps a hundred newspapers. At the end of the first week he had made a loss of ten pounds.

Mrs McClure had to be very economical; she cooked on a one-burner stove, while the husband did the washing to save his wife. All the time during many ups and downs McClure says he was very happy: 'I was rich in ideas and in hope, and my wife believed in my ideas and in me.' Mrs McClure attended to business when her husband was travelling, wrote business letters, prepared copy, and made translations of French and German stories for sale by the syndicate. McClure began to secure work by the best American and British authors, and took in Mr J. S. Phillips as business partner. He sometimes spent seventeen successive nights in sleeping-cars, but never had so many editorial ideas as when hurrying about from city to city talking with editors and newspaper men. The restlessness which might have been a weakness was used to serve the ends of the business. 'Whatever work I have done has been incidental to this foremost necessity to keep moving.' As soon as his syndicate began to pay there were competitors in the field, and this sent him to England in 1887 to see authors personally. He had read R. L. Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, and was delighted with it. He communicated with Stevenson, and had an interview with him later in New York. The author received him in bed. McClure says: 'The thing about his appearance that most struck me was the unusual width of

his brow, and the fact that his eyes were far apart.' Later he was enabled to offer him a commission at the rate of two thousand pounds a year for a short essay every week to be published in a New York newspaper. 'He had already such a news value as to be worth that to a paper.' Mr McClure gives the wrong name several times to the weekly journal in London which printed Stevenson's early stories. One of them, the *Black Arrow* under another title, brought in more money to the syndicate than any other serial, though his wife could never read it. For two more stories McClure offered Stevenson sixteen hundred pounds each. He blushed and looked confused, and said his price was eight hundred pounds, and that no story of his was worth so much. However, this suited Stevenson at the time for his proposed cruise in the South Seas, for which he wished to purchase a yacht. A series of South Sea letters was a disappointment, as the moralist and not the adventurer had got uppermost. McClure remarks that 'Stevenson was the kind of man who commanded every kind of affection: admiration for his gifts, delight in his personal charm, and respect for his uncompromising principles. Underneath his velvet coat, his gaiety, and picturesqueness, he was flint.' When in Scotland McClure heard, through Andrew Lang, of the work of Sir A. Conan Doyle, and purchased the early Sherlock Holmes stories for twelve pounds apiece. They were not at first popular with editors, as being longer than usual. Rider Haggard was another author serialised. It is curious to read of Mr Rudyard Kipling's having offered his early published work to the Harpers, and meeting with rejection. Later McClure paid him very high prices for his work, as much as five thousand pounds for the serial rights of *Kim*.

The story of how Mr S. S. McClure established *McClure's Magazine* is of uncommon interest, as it was done on a small margin of capital and credit, and during financial trouble in the United States. At one time it was losing eight hundred pounds a month; later it was clearing one thousand pounds a month. What particularly sent up the circulation were series on Napoleon, Lincoln, and the Standard Oil Trust, this last series costing the magazine about eight hundred pounds for each article. Professor Henry Drummond, McClure's old employer Colonel Pope, and Sir A. Conan Doyle gave financial aid at critical moments. In December 1895 the magazine had a circulation of a quarter of a million. It had been a literary success from the first; now it was a financial success. McClure is generous towards the staff who have helped him, but seems to have used his own health with desperate prodigality, and suffered thereby. 'I started to go to college with fifteen cents in my pocket. I went to Boston to get a job with six dollars as my whole capital. I was penniless when I formed the syndicate. Working against odds of this kind,

without money or influence, had told on my health, already overstrained in my boyhood by hard work and poor nutrition.' In one of his talks with Meredith, McClure asked him to define genius. This is what the veteran novelist said: 'It is an extraordinary activity of mind in which all conscious and subconscious knowledge

mass themselves without any effort of the will, and become effective. It manifests itself in three ways—in producing, in organising, and in rapidity of thought.' It is evident that McClure possesses that quality so cleverly defined by Meredith, and by virtue thereof, like his countryman Alexander Irvine, has risen 'from the bottom upwards.'

THE CALCUTTA MAIDAN.

By R. HERBERT.

CALCUTTA has obtained some fame as the City of Palaces, but the appellation is wont to surprise those who visit her to-day. There are many fine buildings for the accommodation of Government officials, stately mercantile offices, and noble private residences in the European quarter; but, when compared with any Western city of importance, these edifices hardly constitute a right to the grand title. The explanation is that the old houses of the Europeans were built with broad verandas with stately pillars that gave them a palatial appearance; and this was much enhanced by contrast with small mud hovels invariably situated in close proximity. Both of these types of building are now disappearing; and Calcutta, though a finer city than before, has less right to the name of the City of Palaces than in her earlier days. She has much to be proud of in her great progress as a port, and in the sanitation that has made her healthy, though situate in an alluvial swamp under a burning tropical sun; and her pride in these matters has of late led her rivals in India to accuse her of suffering from swollen head.

But the chief external glory of Calcutta is the broad green plain known as the Maidan. To the cold-weather visitor it may seem overrated, and to him it may possess no greater attraction than Clapham Common; but let him stay in the city for a year, and see the spring and summer glories of this wide expanse, and feel the freshness that it affords in the midst of a terribly overcrowded and congested city in the hot, damp days of August and September, and his views will greatly change. The Maidan is the lungs of the city, the chief playground of the inhabitants of many races and creeds, and the chief charm of the town. It is some five miles in circumference and rather longer than it is broad. The expanse of grass is intersected by many roads; in the cold weather and the dry heat of April and May the grass is short and sometimes very brown, but for the most part of the year it is kept green by the heavy night dews. In the rainy season the grass grows thick and long, and is a great handicap to those who play golf and other games there. On the western side runs the river Hooghly; and overlooking it is Fort William, its barracks

and buildings surrounded by high earthen ramparts and a deep moat.

The Maidan is under the jurisdiction of the military authorities, and by their rules no permanent buildings are permitted upon it which would be of any assistance to an attacking force; hence the numerous sporting clubs that are allowed to use the grounds are only permitted to erect tents painted green to harmonise with the surrounding scene, or small and more or less portable pavilions. An exception has been made in favour of the racecourse, lying to the south of the Maidan, which has four high stands of brick and plaster. The old Presidency Jail, built before the fort, also had a site on the Maidan. The jail is now being demolished to make room for the gardens which are to surround the great memorial that is in course of erection to the memory of her late Majesty Queen Victoria. This memorial, a great marble hall that is to be used as a museum, was commenced some eight years ago; but the work was much delayed by the sinking of the foundations in the soft alluvial soil. Further delay has been occasioned by difficulty in obtaining the marble as it is required, and it is expected that nearly ten years will yet elapse before the building is quite completed.

The broad water-tanks in the Maidan were constructed many years ago for religious purposes, and also for the supply of drinking-water before Calcutta possessed a filtered supply. At one of these tanks are little dome-shaped buildings where in past years sentries took shelter from the fierce sun or heavy rain, their duty being to prevent the pollution of the water by natives. The tanks are also a feature of the town and the surrounding country, though a number of them have been filled up in recent years with a view to reduce the breeding-places of mosquitoes and the dangers of malaria.

There are two golf-links on the Maidan, one being for ladies; but the more popular links are a few miles out of the city. There are numerous cricket and tennis clubs in operation during the cold weather; in the early hot weather there are as many hockey clubs; and later, with the rains in mid-June, a great portion of the broad expanse is utilised for football. Until comparatively recent years few but Europeans

indulged in these games; but now the Bengalis have taken to them all, and show a special zeal for Association football. In the various clubs are people of many races, including Parsees, Armenians, Jews, and Eurasians. On a Saturday afternoon the scene is certainly somewhat akin to that on Clapham Common or Parliament Hill fields, except for the diversity of race and dress. The chief football matches arouse extraordinary enthusiasm, and crowds numbering tens of thousands surround the grounds and avail themselves of every inch of space that can afford a chance of a view. Hitherto little provision has been made for the vast crowds; but this is recognised as essential now, and there is talk of having a new ground for the principal matches, surrounded by permanent stands capable of accommodating several thousands of people.

To the north of the Maidan, where it nearly adjoins Government House and the business quarter, gardens have been made, one of which is due to the generosity of the two Misses Eden, sisters of Lord Auckland, the other to the energy of Lord Curzon. The Eden Gardens possess most pleasant sylvan walks, pretty lakes, and beautiful flowers; whilst in the centre a broad open space forms the grounds of the Calcutta Cricket Club in the cold weather. In one part is a bandstand, where a band plays on most days of the week, and attracts many people into the fresh open air. The Curzon Gardens are of more recent date, and present a very pretty scene late in the cold season, when many English annuals are in bloom, and afford a bright and lovely show of colour.

The Red Road, so called from the red soil with which it is laid, is the popular fashionable drive in the centre of the Maidan, railed off on both sides by a whitewashed balustrade, and open to every wind that blows. Well back from the road are statues of past Viceroys and Commanders-in-Chief. There are many more such statues on other parts of the Maidan, and the complaint is sometimes made that there are too many; but the number will probably receive little further addition now that Delhi has become the capital. However, those we have certainly adorn the Maidan. The most prominent erection on the Maidan is the Ochterlony Monument, a high column that may be ascended by a winding stair within, erected by public subscription in 1841 to the memory of General Ochterlony, who conquered Nepal, and distinguished himself greatly as soldier and statesman, but received little reward for his services. Government House, which lies to the north of the Maidan, is a noble building; but, being surrounded by trees which form somewhat of a jungle, it contributes little to the appearance of the Maidan. However, this will no doubt be altered, as the Trustees of the Victoria Memorial Hall propose the laying of a broad road, part of which will be the present Red Road, right across the centre

of the Maidan, connecting these two noble buildings. The general effect will certainly be a very fine one.

During the hot weather it is the resident that most fully appreciates the Maidan. After working during the heat of the day in an office where windows have to be closed to keep out the hot breeze and thick dust, where the hot air becomes fetid though kept in motion by the electric circulating fans, what a pleasure it is to meet the cool evening breeze on the Maidan; or to any one who has occasion to journey through the narrow lanes of the densely populated native quarter, with all its unpleasant odours and jostling crowds, what refreshment comes as he once more gains this open spot!

Of the history of the Maidan there is as yet no good record, though one would certainly be appreciated. Calcutta was founded by Job Charnock, a worthy servant of the old East India Company, in 1690. Charnock settled at a point higher up the river than the present Maidan, and the town that grew up was separated from the present site of the Maidan by a creek no longer existing. In those days a village stood where the fort is now, and all around it was a thick jungle frequented by wild beasts. As the town grew the wild beasts departed, but were succeeded by murderous robbers who infested the jungle and preyed upon pilgrims travelling along the road that led to the famous shrine of Kalighat, to the south of Calcutta. But as time went on this jungle was gradually cut down to supply the residents of the town with firewood, and a bare open plain came into existence. It was many years, however, before the European population obtained much refreshment from this open space; the dust of it was terrible, and no good road existed. In those days the residents preferred to take the air on the river, which they did in great boats known as budgerows, propelled by several rowers. These vessels were handsomely appointed, and their owners were wont to enliven their cruises with music. But the pleasure of such trips must have been somewhat modified by the unpleasant odours of the river and the many corpses carried by the current; for in those days it was the custom of the Hindu to throw his dead into the river quite regardless of the ill-effects to his fellow-men lower down the stream. This unpleasant practice has been almost entirely stopped by the British Government, though an occasional corpse may still be seen by those who go much on the river.

Succeeding generations have shown a preference for the Maidan, and the river is really used to-day far less than it should be by those in need of light and gentle recreation. In 1756 occurred the terrible tragedy of the Black Hole and the destruction of the old Fort William, which was situated on the river-bank about a mile above the present fort. The old fort was in the centre

of the town, and, save where it was bounded by the river, houses were in close proximity; hence it happened that Suraj-ud-Daula, when attacking it, was able to fire down with deadly effect upon the wretched garrison from the height of a neighbouring church tower. After the town had been regained the Council wished to build a new fort on the site of the old one, and had, indeed, made preparations to do so, when Clive appeared upon the scene, and, recognising the weakness of a fort in close proximity to houses that could afford cover to an enemy, promptly vetoed the project, and decided on the present site. So in course of time the new fort was built, and under the military regulations buildings were prohibited within a considerable radius of it. There can be little doubt, therefore, that, though he did not realise it at the time, in all probability Clive was responsible for the great Maidan that we possess to-day. The new fort was completed in 1781, and in the years that have passed since then the Maidan has altered but little, save for the planting of more trees, the improvement of roads, and the erection of statues. In the years 1864 and 1867 the progress of improvements on the Maidan was checked by two great cyclones that did enormous damage to the many fine trees.

The freshness and green of the Maidan greatly appeal; but maybe, to the visitor, the people on it are of more interest. During the heat of midday it is almost deserted, but in the early morning and evening there is always a good turnout. On a cold-weather morning the riding-track of the racecourse is crowded with the fashionable world of Calcutta, whilst on the training-track hard by the fine horses that come for the cold-weather meetings are taking their morning exercise, their movements being carefully observed by many bookmakers, trainers, and others interested in racing. On other parts of the Maidan golfers in shirt-sleeves and white flannels or ducks are pursuing 'the india-rubber idiot on the spree.' Soldiers and volunteers are generally at drill on some part of the Maidan, and crowds of natives are setting out to their day's work over narrow paths through the grass. Coolies going to the docks are numerous; thin and scantily clad in a single loincloth, they wend their way in single file, talking little as a rule, and when they do so it is usually of money. To the golfer and the rider these files of natives are often a great trial. Occasionally half-a-dozen or so will stop and play a game resembling our 'touch last,' and the observer feels some thankfulness that they are able to do so, for as a general rule they look far from happy, and are listless to the point of stupidity. A little later in the day the *babus*—educated men serving as clerks in many Government and mercantile offices—are streaming over the Maidan or being carried in the tram-cars that run over some of the chief roads; they look smug and complacent enough,

clad in white *dhotis* or nether garments, with a British shirt overhanging them, and maybe a coat or shawl of some bright colour. In the evening the same people may be seen returning to their homes, their day's work done. The evening is, of course, the chief time for play, and then the cricket, football, and hockey grounds are most patronised until the shades of night stop the play. During the cold weather the races that take place each week, and occasionally even more frequently, are a great attraction to Europeans and Indians.

In the month of April the Maidan looks its best. The short-lived spring is over; most trees have assumed their full summer garb of green, and the golden *mohur* has burst forth into the wonderful blossom of red-and-gold, gorgeous colours that have to be seen to be fully realised; the *lagerstræmia* (a tree with purple flowers) and *cassias* of different kinds display other hues of pink-and-white, all combining to give the Maidan a marvellous wealth of colour. The grass, too, favoured by some rain of late, is rather greener than usual at this time of the year, and the herds of cattle that are allowed to pasture there have reason to be grateful. In former years the Maidan roads were very dusty during this season; but frequent oiling and the laying of many of them with a kind of tar-macadam have greatly lessened the dust nuisance.

An aspect of the Maidan worthy of mention is that seen when the sun sets during the rainy season of July, August, or September. As the great ball of the sun sinks down beyond the swelling river the clouded sky presents a wonderful picture of colours that change from one shade to another as one looks on them, from the lightest pink, that suggests the faint flush on the face of a little child, to the deep angry red bordering on a jet-black cloud expressive of the bottomless pit. Orange and gold, purple and pink in every shade, gild cloud and sky long after the sun has departed, before the stars shine out, and the moon beams forth its silver radiance.

ORBIS PERITURUS.

LONELY swung the primal earth
Long ere man had come to birth,
Mountain, forest, flood, and plain
Rolling through the vast ~~space~~ ^{vacuum};
Naught of brute or human life,
Only elemental strife,
Flashes rending densest gloom,
Thunder's long reverberant boom,
Wind-borne hissing streams of rain
Lashing vacant land and main.
So once more, when life decays,
Time shall bring the ancient days,
And the brute earth, void of soul,
Again her lonely course shall roll.
Then in spirit realm may I,
From some vantage-point on high,
See the waste world onward sweep
Through the firmament's great deep,
Circling round the unheeded sun
Till time's course itself be run.

A. G. PESKETT.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

A VOICE FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.

By E. W. PERRY, Tegucigalpa, Spanish Honduras.

GERMAN autocracy has told the world that might is the supreme right. It may be that the vast majority of the German people are not responsible for this dogma. German despotism announces that weak nations have not the same right to live as powerful and vigorous nations have. It maintains that it is right in making conquests whenever and wherever it may profit by so doing. That autocracy declares that its solemn promises are as 'scraps of paper,' to be torn to shreds at the will of the stronger, without regard to the wishes or rights of the weaker. That Government holds that the State is above all morality, all honour; that whatever seems necessary, in the opinion of its ruler, is moral and honourable.

Germany is openly fighting to secure monopoly of power to rule the world. For this her autocratic ruler and his adherents are sacrificing servile hosts in what we may hope is the death-struggle of autocracy. For this purpose Germany has fitly allied herself with the Turk, that embodiment of fanatic hatred of freedom and development, and with other decadents. Should Germany succeed in this fight, what can be the final logical result other than slavery for all except the chosen few—probably the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, with their many members of physical, mental, and moral deformities? Should Germany win in this greatest of wars she would gain the undying hatred of all friends of that spirit of democracy which has fought through centuries, winning battles for more nearly equal justice, opportunity, and reward for all. Even if victorious, Germany would be the loser.

France and Great Britain, and their colonies, and the United States are the most formidable obstacles to the realisation of the ambitions of the Hohenzollerns; therefore Germany has warred against them, persistently and secretly, for decades. Germany is now charged with having been the chief cause of whatever friction may have existed between Japan and the United States. She is more than suspected of being the principal cause of the anti-American sentiment that has swept over Latin-America in the last fifteen or twenty years.

All peoples having for their ideal a representative Government, democratic, republican, or monarchical like that of Great Britain—really

a republic having a hereditary president—must be enemies of all principles and purposes like those announced by Germany; consequently at heart foes of Germany in this war. Latin-America is especially concerned in this vast combat, because the territorial integrity, the autonomy, the very existence of these republics, as such, have been and are menaced by Germany. It is quite well known that Germany's purpose in causing friction between Japan and the United States, in stirring and aiding Huerta of Mexico, in labouring to plant and to cultivate throughout Latin-America fear and hatred of the big republic, was to prepare the way for a breaking down of that American doctrine which has been the one and only bulwark against the absorption of Latin-American territory by certain European Powers.

In November the Brazilian Minister at Holland said, in a published interview: 'A crushing defeat of Germany, that would free France from that anxiety which has been her state during the last four decades, would favourably affect South America also. Her three principal countries have been spending great sums of money to increase their armaments, destined against themselves, to defend them against foreign aggression, principally by Germany, whose coveting of the south of Brazil has been more than notorious enough.'

To make clear the attitude of Germany, set out with the bluntness of overconfidence, a few statements made by men recognised as leaders and exponents of German thought may be quoted. Nobody who knows what the German Government has done to those who published matter displeasing to these authorities will be able to believe that a General in the German army, a professor in a German school, or other employé of Germany could give wide publicity to the statements quoted below if they were not dictated, inspired, or at least tacitly approved by that Government. Moreover, so far as I have learned, no German authority has seen fit to repudiate these utterances, or even to deny that they fairly represent the opinions or the designs of that empire. Instead, the tendency seems to be to uphold them. Therefore the German people will be held responsible for all that these declarations of principles and of pur-

poses may fairly be taken to imply, until proof shall be given that they mean something quite different from the obvious meaning. Treitschke is held to be Germany's greatest historian and exponent of the thought of the German people. He is quoted as saying: 'A State's highest moral duty is to increase its power. It is justified in making conquests whenever its own advantage seems to require additional territory.' In what does that differ from the ideas of the most primitive and predatory savage? Again, he says: 'The State is the sole judge of the morality of its own actions. It is, in fact, above morality. In other words, whatever is necessary is moral.' Not what is necessary to the less powerful for war, whatever may be their intellectual or moral attainments and value; but whatever may be desired by the man or clique who can muster the larger force for murder and looting—that is, greatest ability to destroy the works of man's art and toil, and to annihilate men, women, and children, is the supreme right.

Latin-Americans are naturally deeply interested in the doctrine taught by Treitschke, and manifestly adopted by his masters, the war-lords of Prussia, that 'weak nations have not the same right to live that the powerful and vigorous nation has.' That may be taken as warning that no nation of any part of the world will be safe from loss of its existence if Germany desires to seize its territory and destroy its national life, should that nation happen to have less military strength than the Hun has. Nor can any nation trust to any treaty or other promise Germany may give. She herself has, in the most emphatic way possible, assured the world that she will act on the theory announced by Treitschke, as follows: 'Treaty rights are never absolute rights; they are of human origin, therefore are imperfect and variable. There are conditions in which they do not agree with the truth of things. In such case infringement of the right seems morally justified.' In other words, a national pledge is valid so long only as its giver sees fit to hold it so, if the giver is the stronger of the parties to the agreement. A national promise or treaty has, therefore, no value for the weaker party. According to this, whatever may be the promises by which Germany secured the aid of the Turk, she will be consistent if she deems it expedient to ignore them when the Turk shall have done all he can to help her in her distress; and this seems to be German honour!

Professor Hugo Münsterberg says, in his book, *The War and America*: 'It is easily said, and the average American likes to say it, that nations ought to respect the possessions of other nations, as individuals respect the private property of their neighbours. But this apparently highest morality would be the grossest immorality.' The average American does like to say, and his Government likes to act in accord with

the saying, that nations ought to act at least as honourably as the individual should. Moreover, the vast majority of Americans prefer that their Government should act generously rather than exactly when a doubt arises as to the precise interpretation of rights.

German rulers and statesmen have employed writers and others, through four decades, to instil into and to fix firmly in the German mind the notion that their God-given destiny is to rule the world. This would be to give to a couple of families a monopoly of government, and all that that implies. This faith became so strong that officers of the German army were permitted, if not instructed, to declare war on France and Great Britain, unofficially, as General von Bernhardi did in 1911, when he said, in his book entitled *Germany and the Next War*: 'In one way or another we must square our account with France if we wish for a free hand in our international policy. . . . France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path.' Who can believe for a moment that that expression was not known and approved by the German military authorities before printer ever saw it? Who will deny that it was in effect a declaration of war, as the planting of mines in the open seas was in effect war upon all neutral nations owning ships or sending passengers over these seas?

As to Germany's attitude and intentions toward Great Britain, and the earnest efforts of the latter to avert war in Europe, General von Bernhardi wrote: 'Even English attempts at *rapprochement* must not blind us to the real situation. We may at most use them to delay the necessary and inevitable war until we may fairly believe that we have prospect of success.' That is, pretend friendship until the moment has come for stabbing the friend and advocate of friendship. Truly these quotations from her own acknowledged exponents show plainly how fit are the German rulers—the German autocracy—to be the sole judges of morality. Manifestly, to them the blackest treachery is the highest morality.

General von Bernhardi says, further: 'The situation in the world generally shows that there can be a short respite only before we face the question whether we will draw the sword for our position in the world or renounce such position once for all.' Which may be taken as meaning that two families of Germany had decided that the time was drawing near for seizing whatever they might wish to take, to put and to keep them in such position as they might deem desirable, whatever rights were violated. According to their pronouncements, no consideration of the rights of humanity, no regard for what the civilised world agrees upon as justice, international equity, or morals, was to be suffered to stand in the way of their ambitions.

To the democratic New World the fact that

many Germans seem to be still bound by ancient traditions so thoroughly as to believe in the divine right of kings might appear astounding if it were not manifest that such belief must be a valuable asset for kings and their adherents, therefore to be cultivated carefully. The hereditary head of the German Empire has himself given evidence that he believes, or pretends to believe, in the divine right of kings. He has been quoted as saying in effect that he was chosen by the Supreme Power to force German culture upon all the world, as having said practically that 'myself and God' are partners in a political deal whereby Germany was to profit greatly. If he were frank enough to say that all this was to be for the greater profit of the Houses of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns, the Krupps, and other partners in the business of murder, and for the 'glory' of the German Empire, he would have been much nearer the truth.

If the world misjudges the German people in these matters, is the blame that of the world? Have not Germans themselves often assured the world that their ideas of culture are to be forced upon all people? Have not their own famed authorities, teachers, and officials told the world that no consideration for the rights of others will be allowed to hinder the ambitions of Germany? Has not Germany herself, through many years, been giving proof that to her the only right comes by cunning, by spying, by treachery, by savage strength and force destructive of property, of health, and life? Among evidences tending to show what that despotism would be, as a master, may be cited the treatment accorded to their own women, the cowardly maltreatment of her own soldiers and of her working-classes, the worse than cowardly assassination of unarmed people, the savageries inflicted upon defenceless women and children, upon nuns and priests, upon peasants and other non-combatants, surrounded by a host of armed men.

Such, by their own showing, are those who would wrest their territory from nations that may be weaker than the aggressor, now or in the future. Such are they who have beguiled Latin-Americans through a decade or more. Such are the forces that have maintained publicity bureaus, perhaps including the 'German-American Chamber of Commerce,' so thoroughly discredited, and other agencies, to persuade public opinion that Germany is fighting for her national life against enemies bent on destroying her because they fear and are jealous of her progress in art, in industry, and in wealth. That these nations have feared Germany is not denied. They would have been foolish had they not feared her. Practically, all the civilised world, particularly the weaker nations, had ample cause for fearing her. She boldly threatened their peace, their safety, their very existence. She frankly menaced the property, the liberty, the

life of the citizens of every one of these nations. Her very existence as an autocracy has been, and must continue to be, a serious danger to every one of them unless her millions shall be for ever freed from the despotism that holds them subject.

Is it unjust to accept her public and uncontradicted utterances as a true exposition of the policy of Germany? Could such utterances be circulated and discussed openly and publicly in Germany, in the United States, and elsewhere without repudiation by officials of the State were the declarations not approved? These exposures are of supreme importance to Latin-America, because these republics offer great temptation to any Power having a population greater than can be supported by its home territory. German designs threaten and most seriously endanger the integrity, the very existence, of these republics.

So far as may be judged by public expressions, the meaning of the facts cited is dawning upon the thinking classes of Latin-America, and they show strong sympathy for the cause of France. It is imagined that this sympathy is because of the Latin blood in these countries; but, as this is really a minute quantity, the likelihood seems to be that the sentiment comes really from an instinctive feeling that the principles of republicanism, for which France has so long stood, are the basic cause of this war. Evidently it is mainly for these principles that the Allies are battling; they are therefore fighting for all representative Governments, whatever their characteristics. They war to save all nations from the plots of the coterie that has intrigued, bribed, and spied, has drilled its vassals, has crushed its people under taxation to pay for munitions, all for the avowed purpose of making the world pay tribute.

The Allies are fighting the greatest of all wars for human freedom against medieval despotism, peonage, and all the other evils that term implies. Are not the Allies fighting, then, for the cause of the submerged millions of Germany also, the millions that have been kept down through the ages, and would still be ground in the dust by the iron heel of the Prussian? Does not success for the Allies promise freedom, peace, and development for these German millions? These people heard the call of the spirit of liberty. They showed restiveness under the clutch of the 'mailed fist.' They evinced growing strength and a determination to take a larger part in the government of their own national affairs. Was not that increasing restiveness, with its demands for a larger part in regulating the affairs of the people, seemingly silenced for the moment by the uproar of war, really one influential cause of this sudden outbreak? Did it not force the hand of the plotters?

Destruction of the German autocracy should give to the German people such freedom as has developed the manliness, the daring, the enter-

prise, and welfare of so many other millions. That destruction should give to Germany's industries, arts, and sciences such liberty as will greatly help them to become a mighty force for the good of all humanity. It should make that force a secure protection against, instead of a help to, a power that would make all mankind submit to the caprice of the very few.

That Germany, bound by shackles riveted by monopoly, bowed to the dust by enormous burdens fastened upon her by Prussian war-lords when she should have continued peaceful and

prosperous—that is the Germany which, despite her enormous loads, developed the culture of which her despots boast, as if they had helped it, instead of hindering it in innumerable ways. Should not every enlightened nation throw all its weight into the scale against that tyranny, that autocracy? Must not all the weaker nations, for self-preservation, give all they can, even to the last dollar and the last man if necessary, to defeat that robber gang, to avert boldly threatened destruction of their own entity?

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XVII.—IN WHICH I EAT AND DRINK, AND AM NOT MERRY.

ON my way to the lawyer's house I questioned a chairman, who confirmed the news that Sir John Cope was landing at Dunbar, and told me that Charles Edward was to move out of the city to meet the English forces.

The long Writer to the Signet gave me welcome. He was a bachelor, and a man of good cheer. Mr Allan Ramsay arrived at my heels, and the three of us sat down to an excellent supper, served *more Scotico*—to wit, rizzared haddocks, a couple of roasted hens, and some toasted cheese as good as any I ever tasted in Westmorland.

The blithe little poet bubbled with excitement. He was full of stories of the Chevalier—his good looks, his royal mien, his chivalry and generosity to his foes, and so forth—until Mr Scott was moved to quiz him a little.

'All very well, Allan,' quoth he; 'but here is Mr Layton, a Whig, and mysel' the same, sittin' (at my ain table no less) listenin' to black treason. Are ye no' feared for your heid, man?'

'Deil a grain, Peter,' said the poet, 'unless it be through this grand claret of yours. 'Tis undeniable!'

'A safe vintage, Gramond's best. Ye might drink a quart without pullin' bit. There's no' a headache in it;' and the 'tappit' hen was replenished again.

I was a novice, careful in my drinking, and somewhat astonished at the amount of liquor the two old friends disposed of without apparent effect on their speech or bearing. Beyond an occasional raising of their voices in bantering argument, and a mellow twinkle in their eyes, they might as well have been drinking twopenny ale. They toasted each other, and they toasted myself. They drank the health of persons and abstractions whom I had never heard of, and drained glasses to 'sentiments' such as 'Auld Reekie, may her lums ne'er reek less!' and 'Stuart or Hanover, and may friends ne'er cast out!'

I had no ingenuity in these diversions, but contrived by swallowing my claret in canary-

like sips to avoid the appearance of peculiar abstemiousness.

A couple of hours passed before there came a lull in the genial flow of toasts and sentiments.

'I doot we're at the slack o' the tide, Peter,' quoth the poet. 'Gin Mr Layton here has tint his tongue (as his modesty gars him say), he may find it in a stave or two o' a song. What say ye?' And the glasses danced with applause at his suggestion.

I had been as dumb as a fish, and in any other company than this kind and jovial one would have been ignored for a dullard and a wet blanket. So I on to my feet and gave them, as well as I could, 'The Maid of Kendal' and 'Down the Fell.' The plaudits were renewed. They were kindly meant, but little enough merited, for my voice was of the hunt-breakfast order, with considerably more body than music in it.

Allan Ramsay came over and sat down beside me.

'Ye'll tak' wine wi' me,' he insisted, and asked leave to write down the words of the ballad 'The Maid of Kendal,' for it was new to him; and when I repeated them he was kind enough to say, 'Ye sang it wi' great feeling, sir,' and took oath that I was in love, which he commended as a very wholesome state of mind for all young men. 'It cleans the heart,' said he, 'and braces a man whether he wins or loses; and I make no doubt ye'll win, Mr Layton, if indeed you're not that length already. If not, "Forth, Fortune!"' His smiling air of sharing a secret as he clinked glasses with me would have thawed a misanthrope. Then the lawyer would have a song from Allan, and none other than one of his own writing. Part of it ran:

*Wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my Jo?
My Mistress in her tartan screen,
Fu' bonny, brave, and sweet, my Jo.*

The words so chimed with my thoughts that I started involuntarily; but both the singer and

my host were trolling away with great enjoyment, and paying no concern to me. Little Allan strutted back and forth, neat-footed, with short steps, singing the lines in a high, windy voice, with no great skill, but with much spirit and gusto, and so manifestly pleased with his composition and performance that it was a pleasure to see him, and I made haste to compliment him on both.

'Ye may well say so,' our host chimed in; 'Master Allan Ramsay is a man o' many parts. To tell a story or declaim a scene, say, from *The Gentle Shepherd*, or it might be *The Evergreen*, is as easy for him as drawin' his breath.—If I might venture, Allan, we'll draw to the fire. I'll brew some toddy, and ye'll maybe mak' an hour jink by wi' a story or twa.'

He threw another log on the fire, and with much care and seriousness set about compounding a potent browst. Allan Ramsay had great store of old tales and jests—some of them not over delicate concerning later day Edinburgh notables—and the lawyer was very little behind him. I politely declined more refreshments, and sat listening with what interest I could. But my mind was preoccupied; and not once, but often, my host twitted me with the loss of my tongue.

'Come, Mr Layton, I ken ye have many a story, if we could but rouse ye!' quoth he.

Then and there I made up my mind to let them have my experiences of the last few days.

'If you will have it, gentlemen,' I made answer, 'I have a story, and you shall hear it. I deserve all the rallying you give me. In very truth, my wits have been wandering. But if my story is ill told by comparison with your merry ones, it has the merit of being true and strange, and you can judge whether it may not have given me something to think about. If you will get me the book I left with you, Mr Scott, I'll take my text from it.'

'The book?'

'The book that I left with you.'

'That will be an easy matter, for I locked it past wi' your papers in my office,' said he, and went out, returning in a minute or two with my Virgil under his arm.

I opened the little volume and read the copy of the secret paper.

'To begin with, can you make anything out of that?' I asked.

Mr Scott whipped out his spectacles, snuffed a candle, held it to the book, and the two men, vastly interested, scrutinised the wording.

'There is only one word here that kittles my memory,' said Scott.

'I ken it.'

'Glenira!' came from both of them.

'Ay! it is an old story, thirty years since, Mr Layton. I was but a halfin boy then; but Allan here is the very man to jog my memory

and put us on the road. I hope to unravel this unchancy business; I hope so, sir.'

Allan Ramsay was staring at my writing, pursing his lips in thought. 'Glenira is—or was—Evan Macdonell of Glenira, on Speyside. He was a young man in the "Fifteen," and "came out." I ken some o' the sorrowful story. Glenira had a narrow escape; but he and his younger brother Colin, disguised as sailors—so the story runs—got off from somewhere on the Moray Firth. The estate was forfeited, of course; but I remember readin' in the *Gazette*: "The King's Majesty, of his pleasure, being well assured of the loyalty," *et cetera, et cetera*—ye ken the stuff!—gave the estate to—whom, think ye? Glenira's own cousin! Damn him!' He shot out his words with sudden vehemence, the veins swelling on his forehead.

'You know him?' I asked.

'I met him once. He had the effrontery to reflect on my pedigree, Mr Layton; but, faith! I let him ken that a Dalhousie Ramsay was upsides wi' ony Hiellan' cattle-thief that ever turned his back on his clan and louted to Hanover.'

Mr Scott, standing behind him, slowly closed one eye at me and smiled. 'Everybody kens that your blood is gentle, Allan,' quoth he dryly. 'But concernin' Glenira?'

'More I cannot tell. A whisper would come now and then, years ago, from France, but that was all. Poor Glenira was put to the horn at the Cross and the Pier of Leith, and if he is in this country I'll warrant his claymore is wi' the Prince. But I'm thinkin' that he must be under the sod. I saw him once, a kenspeckle man, one to turn round and tak' a second look at, very tall, dark as an Egyptian, a fine heid, and e'en as fiery as a hawk's. Indeed, his by-name in the North was "The Kestrel."'

'The Kestrel!' I stood up, my pulses galloping. 'He is not with the Pretender. I have seen him!' I cried. 'I have seen him within the last forty-eight hours.' I checked myself. I may have said either too much or too little.

Mr Scott saw my hesitation. 'Be assured,' he said, 'that what you have to say is safe wi' Allan Ramsay and myself; and, further, ye are young, and may stand in need o' counsel.'

Straightway I told him the story of my stumbling against the house of The Garth, the fight, the girl, my wound (I showed them the scar), my detention, the secret passages, the tall blind man, the hidden paper, my lair in the brackens, and my hairbreadth escape. The two men listened greedily, punctuating my recital with 'God save's!' 'Sirs! sirs!' 'That cowes a'!' and such like.

'Let me see your book again, Mr Layton.—You are a skilly man in documents, Peter. What d'ye mak' o't?' said the little man. 'This is a serious business—a serious business!'

The writer put on his spectacles again, and pored over my copy.

'It was never meant for a cipher. The blanks, ye tell me, Mr Layton, bore traces o' writin'?'

'Plainly, but blurred and illegible, through sea-water or some such accident.'

He shook his head. 'That's the peety o't! It's a chart, like enough, o' something, or—save us! somebody's bones, it may be—hidden. We need the missin' words, or I doubt we're foun-dered. But for the rest we can piece together enough, I think, to draw at the least a reason-able inference. The letter found in your saddle-bag spoke o' "the Kestrel" bein' found in this country. The leddy's name is Mistress Charlotte Macdonell, and the man you saw in the cave—a man nearer sixty than fifty—was a giant, and dark.'

'Coal-black hair, and the handsomest and noblest-looking man I ever saw.'

'The chances are that he is Glenira.'

'Chances! It is the man himself!' cried Allan; and they fell to splitting threads and theories until I intervened with the suggestion that Mr Scott might find who was the owner of the house of The Garth.

'That should be an easy matter. I'll make discreet inquiries. But be he Glenira, or the devil himsel', what need for your thrustin' your hand farther into this than ye can draw it back, Mr Layton? I would gang warily—warily, sir!'

This was first cousin to the advice Walter Irving had given me, and doubtless, like his, well meant. I cast about for a reply, when Allan suddenly, without a smile, but with a twinkling roguish eye, looking me straight in the face, struck up:

*My Mistress, in her tartan screen,
Fu' bonny, braw, and sweet, my Jo!*

I coloured, I am sure, to the roots of my hair, and bit my lip in mortification.

'Weel, weel! Will to Cupar, maun to Cupar; but it is a gey business courtin' wi' bullets whistlin' about ye,' said he.

I suppose I must have looked embarrassed, for the little man laid a kind hand on my

shoulder, with 'No offence, Mr Layton. I'm a romantic, haverin', writin' character, and whiles am apt to let my tongue run awa' wi' me. It makes enemies, no doubt, but none among folk o' sense and o' good stock, as I ken ye to be.—Come, gentlemen,' he broke off. 'The cool o' the mornin' often reddes up things that look agee by candle lowe. This affair o' The Garth will be none the waur o' bein' slept ower. A night-cap, friend Peter, and then ye can light us down the stair!'

Before the last dram, Mr Scott produced some deeds for my signature, which Allan and he witnessed, their writing as clear and steady as though they had been drinking spring-water instead of enough claret and spirits for half-a-dozen ordinary men. Then he busied himself again with the mysteries of toddy-mixing—it was a tribute to the recital of my adventure that the original toddy was nearly stone cold—and the two friends drank in the new brew to each other and to long years and happiness in Darehope to myself.

It was long past midnight when the little poet and I gave our host good-night. I shook hands with Allan Ramsay at the corner of the street after many promises—I had doubts whether he would remember them—to make free of his house and friendship, and then set my face homewards.

It was a still morning, the moon floating serenely like a silver boat in the indigo sea of the night. Few lights were visible, save the Castle signalling steady defiance to Holyrood. Patrols of the Highland army, wrapped in their plaids against the night air, passed back and forth along the street, carrying a medley of weapons, strange menacing shapes in the night, the moonlight striking on claymore and Lochaber axe.

The town slept. Once the hoarse voice of a Highland watch calling the round rippled the quiet, and once the last long note of an English bugle high above me trailed into the darkness like a star. Then came stark silence.¶

I was not challenged, reaching the hostelry as the old night watch called a quavering 'Twa o'clock, and a fine dry mo-ar-r-nin'!'

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PROPHECY, PRESCIENCE, COINCIDENCE.

By C. R. HAINES.

ONE who was 'of imagination all compact' compared it to Adam's dream: 'he awoke and found it true.' In the domain of letters, more especially of poetry, there have been some striking exemplifications of this saying. The words of great creative writers are often more full of meaning than they ever thought of, and capable of a far wider application. So Shelley,

in his *Witch of Atlas*, written in 1820, spoke of

Those mysterious stars
Which hide themselves between the Earth and Mars.

He was probably thinking of the asteroids which lie beyond the orbit of Mars; but he built his rhyme better than he knew, for before that century was out—to be precise, on 13th August

1898—a minute planetoid, since named Eros, was sighted where Shelley had imagined it. But far more wonderful, because the result of scientific acumen, was Dean Swift's mental telescope one hundred years earlier. It will be remembered that Dr Gulliver on his visit to Laputa found the astronomers there possessed of telescopes far more powerful than ours. With these they had discovered that Mars had two satellites revolving round him. The fact that the Earth had one moon, and Jupiter, the planet beyond Mars, had (or was supposed till then and long after to have) four moons, would naturally suggest for Mars the symmetrical adjunct of two companions. But the Dean's divination was able to pry farther into the unseen and the unknown, for he told us that 'the innermost satellite was distant from its primary exactly three of its diameters [that is, twelve thousand miles or so], and the outermost five; that the former revolved in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half.' In spite of this signpost to the truth, more than a century later Tennyson could still sing of the 'snowy poles of moonless Mars;' and it was only in 1877 that Swift's empirical astronomy was verified by the discovery of two tiny attendants on the planet, revolving round him, the one in thirty and a quarter hours and the other in seven and a half, at a distance of six thousand and fifteen thousand miles respectively. Swift's guess was a wonderfully close approximation to the truth, and all the more extraordinary as, till the discovery of these satellites, no instance was known of a primary taking longer to rotate on its axis than a satellite to revolve round it.

It was, again, prescience more than imagination that enabled the author of the *Botanic Garden* of 1791 to write:

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air;

since the discovery of a way to fly was only a question of time. And the same may be said of Byron's lurid and realistic prophecy of the Mutiny in India which appeared in his *Curse of Minerva* (1811). This was perhaps inspired by the abortive rising at Vellore in 1806:

Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base;
Lo, there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,
And glares the Nemesis of native dead;
Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
And claims his long arrear of Northern blood!

But perhaps the two most famous of all literary prophecies have been Seneca's prediction that in the distant future old Ocean's fetters should be broken and an immense New World be revealed beyond the limits of distant Thulé, and Virgil's unconscious testimony to the birth of an 'Offspring of Heaven' that should renovate the world. On this account Christians of later

times ranked this poet with the prophets of Holy Writ. The lines, as every one knows, are found in the Fourth *Georgic*:

Take Thy power and reign, for now is the time
appointed,
Germ of a Jove Almighty, beloved Offspring of
Heaven!
See how the great round world is rocked and reels
at thine advent,
Earth and the sky's deep vault and the broad
expanse of the ocean;
See, in joy at the new-born age, all nature is
smiling!

Like the words of Caiaphas, recorded by St John, Virgil's imaginative apostrophe to a Saviour of the World was true in a higher sense than he intended; and, indeed, in the early years of the new era there prevailed throughout heathendom, as Suetonius tells us, a firm belief that 'at this very time would come forth from Judæa those that should rule the world.' But hundreds of years before the divine Plato had penned this amazing forecast of the reception which the truly Just Man must expect among men. He represents Socrates as saying: 'Though the doer of no wrong, He [the Just Man] will be reputed the greatest of wrongdoers. He will go forward unshakable even to death, appearing throughout life, albeit just, to be unjust. He will be scourged, and last of all, after suffering every kind of evil, He will be crucified.'

The vogue gained by Virgil among Christian writers caused his works to rank with the Bible as a medium for divining the future by means of the so-called *sortes Biblicæ* or *Virgilianæ*. The method of taking these was to open the book at random, and read the first words upon which the eye lighted, which were then taken as oracular of what was to befall. The most notorious instance of this was when the 'fair and fatal king,' while at Oxford at the beginning of the Civil War, tried his luck with a volume of Virgil. He opened it at the terrible lines in the Fourth Book of the *Æneid* which embody Dido's curse:

Let him be whelmed with war by some fierce foe,
And, from his children torn, to exile go;
And plead in vain, and see his dear ones lie
In death dishonoured, and though peace he buy
With shame, yet reign and life be his no more,
Cast ere his day uncoffined on the shore.

The heart of Charles must have quailed before so dire an omen!

It might have been supposed that questioning the Bible for omens was obsolete in our day; but we know that the mysticism of General Gordon made him on occasion try this method of inquiring at the oracle of God. But this was only in cases where his moral course was not quite clear to him. He needed no such substitute for his own natural insight and prescience, shown in his wonderful forecast of Germany's naval progress. In 1882 he uttered these remarkable words to Captain J. R. Pardy: 'So far as England is concerned, she need not, for the next

quarter of a century, be under any apprehension of serious difficulties arising with any of her European neighbours; but in 1910, or thereabout, there will have arisen a naval Power which may prove mightier than she; and should she—Germany—gain the supremacy, England will become extinct both as a sea and a land Power, and all her dependencies, including India, will fall into Germany's clutches. You may live to see this; I shall not; but when that time comes remember my words.'

A prophecy almost as striking was quoted by Mr A. Forbes of Aberdeen from the *Agricultural and Industrial Magazine* for 1835; but as it refers to a highly controversial subject it need not be quoted here.

A curious instance of the application of Biblical prophecy to modern events was brought forward by certain occult mystics at the time of the Berlin Congress. 'In those days,' says Zechariah (viii. 23), 'it shall come to pass that ten men out of all the languages shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you.' There were ten representatives of the Great Powers present at Berlin, and Beaconsfield, a Jew, imposed his views upon them.

During the Laud celebration in 1895 Bishop Collins brought to light an extraordinary coincidence—or shall we call it prophecy?—which occurs in the title-page of a book published in 1641: '*Farewell Myter, or Canterburie's Meditations in Wren's Syllogismes. The Devel's Moane for the Discontent of his Servants . . . inserted the 12th day of the Moneth Tridemiter according to the infernal Collateration Peccandi, An. Dom. mccccxv. By Richard Newrobe . . . in the year 1641.*' Thus the very year of the celebration was anticipated.

But what is coincidence, that blessed word that explains away for the sceptic so much that is inexplicable? Was the dream of —, the — murderer, which apprised the condemned man that he would not be hanged, a coincidence? He stoutly affirmed to the jailers who took him to the scaffold that he could not be hanged. After several failures in the attempt to hang him, he was taken back to his cell, and afterwards reprieved, since which he has been released. The murder he committed was one of the most brutal and basest possible, and it goes against the grain to think that Providence interfered to save such a criminal.

For pure coincidence there is nothing to surpass the following series of accidents: On 5th December 1664 a boat crossing the Menai Strait was upset, and only one passenger out of eighty, named Hugh Williams, was saved. In December 1785 another boat was similarly upset, and of all the sixty passengers only one was saved, Hugh Williams again. On 5th August 1820 a similar disaster occurred for the third time, and of twenty-five persons on board one alone

survived; needless to say his name was Hugh Williams! Common though that name may be, how many millions to one are the chances against such a repetition of the same occurrence?

Of a somewhat different kind, but even more marvellous, cases of coincidence between fact and fiction are to be found in literature, cases where the coincidence extends even to names of persons, and even prophecy is debarred from naming persons before their appearance in the flesh. In a novel written by an Anglo-Indian, the *Castle of Saltwood*, near Hythe, was described as coming into the hands of a family with the usual intricacies of a lost or hidden will. On the writer's return to England with the manuscript he found that actual facts relating to that very property were almost identical with his imagined ones.

Those who have read *Armada*, by Wilkie Collins, will be in a position to appreciate the wonderful similarity between that tale and the following facts. In November 1865, when thirteen monthly parts of *Armada* had come out, more than eighteen months after the complete story had been sketched in the author's notebook, a vessel lay in Huskisson Dock, Liverpool, looked after by one man who slept on board as ship-keeper. One day this person was found dead at his post in the deckhouse. On the next day a man engaged to take his place was carried out dying. A third appointed to the same duty was found dead the next day. The name of the ship was the *Armada*, and the three men had been suffocated by sleeping in poisoned air.

The eminent writer Mr Rider Haggard set forth in the *Spectator* for 19th October 1907 some most curious particulars about his story *Fair Margaret*. The hero is Peter Brome, whose father is stated to have been killed at Bosworth Field. Now it appeared from facts supplied by Colonel Brome Giles that there was a real Peter Brome, and that his father had been killed at Bosworth Field. But the novelist had invented the name, and had never heard any of the details about the family which he had woven into his story. Mr Rider Haggard astonishes us still further when he says that the same sort of thing has occurred at least four times in his own experience; while a case of a similar kind was described by another well-known novelist lately.

But even the above are scarcely so marvellous as an instance never noticed except by the present writer. On 19th May 1884 a yacht of thirty-three tons, named the *Mignonette*, sailed from Southampton with four hands on board—Thomas Dudley, Edwin Stephen (mate), Edmund Brooke, and Richard Parker. She foundered on 5th July in latitude 27° 10', longitude 9° 50'. The crew got off in an open boat, with but two tins of turnips for food. On the third day they opened one of these, and lived on it for two days. On the fifth day they caught a small

turtle in the open sea, and lived on it for a week. Then they ate the second tin of turnips; after which they were eight days without food and five without water. On the twentieth day Parker was bled by the master and killed, the blood being drunk by the other three, and his body fed upon. On the twenty-fourth day they were picked up by the *Montezuma*, nine hundred and eighty miles from where they had started. Now E. A. Poe wrote a very powerful but unfinished story called *The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*, in which he describes how two school friends, Pym and Barnard, went to sea in a whaling-brig. There was a mutiny on board, and the captain and others were turned adrift in an open boat. But Barnard and Pym and one of the mutineers recovered the ship, killing all the crew except Richard Parker. A storm on 10th July made the brig a wreck, and the crew of four were cut off by water in the hold

from all their provisions. After they had subsisted for six days on a bottle of port, lots were drawn to decide who should be killed and eaten. The lot falling on Richard Parker, he was stabbed and his blood drunk. For the next four days the body supplied them with food. They subsequently got at some of the provisions on board, and found a tortoise of the Gallipagos kind, which carries a little bag of water at the root of its neck. On the twenty-eighth day after the wreck the survivors were rescued, when they had drifted twenty-five degrees. *A priori*, we should have expected E. A. Poe, with his weird imagination and mental uncanniness, to go very far in such species of intellectual prognostication, and it cannot be denied that he comes fully up to our expectations in this foreshadowing of fact by carefully elaborated fiction.

But will the coincidence theory explain these and countless other instances?

THE STRANGLERS OF POLP.

CHAPTER III.

ALONE in his own room, the Duke tossed his coat to the bed, and, having trundled an arm-chair to the fire, sat down in it. He had said that he was tired, but his alert bearing belied the statement.

For two or three minutes he seemed placidly content with his thoughts, while he continued to finger absent-mindedly that ghoulisn bracelet on his left wrist. Then the stroke of a clock made him glance at his watch. A quarter to seven!

'What! no more than that?' he whispered.

But he soon realised that, although much had happened for his instruction since his return to the hotel, the main sensational incidents had taken but little time from their beginning to their surprising conclusion—the blessing from that well-nigh incredible yet extremely interesting young man who—

Suddenly he did a strange thing. Detaching the garrotte from his wrist, he looped it round his neck and made a brief but violent experiment upon himself.

'That will do; my faith, yes!' he murmured afterwards, with a laugh that was almost a chuckle. 'They have a trick about it, I have heard, which kills very quick. Yes, probably I have had a closer shave than I supposed. Perhaps'—

But a vision of his wife Adela stole upon him, and he crossed himself. He was a Catholic, and he had not spoken extravagantly to Shemstein the banker in his allusion to her letter of that morning as a talisman. The prayers of so sweet a saint for his protection and the welfare of the country to which (as she believed, and sometimes made him also believe) God Himself

had summoned them both could not but be listened to in heaven. Perhaps he owed his salvation more to her direct intercession than to anything else.

Another vision followed—a fanciful one this time, of the old Chieftain of Polp, the father of the young man who had come to him with such bloody purposes under his blushes.

Blenaria was still a medieval country in its clans, rough customs, and traditions. The Duke knew this terrible old chieftain of the mountains, only by report, as a giant in stature, with a patriarchal white beard, and more than eighty years of age, who had been married four times, and had for fifty years been accustomed to murder his enemies, when possible, with as little compunction as a starving man might kill a chicken—throttle them, when he could conveniently get them that way. As the Duke had told Shemstein the banker, it was a cherished old habit, this of the garrotte, like others in the wilds of Blenaria, good as well as bad; keeping a promise, for example. When a Blenarian said he would do a thing he did it, cost him what it might, if he could. They had virtues under their truculent exteriors, even the most ruthless of them. It was something, indeed much, to be, as it were, constitutionally unable to tell a lie.

This grim, indomitable old chieftain, this 'splendid old man,' as the Duke remembered styling him just now to his trifle of a son who, under his father's orders, had made such a desperate, old-fashioned attempt on the life of his king, was here in London! What an anachronism! His glaringly gorgeous native costume of scarlet, peacock-blue, and crude green, the

jacket studded with silver buttons (dozens of them, large and small), his cross-gartered shins (like columns, no doubt), his belt full of beautifully hilted daggers, and all the comic-opera rest of him, in the midst of the black coats, the engrossed, civilised faces, and the policemen of twentieth-century London!

And the others with him, who together had sent the Duke that truthful letter of the morning—bold medieval souls, eager to make any sacrifice for those old-fashioned fetishes popularly known as Liberty and Independence! The picturesque stupid! As if in these days any human being was, or could be, independent of his fellow-creatures, or free to do as he would—even a Tsar of Russia, the Chieftain of that little mountain patch Polp in Blenaria, or an aviator high in the air in the latest record-breaking air-machine!

But the last of his visions brought the Duke sharply to his feet.

On this crumbling old altar that terrible old man Apollonius Kragatz of Polp had sentenced to death not only himself, the king aspirant of Blenaria, but his own son! The stout-hearted monster! Whether this poor little Pedro Kragatz, his son, had succeeded or failed in his strangling, he was afterwards to poison himself as a sacrifice on that same altar!

The Duke produced the blue phial he had snatched from the strangler, and held it to the light.

He had arrested the tragedy thus far; but what might not be happening at that very moment in the Whitemonk Street rendezvous of these unscrupulous patriots, as they called themselves? Little question the poor boy Pedro had rejoined them, to tell of his failure, and—to suffer the consequences.

'By all the saints—no!' muttered the Duke, as he looked round, crimson-faced, for his coat. He saw the little fellow blessing him as King Ulric of Blenaria, and chancing it, with that wan, scaffold-smile.

Another moment or two and the Duke's arms were into his coat. He also would chance something, like Pedro Kragatz, who had shown that he came of a breed of heroes as well as stranglers. The boy should not die at the hands or bidding of his own father in that murder-hole of Whitemonk Street, or anywhere, if he, with or without higher aid, could prevent it.

But there was no time to waste. The thought of taking Von Enselsing into his confidence was abandoned as soon as weighed. It would mean lost time, to begin with.

The police? Well, perhaps. He would think about that when he was in the street. Two or three of the famous big London constables and their truncheons might, with himself, be quite a good match for the five Blenarian desperadoes, if these could be pounced upon unawares.

By good fortune the Duke's heavy travelling-

coat was in a wardrobe of his bedroom, with a light cap in its pocket. He slipped on both of them, and, furtive as a burglar, let himself into the corridor and moved away softly. Still more good fortune; the lift was at his service when he reached it!

'Be brisk, my lad!' he said, and presently he left the hotel without other restraint than the bows of a few servants with practised memories for faces.

One of the men followed him to make sure that his royal feet did not fatigue or dust themselves for an unnecessary inch; but he was waved aside.

'No, no; I will see to myself, I thank you,' said the Duke.

He kept to the pavement for a few yards, and then hurried to Whitemonk Street in a common taxi. The driver was not very certain about the street, but knew its locality, he said, if that would do.

'That will do very capitally,' the Duke told him. 'You put me down as near as you think you are to it. The corner of a principal street will be best, and then I shall ask. But make haste, you know.'

There would probably be a convenient policeman or two at such a corner as that. Meanwhile there would be time to settle definitely about taking these same policemen as companions for his farther progress toward that No. 19 house of perchance Doom!

The taxi made a very fair flitting of it. But the Duke's thoughts moved even faster than the car, and scarcely a furlong of the distance was covered when an inspiration that seemed to him quite brilliant told him what to do. He would meet Apollonius Kragatz without any police to support him, but as man to man, or rather one man to five, or as many more as there might be in that den of stranglers. And whether the old demon had or had not a murdered son in the room also to bear witness against him, he would tell him simply and straight what he thought of him and his pig-headed obstinacy in trying to live as if he were in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, not the twentieth. Perhaps his bloody-minded audience would not listen patiently while he talked. There would be bombs and pistols and strangling leathers in the room, no doubt, and the temptation to finish him off would be strong for them. But he would chance it—for Blenaria's sake. Though ignorant and misguided by the grossest of prejudices, a man like the Chieftain of Polp was, of course, the very pith and power of the tens of thousands of rude folk in Polp. So influential a barbarian was worth trying to win, even at the dagger's point.

The Duke had his exultant moments of transporting unreason, like other chivalrous souls, and these were some of them.

It would be a little complication for Europe,

and a sad blow for his beloved Adela, if he were really going to his death in this Whitemonk Street. The betting was not in his favour—he saw that. But he saw more plainly and seductively the high side of the enterprise, and resolved to go through with it.

There was also the sporting side. He had stalked and shot elephants under Kilimanjaro, and something of the same glorious breath-checking thrill was in his blood now as when he had stood gun to shoulder with nothing between him and four hundredweight of charging ivory and tons of angry flesh and bones, except just his nerve and an ounce or two of lead.

The May dusk was at hand when the car stopped, and, warm with enthusiasm, he alighted.

'Soho Street, sir,' announced the driver. 'Whitemonk Street's somewhere in Soho.'

'Yes, that's what I thought,' said the Duke. 'I shall give you a sovereign. Oh, wait a bit,' he exclaimed with a smile, and a hand raised against the man's thanksgivings; 'you have to do something else, you know, for all that money. It isn't much, though. Give me a moment'—

He spent several moments writing in his pocket-book. Then he tore out and folded the page, addressed it to Captain Von Euseling, and laid it on the seat of the car.

'You stay here for me one hour, my good fellow. If I don't come back by, let's say, eight o'clock, you take that small letter for me to the Ritz Hotel. That's all. And here's the—the quid, eh?'

He laughed and marched away, and the taximan appreciatively pouched the quid.

'No common foreign cove that, I'd lay a dollar!' observed the taximan, with but little risk to his banking account.

The Duke inquired his way twice, and was then in Whitemonk Street. He hummed a Strauss tune. An Italian organ at the door of an Italian *trattoria* welcomed him toward his ordeal with music.

Whitemonk Street was a frowsy lane of tallish red houses, mostly engaged as to their ground floors in public business—comestible-shops, cheap restaurants, &c. There was nothing at all sinister about these premises, and the only suggestions of violence offered to the Duke were their drifting smells of cooked food. But above the shops there might be anything. The upper windows on both sides seemed even darker than the time of day encouraged them to be; and on both sides, between the more cheerful shop windows, were occasional alleyways, needle-eyed, black as pitch, hinting that approach to certain of those upper chambers might easily be made both difficult and deadly.

Of course, of course. For all this the Duke was prepared. He knew something about the complex characters of the denizens of Soho. The London eyrie of these stranglers of Blenaria was

likely to be just such a quiet hell as this, with armed men and secret passwords between him and his quarry.

But, much to his surprise, it was not so with No. 19.

The door of the *blanchisseuse* tinkled a brassy bell and let him in. The *blanchisseuse's* name over the window, Marie Quigley, and the white sample shirts and collars of her handiwork in the window, were just as little provocative of emotions.

No one came to the counter until the Duke had tapped three times—the last time strenuously. Then a perfectly commonplace boy of fourteen or fifteen, with an upturned nose, sauntered in, and began to tell the Duke, with an Irish accent, that his mother was out and would not be back until—

'That does not matter at all,' interrupted the Duke. He whispered the word 'Kragatz.' 'You have some one here of that name?'

'Oh,' said the boy, 'and is it him ye want? Old Guy Fawkes! Ye'll be the doctor, I'm thinkin'. Just come this way, will ye? an' I'll show ye the stairs, sorr! The poor old bloke'—

'The—*what!*' exclaimed the Duke, pausing in the dark throat of the side staircase, with a glimmer of reddish light above, to which the lad led him. So a doctor was expected? That was strange indeed; and it would suit him well to get to his battlefield in that or any friendly guise. But the words 'poor old bloke' shocked him.

'Do you speak of Mr Kragatz like that? Do you mean him?' demanded the Duke with unconscious severity. 'Ah, well, it does not matter,' he whispered. 'But tell me, how many men are there with him?'

'Only him an' his son, sorr. Them others left about a quarter of an hour ago, after he had his turn. An' I didn't mean no harm callin' him that!' answered the boy.

'So!' The Duke's imagination worked fast. The chieftain had had a turn—of temper, no doubt—and he was alone with his son. Was the lad alive or dead? 'I go up. Which room is it?' he asked quietly.

'There's a holy image and a lamp over the door, sorr,' replied the boy. 'Ye can't miss seein' it.'

'I thank you,' said the Duke, who soon reached his destination. As the boy said, there was no missing that little plaster saint painted in blue and gold, and the hanging lamp of ruby glass before it. They were devout creatures in Blenaria, even the worst of them. The Duke did not recognise the image, which was presumably the patron saint of the strangling fraternity. He listened at the door, heard no sound within, knocked, and entered the room.

(Continued on page 267.)

CURIOUS EXHIBITIONS BY EX-CRIMINALS.

METHODS for fastening the arms and legs of prisoners to prevent them escaping or doing injury were in vogue in ancient Egypt, where hieroglyphic pictures on walls of ruins show men and women manacled with chains or lengths of flexible iron rods loosely fastened by the ends so that the bond could be adjusted in a circle and thus grip the arm or leg.

Various kinds of inventions for restraining criminals have been thought of by the inventor since the days of the Pharaohs; but the modern manacle is far different from the heavy metal clasps which pressed into the flesh and inflicted continual torture until death ensued from the pain, if the victim remained fettered long enough. To-day the police handcuff, the leg-iron, and other appliances for restraining a prisoner are so designed that they cause no pain, unless, in the effort to free himself, the man wrenches and pulls at his hands and legs in the struggle to break them.

There are ways, however, by which what seems to be a perfectly protecting handcuff may be removed and the wearer gain his liberty. These methods have been discovered by detectives in the larger cities of America as well as Europe, where prisoners have escaped although so fettered that it seemed impossible for them to loosen their shackles. Among the criminal fraternity in the United States some of those who apparently can remove the most clever device to hold them helpless are termed 'Neverstays,' meaning they always escape from confinement.

Some of these experts in throwing off their fetters have given up the criminal life to give entertainments in theatres, where they can show their skill. A description of some of their 'acts' will convey an idea of their wonderful dexterity in releasing themselves from bondage. Among the most interesting feats are those of the man who manages to escape in some manner from all sorts of regulation handcuffs, manacles, leg-irons, &c. Several of these are placed upon him; and then the performer retires into his small cabinet, and emerges in a few minutes entirely free from all restraint. The handcuffs are in every case genuine, and no confederates are employed. It is a very clever illusion.

There are several trick-handcuffs made for such exhibitions, and if the performer be allowed to use his own cuffs they may be of this kind. There are trick-cuffs of various sorts. Some of these simply pull open, and are never properly locked. In other makes the links of the connecting chain are weakened. Again, the lock itself has been tampered with, so that a blow on the hinge serves to release it. Many of them may be opened with a loop of catgut or shoestring inserted into the keyhole. This catches the lock and jerks it back. The style of cuff

known as the 'German transport chain' is never really unlocked; the hands merely slip the chain after certain manipulations of the hands and arms. Most padlocks are picked with one of the numerous skeleton keys with which the performer is sure to provide himself. French letter-locks are opened by finding the proper combination. This is largely a matter of touch, facilitated by placing a wire-spring between the arms of the catch to keep them pressed well back.

If the performer is not to be searched his task is comparatively easy. Keys may be concealed in his clothing, in various special pockets, or in the draperies of his cabinet. If, however, he is to be searched he must take precautions. Special keys are then concealed in a false boot-heel, in the mouth, in the hair, or in an artificial finger which is hollow. In any of these the article may be hidden. If the key is hidden in the hair this should be long and bushy, and the performer, after having had his hands examined, may say to the examining committee, 'Would you like to examine my hair also, and see that it conceals nothing?' As he says this he passes one of his hands through his hair with a careless motion, and thereby extracts the key, which he promptly conceals in one of his hands or elsewhere. As they have already seen the hand, they do not look at it again, and it is safe for him to hide the key in it. A key may also be concealed in the corner of a handkerchief, and in this case an opposite corner can be reached with the teeth. The key being reached in this manner, the performer employs it to open the cuffs as described.

There are many contrivances known as 'fakes,' which are used to open the locks of various handcuffs under conditions in which it would be found impossible, even if the performer were in possession of the key, to use it. One imitator of an escaped prisoner has introduced an ingenious 'fake' of this kind, with which the majority of English regulation cuffs can be opened. This new 'fake' is nothing more than a tiny steel tube, tapered, with a wire fitted through the centre. To open the irons the end is thrust into the lock, and the spiral lock-spring caught with the longest end of the tube, and then pulled outward. It is quite an easy matter to open cuffs and irons by this device. Of late a new regulation key has been adopted in England, having the thread on the outside instead of the inside. The 'fake' will be found to open almost any cuff having even this new improvement, the key being simply pushed home until it accommodates the thread of the particular cuff used.

It must be borne in mind that handcuffs are of various makes, but that every cuff of a certain make is the same, so that the same regulation key will open all of them. Consequently the

same means may be relied upon to open all of them. A new and ingenious 'fake' has recently been devised, by means of which the majority of regulation handcuffs and leg-irons, fitted with powerful springs, can be opened. A key is known as a 'master-key' when it will unlock two or more handcuffs, padlocks, or any other form of lock. Houdin, the noted magician, devised an ingenious master-key, with which he was enabled to open almost any regulation handcuff of the English make. It is composed of a regular key split on one side, so that it could be forced open more or less to accommodate the size of the thread in the lock presented. Three or four split keys of this variety, of different sizes, fastened together upon a common framework, would enable the performer to escape from almost any English regulation cuff presented to him. A specially long key, and a key having a left-handed thread, may also be included in the performer's outfit.

Considering the various makes of handcuffs and release therefrom, it may be well to describe first of all one known as the 'bean handcuff.' This is a cuff of American make, which when first patented was considered exceptionally safe. It is exceedingly difficult for the performer to reach the keyhole of these cuffs with the key when once they have been fastened upon him. Yet in presenting this trick the performer not only has no duplicate key, but even allows the keyholes to be sealed, thereby showing that no duplicate key of any kind is used. The release in this case is effected by means of a novel device. This is inserted into the lock, and, being pressed home, forces back the spring-catch. The catch being forced back, it can be slipped open almost instantaneously, and the release is effected. This is a trick that usually interests the audience, and one frequently done because of the effect presented in allowing the keyholes to be sealed.

This 'bean cuff' must not be confounded with the 'bean giant,' which in many respects is the

safest and most perfect handcuff ever devised. If this cuff be locked upon the wrists with the keyhole away from the fingers it is impossible to open it, even with the aid of the key. The performer generally produces a decided impression by locking the cuffs upon some member of the committee, giving him the key and asking him to unlock himself. It will be found impossible to do so. In order to open the cuffs a curious instrument must be employed. It consists of a long strip of metal, to the end of which a key similar to the original is fastened, though of finer make. When the performer enters his cabinet he gets possession of this metal strip, and holding the broad end of it between his teeth, he inserts the key into the lock, and by this means opens the handcuffs. If the cuffs are fastened with the keyhole away from the body they may be forced on to a key fastened in the woodwork of the stage, in the cabinet, or held in some secure position, and opened by being turned upon the key. Another important point is that these cuffs will not be properly locked until the two small knobs above and below the keyhole are pressed home.

A very ingenious and complicated cuff, known as the 'figure 8' or 'plug 8' handcuff, has also been invented. The cuffs having been closed upon the wrists, they are fastened by means of a small screw or plug which is firmly screwed into the lock. In order to open these cuffs it is necessary to unscrew the plug, then to insert the key, and turn first to the right, then to the left, similar to opening the lock on a bank vault, so many times until the catch is released. In order to escape from this handcuff it is necessary first of all to unscrew the plug. This may be done by means of a 'fake' held in the teeth, or by a more ingenious mechanism of a rather complicated nature which is inserted into the plug, and one of its wheels being held between the teeth, the other wheel is turned by means of the tongue, and this serves to unscrew the plug.

AT THE SIGN OF 'THE GRAY OWL'

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

EMPHATICALLY a modern battlefield is neither a beautiful nor an inspiring sight—when the battle is over; and Private Jean Puichot realised as much as he staggered out of the trench over which the attacking masses had swept, walked a dozen aimless paces, and collapsed again.

A month before, the place had been a wheat-field, brown stubble under placid September skies. Since then it had been ploughed afresh. The gathering twilight hid much, but there was a horrible suggestiveness in every dark blotch that broke the horizon.

Puichot had been in the trenches for thirty-six hours, he and a couple of hundred others, watching the tide of battle ebb and flow. He had the vaguest ideas as to what had actually happened. He knew that he had loaded and fired his rifle almost as mechanically as the barking little Maxims worked, which the British had brought up on his left; that the enemy had been beaten back again and again, and had still come on; and then—

There followed a gap in his impressions, and he had come to his senses to find himself alone, under a darkening sky, with only dead men and

horses for company. He had no conception as to the whereabouts of his regiment. He did not even know if it still existed. In the distance the lights of a village twinkled; they looked homelike and friendly. He reeled to his feet again, and began a slouching trot toward them.

The distance was nearly a mile, and neither then nor at any time did he understand how he accomplished the journey. More than once it seemed to him that the lights could be no more than a will-o'-the-wisp of his own fevered brain; but presently he passed through a gate into a street, and felt cobbles beneath his feet. The lights suddenly confronted him, swooped upward in an enormous curve that reached the zenith, and were lost in black oblivion. In a word, he fainted for the second time.

He regained his senses on a stiff horsehair couch. Over him a girl was bending—a full-lipped, dark-eyed brunette.

'You are better?' she asked.

Puichot nodded. His mouth still tingled with the sting of the neat spirit she had given him.

'That is good. *Ma foi!* but you terrified me mightily when you fell into my doorway.'

With an effort he sat up, and realised that he was in a small parlour opening out of the public room of an inn. 'What place is this, m^amselle?'

'The village of Frontillac, m^sieu. This is "The Gray Owl," and I am the niece of Jules Dutil, to whom it belongs. I have done my poor best to keep the business alive since he went to the war, but it has been melancholy and profitless work.'

'You are French?' he asked. The fighting had been near enough to the frontier to make it uncertain.

'Belgian, m^sieu.' She spoke with sudden passion. 'If you or the English had come to our help sooner'—

'We did our best,' said Puichot mechanically. He passed his hand over his forehead. It was caked with clay and dried blood. 'If there is any place where one might wash'—

She pointed to the door that led to the scullery. There was a pump there, with its spout over a big stone sink, and a basin already filled. The ice-cold water cleared his brain. When he went back he found bread, cheese, and a bottle of wine on the table.

'Eat and drink,' said the girl brusquely. 'Then, if you wish, you may go in search of your regiment.'

Puichot, who was starving, sat down obediently. 'What has happened?' he asked.

The girl dropped into a chair opposite. Her vivid beauty smote his senses like a blow. 'What happened? Your men were outnumbered, overwhelmed, annihilated. The Uhlans—brute beasts that they are!—slew and slew.

They lost very many themselves. Perhaps for that reason they killed the wounded where they found them. I heard it from one of their men who passed through the village afterwards. If you should be found here'—

'I will go at once,' said Puichot. He was not thinking of himself, but of the probable consequences to the girl. He rose unsteadily to his feet.

Misunderstanding him, she smiled with contemptuous pity. 'You are fit for nothing but bed, m^sieu. There is a barn at the back which may serve.' She took up the lamp. 'Come!'

He followed her across a paved yard to an outhouse. She flung back the door for him to go in, and held the lamp high. The place was clean and dry, the straw a scented invitation to slumber.

'*B'n soir, m^sieu!*' she said, and left him to undress by the little light that filtered through the cobwebbed window.

He fell asleep almost instantly, to waken a couple of hours later with a raging thirst and fever. He stumbled giddily out into the moonlight. The door of the scullery was fastened on the inner side, and he was still fumbling with the handle when the window of a room above swung back.

The girl looked down. 'Are you dreaming of the Germans, m^sieu?'

'I am thirsty. I could not sleep.'

'Wait!' she commanded.

A bolt shot back, and she appeared, ghostlike, in a long white wrap, her hair lying in a thick plait over her shoulder. 'Of all the guests I ever entertained'—she grumbled. Then, after a glance at his face, 'Go back to your bed, and I will bring the water.'

She brought it. He drank gratefully, slept for a time, and awoke again in the clutch of semi-delirium to find her still near. She was there again when dawn broke; and Puichot, weak, but with the fever abated, made an effort to sit up.

'You are better,' she said, cutting short his thanks; 'but, Germans or no Germans, you cannot leave. Even an unprofitable customer must be catered for, and I have little else to do.'

So throughout that day and the next he remained. A strained tendon made walking difficult, but he saw enough of the village to realise that it was practically deserted.

On the third morning the girl came to him soon after daybreak. The rattle of distant rifle-fire had already aroused him. She carried a bundle of clothing.

'M^sieu, you will surrender your uniform, and at once.'

'Why?' he demanded.

'Old Lisette, who knits lace, tells me that the Uhlans have already been seen. These clothes belonged to my uncle. You must wear them, and take his place. You understand?'

Whether he understood or not made little difference, for she had gone away with his uniform before he could reply. Puichot put on the garments she had left, and followed her into the parlour.

She turned from her coffee-making to regard him critically. '*Bien!* they fit well! It is fortunate that you and my uncle are of much the same figure. Not,' she added impartially, 'that you have my uncle's intelligence.'

Puichot flushed dully. 'Ma'mselle has been an angel of mercy, all that a woman could be. But always there has been a—a hostility'—

'Hostility!' she flashed, with sudden passion. 'And why? Because we were told that your army, and the English, were to be the saviours of our country. My father and brother had a factory near Mons, m'sieu; and because they showed hospitality to a party of the Allies they were tortured and then shot. Your armies fell back—back—leaving our land devastated. Many explanations have been made; but a woman—a simple woman—judges from what she sees. Do you wonder that I have no love for your people?'

'I think,' said Puichot, half to himself, 'that you have never yet loved any one, ma'mselle.'

'It has never been worth while. My man would have to be *un beau sabre*, very tender, very brave, and a hundred other things! When I meet him I will perhaps give him my heart. Until then—Your coffee grows cold, m'sieu!'

It was their only approach to anything like intimacy. But the fact did not prevent Jean Puichot falling very swiftly and effectively in love with her. For a day or so longer they waited, always on the *qui vive* for the Uhlans; and then an afternoon came when the half-witted lacemaker fled past the door with the news that they were on their way from the next village. Already the distant hoof-beats could be heard.

'What are your plans?' asked the girl, as Puichot limped toward the front-door.

'Upon such occasions as this,' said Puichot seriously, 'one's nerves require a sedative. Père Bompard, three doors lower down, sells drugs, I believe?'

'Inquire for yourself,' said Lucille, and turned her back upon him, her eyes hot with contempt and anger.

He slipped away, but three minutes later was back again. 'The good Bompard was hiding in his cellar; consequently I was left to compound my own prescription.' His tone changed. 'As for you, ma'mselle, you will oblige me by retiring to the kitchen, and there proceeding to make your face dirty and your hair untidy—in effect, transforming yourself into the least attractive woman in northern France, if that be possible.'

'This is no time for compliments, even of

the clumsiest,' she flashed. Nevertheless, she went. And afterwards her obedience seemed to her the most remarkable thing of that remarkable day.

The Uhlans—a lieutenant and half-a-dozen men—approached. The lieutenant rapped with his sword-hilt against the door, and then, without waiting for an answer, flung himself into the room. Puichot, equipped with a large white apron, had taken his place behind the counter, and was polishing glasses.

'Here,' said the German, 'give us wine—the best you have.'

'I am sorry, Excellency; but there is so little left'—

'We've heard that tale before. If you're afraid to fetch the stuff, call your pig of a wife. I am thirsty.'

'We are poor folk. You will pay us?'

'Of a certainty. The Emperor will call in one of his Zeppelins with the money to-morrow! Quick, fool!'

Puichot, fumbling among the bottles behind him, uncorked and proffered one. The lieutenant filled a glass, swallowed a mouthful, and flung the remainder in his face.

'When will offal of your type understand that when a gentleman calls for wine he does not desire vinegar? What have you in the cellars?'

'Very little, Excellency,' said Puichot, spluttering.

'Go and fetch it. And we will follow. Those who fly down into cellars have a trick of disappearing altogether.—Sergeant!'

One of the men came forward.

'See first if this animal has weapons.'

'Up with your hands!' said the sergeant. He jerked Puichot's hands upward, and sent a row of glasses to the floor.

'He is unarmed, Excellency.'

'Good! Let him march.'

Puichot shuffled off in the direction of the scullery, where Lucille was clattering aimlessly among the saucepans.

'Wife!'

She started, and turned toward him with a crimsoned face.

'These gentlemen desire wine.'

'I—I will fetch some at once, messieurs,' she said, and went down the steps which led to the little whitewashed cellar. The officer turned to the sergeant again.

'Johan!'

'Herr lieutenant?'

'I am tired of shepherding these animals. They are slow-witted and slow-moving, and they may, after all, be deceiving us. Knock the one left behind here three times on the head for every minute which passes before his scarecrow of a wife returns.'

The sergeant, with a grin, dealt Puichot three blows which sent him staggering.

'Lucille!' Puichot's voice shook with pain and fear.

She appeared in the doorway, laden.

'Bring them back to the parlour,' commanded the lieutenant. He followed at the rear of the party, and watched while the girl uncorked the first bottle. 'This is better. And the scarecrow is less repulsive than I had imagined. Her grime hides something of her beauty.' He leered at her over the wine. 'Give me a kiss, scarecrow, and I will risk the dirt.'

'I—I would sooner give you another bottle of wine, m'sieu.'

'Except that of La Somna brand,' intervened Puichot, in an anxious whisper.

The lieutenant overheard, and set down his glass, scowling. 'What is that?'

'Nothing, Excellency; nothing!'

'Nothing? When you have a still better wine which you have not produced!'

'There are but six bottles, Excellency. It is of a vintage for the connoisseur's palate only.'

'That shall be proved. Let the girl go. No; she shall remain as a hostage. And you—the lieutenant drew his sabre—'would be wise to hasten.'

Puichot moved away. The eyes of the girl followed him. There was bewilderment, and shame, and contempt in their depths.

A moment later, and Puichot stumbled back into the room again, the bottles in his arms.

'Excellency, these are all I have. I would implore you'—

'Open them, dolt. And you'—he indicated the other men with a magniloquent wave of his hand—'may help yourselves.'

Puichot knocked off the neck of a bottle, received a blow for his clumsiness, and was ordered to bring and fill fresh glasses. He obeyed. The girl watched him secretly, but would not meet his eyes.

'*Himmel*,' said the lieutenant, drinking, 'but this is rousing stuff!' He smashed open a second bottle, and then a third.

'Excellency, I am ruined!' moaned Puichot.

'Swine such as you are lucky to escape slaughter. We will sing, and the pair of you shall dance to our singing. Listen.' He bellowed the chorus of a taproom song. 'Sing, wench, sing, or'—The lieutenant staggered toward the girl, gripping his sabre.

She gave a choked cry of terror, and shrank back. Puichot stood motionless until the man was a couple of feet away, watching him with keen, critical eyes. Then he dealt a sudden, swinging blow which caught the protruding chin fairly. The lieutenant went down with a crash which set the glasses jangling, and lay still.

The sergeant made a movement to rise, but dropped back heavily in his seat. None of the other men stirred; their breathing had become heavy, their eyes dull and fishlike. One by one they slid forward in ungainly heaps.

The girl stood as though frozen.

'What—what does it mean?'

'The wine was drugged,' said Puichot. 'I got the stuff—it's laudanum chiefly—from Père Bompard's.'

'Will they—will they die?'

He shook his head. 'I am no poisoner, ma'mselle. They should come to their fuddled senses in a few hours. Before then—he eyed her with a faint smile—one could travel some considerable distance, especially if one had a vehicle.'

She understood. 'I will harness the mare at once, m'sieu. And later, when I am able, I will try to thank you.'

Dusk fell, and found the two of them plodding along a road that stretched, an interminable gray ribbon, between a succession of wind-swept poplars and over many hills. They had taken what Puichot conceived to be the direction of the Allies' lines; but their chief anxiety was to avoid any chance patrol of Uhlans. Once they took refuge in a spinney, hearing hoof-beats that soon died away; and later they were compelled to make a long detour because of a swollen stream, a sinister freshet in which the bodies of men and beasts floated darkly.

Night had enwrapped them when a sudden '*Halte!*' broke the silence. Puichot climbed down from the cart, but in a moment returned.

'Be thankful, ma'mselle. It is a French outpost. They will care for us both until to-morrow.'

'And afterwards our roads will lie apart.'

'Must they?' he asked in an unsteady voice.

'We—we have known one another so short a time, m'sieu.'

'A lifetime, an eternity, ma'mselle! You are Belgian; I am French. Everything in the world may divide us; but I love you. If I go back to the wars and fight—I, who am no *beau sabre*, but whose very soul is yours—will you wait for me?'

'Yes,' she whispered, and with brimming eyes lifted her lips to his.

THE MESSENGER.

TO-DAY I found, beneath an old yew-tree,
The first pure snowdrop of awakening spring,
That bridged the gulf of all that is to be,
And gave true joy to every gladsome thing
That love sets free.

My inmost soul shook off the dust of care,
And anxious hours were girded with a song,
When I beheld this drooping snowdrop fair
Lift its sweet head above a world's sad wrong,
As if in prayer.

Oh hope divine that makes our bliss complete!
Oh humble flower with raiment white as snow!
Near thy pure breast God and His children meet;
Thou art of heaven. Oh, teach our hearts to know
Thy message sweet!

GILBERT RAE.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

ONE night near the beginning of the year there was a gathering in London of men who are dreamers and workers in writing and painting, people engaged in the practice of arts and sciences. It was really an occasional festival of the winter season, when these authors and artists and their friends met with the object of dining and spending some hours in such a good Bohemian way as becomes rare in modern London. Invariably a happy gathering is this, and unique in a peculiar intellectual and social interest. It is hardly less attractive in time of war than in the days of peace; but, as one may imagine, a change has come over the spirit of this assembly. It meets now at half-past six in the evening instead of seven, and by eleven o'clock it is completely dissolved, each unit having meditatively departed through the gloom of London, utter blackness, to his fixed abode. Those who were full of humour are invariably serious; on their countenance is a fixed continual solemnity. They do not laugh or shout. The war has shaken and changed the natures of peculiar people such as these when perhaps nothing else could have done so. The man sitting opposite to me at the dinner-table was a distinguished novelist, who said that all efforts to write even an odd line of a story since the war began had failed for lack of power to concentrate. Yet another writer of good fiction smiled, declaring that, being debarred from assisting in the war, he had retreated to the most lonely and isolated spot he could find in south-west England, and there, in the meanest cottage, and with a dog for sole companion, he worked at some creations which may bring him more fame when the war is over. And he works better and more than ever before because of his settlement of mind, for the nearest town is some miles away, he has no letters or newspapers delivered to him, and only once a week does he make a timid, hesitating excursion in search of intelligence, at the same time performing a little national service as the complement of labour for his personal advantage. An actor of some eminence sat at his meal in the uniform of the Lancers; an *impresario* was in khaki, and about to travel north to act as interpreter at a camp of German prisoners; a distinguished newspaper editor revealed some

secrets of the extent to which the order of strength of the great daily journals had been changed by the war (and the upheavals in Fleet Street have been very remarkable); and a man who writes some books and has had the reputation, not without cause, of exhibiting the most advanced Socialistic tendencies—to such an extent, indeed, that it has been pleasantly averred that in the past he has with little effort been able to see a special beauty in crime!—related with pride the existing circumstances of his nocturnal beat as a special constable in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. A young American to whom this community had given hospitality for some preceding weeks, and who was now about to return to his native land, outlined the nature of a campaign that he would enter upon as soon as he was liberated from the *Lusitania* in New York. He had a clear view of the magnificent, the glorious cause of the Allies, and there was a small section of his countrymen to whom, whenever possible, he proposed to expound some plain truths in the plainest possible way. There was in my mind, however, at the beginning of these notes a small point of a different kind to illustrate this general change of moods and ways. These people have few formalities and several peculiarities. Having eaten, they like to make a plunge headlong into some musical pleasure of an intensely spiritfult sort; something with hot blood and smiles in it, a happy song to be sung by a man himself at the piano, in which love and life may have a part for happy praise—a song of the living world. On this night the man left his seat at the table and went to the piano in the usual way. He sat at the instrument silent for several moments, as if in meditation, and then, with his eyes on the ceiling, he struck heavily for the first notes. He did not sing at all, and what he played was very unusual, yet no one was surprised, and all listened with sympathy and satisfaction. His playing was excellent; he came near to fine inspiration. And what, then, did he play? Just that grand 'Funeral March' of Mendelssohn, with all its thunders of eternity and its whispers of the soul. As a little affair in war-time psychology it seemed odd enough.

I have mentioned before how little the surface of things has been disturbed in the capital; how, for all the sore and heavy feelings, and even the nervous dreads, life goes on in much the old steady way. The tremendous momentum of this vast human machine is not to be disturbed even by such a thing as a European war which threatened to change the world. If London were deflected from its normal course we might begin to be anxious for the safety of the Empire, for the one is symbolical of the other. What wars of the world have ever moved London from its own regularity, that essential steadiness of its life and work which has nothing to do with such details as the hours of closing of clubs and restaurants? And would it not be a sorry thing if a place with the history and traditions and the fine solidity of London were now to move a yard from its normal path because a nation somewhere on the continent of Europe has got a drunkard's madness and is seeing things strangely? Because that would be so, one feels a little the more regretful for even those surface departures from the normal like the darkening of the streets in the evening. The lake in St James's Park has been empty all the winter. The hard, gray cemented floor which has been exposed has made it seem like a withered lake, and those who have crossed the bridge on moonlight nights have missed the enchantment of what I regard as the most beautiful scene in London. Viewed across the water to the east, there are heavy clusters of trees in the middle distance, and in the background, shining white below the moonbeams, a mass of architecture pointed with spires, and, as it seems, with cupolas and minarets surmounting walls of traced stone. It makes us feel as we look that this is India of the East, and not Britain of the cold, lone island in the North. Some have said that the lake is empty now because the embellishment and decoration of London matter less at present than they do at other times, and it is good for the place to be dry for a season. Others declare that reflections on the water would make a guide to hostile aeroplanes; but we weary of such tales of nearly trembling care, and would have no more of them. On the floor of this lake, from one end to the other, two big pipes—each of which may be a foot in diameter perhaps—are laid, and here again the people who in London are apt to wonder much, and rarely to inquire, have conjectured that it may contain a trifle in the way of water-supply, or be concerned in some matter of drainage. But the truth is that there is here shut up and cased away from all the light of day what little remains of one of those burns that trickled down the hills of early Lyn-Din. You may change the course of a river or a rill, but in default of the removal of the hills which gave it birth it is a hard thing to suppress; and here still flows through the darkness of the pipes an old brook of Lyn-Din which our civilisation has made

prisoner. It is a happy thing at present to let fancy wander off to those days of the simplest Britain budding to its life, remembering that never all the time from then to now has London been the victim of the savagery of any foreign foe.

* * *

However all this may be, a city such as London, which surely has something in its ancient bones and stones that is closely akin to life itself, is not to be transformed, not even to be seriously disturbed, by a few months of the greatest war. What momentum it has gathered through the ages carries it now serenely on. The settled habit, the regular system, of London is a remarkable thing. We speak often of what we call the 'law of averages.' Have you reflected that London, and other cities and communities in a lesser degree, owe the smoothness of their existence—almost even the very continuance of their existence—to the even, steady working of that law of averages which is nearly as sure and regular as the sun and stars? If for one single day the law of averages were suspended London would be thrown into a state of chaos. Its system would collapse, its convenience vanish. Trading would become impossible; the people would fall to panic. All the grand dignity of London which has grown and ripened through the centuries would fade in an afternoon, and the city would be in a sadder state than if the hordes of Prussia were let loose in it for devastation. Consider the case. At certain times and in equal circumstances there are approximately an equal number of people at one place, and doing the same thing. Each thoroughfare presents much the same appearance 'as usual,' this very term being a recognition of the exact working of the law of averages. In Piccadilly, in the Strand, in Regent Street and Oxford Street, in Cheapside and in Lombard Street, it is always 'much the same;' if wet a trifle less in human density, if very fine a trifle more. The appearance does not change, and so the number does not vary much. If one day there were only half the usual number of people in Lombard Street, or Piccadilly had twice its quantity, one would notice it, be surprised and wonder, and no doubt be uneasy as in the presence of a mysterious phenomenon. Clearly something would have gone awry, and the public arrangements for vehicular traffic would not be agreeable to this odd state of things. Day by day a steady average is maintained. So with the passengers on the metropolitan trains; so with the people in the restaurants, the tea-houses, the theatres, the hotels, the large rooms in the clubs, and everywhere. There are thousands of tea-shops in London depending chiefly on a vagrant custom, and yet at the same time of each day there is nearly the same number of people in each of them. The official statisticians

can prophesy to you with a rare exactness how many people will walk past a particular point in the thoroughfares on any day you like to name, or they will tell you how many vehicles will pass through a great crossing, and so forth. The omnibus and railway companies make all arrangements for the services with a knowledge of approximately the numbers who will wish to travel. There is a simple expression of confidence in the same working of this law of averages in the old fable that in the traffic moving over London Bridge there is always a white horse to be seen; but as horses are scarcer now than when this suggestion was first made, we are disposed to substitute a yellow motor-car for the conspicuous animal. All this movement, this arranging and massing and working of people, is so regular, so certain, and so matter of fact that we do not marvel at it, as we do not wonder at the rising of the sun or the remarkable achievement of nature in the loosening of a shower upon the earth. Yet here is, to my mind, the greatest of all the wonders and mysteries of London; for have you reflected that all the regular and convenient peopling of the streets, the theatres, the restaurants, the public places, is, so far as human volition is concerned, a matter of pure chance, only sometimes very faintly regulated by previous knowledge and experience? Surely more than half the number—might we not say nine-tenths, indeed?—of the men and women in the Strand at any chosen moment of the day are there at that time largely, if not entirely, as a matter of chance. Most of them were not there the previous day at that time, or on the one that followed. In a haphazard way they arranged to be there at the time selected, or were led involuntarily to be there, and not all at one place, but walking in an even distribution along the thoroughfare. So with the hotels, the restaurants, and the tea-houses, they are filled by the people of chance, who go there on a day as if by an accident or in the way of some special expedition; but yet so evenly, so certainly does this chance work that it has all the appearance of a regular system. So with the white horse that pulled its load over London Bridge, and the yellow motor-car that in its stead is now impatient in the complex traffic. Nearly every day the horse was different, and no arrangement was made among the owners of white horses to keep the Bridge supplied; and yet when children were told that there was always one to be seen that way, and were seldom disappointed. This circumstance would then be pointed out for illustration of the immensity of London, and not for the strange chance and the wonderful working of the law of averages. What if this mysterious working, which is none of our human arranging, were suspended; if you and I and all of us who had determined we would walk up Regent Street to-morrow or the next day should go this afternoon instead, no reason

existing why we should not? There would be a hopeless, almost impassable crowd this afternoon, and to-morrow the street would present an appearance of desertion it never has done on a working-day for ages past. In the same way there might be at other places crowds that almost crush to a state of panic, and deserted halls. To her consternation, two hundred friends might swoop down one afternoon on Lady C. when at most she had hoped for ten. How happy and satisfied is she made by the restraining power of the law of averages! And yet it is not a law, as we think of laws, but simple chance. But if this mysterious chance did not work with such regularity, would not the whole of our social arrangement, this grand and finely ordered structure, fall loose and collapse, so that all would be confusion and chaos, and work and pleasure become equally impossible? Surely that would be so; and then, the regularity of chance having failed, we people would be obliged to set up a definitely ordered human arrangement and system, or the convenience of our life would perish. We should need to take tickets in advance to walk down Cheapside at a certain hour, and only a limited number would be issued. So with the omnibuses; so with the railways underground, the restaurants, and all the rest; and the *salon* of Lady C. would no longer be free to the intellectuals of her acquaintance. Existence in London by such rule would be intolerable; we should pack and proceed to Paris or the country, and leave it to its tickets and its precious man-made system. So all depends on chance, or the law of averages, a vague term which tallies better with our respect for order and reason. And this law of averages, then, this process to which is given a name as if to suggest that it is nearly as exactly defined and regular as a matter of mathematics, a prosaic thing for the reckoning and use of man, is after all mere chance! Then London moves and lives by chance, such a chance as might exist in the fluttering of a bit of paper in the breeze?

* * *

It could not be; the wonder of all results and happenings gives denial to such a fancy. This law of averages working so inexplicably, so mysteriously, must be above all mathematics. Surely it must be regulated by an unseen, unknown controlling force. Its achievement is not erratic, as mere hazard would make it; its precision is that of nature. Much of nature, except the beginnings and the grand supernatural force, we of the world can explain with some satisfaction to ourselves; but this law of averages, on which we so much depend, we cannot explain. Must we not then agree that the expression, used so frequently in a vague and careless way, is really one of the grand supernatural mysteries by which order and convenience are given to some of the workings of man, but with the

appearance of chance and spontaneity, so that the unknown and the future shall have their abiding attraction, and the notes of destiny and fatalism shall not be emphasised, so that the freedom of life may not be crippled? '*Le hasard est un sobriquet de la Providence*,' a French author wrote, and that is true. And at the end of such reflections one returns to the original thought that even the full shock of this tremendous war has not been able in the least to disturb the working of the law of averages in London and the other great cities of our isles. It, with the business, operates 'as usual.'

* * *

An epilogue may be added. One night I walked along a street that led away from Leicester Square, and in a by-street on the left I saw a crowd of people, some soldiers among them, gathering in the darkness. They exhibited some excitement, a certain anticipation perhaps. A fire had broken out in one of the upper rooms of some very mean-looking premises, and a faint

glare could be seen through the window-panes. Instantly there was heard the jangling of bells, the clatter of the hoofs of horses at the full gallop, and the rattle of approaching wheels along the adjoining streets. The fire-engines! One, two, three, four—several of them! Brass-helmeted firemen began to work with a speed that would be frenzy were it not for the trained method of it all. Escapes were laid to windows, streams of water were spouted up, a faint cloud of steam was seen, and then in a minute all was still and dark again, and the crowd moved on. The effort was, as usual, splendid and successful, but the cause of it was nearly nothing—just a flare among some papers and old clothes in a cheap and dirty room. But here was civilisation in its constant effort to preserve; all its grand machinery for the safeguarding of even the poorest things in one dark spot. And there was Europe all ablaze in mad destruction of the best and costliest of its work for centuries, with many thousands of brave men given continually to the slaughter. What pathos in such incongruity!

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CLAYMORE!

NEXT morning it seemed as if I had just laid my head on the pillow when I was awakened. I could have composed myself for other six hours; but the house was stirring, feet scuffled along the passages, and from the courtyard came a great clatter and shouting, trampling hoofs, and a confused clamour of voices and movement. I lay half-awake, cursing the din, vastly unwilling to lose precious hours of rest; but sleep, I soon discovered, was out of the question. All the cocks in Edinburgh seemed to have roosted in the neighbourhood; the morning air vibrated with their raucous challenges, a thing not to be endured. I flung out of bed and hurried into my clothes, temper strangling the last of my yawns. A babel of sounds floated up from the streets: fishwives from Newhaven hawking their wares; Gilmerton carters bawling 'Saun'—yellow saun'; water-carriers with their barrels; caddies on the trot; gossiping burgesses standing in groups. Strange and ominous accompaniment to these trivial workaday sounds were the hoarse commands in the Gaelic, the ring of hoofs, the measured tramp of Highlanders patrolling or changing guard, the neighing of the pipes a continual undernote in the mêlée of sounds; and at intervals, clear above it all, came the lively réveille of the English bugles at the Castle.

From my window I could see a crowd of uncouth-looking Highlanders, travel-stained and unkempt. The troopers' jack-boots were muddy to their tops, and the dress of the rank and file

(a bright red tartan) in an extremity of disorder and shabbiness. They were the Grants of Glenmoriston, who had arrived, after a forced march, from Inverness way to join the Prince. Glenmoriston himself was at Duddingston, and his men were here, I gathered, getting horses shod and on the hunt for weapons. I heard afterwards that they seized a stand of Lochaber axes of the town guard, and broke into a smith's shop, where, finding nothing, they took revenge by smashing the signboard, tearing the rafters off, and stripping the shop bare of everything except the anvil and bellows. The rascals tramped in and out of the 'White Horse' gesticulating, shouting in Gaelic, making a chaos of barbaric sounds, demanding meat and drink, though it was plain (even at that early hour of the morning) that most of them had been at the bowl already.

'The Chevalier will be on the move frae Duddingston sune,' said the landlord, 'and thae blagiyards wi' him. 'Tis glad I'll be to see their backs;' and fell a-cursing (but under his breath) all Jacobites, tartans, claymores, and everything—man, woman, and child—beyond the Highland line, with a vigour and language past belief for a man of such outward docility.

'Is there news, then, of Sir John Cope?' I asked him when he stopped through sheer want of breath.

'God be thankit! they tell me that he is on the march frae Haddington, and there will be an end o' this damned clamjamfry in twenty-four hours.'

I was not so sure of this, for the Highlanders, with all their strange equipment, their ignorance and predatory instincts, were courageous fanatics, with strong, unleashed emotions under their ragged plaids. An ideal, the strange and masterful world-force, elusive, reason-defying, that has done so much in the long march of history to upset accepted canons of government and precedent, had touched their wild hearts.

My little rift with Walter Irving was not to my liking, and I purposed making peace with him; but when I sought him he was not to be found, and the landlord knew nothing of his movements beyond that he came and went as he liked, and at all hours.

'A body gets little pleasure in servin' the likes o' him,' quoth the landlord. 'Siller is no' everything that a host seeks, sir. I like to see my guests in comfort at their meat; but gin Maister Irving's kale be ready for him, I've uphaid I'll no' see him till supper, an' whiles no' even then. Forbye, the guidwife girns, an' I get the wyte o't. As for sleep, the man might be a hoolit. He was up an' awa' at the dawin'. Gude kens when we'll see him. No' that it's my concern; and so on. The good man would have discoursed until noon; but I gave him good-morning, and sauntered up through the Netherbow Port, past the guard, and along the High Street.

Presently a little man in a scratch wig turned as he was passing me, and addressed me by name. I knew his face. He was Mr Peter Scott's clerk, and was charged with the delivery of a letter to me. The kernel of it was that the writer had the pleasure to inform me that he had made inquiries, and that the house of The Garth belonged to a worthy man in Fife named Gilland, and that Mr Gilland's 'doer' (a personal friend of Mr Scott) had informed him that the house was let to a gentleman of France, a Monsieur De Boux, who had some feeling and sentiment for Scotland through family ties. The writer assured me that my instructions would be looked for by him anxiously. I told the clerk that there was no answer, and pocketed the letter.

Here was another knot in the skein of the affair! Foudelle de Boux was a name mentioned in the secret paper! But I had knitted my brows long enough, and was in no mood for more speculation over the adventure. I tried to banish it and Mr Scott's letter with indifferent success, for my thoughts came back like homing birds, circling round the vision of a pale, proud face as I had last seen it in the tossing glare of the torches when Mistress Charlotte rode down the High Street on her chestnut. I sauntered on aimlessly enough, in a half-reverie, my preoccupation earning me a jostle or two from the foot-passengers, until the sight of some sedan-chairs suddenly awakened my interest. They moved sedately along, and as each one approached I contrived a nervous glance inside. At last, in one of them I caught sight of a tartan

screen. My pulses quickened. I followed it, to see it stop at a close, and a stout and elderly dowager, of plain, not to say forbidding, countenance, hoist herself out and rate the chairmen soundly in a shrill indictment. I cannot tell how this trifling thing vexed me. Its ludicrousness seemed to point the folly of my conduct. My annoyance was out of all scale to the cause, putting me in the dullest of humours, so entirely out of countenance that I railed at myself for a nincompoop to be trailing the streets of Edinburgh on a chance of seeing a pair of hazel eyes, when all around me were men of action and the atmosphere and imminence of battle. Yet I loitered so long that it would have been little wonder if some of the Highland patrols had suspected my movements and clapped me into the guardhouse.

The stream of the crowd was flowing steadily in one direction, towards the road by Easter Duddingston, where the Chevalier's army was soon to pass on its way to meet Sir John Cope. Here, surely, was better employment for me than moping about the streets. I should see something of the fight, and lay the ghost of The Garth affair for at least a day or two. Going back to the 'White Horse,' I saw that the mare had a good feed, ordered the stableboy to saddle and bridle her, and while this was being done I swallowed a hasty breakfast, thrust some oaten cakes, a lump of cheese, and my spyglass into my pocket, and rode off in the clear gray-green of the September morning.

I had no settled plans except to see a battle. There were crowds of countryfolk as well as the townsmen in the streets, anxiety on their faces, and certainly with no signs of enthusiasm for the Chevalier. Nor did I see anything approaching enthusiasm in Edinburgh. The town yielded, with an ill-concealed half-heartedness, to the inevitable.

As I neared the open country the sun rose steadily over the picture of the Lothian, fair and peaceful as one could wish to see. Looking at it, man's ambitions and his mirage of life, rightly considered, seemed to me strangely poor and unsatisfying. There was something almost wistful in the peace of the countryside; but, even as the thought touched me, there came on the wind a deep note, a sudden rousing surge in the silence. It was unmistakable, multitudinous, the great voice of an army; and there, about two Scots miles away, was the head of the moving column, the morning sun sparkling on their steel. I rode along a sloping path into a clump of trees on a hillock above the post-road, and there dismounted to watch the advance. The Highland army was soon abreast of me; and, though I am an English Royalist, I own that my blood tingled. War, some pundits tell us, is a reasonless sin, a survival of savagery—that the day of ploughshares and pruning-hooks is at hand, when men shall be content to buy and sell

and sell and buy until the grave claims them. It may be so. I doubt it; for man, not having the will to cease war, has not the power. Nor will he have in England until the love of freedom, vision, man's spirituality, and the noble passion of patriotism—mother of splendid dreams—are dead.

The leading pipes and drums shrilled and droned and rose and fell in 'The Battle of Harlaw,' the wild tune of it the very translation of the ecstasy of battle.

The rebels marched three abreast, a strange and memorable pageant of colour and rags. I was near enough to see their unkempt hair and beards, and their bare muscular legs swinging along to the quickstep of the pipes. Presently I saw an officer point in my direction, and turn to another who rode beside him. This one, pistol in hand, rode across the stubble toward me. I made no concealment, nor did I see the necessity for it. He came within a few paces, and began, 'I have it in charge'—when he stopped abruptly. 'It is you!'

I knew him at once. He was Patrick Maxwell, my opponent at *écarté* in the 'White Horse.'

'It is,' I said, and gave him my greetings.

'I am on my duty, Mr Layton. Ye will understand. My Lord Pitligo's men saw ye; and I am charged to report. Ye are alone?'

'Alone, and rode out of Edinburgh to please myself, and see, if I could, some of the doings eastward. I am no spy, if that is in your mind.'

He stared hard at me. 'D'ye ken o' any?' he asked abruptly.

'I know nobody under arms, other than the gentlemen who were watching us at cards the other evening.'

'Who is—I forget his name—the man with the Liddesdale blue bonnet?'

'A chance acquaintance, an honest enough fellow; but my memory runs that it was he who introduced me to your friends and yourself,' I made answer.

'Maybe it was as ye say. We met him over some claret, I think. But it is of no consequence. I merely asked you in my duty.'

'It will save time, Captain Maxwell, if I tell you that neither he nor I have any concern with the Rising, for or against. By Heaven! if I were for the fighting line is it likely I should be standing here?'

He smiled. 'Frankly, I do not think, Mr Layton, that it is. Ye give me your word of honour as a gentleman that ye are in neither service, art or part, in secret or otherwise.'

'I do.' I held out my hand, and he took it without hesitation.

'I believe you, Mr Layton, and I'll report the same to my superiors.'

He saluted, and rode off for a few yards,

when he suddenly turned his horse and halted, looking at me with a frank and kindly eye.

'Come, Mr Layton! ye are well mounted. Ye see the flower of fighting Scotland there,' pointing to the column. 'I have no commission to recruit; but—but, man, I'm fain to have ye wi' us. To-morrow will see the most of Johnnie Cope's men in beds that will be none too wide for them, and the Lowlands (I speak as a Lowlander myself, mind ye) will be "out" for Prince Charlie. They are quiet at the moment; but ye may have seen a brown moor quietly asleep in the sun, but with a spark at the deep heart o't that nobody kens o', a spark that smoulders and smoulders, until the wind comes, and the moor blazes red to the sky! So it was with the Highlands, and so it will be with the Lowlands! What say ye? I make no doubt that your family and condition will readily ensure ye a commission from his Highness.'

I could but shake my head.

'Is this your last word?' the Jacobite asked, disappointment in his voice.

I told him firmly that it was.

'Well, ye ken your own mind, I'll say that for ye. But, man, 'tis in my heart to see ye mount the White Cockade!'

He turned in the saddle as he rode off and held up a hand. 'See! I do not wear the ring yet. This may be the last time I'll break speech wi' ye. God knows! I may come back feet first if I come at all. But remember this! Pick your feet, as the saying goes, in the town o' Edinburgh. Choose well your company!'

Before I could ask him what he meant he was off at a canter through the stubble, and I soon lost sight of him among the long line of the advance. I watched the Highlanders from the front rank to the sumpter-horses at the rear, and then I followed about a mile behind. When they came near the town of Musselburgh they broke off, taking a road to the south. This I learned was in case General Cope should forestall them in occupying some high ground. At the inn at Musselburgh—Luckie Chrystal's—I had a tankard, and learned that the English army was still near Preston. It was plain that the armies would soon be at each others' throats; so, leaving my horse at the inn, I struck out on foot into a waste of sandy and bent-covered hillocks that stretched northward toward the sea, where, I judged, I might pick out a spot to command the arena with my spyglass.

It was now almost half-past ten, and the sun was shining brightly. A few countryfolks were about. One of them told me that Cope's pickets were up and down the links, and pointed out to me from a brae-top the village of Tranent in the distance to the south, Preston, with a windmill, and Cockenzie farther along the coast. In half-an-hour I came to the shore, a dolorous-looking stretch of sand with a ragged fringe of scattered seaweed, the sea making a hollow

rumble along it, and the king's ships riding far out in the Firth. My spyglass showed me in the distance a group of soldiers near a sand-dune with a sentry posted on it. They were a couple of miles away; and, but for their little black cluster, the curve of the coast showed no life except the cormorants fishing or the gulls mewing overhead, reeling on heavy wing into the wind.

I had no desire to run against any of the English pickets. It was probable that they would keep me a prisoner until after the fight, and in that paltry situation I should see little of the action; so I sat me down in a hollow among the hillocks, and waited, with what patience I could, for developments until about noon. Then, crawling through the bents to the top of the ridge, I peered over it, and saw plainly the chess-board of the field; Sir John Cope's men on a plain rising gently inland—a well-chosen position; Preston village on his right, and a morass between him and the Highlanders. The two armies moved and counter-moved without a shot. I saw a small company of the king's troops move out, and laying my spyglass on the morass, picked out a solitary rider from the rebel lines mounted on a white pony. The intrepid figure, riding as coolly along the morass as though on parade, kindled my admiration. Shots rang out, but he was not touched; and,

dismounting, he deliberately pulled down a part of a stone dike, and led the pony through the gap. When he had surveyed the spot he rode back at a canter. Soon after the Chevalier shifted his ground, and the king's troops faced round. The afternoon wore on, tediously enough, if one can so talk of the hours before a battle.

Once a couple of gallopers were fired at, a Highland outpost near a church forcing them to retire on the main body; but beyond this I recall nothing of excitement except when a picket passed within a few yards of me, and I had to clap down in the bents like a rabbit to avoid being seen.

The evening fell chilly. It was lucky that I had my greatcoat, for a raw mist floated in from the sea, and without the coat my teeth would have been chattering. In front of the English army a line of great fires had been kindled. I would have given much to be beside their ruddy warmth; but I had to make the best of my quarters, so I made a little lair in the bents, and, curling myself up in my greatcoat, lay down as far out of the wind as I could, and waited patiently for the sound of the firelocks. I should have been better in my bed, no doubt; but I was young, and did not know that in this life battles come to every man without his seeking.

(Continued on page 279.)

THE TRUE ATMOSPHERE OF WAR.

WAR IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN GIRL IN FRANCE.

By EDNA ELLIOTT-CARR.

HOW long will it be, I wonder, before England, or even her wonderful city of London, fully realises the true atmosphere of war, the atmosphere of mourning, of sorrow, and of pain, which is approaching every heart of us under the shadow of the big gray cloud? At the moment London appears outwardly bright and unruffled, with its brave smile of light-heartedness and patriotism. One meets it everywhere—in the glittering restaurants, in theatres and music halls, in busy stores, bearing out the maxim, 'Business as Usual,' and, indeed, in the ordinary round of everyday life. So it was when I left for France a month or so ago; and, on my return, behold! the same atmosphere, not one whit less cheerful and sanguine. The truth is heard and believed, but scarcely yet realised to its full. No; we must visit France or Belgium, the countries of our Allies, to realise its actuality.

On reaching Paris, after a surprisingly calm and uninterrupted journey from London, I was immediately confronted with a hundred and one happenings which compelled me to realise the war. The beautiful French capital, so subdued and

depressed, difficult to picture, with its world-wide repute of incessant gaiety and irresponsibility! But so I found it. Its streets and boulevards well-nigh deserted, and its many closely shuttered shops bearing the now familiar bill stating that the chief and staff have gone out to fight. Even the café-life a breath of the past, and the night-life shut down; for 8, 8.30, or 9 p.m. marked the closing hours of cafés and restaurants; theatres and amusement houses being in complete darkness, with doors barred.

However, the city is now beginning to find itself once more, for day by day it is nearing its noise and gaiety. The shops are opening, some of the places of amusement also, and the citizens are very optimistic over affairs in general. Before I left, the boulevards were beginning to be crowded each day with the *chic* and fashionable, who had returned to their residences in the gay city. A number of the chief hotels are closed, but many have been transformed into luxurious hospitals, and are alive and busy with the tending of the sick and wounded entering them daily.

Sundays in the Madeleine. The sombre and

heavy mourning of the Frenchwomen suggests the effect of little black clouds amongst the congregation. Special prayers and sermons, each a petition for the heroes fighting for their country and those they love. Now and then a slight interruption, when a wounded man makes his way amongst us, with the aid of a nurse or comrade. Such a scene must fill our inmost hearts with deep emotion!

Outside, in the streets, there are constant glimpses of the now familiar khaki, in motors whizzing by, to and from the front; in groups on the boulevards, amidst a small company of admiring French; or in twos and threes, emerging from little side-streets, having lost their bearings, with small boys proudly accompanying and guiding them, and an amusing struggle for the language on both sides.

One of the saddest sights is the early morning funeral to be met almost daily in the streets of Paris—the lonely journey of a dead hero from his bed of suffering to the Garden of Sleep. One sunny morning, as I turned from the wide Champs Élysées into a side-street, I found waiting near the back entrance of a large hotel-hospital a small company of gendarmes with bowed heads, their banner bearing the *crêpe* ribbons of mourning. Near them a few passers-by were standing reverently looking on. I waited. The hearse drove closer to the door, and later bore away the coffin. No military pomp or display! A splendid hero had given his life for his country, and this was his simple funeral. Above, on the window balconies, some maids stood looking down, crying, and wiping their tears away with their aprons. This 'colonel' had lain only four days in the house of suffering, but in so short a time had been beloved enough to be missed. The gendarmes followed slowly, and in the rear a motor-car bore a military official. That was all! The sun seemed to cease shining, and the world looked cold and gray. A taxicab hovered in sight. I hailed it, and, entering, bade the driver accompany the solemn cortège slowly. I had a sudden wish to follow this soldier to his resting-place, and as I did so my thoughts were sad ones. How many thousands of such deaths could this war already account for, and how many thousands of hearts had it broken?

THE HOSPITALS.

Visiting many hospitals in which the sick and wounded are being nursed and cared for, I was impressed to an extraordinary degree by the buoyant spirits of the brave men, and the joking way in which they all, without exception, referred to their various injuries in answer to my inquiries. To me each man I talked with meant a sermon, and I think I never before so fully realised how proud Britain should be of its fighting man, lying in his bed handicapped by terrible wounds and sufferings, and yet smiling and happy, bemoaning

nothing but his present helplessness against his wish to be 'back again, potting at the enemy.' He is weakened in body, but never in spirit!

Everything is done in these hospital-palaces to render the wounded man all possible surgical and nursing skill, with every degree of comfort and even of luxury. His smallest want is supplied, and neither time, patience, nor expense is spared.

I always enjoyed my visits and talks in the hospitals, although, as I looked around the wards, the sight opened my eyes very widely to the cruelty of it all—the heavy human price that war demands.

A jolly Irish boy, one of the 'pets' of the ward in a certain hospital, was always smiling when I found him, and cracking jokes with his fellow-sufferers in his broad Irish brogue. His case was a serious one, and his sufferings at times intense, yet he could be so full of spirits! One of the nursing Sisters informed me that he had already undergone six surgical operations, and that in all probability he would undergo still more, and even then he would never regain the use of his legs. Another youth of only eighteen years sat propped up in his bed, with an expression of intense suffering on his flushed face; but he was able to give me a wan smile now and then as I talked with him. The evident pain and difficulty with his every breath was terrible to behold, for he, poor fellow! had been shot through the lung, and his recovery was very uncertain.

Sitting at the bedside, one afternoon, of a 'giant' belonging to the famous Scots Greys, I listened to his tale of Mons. He told me, with awed voice, and with tears very near his eyes, that the battle had been just a gigantic murder, and that only those who had fought on the battlefield realised it in its blackness. So many of the worst sufferings, I learned, had come from Mons.

Some of the sunniest afternoons I spent in taking the convalescents for motor drives in my friends' car. Sunken in pillows and wrapped in rugs, Tommy or Sandy or Pat saw Paris in this way for the first time, and these outings were as enjoyable to us as to them.

Besides the Paris hospitals, I journeyed out to many farther afield. One of these—a beautiful château—particularly appealed to me, situated in its own grounds, with ornamental lakes and terraces, and the sunshine lighting up the rich autumn tints of the trees. The sick and wounded there were in the very lap of luxury, peace, and contentment. I spent quite my happiest day there, but for the marring by one little black incident.

While I was being taken through the beautiful wards by the kindest of doctors, he specially pointed out to my notice two tiny cots. In one was a small boy suffering far too acutely to care

about the toys at his side, and in the other cot a still smaller girl of about two and a half years. The little mite was stroking a woolly toy dog, and she stroked him with her left hand, for the right hand and arm were missing. Strapped across her small pale face was an eye-guard hiding the unsightly gap, for her left eye had also gone. As my doctor friend told me the harrowing tale over these two little beds I was speechless. I could think of nothing to say. It so happens that the case was not one of the German atrocities; but unfortunately the family, in their small house, had unavoidably been in the range of the cannon some miles away during the fighting near Braisne. The cottage had been blown to pieces, the mother killed instantly, and the father now lay dying in this same hospital. The little boy had both legs badly hurt, and the amputation of one of them would be imperative; the little girl had lost her right arm and her left eye. Can any one think of a future for these poor little human wrecks? What does there seem left for them in life?

A VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELD OF THE MARNE AND MEAUX.

It is perhaps a personal visit to one of the recent battlefields that can make one only too fully realise war and all it means, and this realisation was brought home to me very forcibly during the visit I made to the battlefield of the Marne.

Naturally it is a most difficult time to make such a journey, and the obstacles which must be overcome are numerous and formidable. However, I determined not to be discouraged, and I set out to interview various police and military officials, to whom I presented my necessary credentials. Whilst I found these officials, without exception, most courteous, it was made clear to me that their permission would probably be very difficult to gain. Fortunately in the end I was successful in my efforts, and started on my way with the desired permits and passport.

All journeys from Paris were slow and uncertain, with very few trains, and none guaranteed. Such was the journey to Meaux, the place now associated with the fighting of the early days of September last.

A number of French cavalymen boarded the train on their route to *les lignes de combat*, and we moved slowly out of Paris. From the carriage windows on either side suburban and peasant life seemed undisturbed. Here, at least, it was difficult to realise war; but later, when we were forced to remain stationary for the passing of a Red Cross train filled with wounded, or shunted for an artillery train on its way to the front, we opened our eyes to war once again. Toward the end of the journey our train slowed down to a crawling pace, carry-

ing us carefully over the temporary bridge of Lagny. The original bridge had been blown up, and many workmen were now engaged on its reconstruction. On both sides were notices warning us of the danger of putting our heads out of the windows owing to the nearness of the girder supports. Below, we looked on the narrow part of the Marne River and the wreckage on its banks. The old bridge near the mill was in ruins, and the little floating bathing-houses had been scuttled to prevent the Germans making use of them as pontoons. Every scene as we approached showed evidence of battle, and I felt already steeped in its atmosphere. At last we steamed slowly into the station of Meaux, and I made all arrangements for my visit to the actual battlefield and the surrounding devastated country.

Entering the quaint and somewhat ancient town of Meaux, I wondered how it had escaped the bombardment of the Germans, for surely the fine old thirteenth to sixteenth century cathedral would have appealed to them! However, they spared it; and the little town seemed almost normal again, as I drove through, and up the hill beyond, on to the village of Champéry.

Here, for me, commenced the saddest of experiences, for I was looking on the first of the rough and lonely graves of the fallen. I preferred to walk by them for a closer inspection; and, kneeling beside one mound in a ditch, I saw it bore a roughly made wooden cross, and at the foot of this some withered flowers, with a card on which was written the following: '*Simplex fleurs des champs offerts par leurs parfums à nos vaillants soldats.*—LOUIS ET ALICE.' This little touch of sentiment was evidently the work of the village children, and I thought it particularly sweet.

Another grave, perhaps a trifle less rough than others, bore an inscription on its cross, telling that the lieutenant-colonel of the French army buried there 'wished to sleep for always on this spot.'

Leaving the roadside, and walking toward the centre of the actual battlefield, I found a large square grave in which were buried four French heroes. There were four crosses, one at each corner, and on these were hanging weather-beaten tunics and caps, showing many traces of the recent battle. This one little bit went very near my heart, as it would to all lovers of animals; for by this grave I found the lonely figure of a small dog keeping watch, and daring me to venture too near. He allowed me to pat him after a while, but dejectedly refused the biscuits I fetched for him from the car. He seemed beyond all comforting; and finally I had reluctantly to leave him there to mourn his small dog-heart away and to starve his already emaciated little body. He looked such a pitiful little fellow, but it was beyond all human power

to persuade him to leave his post. I learned later in the next village that he had been the pet of these four dead soldiers, after they had rescued him from a burning barn.

Walking on, I saw hundreds of mounds, one very large containing twenty-eight bodies of the French; and from near this scene I have several mementos, amongst which are part of a torn sleeve of a French tunic; a portion of a German *Hausfrau* (or 'ready work-basket'), in the form of a piece of cloth with a marked tape attached bearing the official number of its owner, and a number of various-sized buttons sewn thereon; a German shell-case, now emptied of the shrapnel, which has caused such terrible suffering amongst the soldiers of the Allies; and the screw top of a smaller case belonging to French ammunition.

Larger mounds indicated the graves of faithful horses, and on all sides of these the ground was scorched and blackened from the effects of the oil used in burning the bodies of the animals before burial.

Some of the German graves had large numbers of bodies interred in them. They were evidently very quickly made, for they were extremely shallow and rough, with no cross on any one of them.

I noted that the French were mostly placed in individual graves, and on many of these had been strewn the tricolor flowers of the field. Another inscription I read was as follows: ' *Ici Repose Henri Brumeaux, D Infantry, Sergeant 282.*'

Indicative of the way in which haystacks have been used as shelter was the number of graves around them, where the sheltering men had been killed; and it is noteworthy that in so many cases the haystacks themselves remained quite unharmed.

All along my way the graves of men and horses were spread over the fields or in the grassy ditches, with the wild signs of the spent battle around them: ground upheaved, crops trampled and scorched, trees broken and hedges hewn down to give a clear firing view from the trenches of the ditch. In many of these ditches the Algerians had taken their positions during the firing. The French sign-post near by, made of iron, was so riddled with bullets that it was impossible to read its directions; and close to where I was standing was a thick growth of Indian corn, entirely spoilt owing to a fierce hand-to-hand bayonet fight having taken place in its sheltering thickness.

Now all seemed peaceful. Men were replacing the telegraph wires which the enemy had cut, and peasant women were labouring in the fields. The sun was shining; the sky was blue; but as I stood there, among those lonely graves, I again thought of the vast human sacrifice of this terrible war, and the relentless heart of its instigator.

ONE OF THE DEVASTATED VILLAGES.

Leaving the scene of the battlefield, I drove on, with evidences of the late struggle on either side of me, to the ruined village of Barcy. Here peace could now be found, but a peace full of sadness, for the few inhabitants who had returned after the fighting had found their village wrecked by shell and fire, and all that belonged to their simple home-life utterly destroyed. A few of the cottages had, curiously enough, escaped damage, except for broken window-panes. Outside these cottages stood the peasant women, with lost and aimless expressions, and their children played around the ruins of the school-house. Everything was at a standstill; no work for the women, no lessons for the school-children, and no service in the church, for, as usual, the enemy had worked more havoc in this picturesque little church than in the rest of the village. After the shelling it was the deliberate order of a German officer that it should be burnt, and all that remained intact in the interior was the old brass bell lying at the foot of the belfry. The schoolhouse, because of its vicinity to the church, had suffered much in the same way; and all that remained of some houses opposite was a heap of bricks and mortar.

Standing near was a poor old woman, who told me that she was rendered homeless. She was now eighty-three years of age, and had spent her whole life in this simple village. The telling of her story to me seemed to open her heart-wound afresh, for her poor old frame shook with sobs, and tears rolled down her withered cheeks. One felt a sense of absolute helplessness whilst listening to such tales of sadness, for of what use is the offer of sympathy or money when the cherished homes and possessions of these simple peasant-folk are lost to them for ever? Farther on I passed many such wrecked homesteads—windows broken, portions of roof blown off, large holes in the walls, and many other instances of the ravages of warfare.

One of the sights which sadden my memory was the little cemetery lying peacefully a short distance from the village. Here were trees burnt and broken, tombstones shattered, and the surrounding wall riddled with shot-holes. A number of newly made graves were outside this cemetery wall, and in these had been buried the bodies of the soldiers who had fallen in the fight. Inside the gates the sleepers had been laid to rest with reverence and in silence and peace. Outside, the fallen heroes had been placed in their crude graves in reverence, it is true, but in haste and amidst the din of war.

From this scene I returned to Paris, and ever since I have felt the war very near me. We have only to think of the many hundreds, and hundreds again, of graves that have been filled since this battle of the Marne, and of the many

wounded who have gone to the hospitals, to have the war brought right home to every one of us.

If we are men, and realise, we can act on

Nelson's famous words; and if we are women our realisation must come through the softer duties of womankind. We have thoughts, we have women's hearts, and we have sympathy!

THE STRANGLERS OF POLP.

CHAPTER IV.

THEN there was an end to such apprehensions as still lingered in the Duke.

It was a spacious two-windowed chamber of the kind technically known as a bed-sitting-room, its principal article of furniture an old four-posted bed with tasselled hangings, upon which lay in massive length (more than seven feet of this) Apollonius Kragatz, the Chieftain of Polp, his eagle-beaked profile, vast chest, intricately curled white moustache, and white beard reaching nearly to his waist, all shown up strikingly by the light of a round-globed lamp on a table by the farther side of the bed. His eyes were closed. He was dressed in a frock-coat, black trousers, and common shiny boots, with a peep of purple socks at the ankles. Thus lay in state this dreadful old chief of the Strangers of Polp in a Soho Street lodging over a laundry-shop!

Yet no, he was not dead; for scarcely was this startling impression of him registered in the Duke's brain when he marked a faint undulation of the chieftain's chest, telling of breath still in his vast body.

And then the young strangler of an hour ago came again into the scene, with a recurrence of those bashful confusions which had made him so interesting to the Duke at the Ritz, both before and after his attempt to murder.

'Ah!' said the Duke as softly as one in the presence of death, 'I rejoice that I see you safe, my boy. But what is the matter with him?' He approached the bed, and for a few silent seconds viewed the old chieftain's bulk. Then a whisper of admiration, 'So this is Apollonius Kragatz of Polp!' stole from him, and he glanced round inquiringly at the young man.

He understood then why Pedro Kragatz was so tongue-tied.

'Oh, don't have any fear of that kind, my boy,' he said, gently reproving in tone and look. 'I am by myself, of course. What must you think of me to imagine I could do a thing like that? See! I shall shut myself in with you alone. And now, what is it all about? I come expecting to have perhaps to box for you like a—Jack Johnson, let's say, and I find—Ah, but you must forgive. I forget myself. He is poorly, your father, then—very ill, I'm afraid?'

He turned again to the chieftain, and simultaneously Pedro Kragatz made a quick movement to the head of the bed. There, with his

lips close to the monumental old chieftain's ear, the young man uttered a glad-voiced proclamation in the Blenarian language. The Duke caught his own name in it, and that was all; but was soon enlightened about the rest of the communication.

Leaving the unconscious chieftain to himself, Pedro Kragatz stood up and explained, his eyes attractively bright with youthful ardour. 'I've told him you are here, sir; but it's no good yet, the poor old man! There was a quarrel between them, sir, when he said, "I am for the King Ulric," because—because you were so generous to me, sir, in letting me go. He could not at first believe what I told him, and then it seemed suddenly to change him into a different man altogether. He became so excited, and had words with—I must not mention his name, but he is a Blenarian from Geneva—and he lost his temper, and was choking that man with his own hands when his heart failed all in a moment, and he fell down on the bed. We all thought he was dead, but he will not die that way. When his heart has rested he will open his eyes, and, I think, be quite all right again. It is not the first time he has had these attacks. My mother has written to me about them, the poor old chap!'

The Duke nodded and nodded.

'Yes, sir, and he'll give his life for you from now, you'll see; the same as I will, if it can do you any good. I'm sure of that, sir. Because you didn't kill me like the rat I was when you had me in your power,' Pedro Kragatz went on eagerly.

'*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*' murmured the Duke. He raised his hand to his forehead. 'I am not dreaming—no? You are like that in Polp, then?' he asked, with a smile. 'You change so pleasantly when the right button is touched—eh? Just tell me I'm not asleep too, like your father, my boy.'

'We're a shocking lot, your Majesty, in some respects—downright rotten,' said Pedro Kragatz after a moment's hesitation; 'but if a Kragatz of Polp says—'

'Ah, just so! I understand that, and it makes up for a great deal.' The Duke's smile increased in graciousness. 'You make me very happy, my boy, and I shall believe all you tell me, except what you say about being so rotten. But I think I must go now, while I am so happy about everything, and will leave you to

do what you can for your father. That is true wisdom—eh, young Pedro?

He held out his hand, and insisted on its being taken, not kissed as by an inferior. Next he touched and pressed his palm to the nearer of the huge Chieftain of Polp's own knotted hands. 'What a magnificent old gentleman!' he said. 'I did not think there were such Sons of Anak still to be seen.' And to the chieftain himself, 'We shall meet, I hope, soon, in Blenaria, my friend.—You must make him well, my boy, and let me know the first thing to-morrow if he is better. Now that's all, I think; so good-bye.'

The Duke pinched the arm of Pedro Kragatz caressingly, and strode to the door; then turned and gazed about the room. 'I am not yet quite certain that I have not dreamed it all, you know. You do not look like the kind of young man to—to——' He raised his hand to his neck. 'You think there is an end of that—eh?' he whispered, smiling and shaking his head.

Crimson with shame, Pedro Kragatz burst forth into passionate assurances on that point. Hitherto he had deemed it his duty to obey his father's bidding in everything, even to the taking of life and the surrender of his own life. That was the way with sons in Polp, especially the sons of such men as his father. 'But after to-day I have my senses the same as an Englishman, and by God and all His saints, sir'——

The Duke held up his hand. 'There, there! that's right; cheer up! You will make yourself poorly. I quite understand. It is what we have all to do in this rather difficult world—just keep our senses. Good-bye, my boy!'

Closing the door softly upon the young stranger, whose emotions threatened to choke him like a Blenarian garrotte, he descended the stairs in the dim rosy light of the lamp to the plaster effigy of the Chieftain of Polp's own particular saint. He reached the street without aid or hindrance from the *blanchisseuse's* urchin, and commandeered the first policeman he met for the speediest possible assistance back to the tarrying taxi.

'The Ritz Hotel, fast as a witch on a broomstick, my man!' was his gay order to the driver.

Having torn up the now useless note in the car, he folded his arms and seemed engrossed in the lights and traffic of the streets, save at one time only, when, with his hand to his heart, and the talisman still close there, he exclaimed, 'Yes, it is a power like no other to a man—a dear woman's faith in him!'

The journey over, he gave the taximan another golden reason to think well of him, and entered the hotel.

'Ah, my dear bull-dog!' he said briskly when Von Enselsing once more hastened to him

in the vestibule. 'Come! we shall eat our dinner with his Italian Excellency after all if we make ourselves hustle.'

All he said else until they were in his dressing-room, and Hans had relieved him of his heavy coat with glad eyes, was this, 'You are to ask me no questions, my Albrecht; but I shall tell you this without being asked: I have had an adventure. It was like something in a sensation story that fellows spin out of their heads. I don't know, though, that it was so exciting as it might have been. In the newspapers you will find every day much more exciting real things; just as unlikely ones too, although they are true. It is a century of improbable doings, this twentieth. Like Blenaria, that is to be our new Fatherland—eh, my good fellow! We must be patient with these people when we get there three or four days from now.'

'Yes, sire, we must be patient,' said Von Enselsing. He longed for the details of the so-called adventure; but, since he had no alternative, he bided the Duke's goodwill in the matter.

In the corridor the Duke broke into a song, and he was singing still, softly, as if for his own satisfaction exclusively, while he washed his hands, when Von Enselsing reappeared with a telegram.

'This has just come, sire,' he declared.

'Open it and read it to me,' said the Duke. But he held out his wet hands for it the next moment. 'No, give it to me.' As he guessed, it was from his and Blenaria's queen, and he soon looked up with a smile that was itself a sufficing answer to the inquiry in the aide-de-camp's eyes. 'Yes, all goes well over there, Albrecht,' he informed him. 'They have snow in Blenaria this afternoon, though. Just think of that—snow in May down there! I tell you what you shall do. Telegraph once more that all keeps well with us also. Say we have sunshine and spring promise here, in all meanings of the word. You see?'

'Very good, sir,' said Von Enselsing.

'Ah, yes; and there's something I was just thinking I would do,' the Duke continued, with a sudden laugh. 'You know that little lead cross of Altenfeld—"For Bravery," they called it—which the *bürgermeister* presented to me for pulling a little girl out of the ice three winters since when there was no one else near enough. It is the only decoration I shall wear to-night. It will be amusing to see the others ask themselves what it means—a little simple thing like that without any diamonds. My faith! there wasn't much bravery in just wetting my feet; but it is a fancy of mine to wear it, because you know we are going to a country where we shall have to make a show of being brave, whatever we feel like under our coats—eh? But don't you tell any one the story of the little lead

cross, or I'll wring your neck like—— By the Bones, yes! There, that's all. Go, my good fellow.'

The Duke turned and took up the soap-tablet

again. The sudden passing of his smile and its equally sudden reappearance after his pause were a little riddle to which, of course, neither Von Enseling nor the valet had the key.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE PRITCHARD MILITARY HUT.

IN the housing of the Kitchener army, the difficulty attending the erection of accommodation for troops, hospitals, and other buildings required by the Allies has been overcome by a design displaying commendable ingenuity and simplicity. Considerable interest has been manifested in the military or medical hut devised by Mr Henry M. Pritchard, A.R.I.B.A., which has been inspected by officials from the War Office, the medical authorities, and others. The outstanding feature of the hut is its comparatively small cost; indeed, the inventor claims that a saving of 25 per cent. upon present expenditure on a building of similar dimensions can be effected. This hut measures twenty-two feet in length by fourteen feet in width, with a sloping roof fifteen feet in height at the ridge, and covered with thick canvas to ensure dryness; while ample ventilation and light are secured. The essential interior fittings are extremely ingenious, as they are placed where the most economical use can be made of available space. As the huts are collapsible, they may easily be taken from point to point when necessary. The hut costs about a hundred pounds, including the cost of erection. It is of sufficient size to accommodate fourteen men for sleeping, and in an emergency two extra men can be accommodated without discomfort or overcrowding.

ELECTROLYTIC DISINFECTION.

The complete sterilisation of goods at the laundry at a reasonable expenditure is a problem of considerable importance to the authorities who are charged with maintaining sanatoria and hospitals. The method hitherto most generally adopted for the disinfection of clothes is baking or washing in germicides. A mental hospital in the south of England has established a plant for the production of a hypochlorite solution for the purpose, and according to report the experiment has proved highly successful. The hypochlorite of soda is produced by the electrolysis of a 4 per cent. solution of common salt in water. The output of the electrolytic tanks is twelve gallons of the hypochlorite solution per hour at a nominal cost for electricity. The solution has to be diluted with nine times its volume of water before it is used. Such a solution is quite effective in the destruction of micro-organisms, and removes all stains. The

system is inexpensive, and does not appreciably affect textile fabrics.

RIFLE-FIRING IN THE DARK.

The activity of the sniper under cover of darkness has been responsible for much inventive ingenuity with a view to facilitating rifle-firing at night. Two ingenious devices have been perfected, one by a Glasgow staff-sergeant and the other by an Australian explorer. At night there is difficulty in directing the muzzle of the rifle upon the enemy, owing to the invisibility of the ordinary foresight. To meet this, the Scottish musketry instructor has fitted the ordinary service rifle with a luminous sight. No alteration in the service arm is necessary, and the night-sight does not interfere with the ordinary front-sight for daylight shooting. The new sight has been subjected to exacting tests, and has proved highly efficient, only four misses being recorded out of fifty-four rounds in a trial under difficult conditions; and it has been applied to machine-guns with equal success. The Australian invention consists of a quick sight electric flashlight, which is fitted close to the muzzle by a simple contrivance, the current being supplied from a small battery carried in the butt, to which the sight is connected. The light throws a T-shaped mark which provides an almost automatic aim, because the bullet strikes at the intersection of the two lines. The sight can be fitted to any firearm, and the flashlight can also be used for signalling.

TELEPHONING FOR BULLETS.

War is a stimulus to science, and this is reflected very strikingly in matters pertaining to the relief of the wounded. The search for and extraction of fragments of shells is no simple matter, although surgical endeavour has been facilitated by the perfection of the X-rays. But these are insufficient. A bullet may be located speedily, but the difficulty is to ascertain its precise position by the probe and lancet. As a result of study and investigation, a simple and effective method of discovery has been perfected, which may be described as telephoning for bullets. Ordinary telephonic receivers are clamped over the surgeon's head, one wire being led to a carbon plate, and the second wound round the knife, probe, needle, forceps, or whatever instrument is used. With this implement the search is made, and directly it comes into

contact with, say, a bullet, a distinct click is heard on the telephone. If the instrument is rubbed across the surface of the buried object a rattle is observed, and by following this clue it is possible to withdraw the bullet or fragment of metal. The idea is by no means new, inasmuch as it was employed for the first time during the Boer war; but the present campaign has served to bring it to a high state of perfection.

IMPROVING THE COAL-FIRE.

A British inventor has introduced an appliance which should appeal to the householder, as it is claimed to reduce the coal-bill considerably. The invention is applicable to any grate in which coal fuel is used. It consists of an incandescent fire-mantle of special design and composition to ensure long life, which is merely placed in the centre of the grate and surrounded by coal. By means of this mantle the complete combustion of the coal is assured, as it utilises in a scientific manner the heat energy created by the burning fuel, which, instead of escaping up the chimney, raises the mantle to incandescence. The result is the production of a white-hot mass in the centre of the fire, which continues so long as any of the coal is unconsumed. Naturally the presence of this seat of intense heat must bring about the complete consumption of all products of combustion, while at the same time greater heat is emitted. Not only is the smoke nuisance lessened, but the fuel burns more slowly. Thus pronounced economy in fuel consumption is inevitable. The mantle is virtually everlasting, and gentle handling is not imperative.

A NEW DOOR FOR STRONG-ROOMS.

'Safe bind, safe find,' runs the old adage; but nowadays, owing to the scientific safe-breaker and his resort to high explosives and the oxy-acetylene blowpipe, the contest for supremacy between the safe-maker and the safe-breaker has become abnormally acute. But the safe-maker has forged another stride ahead. The Chubb triple treasury door is able to resist every known form of burglarious attack, even liquid explosives and the blowpipe. One of the outstanding features of this door is the inclusion of what is described as the crane hinge, by means of which the last movement in closing the door is a direct inward drive; and as all edges of the door and frame are square, an air and water tight fit is secured. The door is no less than eight inches in thickness, and it is built up of layers of armour-plate, tough steel, and materials which are resistant to the action of the blowpipe. The door is of immense weight, as may be supposed, representing, together with the frame, six and a half tons. The locks, of the keyless combination type, are additionally checked by a time-lock, provided with four independent chronometer movements, which secure the door against opening after being closed unless one

knows the combinations used for setting the lock. This system is particularly useful to secure the door during the week-end, since it can be shut permanently for any length of time up to seventy-two hours. The frame of the door is made of extremely heavy cast-steel, built in one solid piece, thereby giving very pronounced rigidity to the whole construction. These doors can be adapted for use in any strong-room. The fact that they represent a decided advance in the safe-maker's art is borne out by the number of banks which have fitted their strong-rooms therewith.

A NEW AMBULANCE TOURNIQUET.

An improved tourniquet for ambulance work has been devised, and utilised on the Great Western Railway with conspicuous success. The outstanding feature of this instrument is that it can be applied or released instantaneously, whilst when it is in use the pressure is exerted directly downwards on the pressure-point only. This is a far more important feature than it appears from the cursory point of view, as the average tourniquet either restricts the use of the limb completely, which is a matter of considerable risk to the patient, or is secured by means of a spiked buckle on one side of the pad or block, the result being that upon the application of pressure the pad becomes displaced or the strap weakened when it is punctured. In the 'Western' tourniquet, as the latest device is called, the strap is not punctured, and there is no one-sided pull. This new instrument is simple in construction, and cannot get out of order, while there are no rubber parts to perish. It has the advantage of being hygienic, because all parts are washable; while the pad is non-absorbent. The construction of the contrivance follows such lines that it is capable of application by the sense of touch alone, which is a valuable feature when it is remembered that a tourniquet often has to be applied in the dark. The tourniquet is of the 'pad and strap' type. To the block, which may be of vulcanite or any other suitable material, a metal plate is attached, one end forming an eye, and the other an open hook. A special form of spikeless buckle is fixed permanently to the eye, while a detachable buckle engages over the hook of the metal plate when the instrument is in use. The strap of the tourniquet runs through the two buckles, the strap comprising two lengths of webbing placed one over the other, and stitched across at frequent intervals, the ends of the webbing being made thicker, so that it cannot be detached from the hooks. In application the loose clip is removed from the hook, the block is placed on the pressure-point, the strap is passed round the limb, and the loose clip replaced over the open hook. Pressure is exerted on both ends of the strap, and the block is forced directly downwards on the pressure-point, thus arresting hæmorrhage.

To remove or adjust the tourniquet the release tongues are pulled with an upward motion, when pressure is released instantaneously.

MORE ABOUT THE RIDDLE OF SPACE.

The attainment by the physicist of the lowest possible temperature (see article in our February issue, in which for 'Fahrenheit' read 'Centigrade') was not, *per se*, so much the goal as the demonstration of what happens when there is an entire absence of heat. Tyndall, in his monograph, *Heat as a Mode of Motion*, did not foresee or even suspect the behaviour of matter or molecules when heat was entirely eliminated; hence many of his deductions were erroneous. It is the presence of heat in the smallest degree that, in connection with our investigations of the ultimate nature of matter, obscures and confuses the results of our researches. The first fact demonstrated by the conditions that are manifested when all the heat is removed is that a great obstacle to the free passage of energy has been taken away, and an open door—or, to be technically correct, a frictionless state—arrived at, a state that always exists in 'space'; so that the passage of energy is perfectly untrammelled, and it traverses the great ocean of space without loss in its varied flights from suns to revolving planets, and from planet to satellite, the transmutation of energy only occurring when on its journeys it meets with matter in any form, whether gas or vapour, liquid or solid, except when they are at a temperature of actual zero. Then the 'laws of space' obtain. Before these low temperatures could be accurately measured a thermometer had to be devised by Professor R. Onnes. This was constructed with the aid of helium, in the form of a gas thermometer, capable, by the contraction of this gas, of indicating the low degrees reached. The greatest difficulty to be surmounted before these experiments could be conducted on a suitable scale was in obtaining a sufficient quantity of helium, amounting to several hundred gallons. It was impossible for Professor Onnes, with the apparatus at his disposal, to collect enough helium, and the price of what was obtainable in Europe from other sources was prohibitive, being at the rate of five pounds per pint! However, he was not discouraged, but caused inquiries to be made in the United States, where he obtained a generous supply of helium at a greatly diminished cost. One illustration only need be given to show the wonderful disappearance of 'resistance' in metals when all heat has been abstracted. Mercury is a very poor conductor under ordinary conditions, offering fifty times greater resistance than copper. Now, under space temperature conditions a wire of frozen mercury one millimetre in diameter will easily carry a current of one thousand amperes, sufficient to light two hundred ordinary incandescent lamps. An illustration of one of the numerous practical uses that arise from these far-

reaching discoveries is that storage-batteries and accumulators, which usually take many hours to charge, can be fully charged in as many minutes—an enormous advantage in cases of urgency. But the great vista that opens to the scientific mind is what wonderful results will arise from physical and chemical investigations conducted at these minus temperatures. It means revolution in every branch of science. In conclusion, these are the attributes of 'space.' It is illimitable, unchangeable. It is the only medium for the transmission of energy throughout the boundless universe without friction or diminution in any degree. It may be compared to what is known in physics as a vacuum, for the sake of demonstration or illustration. For the minus temperature that prevails in space separates the whole immeasurable universe into matter and space, the one ever changing its form, the other unchangeable and without limit! And yet it is held also that the all-pervading contents of space permeate all matter. Heat as heat is never present in the great ocean of space, nor light as light; they are only manifested in the presence of matter.

CHEAP FOOD FOR PIGS AND POULTRY.

In the olden days the common domestic animals were not fed indoors to the same extent as to-day. Even the pig and the fowl were turned out into the field or wood to find their own food. There is evidence of this in the names given to some of our common plants: goose-grass, sheep's parsley, cow mumble, hog's parsnip, sow thistle, chickweed, duckweed, &c. These were supplemented in the autumn by more fattening foods, such as acorns, beech-mast, butter-herbs, and rose-hips; then, as winter approached, the animals were killed and salted down. After all, this is common-sense. A gentleman has dissected the crops of the wild pheasant, partridge, and wood-pigeon; and, with the exception of just at harvest-time, no corn has been found, nothing but weed-seeds, green food, acorns, beetles, and such like. At the time of year when they are laying a nestful of eggs or rearing their brood there is no corn to be had. It is not generally known that all the thistles, together with the stinging-nettle, are very valuable feeding material. As the roof of the mouth of pigs is made of bone, they can eat even the boar thistle with impunity and the nettle without being stung. The small-holder is greatly handicapped in one respect. The chaff-cutter, at a cost of from three to five pounds, is quite out of his reach; so he generally contents himself with throwing his green food over into the fowl-run or hanging it up by a string. A neat machine is in use that fits on an ordinary pail, and cuts the food quite small or long at will, the knife working through a slit, so that it has great power, and does not get blunt, as is the case when used on a board. The food falls into the pail as it is cut; after which the whole is wetted and then turned out

into a box, and well sprinkled with meal in the ratio of one-sixth meal to five parts green food. This will grow and nourish all the frame of a fowl, duck, or pig, and the fat can be put on with extra meal later. A number of wild herbs, many of which the ordinary man would not think of using, are mentioned as good wholesome food for the pigs and poultry.

BENZOL AND COOKED COAL.

In his article in our January issue on 'The Domestic Fuel of the Future,' Mr F. Swann wrote that 'the domestic fuel of the future is likely to come to us as a by-product in the manufacture of oil from coal.' The matter was again referred to in our March issue, where mention was made of various British firms, including the British Coalite Company, of Barking, Essex, which have thrown light upon the potentialities of the low temperature distillation of coal as a source of oil as well as of an admirable domestic fuel. A *Times* correspondent has pointed out how this method of distilling coal has been forced upon the Germans to replace petrol. He says that the seizure of Galicia by the Russians, and the consequent stoppage of the supply of petrol, was one of the severest blows to Germany, which relies chiefly on motor transport for military purposes, and particularly for its aeroplanes and Zeppelins, not to mention the countless motors used for private purposes. It is unquestionably true that the situation was serious. For a time all private motor traffic was at a standstill. But now benzol, as it is called, which is easily and cheaply obtained in great quantities from coal, has taken the place of petrol. The coal is thereby converted into coke; and, with painstaking thoroughness, the German Government set about to find a market for the great coke-supply that was thus created. Locomotives are being converted to burn coke economically in place of coal, as are other steam engines and furnaces. So that to-day, notwithstanding the enormous consumption of benzol for military use, the supply is more than equal to the demand, and taxicab and other motor traffic has again resumed almost normal proportions.

KAPOK FOR LIFE-SAVING BELTS AND WAISTCOATS.

The wonderful utility of kapok has been lately brought prominently into notice. At least three varieties of garments are designed for the above-mentioned purpose. Gieve's waistcoat, the Boddy jacket (the invention of Mr G. M. Boddy), and the Miranda waistcoat have been tested and adopted by the Admiralty. The *Times* says there is evidence that some of the survivors of the *Formidable* owe their lives to one or other of these devices. The Miranda waistcoat, as made for the Admiralty, is of blue dungaree lined with holland, and derives its buoyancy from a quilted padding of kapok. This is a soft, silky, elastic fibre

found in the fruit-pods of *Eriodendron anfractuosum*, the silk-cotton tree. It resembles cotton in appearance and structure, but is softer and silkier, and has immense advantages over cotton, wool, or silk. It is produced in Java, Asia Minor, Africa, and India; it does not rot, is non-verminous, and is impermeable by water. For a long time the flossy kapok was used for stuffing cushions and upholstery, for which purpose its elasticity made it specially suitable. Of late years, however, its extreme buoyancy has brought it into use for life-belts and similar apparatus. Exactly one pound of kapok is used in each waistcoat, all except two ounces being in the front, and the mass is so distributed that the greater portion covers the upper part of the chest. By this means, whether the wearer be conscious or not, and whether he fall into the water head-foremost or otherwise, his face is brought above the surface. The total weight of the waistcoat is about two pounds six ounces. It is said to be far warmer than, and only one-tenth the weight of, wool. These properties have been further taken advantage of by Mr Boddy, who, with the help of a scientist, has discovered another method of utilising kapok in life-saving appliances which will in due course be made available to the public, and may effect an enormous development of our industries.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

FOR A SOLDIER'S WEDDING IN WAR-TIME.

O God of Love, of Whom our love when dearest
Is but a gleam to guide our hearts above,
When most we need Thy presence come Thou
nearest

In guardian love.

O God of Hope, give strength in time of sorrow,
Give courage that with darkest fears may cope,
Give steadfast patience for a fair to-morrow
To wait in hope.

O God of Peace, above the stormy weather
Make Thy voice heard, and bid the tumult cease;
And grant to these whom Thou dost join together
Long life and peace.

E. ADA TYACK.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

A BAYARD OF THE BUSH.

By H. LESTER.

CHAPTER I.

SHE shrank dismayed before her first impression of Australia—monotonous dry levels, encompassing, yet remote. Through the uncertainty of her position, her life took on the same aspect. To the rhythmic clanking of the wheels, her eyes following the fleeting retreat of sundried paddocks, she attempted to reconstruct the past, to review her own action. Actual thought of the man she had married some months earlier in England she pushed hurriedly aside. He stood for things terrific. She could not even think of him as 'Mortimer,' or of herself as 'Mrs Chesney.'

They had parted—if that which she had never clearly recognised as contact could be called parting—not literally at the church door, but certainly a few hours later at her step-sister's house in Kensington. The only clear recollection she retained of that moment was the glance he had turned and cast upon her before stepping into her brother-in-law's motor, as if seeking something he had not as yet found. A sense of complicity in the unreality of it all enveloped her. Why had she done it?

That the Ingrams had pushed matters to the farthest degree compatible with decency she ruled out of consideration. Since the death of her father, the old colonel, she had lived in her step-sister's house, an alien and unnecessary presence. That they should further any chance of her removal, short of actually sending her penniless adrift, was natural.

She remembered that she had been vaguely attracted by a lifting sense of wider vistas and a more complete life. The easy assurance of the Australian, meeting all experience without surprise, lounging silent and unimpressed before the pageant of life in the Old Country as seen from the altitudes of Kensington, where he was staying, during his brief trip home, with wealthy Australian cousins, acquaintances of the Ingrams, had roused her imagination. Through contact with this quality of composed detachment in him, she, detesting the conventions, contractions, and pretensions of Kensington, prefigured Australia as a land of large simplicities, wide ideals, and untrammelled liberty. To escape to it from the suffocating oppression of Laura's

and Carstairs's aims and ambitions, and from a mode of life which she sensed as the gorgeously absurd, the opulently immaterial, had been a strong inducement; but was it the only reason?

Some subtle reservation of the spirit confused her retrospect. Her ignorance recalled the stir of some elusive emotion, without understanding the meaning of its fleeting revelation. Consciously she had not been swayed by the elemental force of love for the man himself; and with him how had it been? Looking back on his suggestion, it bore somewhat the air of a semi-commercial arrangement.

However their marriage had come about, she was aware that she faced now the vast emptiness of Australia, and the prospect of her life there, with a constricting sense of consternation and immense loneliness.

Mortimer Chesney had not contemplated marriage as a possible result of his trip home. He was, therefore, not prepared to take her back with him to a rough bachelor establishment in the bush. She had been left to follow when her future home had been made ready for her reception. Arriving at Port Melbourne, she was met by a young man who conveyed to her the intelligence that 'their client Mr Chesney had met with an accident which prevented his coming to Melbourne. He had wired to his agents to do everything for Mrs Chesney, and make all arrangements for her further journey up-country to Wangabool.'

That journey up-country alone brought to Janotha Chesney a culminating realisation of her position, which the desolate aspect of the vague little township of Wangabool did nothing to relieve. It weighed on her depression as something monstrous. A huddle of tin-roofed board-houses flung down in the midst of a plain stretching endlessly to no visible horizon. A broad, uneven track struck in apparently from nowhere, and swept out again into unbounded space. A wooden hut and a few planks composed the station, flanked by a couple of galvanised iron tanks. In the small patch of shade they cast was drawn up a strange vehicle—a shallow box, bearing a seat and a leather hood,

swung on leather springs. Harnessed to it with a modicum of gear, a pair of magnificent grays chafed and fretted beneath the controlling touch of a tall man on the driver's seat. The brim of a soft felt hat turned down all round formed an uneven halo about a handsome face. His clothes were badly cut, but hung about his supple figure with an effect of grace.

A being in blue dungarees, who represented the whole staff of railway officials, indicated him as 'Al Walker, sent by Mort Chesney to fetch her along.'

Jan's doubtful glance swept the conveyance and its driver. He met it with a look of easy assurance, lifting his battered hat and smiling. The blueness of his eyes and the warm friendliness of his smile compassed poor Jan with instant pleasure and relief.

'Get right in, Mrs Chesney,' he said, leaning down and holding out an assisting hand. 'We'll hitch up some of your traps, but most will have to wait till we send in the wagons. Guess you're going to start in furnishing all Wangabool, by the look of things!—Here, Bert, put those two on, and take the rest back to the sheds.—Now then, Mrs Chesney. Rather a long step. That's so!'

He gathered up the reins in lean, uncovered hands, flung a 'Good-day, Bert!' over his shoulder to the man in blue dungarees, who shouted, 'Right you are, Al!' and the buggy, with a heavy lurch, was lifted by the released horses from its ratty anchorage, and whirled on to the rough track.

'We are going quick as we can streak for home,' remarked the man. 'I reckon the township's hanging on to its veranda-posts to get a look in at you, but we'll have a good old chip on them by taking the bush-track. If Mort could have come along to fetch you instead of me there might have been a procession. But we'll hustle for home and supper. Guess you're fair tuckered-out with dust and heat and travelling. You can see our ho-tels and stores and private residences another time.' He spoke with the drawling nasal inflections of the born Australian. 'I'm going to do some driving,' he went on. 'Sit tight. When we are through with the creek the track's none so bad.'

The grays sprang to his indicating touch. To Jan he drove with the lightness, surety, and abandon of a young Roman guiding his steeds in a chariot-race. The striving grays responded gallantly, their naked flanks darkly sweating as they pulled the rattling buggy at a hand-gallop through tall tussocks of coarse grass, swishing and swirling, resisting their passage stoutly; over deep ruts; snapping broken boughs, across which they leaped; miraculously shaving the danger of stumps; swaying in and out amidst a jungle of scrub, grass, and timber. The way presently lay wide between a running line of post-and-wire fence bringing them to the creek,

its bed choked with a thick growth of ti-tree, wattle, and Australian honeysuckle; the bending filaments of the tanglefoot creeper dropping a golden-brown veil from bough to bough. The horses plunged down the banks into the apparently impenetrable thicket. Sand and clay and shallow deeps of yellow water they stamped through, dragging the straining buggy from a resisting compound of clay and mud and matted grass on to the comparative smoothness of a fairly level track.

'Don't drive like that in the Old Country, do they?' he asked cheerfully.

The tension of Jan's nerves relaxed. 'Are we near the station?' she asked.

He bent his blue eyes on her in a surprised question. 'Station! What station?'

'Mr Chesney's,' said Jan, in her turn surprised.

'Lord have mercy! There's no station to it. Doesn't run to that. No white-coated gentleman business about us. The boss is on land, sure, but it's way off from being a station. Kind of fruit and all sorts farm. There isn't a name exactly to it as I can hit on at the moment.' He narrowed his gaze, flicking a bloodthirsty fly dexterously from the off mare's flank. 'I reckon the Old Country's pretty ignorant about its brothers across the sea. No clear notion how we do live. They think we're all swaggies, or station-owners, with a bush-ranger or two knocking around.' He looked considerably down at her.

'Mort isn't anything of a palaverer,' he went on. 'He sets his mind on a job, and goes for it without any pow-wow. The silence of the Never-Never has got into him. I reckon he doesn't know just how little he does say. That land of his wasn't a smiling garden—it was as rough-set as this paddock; but we've put in some hard graft; and now there's twelve acres of lemons planted as straight as mathematics, ten of vines—wine grapes—ten of almonds, ten of apricots, and about thirty more apple and all sorts. The water comes from Nantymuck, our big water-reserve, way up in the Ranges. He pays fifteen pounds a year to the Water Trust, and can irrigate all he wants. He's pretty proud of his tank. I took the levels for that. Been out with a survey-camp in my time, and know about all there is to know at the field-work, but no hand in the office—not a draughtsman. It's a black-fellow's life, a surveyor's, but any bit of knowledge comes handy. I've been a blacksmith way back in the Won-Wonda district, and wool-sorter, and wattle-barker, almost anything you like to mention. Haven't had much education otherwise. I reckon you've tumbled to that already? No Geelong grammar or Melbourne University sticking on to me; nothing but what the old state school rubbed in. Mort,' he added, 'he's different. Been through every place of learning we have, stiff with education

he is; the homestead, back there, is fair furnished with books—his nose ain't ever out of one evenings; and yet he's the best sort I ever struck. I knew him for a mate first start off. You can't beat a bushman by much when it comes to scenting out a pal. A mate, we reckon in Australia, is the best thought God Almighty ever struck. He's one as will stand by through wet and through drought, when your pocket's lined with cheques, and when you haven't the price of a drink on you.' He broke off, glancing at the girl's still profile. 'You'll find I'm a nailer to talk, Mrs Chesney!'

She was thinking how appallingly little she knew about the man she had married, and the circumstances of his life. Laura and Carstairs had professed themselves perfectly satisfied as to his pecuniary position. Laura, who gaily pictured the Australian station to which Janotha was going as possibly different from anything she had ever known, yet quite delightfully so, had gathered her impressions probably from his Australian cousins, whose reminiscent talk of the past referred affectionately to dances, surprise-parties, expensive gowns, race-meetings, and 'Cup Day' at Flemington. His own brief references, Janotha remembered, had held the words rough, lonely, solitary; but, he had added, 'no real hardship'; and for the rest, he thought it possible that she might

even find a certain fascination in the bush. He had.

'That's a mortgage-block,' explained Al, pointing to a clearing in the scrub where stood the gaunt ribs of a roofless homestead, with sagging sheds, rotting beneath the dark shadow of huge gums. 'Some fellow's cleared from there, sold up. That's Australia for you! Here to-day and gone to-morrow kind of start. I've always tumbled into a billet myself someways. Been with Mort a good few years. Best boss I ever struck.'

He looked down at her, her silence apparently stirring some question.

'All this seems pretty strange to you, I reckon? "Land of sand and sin and sorrow!" as they say. But it's also the land of you-never-can-tell and you-don't-know-why. It's surprising the way Australia grips. It's got a plain face, but a mighty large heart.'

'A mortgage-block!' Had she mortgaged her life? The memory of her wedding, wearing an aspect distant and fantastic, recurred to her. A glint of satin, the heavy scent of white exotics, the shadowed solemnity of the sanctuary.

'Here we are!' cried Al cheerfully. 'Home, sweet home!'

(Continued on page 294.)

FREE AND INDEPENDENT CRACOW.

By Sir LUDOVIC J. GRANT, Bart.

AMONGST the cities which the operations and incidents of the great war have been bringing into special prominence, Cracow alone can boast a history altogether above the plane of civic chronicle. For a brief period of its existence the ancient and picturesque city on the Vistula enjoyed a dignity such as has never been the portion of Liège or Brussels or Antwerp, of Paris or Lille or Calais—namely, recognition as an independent member of the family of nations. Even Warsaw, its relative and rival, cannot lay claim to a like distinction. True, there was once an independent Duchy of Warsaw, as there was once an independent Republic of Cracow; but the duchy, being an extensive province which actually for a time included Cracow itself, cannot be cited as an example of a town, pure and simple, invested with political independence; whereas the Republic of Cracow was nothing but the town of Cracow and a few square miles of adjacent territory. In short, the republic was a genuine 'city-state'; and, at a season when the public attention has been forcibly focussed on the liberties and rights of the smaller members of the family of nations, it may not be without instruction to take a retrospective glance at the birth, brief life, and demise of the tiny Polish polity.

'The Republic of Cracow, born 9th June 1815, died 6th November 1846;' so, for the eye of fancy, runs the memorial tablet in the Val-halla of departed States. The date selected for the republic's nativity is the day on which was signed the great Vienna Treaty for the settlement of the map of Europe after the Napoleonic wars. It was to the Congress of Vienna, famous scarcely less for its dances than for its deliberations, that Cracow owed its existence as an independent State, and the 'obstetrical committee' (to borrow a phrase from *Sinister Street*) which effected the political bantling's birth included, besides the plenipotentiaries of Russia and Prussia, the weighty names of Metternich, Talleyrand, and Castlereagh. But to understand the circumstances which ushered in this interesting event it is necessary briefly to recall some earlier happenings.

During the last three decades of the eighteenth century a triple series of depredations had effaced Poland, and Polish territory to the uttermost acre had been parcelled out among Austria, Prussia, and Russia. The Partition of Poland, as these infamous transactions are called, exhibited the very essence of true tragedy. The chronic anarchy by which Poland had been torn asunder, in consequence of a radically defective

constitution, and the backward condition of the country generally, had placed temptations in the way of its neighbours, and had even to some extent justified intervention on their part in the interests of their own security and well-being. And so, with the sorrow which the helpless victim's fate inspires, there is commingled a half-suspicion that that fate was not wholly undeserved. At the final division of the spoils in 1795 the town of Cracow passed into the possession of Austria.

A few years later Napoleon was at the zenith of his activity as a jerry-builder of States. By the Treaty of Tilsit (1807) Prussia was forced to disgorge its Polish provinces; and these, with the exception of a strip made over to Russia, were formed into the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and presented to the King of Saxony. Austria's turn came next. At the Peace of Vienna (1809) West Galicia, including Cracow, was wrested from Francis, and was added to the territory of the Grand Duchy. The Napoleonic arrangements, however, were short-lived, for the Grand Duchy had hardly been constituted when the Czar Alexander proceeded to conquer it. Thus, when the Congress of Vienna met in 1814-15 the *disjecta membra* of Poland had been mostly collected together into the powerful hands of Russia, and Cracow was for the moment a Russian town by the right of conquest.

Of all the matters which presented themselves for diplomatic settlement at the Congress, the question of Poland was perhaps the most important, as it undoubtedly was the most difficult by reason of the rival ambitions with which it was approached. Russia genuinely desired to see the Poles reunited into a nation and a kingdom, but was loath at the same time to lose its hold of the Duchy of Warsaw. Accordingly, the Russian scheme was that the duchy, with the possible addition of some parts of Poland which Russia had annexed in the eighteenth century, should be formed into a Polish kingdom, and that this kingdom should be attached to the Russian Crown—that is, its ruler should be the Czar. The chief anxiety of Austria was that Cracow should not be suffered to remain in the possession of Russia. Prussia hankered after the Prussian portion of the Duchy of Warsaw, and foresaw that if the Polish kingdom contemplated by Russia was formed there would be trouble amongst the Poles not included in that kingdom. But Prussia was willing to forgo its pretensions in respect of the duchy if Saxony, which it claimed by the title of conquest, were permanently assigned to it instead. What Great Britain and France primarily desired was to see Poland restored in its ancient limits as prior to 1772, so as to form an independent and intermediate State between the three great monarchies. France was also resolutely opposed to the annexation of Saxony by Prussia, and the

defence of the interests of the King of Saxony was a vital part of Talleyrand's policy.

Out of such a tangle of conflicting claims it was only by compromise that a final adjustment could be achieved, and the Vienna Treaty was the result of the spirit of compromise which ultimately animated the deliberations of the Congress. By its provisions Russia was permitted to retain the lion's share of the Duchy of Warsaw, and the duchy was to be formed into a State 'enjoying a distinct administration,' and ruled by the Czar with the title of the King of Poland. As the price of this settlement, however, certain concessions had to be made. The Duchy of Posen was separated from the Duchy of Warsaw and restored to Prussia, which also gained a portion of Saxony. Austria received back the Galician districts which it had lost in 1809; while, partly to pacify Austria, partly to satisfy Great Britain and France—whose idea of a Poland restored to complete independence was very imperfectly realised by the arrangements whereby Warsaw was united to Russia—Cracow was also eliminated from the duchy, and, in the words of the treaty, 'the town with its territory was declared to be for ever a free, independent, and strictly neutral city, under the protection of Austria, Russia, and Prussia.'

Such in brief were the circumstances in which the ancient capital of Poland was admitted to membership in the family of nations. By rescuing Cracow from the fate which overtook all other Polish towns and territories, absorption into one or other of the surrounding Powers, and by infusing into the little town the breath of international personality, the Congress was paying a sort of homage to the memory of Poland, and was preserving a microscopic memorial of its former independence.

For the student of political types, Cracow in its character as a distinct international entity presents several curious and remarkable features. We may instance, in the first place, the Lilliputian proportions of the 'wee Free,' which are all the more noticeable because of the Brobdingnagian stature of its protectors. While it lasted the republic was something less than a small State, as that term is generally understood nowadays; it belonged to the category of pigmy States or 'international atoms,' as a learned publicist has called them, of which the modern international society only furnishes a very few specimens. Those which are still extant are the Principality of Monaco, the Republic of San Marino, the Principality of Liechtenstein, and, oddest perhaps of all, that tiny survival of medieval constructive ingenuity, the Republic of Andorra in the Pyrenees. Needless to say, by reason of their minute dimensions, these are all doomed internationally to complete insignificance and impotence, yet it can hardly be denied that they are to be ranked as members of the family of nations.

Attention may next be directed to the somewhat limited character of the independence or sovereignty which the republic was vouchsafed under the constitutional arrangements embodied in the Vienna Treaty. True, Cracow was, as we have seen, declared to be 'free and independent' without any apparent qualification. But the language of diplomatic documents must never be taken too seriously, and this admonition is especially applicable to the terms 'free' and 'independent.' The very same article of the treaty which gave Cracow its freedom also placed the town *under the protection* of its mighty neighbours, and therefore it only acquired such a measure of independence as is enjoyed by 'Protected States.' This species (the latest example of which is Egypt, now under Great Britain's protection) consists of States which have been taken under the wing of more powerful States, on the understanding that the latter shall to some extent at least be entrusted with the management of their affairs. Over its internal economy, indeed, Cracow was given a fairly ample measure of control. It had all the apparatus of government for domestic purposes: an Assembly of Representatives, a Senate, a judicial system, and a municipal militia for the police and safety of the interior. At the same time, even the internal autonomy of the republic scarcely appears to have been complete, such matters as the tolls on bridges and roads, and 'the principles concerning the currency,' being handed over to a commission which was partly appointed by the three protectors. It was, however, in the sphere of international relations that the limitations upon Cracow's independence were most marked. Indeed, there are no indications that the republic possessed, or was intended to possess, any power of directing its foreign policy according to its own will. No doubt it was felt at the Vienna Congress that such a diminutive commonwealth, hemmed in as it was by its protectors, was not in a position to have any foreign affairs of its own, at least beyond its dealings with the protectors themselves. The constitution is silent on the subject of the army, perhaps because it was felt that the neutral character imposed upon Cracow made the maintenance of forces beyond the municipal militia unnecessary, and there is no mention of a Foreign Office or of arrangements for diplomatic intercourse with other countries. Great Britain maintained a consul at Cracow, but apparently was never represented there by a ministerial resident.

But of all the peculiar features impressed upon the little republic at its creation none is more noteworthy than its 'neutralisation.' In declaring the city of Cracow to be for ever strictly neutral, the Treaty of Vienna brought into existence what international lawyers call a 'Neutralised State'—a category which has been attracting public attention since the outbreak of the war because it includes Belgium and Luxem-

burg. What is more, it may be legitimately claimed on behalf of Cracow that it was actually the first specimen of this kind; for though the neutralisation of Switzerland was dealt with at the Vienna Congress at an even earlier date than that of Cracow, still in the case of Switzerland the arrangements were not finally completed until the Treaty of Paris in November 1815.

The statesmen who in 1815 hit upon the idea of endowing certain States with 'perpetual neutrality,' and those who in later years adopted and applied the idea, were animated by a two-fold purpose. It seems to be beyond doubt that they were thinking first and foremost of the interests of the larger members of the family of nations, and that they designed the neutralised State to act as a 'buffer' between powerful neighbours which would lessen slightly their points of contact and attack. But it was also hoped—and, as we know now, vainly hoped—that neutralisation would prove a shield and buckler to the small States themselves who were subjected to the process. The guarantee of neutrality obtained from the Great Powers was expected to transform them from possible despoilers into permanent protectors, and the little ones would thus get a tolerable chance of preserving their territories and their liberties intact.

Neutralised Cracow invites comparison with neutralised Belgium. The neutralisation of the latter was effected by three treaties or 'scraps of paper,' as the Germans prefer to call them, signed on 19th April 1839, one between Holland and Belgium, one between the five Great Powers and Holland, and one between the five Great Powers and Belgium. Article VII. of the first-named treaty is in these terms: 'Belgium, within the limits specified previously, shall form an independent and perpetually neutral State. It shall be bound to observe such neutrality toward all other States.' This article is annexed to the other two treaties, and is declared to have the same force and validity as if it were textually inserted in them, and is thus placed under the guarantee of the five Powers. On the other hand, Cracow, unlike Belgium, was not itself a signatory of the document whereby it was neutralised, for the simple reason that this document was also its charter of independence, from which it derived its existence as a State. But as in Belgium's case, so in Cracow's, there was in reality a series of treaties. The erection of Cracow into a free neutral State was originally arranged by articles in three treaties between Russia and Austria, Russia and Prussia, and Austria, Prussia, and Russia, on 3rd May 1815. The articles relative to Cracow were afterwards embodied in the Vienna Treaty, and the three treaties themselves *in extenso* were annexed to that treaty and declared to be integral parts of the arrangements of the Vienna Congress.

It is further worthy of remark that no express

duty was laid upon Cracow, as it was upon Belgium, of observing neutrality towards all other States, probably because such a requirement was felt to be unnecessary in the circumstances of the Polish town. A *quid pro quo*, however, of a different kind was exacted from Cracow, for the Vienna Treaty expressly stipulated that 'no asylum was to be afforded in the town or its territory to fugitives, deserters, and persons under prosecution belonging to the country of any of the three protectors.'

It was this stipulation that ultimately led to the extinction of the little republic. The shadow of impending doom began to fall in 1830. During the Polish insurrection which broke out that year the streets of Cracow echoed to the tramp of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian soldiers. A military occupation was set up by the protectors, despite the solemn undertaking which they had given in the Vienna Treaty that they would respect the neutrality of Cracow, and that no armed force should ever be introduced into it upon any pretext whatever. On this occasion Great Britain did not raise its voice in protest, recognising apparently that the step taken by the protectors was in some measure justified by the exceptional crisis which confronted them. Six years later the troops were back again. Cracow, it was alleged, had, in violation of its obligation, become an asylum for all manner of undesirable refugees, and a hotbed of political intrigues and conspiracies which menaced the peace and order of its neighbours. This second occupation lasted for four years, and before the soldiers were withdrawn many changes had been made upon the republic's constitution, whereby, though the forms of freedom were preserved, the government was in reality transferred to the agents of the three Powers. These proceedings caused not a little indignation in this country. During the progress of the occupation the affairs of Cracow kept the House of Commons busy on more than one occasion, and there was much outspoken denunciation of the violent measures adopted against a State 'which formed an integral part of the great community of Europe,' and 'whose independence it was of as much importance that Great Britain should see was not causelessly or wantonly disturbed as if the case were that of Prussia or any other powerful nation.' Possibly the British attitude may have conduced to the termination of the occupation.

But the final catastrophe was not to be averted. In February 1846 an extensive conspiracy was organised in Posen and Galicia, and Cracow became the seat of a central authority calling itself the Revolutionary Government. In the

opinion of the three protectors these circumstances constituted a real state of war on the part of Cracow. The destruction of the republic's independence had long been in their contemplation, as is proved by a secret treaty which they had signed some years previously. Now at last their resolve took definite shape, and on 6th November 1846 they signed a convention declaring that Cracow was to be restored to Austria, and to be possessed by his Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty in the same manner as before 1809. The date of this treaty, then, may be taken as the day on which the State of Cracow gave up the ghost of its independence, and sank back to the level of an Austrian town.

Great Britain and France, as signatories of the Vienna Treaty, both addressed protests to the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian Courts; and in the dignified document which he signed on behalf of this country, Lord Palmerston contended that the three protectors could have secured their internal tranquillity without destroying the independence of the State of Cracow, and that their action was in violation of the Vienna Treaty. The ingenious argument advanced by the protectors that they had created the State of Cracow of themselves on 3rd May 1815, and that the stipulations relative thereto, which they had arranged together, had merely been presented at the Vienna Congress for registration, was met by the reminder that these stipulations had been solemnly declared to be part and parcel of the Vienna Treaty itself. But when the protests were presented all was over, and the curtain had rung down upon the epilogue of the tragedy of Poland.

And now the curtain has re-risen on a new drama far transcending in the magnitude of its interest anything presented in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, of which the *dénouement* has still to be disclosed. Once again, but with divided purpose, the troops of Russia, Prussia, and Austria are converging on Cracow, and the little city and its destinies have again become one of the salient topics of the hour. If Cracow holds out, and the Teutonic forces ultimately prevail, a long farewell to dreams of Polish liberty. But if Cracow falls, and the final victory rests with the Allies, the prediction may be hazarded—in view of Russia's promise, and of the formation of a Polish National Council at Warsaw to foster and direct the widespread yearning for reunion—that ancient wrongs will at last be redressed by the restoration, not of a free and independent Cracow, but of a free and independent Poland to the family of nations.



THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *On Old Speyside*, *The Bernardine*, *The Ship of Shadows*, &c.

CHAPTER XIX.—AFTER PRESTON—IN COVER IN THE BRACKEN.

WITH the shutting of daylight dead silence fell. I finished my provender, and waited until I wearied. In an hour I was yawning my head off. Never a sound came from the watching camps. In another hour my head nodded, and the fates of nations concerned me not. I slept. Nor did I waken until early morning, when I found to my chagrin that the whole diagram of the landscape was blurred. A mist, thick as a blanket, chilling to the bone, had crept up from the sea, and, between its agency and the dark of the morning, I feared that I should see little of any fighting. But there is a use for everything, we are told, and the mist that day turned out to be the Pretender's chief ally.

Once, as the morning wore on, I thought I heard a few carbine-shots; but I could see nothing from my hollow, so I went boldly forward, and, finding a high sand-dune, climbed to its top. Here I fared somewhat better. In a lift of the mist one of the sun's early rays glinted for a moment on the long steel line of the English muskets. The grayness thinned as the sun struggled over the horizon; and my eyes, growing used to the half-light, picked out from the hazy outlines in front of the Royalist position what, at my first glance, I conceived to be a long hedge. I was trying to place it in my mental map of the arena, when I suddenly discovered that it was moving with all speed under cover of the mist. The 'hedge' was the rebel army. I had scarcely grasped the situation when half-a-dozen field-pieces were fired from the English right wing. The Highland advance hovered for a moment. The bark of the English field-pieces was followed by a great rattle of musketry from their infantry; and, almost as quick as I set it down here, the next thing I saw was the charge of the Highlanders.

There are scores of chronicles of the fight at Preston. If I differ from some of them, I am only recording what I saw. Whether it be that the mist favoured the Highlanders, that their attack was in the nature of a surprise, or whether their system of closing, getting hand-to-hand with dirk, claymore, and targe, was helped by the ground and the light, I cannot tell. The plain truth is that from the moment the Highlanders got to close quarters (and they charged with a valour that wrung admiration from me) the Royalist cavalry wheeled about like poltroons, and their infantry, robbed of support, wavered, broke, and either escaped, surrendered, or were cut down. It was not a battle. It was a rout; and I, an Englishman, think black shame to say so. The whole affair barely lasted five minutes.

But strange things happen in war. Though there are degrees of bravery, the man wholly without fear has yet to be born. Since that day I have learned much of men's conduct in the field. I have seen brave regiments mastered by reasonless panic; men, each of whom, if facing known odds single-handed, would scorn to give an inch of ground, yet in mass, seized by vague fears, broken and scattered like sheep.

I stood for a minute or two, amazed at the swift decision of affairs. There was a scurry of hoof-beats, cries wild and harsh, or of terror; a welter of flying men. Something hummed like a great vicious insect over my head. I ducked automatically. The stray bullet doubtless was never meant for me, but it briskened my wits. I was down the dune in a twinkling, and ran, never drawing breath until I reached the sand, where I slowed down to a walk, intending to make for Musselburgh and get my horse as soon as I judged myself safe from the notice of either the hunters or the quarry.

There were but few people on the sands, and all of them far out towards the sea. None were making for Edinburgh, for those of the Royalists who escaped made off eastward. Indeed, Cope himself was the first one who arrived at Berwick, and with such expedition that he was greeted by my Lord Mark Kerr with the caustic observation that he was the only General heard of who was the first to bring news of his own defeat!

I had gone but a little way along the sand when, to my surprise, I heard myself called by name, and in a little bight of sand that ran to a point in the dunes I beheld Walter Irving. I was mightily glad to see him. Two swords, like two heads, are better than one. Had I met any rebels, these gentry, flushed with their first victory, might have stood upon no ceremony. Besides, I was sorry for having shown temper with Walter, and wished to tell him so.

'I heard at the "White Horse" that ye cam' out to see the fight,' said he, 'and I hurried after with what speed I could; but I lost trace o' ye at Musselburgh, so I spent the night on the links. I'll warrant ye did the same,' he said, with a glance at my clothes.

'Indeed I did,' I answered; 'but I only saw one charge. The mist played an ill trick on me.'

'A waur trick on Johnnie Cope! There was but one charge from beginnin' to end. The hail business took less time than I have seen the watch clearin' a change-hoose.'

I sat down beside him, and we discussed the affair and its consequences. In a break in the talk he told me, a little shamefacedly, that he was sorry if he had presumed somewhat the other

night; but he had meant well, and hoped I would think no more of it.

I was just going to ask him to forget it, and I told him so. It was blithe, he said, to see my face and hear me speak as I did. 'Tis as good as a cordial,' quoth he; 'and, talkin' o' cordials, I feel as boss as a drum. Let us push on for Edinburgh and breakfast.'

I told him I purposed getting my horse at Musselburgh; and forthwith, in great amity, we took to the sands again. The sun marching steadily on his round was spilling molten silver over the sea, disengaging the islets on the Firth and the Fife hills from the morning banks. A finer day never broke, but I had no heart for it. Black shame at the rout of my countrymen, and the thought of brave men lying stark in the bright morning, kept me tongue-tied; and Walter was, for him, unusually silent.

We had come in sight of a curve of sand glittering like a yellow sickle in the distance, its farthest point joining a spit of rocks that rose gradually to a green-topped bastion. I was staring at it, a thought growing within me that brought the blood to my face.

My companion stopped suddenly. 'Where did ye say the house o' The Garth was?' he asked, laying a hand on my arm. 'Ye spoke about a wall o' rocks an' what not. Look! What say ye?'

My thought grew to a certainty.

'What say ye?' he repeated.

'The place itself, as I live!'

'Are ye armed?'

I showed him my pistol.

'I carry one too,' said he, whipping it out, his lethargy gone. 'If ye are in the mind, the twa o' us might take a keek at the place. Ye've whetted my curiosity. Lord, it looks quiet enough to be a—a graveyard!'

I needed no stimulus from him. Fate, it seemed to me, lurked beyond the dark shoulder of the rock. From where we had halted on the sands there was no sign of the gaunt house, but I knew that it lay in the dip below the brackens that crowned the little cliff. Hidden, voiceless, mysterious, the place beckoned me. A little stab of pain touched me when I remembered—did I ever forget them?—the word 'coward' and the curl on Mistress Charlotte's lip.

We went cautiously forward. Behind the rock we got a full view of the exit from the cave, the rock still plainly wet from high-water mark.

'Is that where ye escaped? 'Tis a risky jump,' he whispered, measuring it with his eye. 'But ye were lucky. Ye would have fared worse if ye had been caught!'

The words were barely out of his mouth when we both stopped dead. Somewhere a footstep sounded. Irving caught my wrist, and dropped silently to his knees under cover of the rock, pulling me down along with him. The footstep

came nearer, sounding above us on the path from the house along the little cliff. It paused for a moment. We exchanged glances and looked to our pistols. Another moment and it passed—the sound of a man walking lightly and rapidly along the path eastward and away from us. It died away, and without a word, on a common impulse, we rose, and, crouching, went quietly and swiftly up the path and peered through a screen of bracken. Some one, back towards us, was hastening along the path. I knew the slim figure at once. It was he whom I had seen welcomed by young Mistress Charlotte.

He looked back once towards the house, and kissed his hand gallantly. From my lair in the bracken I could not see the windows. But well I knew to whom the kiss was thrown. He was carrying a gun carelessly under his arm, went straight towards the spot on the cliff-top where I had first seen him clamber up, and lowered himself over it and out of sight.

'My lady has got a mate, then?' whispered Walter.

'Come, let us leave this place,' I said to him savagely, and would have risen had he not caught my wrist.

'Canny! Have ye lost your senses? Leave we will, and the sooner the better; but that house has eyes. We'll gang warily, and—nodding his head seaward—'we'll see what's happenin' over there first.'

We wriggled under cover to the little hollow in the cliff-top and peered over. The youth was crossing the sand towards the fringe of the sea. Straight opposite a little vessel swung lazily, her sail a dab of sepia on the bright sheen of the water. He stood still for a minute or two, and then put the gun to his shoulder and fired into the air. It was plainly a signal, for there was nothing for him to fire at, not even a sea-bird. I covered the vessel with my glass. A man in the stern rose and waved something white twice or thrice over his head in answer to him; whereupon he turned at once and came back towards us. We crept back into the bracken, and presently he came up over the rock and hurried along the path back towards the house. We gave him ten minutes, and followed; but not a sound or a sign of life came from The Garth. We lay hidden, watching for half-an-hour, when my companion made a sign, and we stole off stealthily through the bracken. Once in the wood we broke into a run and came back to our hollow at the cliff-top. Walter held his hand out for my glass, and spied the little ship steadily.

'No name!' he said; and as he spoke she was put about, and made off eastward down the Firth.

There was little use in our prowling longer around The Garth. The day was wearing on, and we were both tired and hungry.

The tide was at the flow, a barrier to our

getting across the gullet of the Cove; to make a détour round The Garth was to take needless risk of being seen; so we made our way across country southward at a round pace, and in an hour struck the post-road where a press of country-people was hurrying to the town. From behind us the wind still carried sounds of shouting.

I got my horse at the alehouse at Musselburgh, where we had a tankard and what not, and there they told us that Sir John Cope had lost a great number of men, all his baggage, and five thousand pounds in money.

We took the saddle in turn, and reached

Edinburgh in time to see Clan Cameron swinging into the town, pipes and drums exulting in the stirring quick-step, '*The King shall enjoy his ain again.*' I had marked their gallantry in the field; and now, elated beyond measure, they marched through the streets flaunting the colours of Sir John Cope's dragoons, captured in the fight. The pavements were thronged with gaping citizens. The air rang with shouts of the victors. '*Claymore! Claymore!*' came from a thousand throats; and never a Royalist, myself included, had a word to say.

It was high tide with the Chevalier.

(Continued on page 290.)

JUDGE LYNCH, THE ORIGINATOR OF LYNCH-LAW.

By A. G. BRADLEY.

UNDOUBTEDLY the two most conspicuous words contributed in modern times to the English language through the medium of a family name are 'lynch' and 'boycott.' It is, moreover, a coincidence that, though a century divided the individuals who acquired such fortuitous immortality, they were both Galway men by residence or extraction. Both, too, were comparatively obscure.

Captain Boycott, the Anglo-Irish land agent, found fame within easy memory merely as the first victim of a system of persecution that became a recognised weapon in the Irish land war. The name of Judge Lynch, a Galway settler in Virginia, was imprinted in the dictionary not a few years ago, like the other, but rather by a lingering tradition which, like many others, was distorted by time, and did not mature and take root in its present sinister form till long after the death of the supposed truculent American.

Charles Lynch, whose name is now synonymous with a barbarous contempt for the criminal law, was no wild, bloodthirsty Irishman, as even Americans often imagine, but a simple, God-fearing Quaker and worthy gentleman; a deservedly respected chairman of magistrates in Bedford, a back county of Virginia, before the Revolutionary war; and late in that struggle colonel of the local patriot regiment. Instead of a ruthless executioner of Tory partisans, as the vulgar tradition has it, Lynch was, on the contrary, a merciful and orderly soul.

Even in those violent times, when in the Carolinas and elsewhere 'Tories' and 'Patriots' were committing deplorable barbarities on each other, the record of Charles Lynch, Justice and colonel, was like that of the district which he controlled, free from anything of the kind. The Tories of the county, being in a minority, naturally engaged in schemes for reasserting the authority of the Crown. The leaders of one such enterprise, after a long trial, were sentenced by

Lynch to imprisonment: a relatively mild decree in the war-wracked state of the country and the fierce division of parties, and mild indeed compared with the doings elsewhere. This was in 1780, and the said Loyalists were fairly convicted of making war on the Commonwealth of Virginia, then threatened by Cornwallis's armies. The sentence was morally justified, beyond a doubt. They took their chances like either side in a civil war, and possibly thought themselves fortunate in getting off so cheaply. Technically, the prisoners should have been sent for trial to the higher court of the State; but Virginia then, under Jefferson, was quite disorganised by the Cornwallis peril and domestic dissensions, so Lynch and his court had no choice but to settle the matter themselves. After the war some of Lynch's opponents threatened a suit against him for what was technically an irregular proceeding. The State legislature, however, of which he was a burgess, took the matter up, and formally exonerated Lynch from all pains and penalties for such justifiable irregularities, at the same time complimenting him on his action at a time of imminent peril. But the mere fact that a State legislature had condoned such things at a crisis had no little effect upon the minds of rude frontiersmen in after years. The precedent was remembered by men very different from the law-abiding Quaker, and in situations having no resemblance to the War of Independence. As the rude frontier of civilisation pushed gradually westward, its pioneers, always prone to heady actions, justified many a high-handed deed and possibly many a brutal murder by quoting the irreproachable Lynch as an example, till the details of this particular case had been long forgotten, and his most worthy personality had become a symbol of infamy throughout the English-speaking world. Lynch's very obscurity, outside his little corner of America, has been his undoing, if indeed unmerited posthumous obloquy matters much to an obscure individual. Our famous

historical bogeys, King John, Richard the Third, Henry the Eighth, and all the rest of them, at any rate did much to earn their unenviable notoriety; but even they have had their white-washers. Poor innocent Lynch has, in a symbolical sense at least, grown more odious with the march of time, and never was more loudly and frequently invoked as a name of horror than in the present generation. He has no defenders, poor man, being nothing but a name once deservedly honoured, and so far as I know without living descendant. I wonder what he would think—or dare we say what does he think?—of it all. For my part, having in the long ago lived for years within sight of the scene of his labours, including that of the brief incident which made him famous, I have naturally taken a particular interest in this maligned revolutionary soldier. Fortunately he and his family have left a far worthier monument of themselves to posterity than that of adding a term of ill-omen to the dictionary. In short, they founded the nucleus of a now thriving city. Lynchburg, in Virginia, is not exactly a world-famous place, though in a sense it might be called so, for wherever Virginia tobacco is dealt in (and where is it not?) it is an outstanding name. For over half-a-century, indeed, it has been one of the best-known centres of the American tobacco trade. Now, comparatively few Irishmen outside Ulster emigrated to America in the eighteenth century. Lynch's father, however, being that paradoxically sounding product, a Galway Quaker, was shipped early in that epoch as an indentured servant to a Virginia planter. When free of his bonds he removed from the aristocratically administered eastern to the western and wilder portion of the colony, where poor men had a good chance of prospering, and, as in his and many other cases, of 'founding families.' He acquired land on the Upper James River, built a house, and started a ferry which by the time his sons were grown had become the nucleus of a town automatically bearing the family name, and with increasing importance changing it from Lynch's Ferry to Lynchburg. I know nothing of the first settler. The very site of his house had for long been obscured by streets in the days when I used to ride in there to buy supplies—dealing regularly, by the way, with the great-grandson of the Tory whose imprisonment has given immortality to the Lynches, and at the same time prevented him from actively serving the Crown and suffering expatriation like all those who did. None of the Lynches themselves, so far as I know, survived in my day, though as a Christian name theirs flourished in many local families who had been connected with them.

Charles Lynch, our hero, the son of the immigrant, like most Quakers, waxed and flourished. He was a prominent leader in the sect, and acquired lands of his own in the county, as well as slaves, his brother retaining the original

estate at the ferry, with its growing fortunes. This western county along the foot of the Alleghanias was not like the older and eastern half of Virginia. It had been settled through the first half of the eighteenth century mainly by Ulstermen, with an element of Germans, Quakers, and others who had fled from unfair legislation or personal persecution in their own countries. It was democratic, while eastern Virginia was aristocratic, and purely English in administration.

The two elements clashed in the colonial legislature, then elected by the vote of freeholders only. Lynch, who held a royal commission as colonel of his county militia (equivalent to our Lord Lieutenant), was a prominent supporter in the Lower House of the western democratic interests, though sufficiently conservative to oppose all extension of the franchise! The propinquity of the Indian frontier made the position in these parts a responsible one. But when Lynch accepted it he had to retire from the Quaker brotherhood, the bearing of arms being against their principles. But the pacificist, with all his virtues, was in a sense out of place on the western frontier in those old days, for the simple reason that he had to look to his neighbours for protection. To a man like Charles Lynch, this side of the family creed, when strong men were needed, no doubt appeared intolerable. Quakers were expelled from Anglican eastern Virginia in colonial times on both social and political grounds, so they found refuge among the hardy spirits of the frontier counties, mainly Presbyterians, Baptists, and Lutherans. Ulstermen or 'Scotch-Irish' were, however, the main support of this western frontier of colonial America, their scheme of life and the part they played in the making of the United States being the very antithesis of that of the Catholic Irish, who came later, and, crowding the cities of the East, have become the chief element in their notorious political degradation.

Lynch, though of Galway stock, had all the independent and strenuous qualities of the wilderness-conquering Scotch-Irishmen to whom every good American admits so vast a debt. All the Scotch-Irish then clustering thick along the western frontiers of the Atlantic States either fought for or sympathised with the American cause in the War of Independence. By ruinous trade laws and still worse discrimination against their Presbyterian creed, they had been driven from Ireland in thousands, bearing deep grudge against both the British Government and the Dublin Parliament, who shared equally the odium of having stripped Ireland of the cream of her people. It was a regiment of mounted riflemen, composed mainly of these people from his own district, that Lynch led in the southern campaign against Cornwallis. He fought in most of its battles, and was present with his eldest son by Washington's side at the final surrender at Yorktown. After the close of the war, Colonel

Lynch, according to the printed records of his county of Bedford, led a life of honourable utility both public and private till his universally lamented death in 1796. Such, in brief, is the true record of a man whose name, by a strange distortion of facts, stands in our language for a form of punishment that most of those who speak of it regard with loathing and horror.

It would almost seem as if this innocent wight were destined by some irony of fate to further and quite recent association with the particular crime for which he so unjustly stands sponsor; and I will conclude this paper with a brief relation of how this came about.

Now Lynch's own State, Virginia, had never in my day been as yet disfigured by any instance of lynch-law as now understood. In most of the other Southern States, however, it had been then, as now, a frequent occurrence, the victims being generally negroes; while in the West, as every one knows, it was a not uncommon substitute, rightly or wrongly, for legal methods that were feebly administered or ill provided for. But when at last a case of lynching did occur in old Virginia, it was the most singular one that probably ever occurred in the United States; and quite fortuitously, but actually, it took place in Judge Lynch's own county.

This was some twenty-five years ago, nearly a century after Lynch's death, when his name had become a mere perverted tradition; and, strange to say, the deed was done in defiance of the very county court over which in its infancy he had so long and honourably presided. As if to emphasise the coincidence, it may be noted that there are now nearly a hundred county courts in Virginia!

But if ever a lynching could be partially condoned, it was surely this one. The victim was not a negro or a poor white man, but the son of a gentleman and an ex-Confederate General, holding a respected position in the locality. This, indeed, is what makes the case unique in the whole savage record of rough justice. Furthermore, the authors of it were not rowdies, but quiet young farmers in a region which had never been even remotely concerned with such proceedings.

Now the aforesaid General was cursed with a worthless son who lived at home and showed little aptitude for anything but loafing around bar-rooms. Pistols were then frequently carried in the South, particularly by young men in country towns. Not that they were often used in Virginia, whose people were peaceable and sober folk; and when shooting did occur, it was usually stimulated by the heady atmosphere of the saloon. Still, the unfortunate tradition lingered that a serious quarrel, with insults, should be settled not by the comparatively honourable method of duelling, but by shooting a man at the first opportunity, after warning him of the intention. How an otherwise ex-

cellent and really peaceable people of English blood can have constructed such an un-English, vulgar, brutal way of settling a 'difficulty' in place of the duel, if fight they must, thousands have asked wonderingly and in vain. Anyway, the very few serious quarrels which occurred in Virginia were thus settled; for juries, intimidated or cajoled by personal influence, either refused to convict or passed mere trifling sentences on the murderers, for such in truth they were. The brutality and unfairness of these 'killings,' rare though they might be, together with their virtual condonation by judges and juries, caused the better-class people of a State which prided itself on gentility and domestic qualities to think that such a code was a disgrace; and it was high time. Two or three recent cases of acquittal or merely nominal sentence had caused them to think more furiously. But the course of the law and personal feeling were mixed up in the South, when persons of tolerable position were involved, to a degree inconceivable to Englishmen. There seemed really no cure, when, to the amazement of the public, lynch-law stepped in and gave the lax courts a warning which proved beyond doubt a most effective instrument for their reformation. The crime in question was an exceptionally gross one. This degenerate son of a worthy sire drew his pistol in quite a trifling altercation in a bar-room, and killed the other party to the dispute, a respectable young farmer. This was in Lynch's old county town, and the murderer was promptly locked up in the very jail that the famous judge had used a century before. Bail was refused, an unusual step in such affairs in those days, to the indignation of the murderer's friends and relatives. This was ominous, and the first hint that the public patience was exhausted. The usual methods, however, were set in motion. The prisoner's 'friends' at once busied themselves in working on the rather easily perverted sympathies of influential people. The General approached the leading physician of the town with the request that, as an old friend and neighbour, he would pronounce his son insane. He had come to the wrong man, however; for the doctor—who at that moment was mayor, and had fought under General Lee's eye throughout the war, and had been a personal friend of that great man—had ideas above the common ruck. He gave me an account of the interview, and I cannot set down here the emphatic reply he gave to this cool request to perjure himself for a worthless criminal because he happened to be a neighbour and socially a gentleman. The General was characteristically furious at this refusal, and warned the doctor to be armed the next time they met. The doctor, a laconic, fearless man, and a keen sportsman, said he reckoned he could shoot straighter and quicker than the other, which was undoubtedly true, and the matter ended.

But the impression gained ground, nevertheless, that another miscarriage of justice was at least probable. The victim's friends and neighbours, plain farmers living in a distant corner of the county, took counsel together and decided upon a course utterly unprecedented in that district.

Early on the following morning, before day-break, twenty young farmers rode rapidly down the quiet main street of the town, seized the keys of the jail, and carried the prisoner off into the country before any one realised what had happened. At sunrise the murderer was discovered hanging to an oak-tree bordering the highway a mile and a half from town. As the said tree belonged to me, and was within sight of my windows, I was not sorry to have been absent at the time of

this gruesome incident. Rightly or wrongly, the affair ended here. Rightly or wrongly, the better part of the community were thankful that the administrators of the criminal law of the country had received such a salutary lesson. No man of good social position had ever been lynched before or has been since in the Southern States.

[It is to be observed that while the derivation of the term 'lynch-law' given in the foregoing article is quite a probable one, others have been suggested, notably one which traces the term to Lynch's Creek, in South Carolina, which (to quote the New English Dictionary) 'is known to have been in 1768 a meeting-place of the "Regulators," a band of men whose professed object was to supply a want of regular administration of criminal justice in the Carolinas.']

THE RABBIT-WARREN.

By B. PAUL NEUMAN.

I.

TWENTY years ago, or more, there stood in Chancery Lane an old ramshackle building composed of several houses which had gradually been transformed into one. The result had been an extraordinary network of narrow passages and a surprising number of staircases. So complicated and tortuous was the place that it well deserved the name that was often given it—the Rabbit-Warren. In the Post-Office Directory it appeared as Bell Chambers.

In one of the crookedest corners of this ancient building, and approached by three flights of stairs, there was a door on which, if the day were exceptionally bright or the gaslight over the door were lit, you might read the name 'Mr H. M. Moore,' and under it, 'Mr George Crookshank.'

Mr H. M. Moore was an ancient barrister, a small, smooth-faced, white-haired old gentleman, with hardly any work except the composition of a monumental book on Real Property Law. He occupied the room nearest to the outer door. In the long, narrow clerks' room next to it was a folding bed, in which Mr Moore slept. Beyond this was a third room, occupied by Mr George Crookshank.

This young gentleman was in appearance a strong contrast to his landlord. He looked a good deal less than his twenty-five years, was of a pleasant, fresh complexion, with an engaging smile, regular features, and curly brown hair. His manner was at first a little shy and hesitant, but when fairly started he could talk to very good purpose. He was curiously alone in London. His father and mother were in India, and his only relation in England was an aunt who lived just outside Worcester, and with whom he generally spent his holidays. As to his abilities,

they were far above the average; but, both at school and afterwards at Cambridge, he had been careful not to injure his health by overwork, and his record was respectable rather than brilliant.

In due course he entered his name at the Inner Temple, took rooms in Bedford Place, and was called to the Bar.

Up to this time everything had gone smoothly for him; but a few weeks before his call he received a letter from India telling him of his father's break-down in health, and begging him to be as economical as possible. He was still reading in the chambers of a Chancery barrister, and he had been looking out for chambers of his own. He had fully intended taking a room in New Square; but now the cheapest must suffice, and he thought himself lucky to have found his room in the Rabbit-Warren at thirty pounds a year. He was of a sanguine temperament, and had little doubt that, somehow or other, briefs would find him out. In any case, the quiet of Bell Chambers would afford him the opportunity of reading hard and making up for those hours of ease the remembrance of which was beginning to worry him.

Two or three consent briefs and one or two 'cases' did trickle in from family friends, all of whom too obviously treated him and his opinions in the spirit of genteel comedy. The barrister with whom he had read sent him one or two drafts to 'devil' for him; but his second term was worse than his first, and the third than the second. And then Mr Moore intervened.

II.

It was on a sunny June morning that the old gentleman knocked at his door. Charlie, the

office-boy, was out, he said, and he had to go over to Fleet Street to see Baxter the publisher. Would Mr Crookshank kindly look after the chambers while he was out?

'Certainly,' George Crookshank answered; 'with pleasure.'

Instead of going, however, Mr Moore came inside and looked round with the benignant smile he usually wore. 'It's a pleasant room,' he said, blinking with his short-sighted eyes; 'the double windows make it different from other rooms, and so does the piano.'

George was able to assent heartily. The room was narrow, and had a window at each end. One window looked over a flagged yard on to a high dead wall. The other was only a few feet distant from the window of another room, probably part of the Warren, evidently a clerks' office. As for the piano, that had been a sore point with George ever since he took the room. Mr Moore had stipulated that it should remain there, as he had no room for it anywhere else, and he valued it, 'on sentimental grounds,' he said, with a strange little simper. George had not even the consolation of knowing whether it was kept in tune, for it was always locked. There was a music-stool with a drawer underneath the seat; but this was a very unobtrusive piece of furniture, and in a dark corner of the room excited no remark.

'Not very professional, I'm afraid,' remarked the young barrister, looking at the instrument.

The landlord still smiled. 'In these days a little eccentricity is a real help,' he said. 'Do you know much about copyholds?'

The change of subject was so sudden that George was a little taken aback.

'Not what *you'd* call much,' he answered. 'I had to look them up once or twice when I was with Weaver.'

'I wonder whether you'd verify some references for me? I've got the proof here of my chapter on copyholds. The cases I've marked are in reports that I haven't got. You go over to your Inn library sometimes, don't you? If you'd check the volumes and pages and summaries I'd be very grateful.'

George promised, and did the work at once; though it took him a good deal longer than he expected. Mr Moore was delighted, and joyfully accepted the young man's offer to do some more. From that time the relations between the two became much closer and more friendly. They were often in each other's rooms, and had long talks, in which, however, all the confidences were on George's side; it was only afterwards that it struck him how very reserved the old man had been.

The monumental work was to be in three volumes, and the first volume was now passing through the press. Day after day George went down to the library and made notes and corrections. At last, on the very eve of the long vacation, the final proof had been sent in; and, so far as vol. i. was concerned, the work was

finished. It was on a Monday that the last instalment was posted; and the same afternoon, about four o'clock, as George came back from the courts in wig and gown, Mr Moore followed him into his room. The young man noticed that he looked unlike his usual sleek, demure self. His cheeks were quite a violent pink, and his eyes shone bright behind his spectacles. His voice, too, was hardly recognisable.

'I've got a visitor,' Mr Moore said, 'a niece of mine that I've never seen before. We're having a cup of tea just now. Come in as you are. She's so anxious to see a barrister in all his glory, she says. Come along. Charlie can bring in a third cup.'

The old barrister seemed so anxious about what was, after all, a trifle that George, though he did not greatly relish the idea of being shown off to a well-preserved country spinster, felt it would be churlish to refuse. 'Certainly I will,' he answered. 'I'll bring the cup in myself. I must just send off a telegram.'

'Don't be long, there's a good fellow,' said Mr Moore, and shuffled along the passage to his own room.

Thither, in a minute or two, George Crookshank followed; and when he opened the door he could hardly believe his eyes, for, instead of the dowdy little country spinster he had pictured to himself, he saw, transforming the dingy room, the prettiest girl he had ever shaken hands with. So astonished was he, and so ashamed of his treasonable thoughts, that the ceremony was over, and Mr Moore's mumbled introduction too, before he recovered even a little self-control.

Then he heard Mr Moore asking, 'Well, Helena, what do you think of the uniform? Is it becoming, or the opposite?'

The girl looked up at George with laughing eyes. 'It's very picturesque,' she said. 'I can't imagine any one looking commonplace in it—or ignorant,' she added, as an afterthought.

'That's why some of us wear it,' George answered; 'I for one. But, if you don't mind, I think I'll be commonplace and comfortable.'

'Yes,' said Mr Moore, 'take them off; they're cumbersome things.'

So George threw his wig and gown on a pile of Bevan's Reports, and held out his cup to be filled by the stranger, who had drawn a dusty chair to the table, and sat with the tea-tray in front of her.

'And what do you think of London?' asked the old gentleman.

'At first,' answered the girl, 'I thought it was rather dreadful—so big and crowded and dirty. But I'm beginning to change my mind; and it makes a great difference having found one of my own kin. I don't feel so dreadfully alone.'

The old man stretched out his hand and laid it lightly on hers. 'Yes, my dear,' he said, 'it's a true saying, after all—"Blood is thicker than water."' Then he turned to George. 'This

young lady, Crookshank, comes from Australia. She is studying music.—The piano, I think you said?' he added, looking at her.

She nodded.

'We have an instrument in chambers, haven't we?' he went on. 'May we come into your room and have a look at it?'

These questions were addressed to George, who declared that nothing could give him greater pleasure. Indeed, the idea of seeing his room lit up by that bright, pretty face was very pleasant to him.

'It looks a little out of place,' she said when she saw the instrument, 'and you've put it in the corner like a naughty child; but it makes this room more human than the other. Do you play, Mr Crookshank?'

He shook his head solemnly. 'Lawyers never play,' he answered; 'with us it's all work.'

'That's why we're such dull boys,' said the old man with a soft chuckle. 'Try it, my dear. It was a great favourite with your aunt. I couldn't bear to part with it.'

She looked at the old man with a quick glance of sympathy that gave a new charm to her expressive face in George's eyes.

Mr Moore, after some fumbling, produced a small key and opened the piano. George brought up the stool and dusted the keys with a hat-pad.

'Not too loud, my dear,' said her uncle. 'It's rather early, and some of the neighbours might not like it.'

'They ought to be grateful,' said George, as, after a little nod and smile to the old man, she struck the notes with a firm but gentle touch.

The expression of Mr Moore's face became ecstatic. 'Ah, that lovely Chopin!' he exclaimed; 'your aunt used to play that, but she hadn't your touch; she'd have been the first to say so. Thank you, my dear. Only three minutes, but the purest bit of pleasure I've had for years. What do you think of the piano?'

'It's a bit out of tune,' she answered; 'but it has a lovely tone—lovely.'

'Do you think so? I'm so glad. It is yours, Helena—from your aunt; it is just what she would have wished. I felt it when you were playing. Take the key.'

The girl jumped up from the stool, put her hands on his shoulders—there was very little difference in their heights—and gave him a hearty kiss. 'Do you really mean it?' she exclaimed. 'Oh, thank you, uncle dear, a thousand times! But can you spare it? And won't Mr Crookshank miss it?'

'Mr Crookshank will be only too glad to be rid of it, stool and all,' he answered; 'and I shall like to think that it is being of use again. So we shall all three be pleased, which shows that it is an ideal arrangement.'

An hour later, when George was leaving chambers, Mr Moore opened his door and put

his head out. 'Can you spare a moment, Crookshank?' he asked.

'Certainly I can,' George answered. He secretly hoped that he might find the fair stranger still installed, but as soon as he stepped inside the room he saw that she was gone. The old man went back to his seat at the table, and George noticed that, instead of the usual reports and note-books, the writing-slope was covered with letters, envelopes, and one or two sheets of draft-paper.

With his back to the light, Mr Moore sat blinking at the tall, good-looking young man, and for a moment was silent. Then he said, with a curious, half-apologetic little smile, 'It's upsetting, isn't it, a sudden visit of this kind?'

'Rather a pleasant kind of upset, I should call it.'

'Ah yes, so it is, in a way. But, you see, you're young, and you don't know what it is to have a great, still past behind you, silent as the grave. That's a very just phrase, Crookshank; at least I thought it was, until this morning. And then, in a moment, to see it all leaping into life again! It's a very strange experience—bewildering.'

The old man passed his hand across his forehead and frowned as if in some great perplexity. Then he began again. 'Family quarrels are terrible things. This girl's mother was my favourite sister, and yet when she died we hadn't spoken or written to each other for twenty years or more. It was about her marriage. We all thought she was foolish and headstrong and obstinate; but I don't know—I really don't know. Seeing this girl has made me doubt; she's wonderfully like what her mother was. And then, when I married, my wife was all for peace, but I was very strong-willed. And now this girl is my only kin, so far as I know—the only close kin, at any rate; her father's married again, and she has some half brothers and sisters, but they are nothing to me. She's very pretty—almost beautiful, don't you think, Crookshank? And she played that Chopin just right; that brought back the past too.'

He looked down and remained silent so long that George felt embarrassed, and surreptitiously looked at his watch. The old man evidently noticed the action, for he raised his eyes, and, looking kindly at the young man, said, 'Good-night. I've kept you too long already. You see, I look upon you quite as a friend. You've been exceedingly kind and helpful to me, especially over the book, and I can assure you I'm not ungrateful. But, after all, blood is thicker than water, isn't it?'

And again he smiled that strange smile of apology.

III.

The next morning George Crookshank had a great shock. A case on which he had advised when in Mr Weaver's chambers was down for

hearing first on the list in Chancery Court II. Hence he came down unusually early. When he opened the outer door his first impression was of a crowd of people in Mr Moore's room, and one of the crowd was a policeman. As a matter of fact there were only four. Two of the faces were familiar. The caretaker of the Rabbit-Warren he knew, and Charlie, though the boy looked so scared as to be hardly recognisable. The policeman and a stranger were bending over the chair at the writing-table.

Mr Roota, the caretaker, came across and whispered, 'Poor old gent! The boy 'ere found 'im when 'e come this mornin'. 'E was frightened, and called one of our girls, and she the p'liceman, as I was out for a minute or two. I sent for Dr Paterson. But 'e's been gone hours, by the look of 'im.'

'The oil-lamp is still alight,' said George.

'Bless me! so it is.' No one had noticed it.

They laid the body on the bed, which was undisturbed, in the next room. Charlie and the doctor were sent off; and the policeman, after announcing that it was an 'inquest case,' also left.

'Now,' said George, 'we'll leave everything just as it is, and lock the door. Ah yes, here is the address I wanted, on this envelope. It is his niece; she came here yesterday. The excitement must have been too much for him.'

'The doctor said it was 'eart,' put in Roota.

'Well, I'll write at once to this lady,' said George.

The address was in Montague Place, a boarding-house, he guessed. On second thoughts he sent a telegram, 'Your uncle has had a seizure—serious, I fear,' and followed it by a letter. The telegram brought her about noon. George opened the door. The moment she saw his face her own fell.

'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'I was afraid it meant that. Is he really gone?'

'Didn't you get my letter?' he said, forgetting that it had been written only an hour or two before.

'No,' she answered, 'only your telegram. But I could see from your face.'

He took her into his room and told her all he knew. She went alone into the room where the old barrister was lying, and when she came back the tears were rolling down her cheeks.

'Now,' he said, 'can you look round in his room, and see whether there are any papers of importance?'

They went into the room together. The lamp was still burning dim and yellow. With a little shiver George turned it out.

'What are we to look for?' she asked, almost in a whisper.

'He told me last night that you were his only near relative. You ought to see whether he has left a will, and if so, who the executor is.'

'That might be it,' she said, pointing to a legal-looking document spread open on the slope.

By its side was a sheet of draft-paper, open, but without a word of writing on it. George gave a glance, then took up the first document and handed it to her silently. She read it—it was very short—and her cheeks flushed as she gave it back to him.

'It's for you to read. Did you know?' she asked.

'Having no near relatives,' he read, 'for whom I feel any obligation whatever to make provision, I give and bequeath all my property of whatever kind to my young friend George Crookshank absolutely in acknowledgment of the kindness and attention he has shown to an old man. If my work on real property is unfinished or unpublished at the time of my death, I hope he will arrange for its publication.'

The testator appointed Mr John Saxton, solicitor, of Bell Chambers, executor.

When he had finished reading the will the young man looked up, and consternation was plainly written on his face. 'I hadn't the least, not the faintest, remotest idea of such a thing,' he stammered:

She looked full at him, and his eyes were as clear and as honest as her own. 'You evidently hadn't,' she said; 'but, after all, it isn't so very extraordinary. He felt quite alone till you came and were kind to him.'

'It's absurd, ridiculous, preposterous!' he exclaimed. 'I did absolutely nothing but pay my rent and look out some references. Besides,' he went on, looking down at the table, 'it's quite clear what he was going to do. He had got out his old will because he wanted to make a new one. Look here; do you see this fresh sheet of draft-paper? He was taken before he could write it out, but it's just as clear as if he had put it down in black and white.'

'But that's his will at law,' she reminded him.

'Yes, at law,' he admitted; 'but nothing would make me take a penny under it. I understand now the last thing he said to me.' And he quoted all he could remember of Mr Moore's farewell speech, '"Blood is thicker than water." That's quite plain. He was going to put you in my place.'

She looked at him very kindly. 'I'm afraid you won't get on in the world,' she remarked.

'Because I don't want to behave like a thief?' he asked. 'I know what you would do.'

'Then you are clever, after all,' she exclaimed.

'I suppose we ought to find this executor, oughtn't we?'

'Yes,' he answered; 'I know the man. He's downstairs on the first floor. In any case, the piano would be yours. You'd like to have it at once, wouldn't you?'

'Yes, I think I would, if you're going to let me keep it. They said I might have one in my room where I am staying.'

'I'll see about that at once,' he declared. 'You shall have it to-morrow.'

IV.

In spite of Mr Saxton's scruples, the piano and stool were duly sent off to Montague Place the next day, and then a search was made to find out what property the old barrister had left. A schedule of investments, chiefly gold bonds, was discovered; but of the bonds themselves not a trace. There was a small current account at the Union Bank, but nothing was known of the securities.

'It looks as if the will doesn't much matter,' George Crookshank said to the girl. 'The cash at the bank will pay the funeral and law expenses, and the furniture may bring in anything from fifty to seventy pounds. I'm afraid that's about all you'll get.'

'You'll get, you mean,' she answered. 'You know it's yours, every penny of it.'

'I know whom he meant to have it, and I won't touch a penny of it; that's flat.'

'Neither will I, then; and that's flat too.'

They looked at each other and smiled—which showed that they were getting on. It was no wonder, for so many little points seemed to arise on which he had to consult her that they were always making appointments. She didn't like going to the Rabbit-Warren, and he didn't care about calling at the boarding-house, so they generally met on neutral ground—the British Museum, the National Gallery, or one of the Parks. There, after the point had been discussed, they usually had tea, and then walked toward Montague Place together.

'It will have to go to charity,' he declared.

'I dare say there's a Home for Decayed Barristers,' she said.

'Or a Musical Benevolent Fund. I shall be seeing Saxton on Monday,' he added as they said good-bye; 'if anything fresh crops up I'll drop you a line.'

Early on Monday morning, however, Charlie knocked at his door and announced, 'Miss Rivers.' He sprang up joyfully to meet her.

She was evidently excited, and when he held out his hand, instead of her own she gave him a long packet she was carrying. 'Look!' she exclaimed, 'what I found under the music in the music-stool!'

He opened the packet and found five gold bonds of American railways.

'The numbers on them in pencil indicate how many there are of each kind,' she explained. 'I didn't bring them all; they would have made such a big parcel.'

He made a rapid calculation.

'They must be worth at least eight thousand pounds,' he said; 'possibly a good deal more. I'm so glad they were in your music-stool!'

'Oh, that's an accident!' she answered. 'They belong to you, of course.'

'This time,' he remarked, 'there *can* be no doubt. He gave you the piano and the stool, and the stool evidently was his cash-box.'

'He would have taken them out if he had lived; there can be no doubt as to that,' she declared.

'I don't for a moment think he would. He was going to leave you everything by his new will.'

'That's only guess-work, and I feel quite sure it's wrong. I think he might have been going to leave me something—a hundred pounds perhaps.'

'That's funny,' he said. 'I was just thinking that he might have meant to leave me something like that. Suppose we each take a hundred and then settle about the rest.'

'It seems too much for the Decayed Barristers,' she remarked.

'Such a lump would only embarrass the Musical Benevolent, I'm afraid,' he sighed.

There was a pause.

'It seems to have had that effect on us already.'

Her voice was quite low, and he shot a quick, eager glance at her face, which was half turned away.

When he spoke again, it was with a curious little note of hesitancy.

'Suppose we make ourselves joint-trustees of the money?'

'Trustees?'

'Joint-trustees.' He laid a strong emphasis on the first word. 'For life, you know.'

He caught her hand. Her cheek flushed scarlet, but she made no effort to withdraw her hand.

'Then we shall have to go to one of your old judges, sha'n't we?'

She tried hard to keep her voice up to the ordinary business level; but, like her face, it betrayed her.

In a moment he drew her to him, and slipped the other arm round her waist. 'No, my dear,' he cried; 'any parson can do the job.'

NIGHT.

THE sun is setting. 'Gainst the western sky

A row of pines their purple crests uplift;

And, as their wind-tossed branches change and shift

Athwart the splendours that behind them lie,

Flash evermore faint messages of light

To the gray East; where, far off, lies the sea

Crooning herself to slumber. Silently,

Dusk claims the valley; but upon the height

The dusky green of woodland still is seen;

And the dulled gold of whin. Then swiftly, lo!

The mists, that hover o'er the river, lean

To meet the waiting night; and all is dark.

Yet faint within my heart, methinks, even now,

I hear, at Dawn, the carol of the lark.

MARY C. CHRISTIE.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

SAVE THE SCRAPS!

By KATHARINE BURRILL.

IT is perhaps somewhat superfluous to remark that the nation is at war; though you do occasionally meet self-centred, unimaginative folk so immersed in their own petty concerns that the great things of life pass them by, and they do not 'heed the rumble of the distant drum.' As it happens, the drum is by no means so very distant, and with every rataplan comes a little nearer, bringing home to us a number of things that we never thought of before. If we have all been just a little too comfortable, the awakening is all the more rousing; and surely there is no doubt about our *now* being thoroughly awake, with every man (and woman) 'doing his bit.'

As a mosaic, with its gorgeous colours, beauty of design, and accurately fitting pieces, contains 'bits' of all shapes and sizes, so each man's achievement varies with his capabilities and opportunities; in the great mosaic of life none of the small pieces are to be despised.

A cookery-book may not seem a very epoch-making achievement, if our minds are fixed on Dreadnoughts and Zeppelins, and we are 'thinking in continents;' but a wise and sensible cookery-book, that will teach us food values and how to make the best use of our resources in war-time, is a valuable addition to the house-keeper's library.

The poet sings for us, and we are properly grateful for his inspiring song; the cook prepares our food, and it is no disparagement of poetry to say that if we are truly hungry a greater meed of praise and gratitude will go to a good cook! The novelist opens up for us new worlds; with him we range the forests of romance, or enjoy ourselves hugely at suburban garden-parties; he makes us laugh, he makes us cry, he makes us see with new eyes, and he makes us *think*. It would be impossible to estimate what we owe to the writers of novels. When the novelist condescends to cookery we feel we owe him a great deal. We do not know how Mr Ernest Oldmeadow, in his *Home Cookery in War-Time* (Grant Richards), has managed to gain such a wonderful knowledge of cooking, and yet write his charming and well-known novels. Like the accommodating piece of furniture that was 'a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,' he also 'contrives a double debt to pay;' so perhaps he writes novels during the 'wee sma'

hours' of the night, and concocts his delicious stews (out of cheap bits of meat like 'skirt' of beef) and delightful soups during the day. At any time his cookery-book would be a joy, it is so unlike the usual cookery volume, that bids you 'take' every sort of viand and condiment and pot and pan that you do not possess! To-day, when we are all Mrs John Gilpin's sisters in frugality, his book is a real help. As the days go on, and the butter jumps up and the sugar goes—like the swing—'a little bit higher,' we will welcome all he says about simple *hors-d'œuvres* that fill up the gaps, and rejoice that he sees no necessity to have sticky, jammy sweets, or expensive confections of gelatine and cream with confetti trimmings. Mr Oldmeadow's description of a *pot-au-feu* makes you hungry to read it. Why do we ever have dried-up or greasy roasts when we *could* have those satisfying compounds of meat and vegetables, all stewed together in a nice, attractive casserole? If the war only teaches us to cook by stewing and simmering, so as to waste nothing, and to use every atom of left-over vegetable, and to show a little intelligence over the composition of our meals, we shall have learnt *one* good lesson, anyway.

It rather cheers my Scottish heart to find a certain similarity between our barley broths and thick hotch-potches and the soups Mr Oldmeadow recommends to our notice. A great many people, whose sole ideas of soup comprise a very ornate 'party' soup and a nasty, fatty, watery liquid called 'brown' (and it never *is* brown, but generally a dusty, slate-pencilish gray!), will never believe till they study his cookery what perfect soups can be made, and out of so little. No one is to be commiserated as poorly fed who has a good basin of soup and a 'chunk' of bread. In fact, a great many of the dishes we eat we should be very much better without; if stern necessity sends us to a one-course meal, it had better be an Oldmeadowian soup and slices of whole-meal bread. And, by the way, I suppose, we have all realised already how the staff of life lends himself to waste; what a fatal tendency he has to develop into hard crusts; how he turns from an honest loaf into sneaky little bits and ends, and wishes to make us believe that his true

home is the ash-bin. Since the war I should think there is hardly a household in the British Isles that has not studied the bread question, and become sceptical over the doubtful economy of leaving slices of bread to go stale, so that, heavily dressed in butter and sugar and sultanas, they may become bread-and-butter puddings. When the B.-and-B. pudding requires two threepenny eggs to give it a Squeers-like 'richness,' far from being cheap, it is a very expensive comestible indeed. In nothing can there be made a wise saving more effectually than in bread. If the teeth of the family are reasonably sound every one should be made to eat his crusts; otherwise he deserves the meal of chaff ordered by 'Mr F.'s aunt' for Arthur Clennam, when she thrust her crusts upon him, and ejaculated, 'He has a proud stomach, this chap. Give him a meal of chaff, I tell you. Let him eat up every morsel. Drat him! give him a meal of chaff!'

'Mr F.'s aunt' was a stern and uncompromising lady (we all know she 'hated a fool'); but when she wanted crusts eaten instead of wasted, and 'every morsel' of the chaff banquet consumed, she was indirectly on the right tack. It is always maddening to see food picked over and turned about, and left; at the present time it is positively criminal to leave an untidy plate. I believe that mysterious person 'Major Manners' is responsible for our not finishing up our helpings of food; but surely 'the Major' was only intended to have the remains of gravy! Certainly in war-time 'the Major,' like many other people, must go on short commons. Having successfully economised in bread, we can make another saving in milk, for milk is very often a fruitful source of much waste. The tiniest drop of milk is so often an addition to various dishes that there is surely no need to let any of it turn sour and be thrown out; even *sour*, the milk can be used for certain scones and cakes. Mr Oldmeadow has no mercy on cooks or housewives who waste milk and bread; and I do not think he has much time for those who are too lazy or too ignorant to take a little trouble. He is also very severe over those who resent washing-

up. He says—and quite rightly—to cook successfully you must not be too sparing of clean cups and bowls and spoons (especially spoons!), and all these needful implements and vessels must be washed and dried; the wise cook washes, dries, and puts away as she goes along.

Mr Oldmeadow points out to us the many joyful possibilities of rice and the various forms of macaroni, and what may be made of sago and tapioca without resorting to the usual British milk-pudding—a pie-dish full of milk—a handful of some farinaceous compound thrown in, and the result a mere question of the oven's temper and the cook's memory.

If *Home Cookery in War-Time* is purchased as a help in a time when purses are lighter and food-stuffs dearer, the surprising result will be that, though less is spent, the meals are infinitely better and full of a pleasing variety. The saving on the bread-book (I trust that wicked fraud the bread-and-butter pudding will be unmasked!) will enable the housewife to lay out a little on *hors-d'œuvres*, to the infinite joy of the elderly and intelligent; less expenditure on indigestible and sugary puddings will allow far more money for fresh, wholesome fruit; a little careful planning will mean a better dietary all round.

Perhaps in the future we may look back to the war year as the year in which we all learned to save and be sensible, as the year when we were taught how to prepare the *pot-au-feu* to hold Henri the Fourth's Sunday fowl! When the eighteenth century toasts were going round, we remember it was not only 'the maiden of bashful fifteen' and 'the widow of fifty' who had glasses raised in their honour; there was also a toast 'to the housewife that's thrifty!' Could we have a much better 'cause for a glass' than a desire to 'drink to the lass' who is looking well to the ways of her household? Wise is the matron and wise the maid who, looking wistfully upwards to hail the palms of victory, yet tends the plants in the cabbage-patch, not forgetting that most useful little shrub, the pink-flowered thrift!

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XX.—THE PROWLER.

NEXT day came the affair of the red-haired man. Had it not been for his flaming shock of hair, that caught the eye at once, I doubt if I should ever have noticed him. Beyond his ludicrous thatch there was nothing to remark on his appearance, except its meanness. He was a short, squat, ill-favoured-looking underling, hovering about the 'White Horse' courtyard, apparently an obvious lounge. Once I had seen him grooming a horse (very leisurely, I thought), and had put him down

as a hanger-on—a seeker of odd jobs—at the inn.

Perhaps my lawyer friend's warning to keep a lookout for knaves made me notice him; but if I chanced to go to my window the man was sure to be about; and, as the day wore on, it seemed to me that he positively haunted the place.

I had a much-needed rest in the afternoon; and when I awoke towards evening, and looked out, there he was again, sitting on a stable trough, pipe in jaw, doing nothing, bone-idle;

a stale eye occasionally lifted to the inn windows. In a world that gives nothing for nothing, it is always an interesting speculation how a man can live without means and without working. I almost felt vaguely inquisitive about him.

I met him in the courtyard once or twice, when he stood aside to let me pass civilly enough, barely letting a shifty eye rest on me. Nothing was known of him at the inn beyond that he gave the name of Kay, that he was a Highlander, and that he occupied a room over the stables. What actively roused my curiosity, if not my suspicions, was my meeting him suddenly later in the day on the stair. He had come up so quietly that he nearly walked into me as I stood round the corner of the staircase. Plainly startled, he turned incontinently on his heel, with a mutter in his throat.

Now, if the creature was watching me there was something evil afoot, something lurking in shadows, afraid of the light. My thoughts put a thousand shapes to it, until my nerves were taut, for it is one matter to face the machinations of an enemy, but another to be obsessed by an unknown, unseen foe. I determined to make short work of the situation, keep my wits on the alert, and watch the watcher. I had little doubt Master Prowler (as I had christened him) would be loafing about. Sure enough, he was on the other side of the street when I went to the door! I had put on hat and coat as if I intended to go some distance, and walked smartly until I turned the corner. Once round, I ran at top speed down a wynd that led me by a crooked way to a side-door of the 'White Horse.' Dashing upstairs, I peered cautiously under a valance by a window that took in the breadth of the courtyard. Presently my man appeared, a wary eye raking the neighbourhood. He paced up and down, a puzzled frown settling on his face, and then sauntered out of sight in the direction of the back-door. Plainly he thought that he had missed me, and a quick thought came to me that my absence was perhaps what he sought. On the instant I went to my own room, locked the door, and, taking the key out, waited.

Night was on the threshold, a night of gusty wind and hurrying clouds, a night that promised to fall dark and starless. I lit no candle, and in about ten minutes a light and stealthy footstep sounded on the stair, stopping suddenly at the end of the passage. Very quietly I bent down, pistol in hand, and put my eye to the keyhole. It was my man; and, if I can read a human face, he was on the prowl. He held a candle in one hand, sheltering it from the draught with the other, and stood listening intently. Apparently he satisfied himself, for he tiptoed to my door, so near that I could see the buttons of his coat and hear his guarded breathing. He knocked very gently, waited for a minute, and knocked again lightly. His hand clasped the handle of the door, and began to turn it cautiously. I

had him wholly at an advantage so far as light went, for his candle picked him clearly out to me, and my room was in darkness. He knelt down. Holding my breath, the key in my hand, I waited until I thought his eye had found the keyhole. Then, filling my lungs, I suddenly bawled through the keyhole, '*Bungler!*' slipped the key into the lock, and flung the door wide open. It was done in a twinkling. He had not even time to rise, but stared up at me with a smothered yell of terror, the candle shaking in his hand. I got between him and the passage.

'Inside!' I pointed to the room. He obeyed like a dog, and I locked the door behind us.

'If you raise a hand I give you my word I shall wing you,' I said. I had covered him, and there he stood, his throat gulping, his face the colour of paper, beads of sweat on his face, his eyes travelling from mine to the pistol. 'You understand?'

He gave an inarticulate gasp, and nodded.

'Now, my friend, how came you here? Who sent you to watch me, and what do you want?'

He had difficulty in speaking, but contrived to tell me, in a marked Highland accent, that he was a poor man, that there was no harm in him towards me; but I cut him short, asking him his name.

'Duncan Kay,' he said, 'and it iss out of Speyside I am.'

'I think you are a liar; but go on. What do you want?'

'I wass seekin' Mr Layton from England. It iss a message that I have for him.'

'You have been watching me. Why?'

'I could not pe sure that it wass yourself, sir, and I did not wish to break speech with you in the street. There iss other folk might pe watchin' too. I carry a letter.'

He fumbled in his coat, and produced a sealed letter. 'It iss from my mistress.'

At these wholly unexpected words I laid down the pistol (to his manifest relief), and looked him squarely in the eye. He looked back stolidly at me, but a sudden suspicion leaped in me. I threw as much indifference into my voice as I could muster, and, taking the billet from him, said, 'Ah! When did she send you with this?'

'This forenoon, at The Garth.'

Here was a lie. I had difficulty in keeping myself from kicking him downstairs. He had been prowling round the 'White Horse' all day, and could not have been near The Garth. Masking my anger, I nodded carelessly with a 'So!' and broke the seal of the letter.

The handwriting was a woman's, small and clear, though hurried. It ran: 'I beg Mr Layton to keep away from this house of The Garth for the present. To set down more here would be unwise; but if he will send by word of mouth a reply by the messenger, saying whether he will still be at the "White Horse" in the Canongate in two days from now, Mr

L. (if he wishes to do me a service) will receive another letter from me by the same hand, and one that will redd up much, and may keep skaith from him and the writer. This is written in great haste. I beg the favour of an instant reply.—C. M.’

This was all, but it sent my thoughts off at racing speed, and keeping any excitement out of my voice, I asked him, ‘When did you first go to The Garth?’

‘It was yesterday only, sir,’ said he, and the whine in his voice did not lessen my instinct to go warily. ‘I came with some Speyside men to join the Prince, and carried letters to my mistress from the North.’

The rascal had told me one lie already. Whether this was another I could not tell. Liar or merely fool, I would watch him. Cunning should meet cunning. A man cannot always choose his weapons.

I sat me down and wrote a pretence of an answer. As the man’s intelligence seemed limited—in case I had made a mistake and the letter was a genuine one—I did not care to trust him with a verbal message. The gist of my reply was that Mistress Charlotte Macdonell’s wish was a command, and that I would remain in Edinburgh at her service. The note was not to my mind; but I dared not say more, and, after much revision and recasting of it, I sealed it and gave it to Master Prowler.

‘Hand your mistress this reply immediately,’ I said. I counselled him to take a good look at me, so that the next time he had a message to deliver he need not be under the necessity of tracking me through the streets or peering through keyholes; and, giving him a sixpence, I bade him be gone.

I listened to his step on the stair, and then, clapping on my hat, I slipped quietly out by the side-door into the street, and from a dark corner watched for his appearance. He came out by the front-door, without looking behind him, walking so swiftly that I was hard put to to keep him in sight.

It was now dark. There were crowds of people afoot, and many revellers. Huzzas from the Jacobites, drunken snatches of songs, and a great clatter of voices came from the change-houses. The streets were full of people, many of them reeling, for the Jacobites had been celebrating their victory, and discipline was worse than loose.

I mingled with the crowd, but never lost sight of my quarry. Presently he slackened his pace and turned down a side-street, and there, opposite a high ‘land,’ he came to a stand. I heard a low whistle; on its heels an answering one, and a tall figure of a man, well muffled up, joined him. I crept as near as I could, to about twenty paces from them, well in the shadow of the houses opposite. The red-haired one handed the taller man something, and the two heads were

soon close together. I could hear their hoarse whispers, but could catch no word except one; but it set a seal on my suspicions, for the word was ‘Garth.’ They crossed the wynd where a window threw a yellow patch on the darkness, and bent their heads over something. A faint little chuckle reached me. I had an odd sensation of having heard it before, and was wondering where, when the tall man, tossing a hand up, sent a flutter of scraps of paper into the air. The little white arc capered in the window’s light for an instant, and broke into a shower at their feet. The tall man looked up and down the wynd, and with a curt nod as of command, he turned away and went swiftly down the slope. The other waited until his companion went out of sight, and then came across the street towards me.

To remain standing, or to leave where I was, meant my being seen by him. In a second I slipped to the ground and lay huddled, to all appearance one of the town’s revellers sleeping off his potations.

The knave came past me, close enough to kick me had he cared to, but went on his way without as much as a hint of hesitation in his step.

I lay still until the footsteps had died away, and then slowly got up and lurched down the wynd, to all appearance as fuddled as any drouth in the city. The yellow patch of light marked the spot where the two men had stood, and scattered on the ground were about a dozen little scraps of paper. I had them in my pocket in a trice, made my way up the slope, joined the crowd on the street, and made straight for the ‘White Horse.’ There I locked myself in my room, lit a candle, and held the scraps of paper towards it. The writing on them was my own! They were the pieces of the letter to Mistress Charlotte that I had written not half-an-hour before! I sat staring at them, blackness and anger on my spirit. Here was treachery revealed; but, amidst my fury at the discovery, a thought froze me, a thought that for the moment struck all others dead. I took out her letter and read it again. Had she—could she have sent it, phrasing it deliberately to lure me into danger? Perhaps those in league with her were at this moment ripening their scheme, laughing, no doubt, at the poor fool Edmund Layton. The affair wrought an actual physical weakness in me. I came nearer self-pity than I have ever been. Things had come to a parlous pass when a Layton sat, head in hand, with a swelling heart, staring at a girl’s letter. And yet—and yet—there was honour and tenderness in her heart, or, I told myself, these virtues were not in this world. Why had the man Duncan Kay gone straight to a secret meeting, and given my letter to the other man? Why had I been shadowed? Question after question chased each other, until my wits were fairly at a standstill. Was I beaten? I could see no farther into the

shadows. True, there was one way out of it: the advice given by my lawyer and by Walter Irving, 'Saddle for Westmorland.' But I was a long way past considering that way out of the affair, or indeed any way except one. Westmorland would never see me until I had gone to the root of affairs.

The mystery of it all, the thought of the paltry attempt to fool me, maddened me. Had I been an older man, or one with a cooler head, I suppose I would have slept over my decision, and this tale would not have been written; but I was past hesitation. The letter I

had received asked—nay, begged—me to remain where I was. On the spot, I determined to take the diametrically opposite course—namely, to go back there and then, and find out for myself, if I could, what business was afoot at The Garth.

I wrote a letter to Mr Peter Scott. I did not tell him of my design, but merely said that I was going out of Edinburgh, and enclosed a letter to be opened by him if I did not call for him by Wednesday morning.

Much might happen in three days.

(Continued on page 306).

WAR BENEATH THE WAVES.

SUBMARINE MINES.

By W. O. HORSNAILL, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E.

FLOATING mines in the form of barrels filled with gunpowder were used in the Crimean war and in the American Civil War, but with little effect, owing to the ease with which objects on the surface could be seen and avoided, and the uncertain action of the firing devices then available. The genuine submarine mine was first used by the Germans to protect their coasts and harbours during the Franco-Prussian war, and mines have served a similar purpose in every war since that time; but it was not until the struggle between Russia and Japan that 'contact' mines were sown broadcast on the open sea.

There are two kinds of submarine mines—namely, the 'observation' mine, which is fired by an observer on shore, and used mainly for the defence of harbours; and the 'contact' mine, which is self-contained, and explodes when bumped into by a ship.

Both sorts of mines consist of a steel watertight case containing a charge of gun-cotton or some other explosive, the devices for exploding it, and a block of iron or concrete, known as a sinker, to which the mine is moored by a wire rope. Mines are mostly spherical in shape, with a diameter of three to four feet; and they are provided with watertight lids, fixed on with screws, for giving access to the inside.

Observation mines are laid down in the entrance-channels to harbours, and they are connected by electric cables to a station on shore, where the officer on watch can explode any mine by pressing a button. This officer has a map or chart of the harbour in front of him, on which are marked the positions of the mines by distinguishing numbers. If the channel is a narrow one, single mines in the middle at intervals are sufficient to afford protection; but in a wide channel the mines must be laid in rows across it, otherwise a hostile vessel might creep through at one side without being seriously damaged by a mine in the middle. The mines in each row for wide channels are exploded together, owing to the

difficulty of finding out the exact position of an approaching vessel. The rows of mines in such a case are laid in line with the observation station, where instruments are fixed to indicate their position. It is, therefore, quite easy to tell when a vessel is over a row of mines, but it is much more difficult to ascertain her position along the row; hence the plan of exploding the entire row at once.

This type of observation mine lies at the bottom of the channel, or is moored to a sinker at a sufficient depth to clear all friendly ships passing through. The electric cable connecting the mines to the shore is similar to that used for submarine telegraphy, which consists of a copper wire core surrounded by gutta-percha and sheathed with steel wire, the latter forming a protection from damage, while at the same time giving great strength. This cable is used for mooring the mines to their sinkers in place of the wire rope needed for contact mines, which have no electrical connection with the shore.

The chances of getting a hostile vessel exactly over an observation mine are remote, and she may even be half-way between two mines. This feature, together with the depth of water, demands a heavy charge of explosive if serious damage is to result, and observation mines carry anything between five and fifteen hundredweight of gun-cotton.

The advantage of observation mines is that they do not obstruct friendly traffic; but this form of mine offers no protection during fogs, when vessels attempting to navigate the mined channel cannot be seen. To overcome this drawback, small spheres containing the electrical contacts are moored to the observation mines, and float above them near the surface, where they may be struck by passing vessels, a blow from a ship completing the electric circuit from the shore and exploding the mine. This arrangement is known as the 'circuit closer' system, and is really a combination of the contact mine with

the observation mine; but it will be noted that electricity is still supplied from the shore; hence such mines can be rendered harmless by switching off the current, and they can also be exploded from the observation station independently of the contact devices. No obstruction to traffic is caused by this system, as the electric supply is turned off for friendly ships, and the contact spheres are not large enough to be damaged by vessels bumping into them. The circuit closers simply act without any effect on the mines, and reset themselves. In a fog the electric current is left on, so that any vessel running into the circuit closers will be blown up although she may not be seen from the shore.

Sometimes a wide estuary is sown with observation contact mines of this type along each side, leaving a narrow channel in the middle protected by ordinary observation mines.

The ordinary contact mine suitable for sowing on the open sea is exploded by electricity when struck by a passing ship; but instead of having electric current laid on from the shore, a supply is obtained from a battery in the mine itself. Contact mines are, therefore, quite out of control once they are laid; and if they are sown in waters used by the ships of all nations, friend and foe are alike blown up.

Naturally, *floating* mines would be practically useless, as they could be easily seen and avoided, searchlights being operated to show them at night. Contact mines are, therefore, weighted to float at a depth of nine to ten feet below the surface, where they will be hit by any warship larger than a destroyer.

The acid for the batteries inside the mines is carried in separate chambers, and only allowed to flow into the cells just as the mines are being laid; consequently no electric current is available for exploding the gun-cotton until the mines are in the water. The actual contact which completes the electric circuit and explodes the charge is generally made by a pendulum when the mine receives a violent blow.

As contact mines are touching the ship when they blow up, very much smaller charges of explosive are effective than is the case with observation mines, and these charges generally vary between seventy-five pounds and two hundredweight. The size of the German mines which have drifted ashore, however, appears to

indicate that their practice is to use a much greater weight of explosive.

Mines are laid by vessels specially built for this purpose, or by old cruisers which have been fitted with racks and laying-gear. A mine-layer carries from three to four hundred mines on rails or racks along the sides, these racks being curved downward at the stern, where the mines are slid over into the water.

The sinkers are ready under the mines with mooring-ropes of the right length to suit the depth of water. By these means a large number of mines can be quickly laid over a wide area.

Such contact mines as have not exploded during a war must be taken up after hostilities are over, or they will form a continual source of danger to shipping; also, where mines have been sown on the high sea, the nation against whom they are aimed naturally wishes to remove them with the least possible delay. The operation of taking up mines is known as 'mine-sweeping,' and it is carried out by vessels in pairs with a wire rope between the two, which is dragged along the bottom. The mine-sweeping ships are from two to three hundred yards apart, and to keep the wire rope down iron sinkers are hung on at each vessel and lowered down the rope by a separate cable, thus keeping it on the bottom at each end. As the mine-moorings are caught some of the mines knock against each other and so explode, but usually they have to be hauled to the surface by shortening and tightening the wire rope after the sinkers have been pulled up. Once on the surface, the mines are shot at and exploded by light guns.

Fishing-trawlers of about one hundred and fifty tons are used for this work, which is decidedly risky. The bottoms of these craft when light—that is, without a load of fish—only go down about six or seven feet into the water, so they easily pass over the mines without touching them.

The gun-cotton used for mines and torpedoes is in the form of compressed slabs, which are so hard that they can be planed, sawn, or drilled like pieces of wood. A charge is built up of a large number of these slabs, which contain a considerable percentage of water to render them safe for handling. The firing is started by an electric spark which explodes a detonator of fulminate of mercury in connection with a primer of gun-cotton, which sends off the main charge.

A BAYARD OF THE BUSH.

CHAPTER II.

SHE saw a long, low board-house with a corrugated iron roof, surrounded by a wide veranda, the whole raised on short piles. Out-houses of rough unbarked logs, and great galvanised iron tanks, ribbed and steely, loomed in the background.

A certain order was lent to the irregular group of buildings, cast immediately in the surrounding desert of dry grass, by the marshalled lines stretching to right and left of the plantation.

The blossom of the almond, just shed, whitened the ground about them like lightly fallen snow.

A regiment of lemon-trees stood yellow against the clear blue of the sky. A yet larger plantation of apricots filled the background; between them and the almonds were some acres of dwarf vines, just now pruned to mere stumps. A rough circular pond, which the man Al had referred to as a tank, lay in the foreground.

It had been a selection taken up in the old days, when, for a shilling an acre and the additional necessity to improve the land up to another shilling the acre, man began the work of cultivating Australia. After twenty years the land became the selector's property. For the first six years it could not be leased; the selector must either live on it or within five miles of it. It had long passed beyond those early limitations when Mortimer Chesney bought it.

'Home!'

She tried to feel stirred. Lately she had sometimes said the word to herself, trying shyly to focus its meaning, just as she had even more shyly said the word husband. Now, without any definite sense of thrilled emotion, she faced the one, and was about to be projected into the presence of the other.

She was conscious only of feeling rather sick. A shout from the man Al of 'Jamieson!' produced a servitor in a flannel shirt, braced trousers, and a flop-hat, who slouched up negligently and took possession of the horses and buggy.

'Now, Mrs Chesney, you come right along!' said Al.

She followed his easy, lissome figure on to the veranda, and along it towards a half-open door. She paused helplessly on the threshold. Momentarily a silly desire to keep the man Al between her and Mortimer Chesney during the pending interview assailed her.

'Go right in,' he said encouragingly.—'Here you are, boss!' he called. 'Here's the missus!'

Stumbling awkwardly over an unsuspected step, she became aware of a bare room, with board walls which seemed to be closing in upon her.

A rough dog came slowly forward, bristling and growling.

On a plain narrow iron bed lay the long outline of Mortimer Chesney. His tired voice met her hesitation, 'Will you come round to this side? I cannot turn.'

Chilled and remote, her brain took in with unnatural clearness the details of the moment, but it refused to guide her action. What ought she to do? Bend down and touch that pallid, unshaven face? Her lips had never yet met his. She couldn't. It was impossible.

He had, for coolness, pushed back the coverings, and her glance fell abashed before the bare lines of his strong throat.

'I—I'm so sorry,' she faltered, standing well away from the bed, her eyes unconsciously dilated and fearful. He seemed to her at that moment a complete stranger. 'You have been hurt?' she added weakly.

He held out his hand.

The room was insufferably hot. A drone of buzzing flies blundering about the window and bumping their bodies against the ceiling sounded a dreary monotone. A battered palm-leaf fan lay on the quilt, and a glass of some dull-gray fluid—barley-water she learnt later—stood on a chest beside the bed.

She laid her gloved hand lightly in his for a moment, an evanescent touch which slipped from the grasp with which he essayed to detain it.

'Yes,' he assented, 'I have been hurt.'

His eyes, above the stubble of many days' growth, looked her quietly over. She felt that his appraising glance took in the quality of her appearance, and found in its fineness something disappointing, alien, and forbidding. Removed from the setting the Ingrams had created about her, she realised that he was seeing her afresh, and perhaps putting to himself the question which throbbed in her own ears: 'Why did I do it?'

After a little further talk between them, a civil, meaningless exchange of nothings, he dismissed her with a certain gravity, as if there had fallen upon him some devastating certitude confirming a doubt which, however forlorn it left his hopes, must be met with the manners of their kind.

In a bewilderment of pain, Jan passed from his room on to the veranda.

A coarse-looking girl, in a bright-blue blouse, her hair piled in numerous cylindrical rolls, handling curiously a coat Jan had left in the buggy, nodded affably. 'How do you do, Mrs Chesney?' she said familiarly.

Jan passed her without a glance, pressing blindly towards the man Al lounging against a veranda-post.

'What must I do?' she asked, her white face appealing unconsciously for guidance in some deeper necessity than the mere desire to be shown her room.

'You come along, Mrs Chesney,' he said cheerily; adding authoritatively to the girl in the blue blouse, 'Now then, Irene Smithson, you go and start that supper as quick as you can streak.—Real sensible of you not to stay long, first go off, with Mort,' he went on, leading Jan in the direction of her room. 'If you haven't had much truck with sick men, Mrs Chesney, you're going to get a new view of Mort quick and lively. Doc Robertson was out from the township yesterday, and says he's getting on real smart. He'll be up and about before you can say knife. Kind of unfortunate its happening so just at this time.'

He stood aside to let her pass into a bedroom which showed primitive efforts at decorative arrangement, revealed in a buoyant dressing-table draped with pink-glazed calico and spotted muslin, and stiff lace curtains at the window tied about the middle with bright-pink bows. Running the whole length of one of the plain

board walls was a beautiful wardrobe of Australian gidea-wood.

'Like it?' asked Al, standing interestedly on the threshold, with a hand on either jamb of the doorway. 'It's taken a bit of doing. Tying those pink bows was the worst job I ever struck, and getting that contraption of a wardrobe from Wangabool and setting it up took the best part of a week. The boss chose it in Melbourne. There ought to have been the whole caboodle—dressing-table, washstand, and so on, to match; but that's like Mort. He doesn't take in more than one thing at a time; though he's a dead nailer on its being the right thing of its kind as far as it goes. Now you want to get off your hat and give your hair a bit of a fluff up before supper. It will be along in a brace of shakes. I'll jog the Smithson girl to get a move on.'

Miss Irene Smithson, standing over a wood fire in an iron stove gray for want of blacklead, met Al's adjuration to 'get a move on' by a thoughtful continuance of her occupation of frying chops, which spat and frizzled beneath her ministrations, emitting a powerful odour of burning tallow.

'I reckon that's style!' she said, jerking her head in indication of Jan's room. 'She ain't like any woman I ever set eyes on, though I've seen a many prettier; and that high-handed way, not so much as a word flung to a dog! English, I should suppose. Hasn't taken my fancy, I must say!' Miss Smithson delicately touched the rolls surmounting her eyebrows. 'She don't do her hair much. But that coat! for all it's so rough seeming, it's lined sheer solid silk through and through.'

'Just bale that pan a bit off the fire, my girl!' said Al, with irritation. 'You're given to serving cinders instead of chops.'

He went on to the little room at the back which was his. 'There's too much sheer solid silk about this set-out,' he observed to himself. 'Mort's gone and made one of his blind, bad blunders, that's sure. Reckon he's struck a snag round this bend of his flowing river. One of the broody, sensitive sort she is, skeered to death of me, and the old buggy, and the scrub, and the whole look of things, including the boss. No wonder Mort's been about as lively as his own funeral since he came back from the Old Country.'

That first roughly served meal remained for ever in Jan's memory. Through the poignancy of deeper feeling, she felt a shiver of distaste for its material discomfort. There were many incongruities in the appointments of the table and the furnishing of the room. Enamelled tin dishes and thick china cups were dominated by massive silver candlesticks, majestic as anchored battleships in the wide expanse of tablecloth; and the bareness of the room which enclosed them in board planking was broken by rows of well-bound books, amongst them old editions in tooled leather.

It was a relief when Al took her out to the coolness of the wide veranda, and placed her in a long canvas chair with broad, flat wooden arms.

'A squatter's chair,' he told her. 'Made so that a tired man can hang his legs across one of the bars, and keep a long drink handy on the other. You just sit there and rest while I fix up the boss.'

'Can I do anything?' she asked nervously, facing the despairing dread she felt of a second meeting with her husband.

The man's blue eyes met hers with candid surprise. 'Well! I should say!' he ejaculated. 'But I'll waltz in first.'

He left her looking out on the level line of lonely paddock fronting the homestead. A post-and-rail fence enclosed a certain space outlining the suggestion of an embryonic garden, indicated by a couple of roughly dug beds. Beyond, the plain of rank yellowed grass rolled to a blue line in the distance which Al had spoken of as the Ranges.

Some graceful pepper-trees drooped beside the house, standing outlined against the delicious blue of the sky. Farther away a group of dark gums broke the monotony of grass and sky.

The eternal *cronk, cronk, cronk* of the bull-frog punctuated the stillness, its ceaseless monotone expressing the extremity of a vague sorrow. The dry rattle became to Jan a maddening, or soothing, accompaniment to the mood of the moment. To-night she heard in it the raucous call of harsh circumstance. This was the life to which her strange marriage had brought her!

Al returned, padding softly over the bare boards in old tennis-shoes. He began speaking before he reached her, his tone both explanatory and apologetic. 'Mort is a bit played out, Mrs Chesney. He's been in a fair fever all day. I guess you'd better go along to your bye-bye, and start in bright and early in the morning.'

Jan rose unsteadily. It was one thing to dread seeing him herself, but that he also desired not to meet her again unnecessarily drove the blood to her face. Before her sudden flame of colour Al's eyes perplexedly sought the points of his dilapidated shoes.

'Good-night!' she said hastily. He was still staring at his shoes when she came swiftly back upon him, holding out a wicker flask of eau de Cologne and some handkerchiefs. 'Perhaps, if you put some of this in a basin of water, and soaked the handkerchiefs in it, it might be cooling, if he's feverish.'

She thrust the futile things upon him. He looked long at them helplessly.

'Poor little coon!' he murmured softly. 'Hope to glory she's got some grit in her; if not, the Lord have mercy on us all!'

Al returned to Mortimer Chesney, bearing Jan's contribution tenderly. 'Your wife's sent these along,' he said, with a touch of restrained reproach. 'Smells good right through the cork;

and these hankies as fine as a bush cobweb, real high-toned. Monogram and all. I'll put them here handy.'

He dropped them on the lumpy pillow. Chesney did not so much as open his eyes.

Al, propping his back against the open door, thoughtfully filled his pipe. 'Women,' he said, smoking meditatively. 'They'd take nine weeks' growth off a man if one started in to try and understand them. So stand off! Look-at-me-if-you-dare! And yet, think I'd hand myself over to any man same as they do, as trusting as a kangaroo pup? No, sir! There's the new missus. One of the white-lily sort—you can see it sticking out a mile; don't imagine she really knows a man when she sees him. How do you suppose the first sight of a ten-days' growth on the chin and a neck without a collar strikes her? She's bound to have had a fair old start.'

Chesney's voice cut abruptly through the darkening room. 'It's hardly an *Æschylean* tragedy!'

'Oh, come off that, Mort!' returned Al impatiently. 'What's given you the hump like this, anyway? It's no time to be thinking of yourself. You've gone in for responsibility, and all that; there's no sort of use slinging chunks of your rotten writing-chaps about. You're up against it, and have got to take right down hold with bare hands. I never thought you had any understanding with women. You've no way with them, certain.'

The indignation of his appeal met the heavy silence of the room.

'I ain't one much for poetry, and fine feelin', and such truck. You supply this camp with all that's needful in that way. But I can see the king-bolt's got jolted someways out of this wedding-shay, and you'd best pull up and shove it in quick and lively.' He shifted his position and dropped metaphor. 'You've gone bald-headed, in your usual style, Mort, for the tip-top best without considering; like that blessed gidea wardrobe we had to lift the roof off almost to get in. There's going to be some lifting of roofs about this too.' His voice softened and dropped to a lower note. 'She's all off her tracks—regular bushed! Tragedy!' he added after a long silence. 'Seems to me there's tragedy enough with a woman around as miserable as a bandicoot!'

Still the silence within the room remained unbroken.

'There's ways,' Al went on presently, 'we men can get upsides even with women; but don't start in thinking you're going to understand her, for there you'll slip up. Get her to understand you. That's your only chance. The track of a 'guana in the grass ain't more hid than the heart of a woman. And don't you reckon to get at that by being dignified, and controlled, and every sort of an unnatural cuss. She'd a deal rather see you perform. I always reckoned you was meant for a dumb-mute; but that won't count against you, not with a woman, if you'll act so as she can savvy you're otherwise a live man.'

There came a growl through the room. 'Dry up, or quit!'

Al stepped lightly on to the veranda with a laugh. 'Well, done for your fleece mate!' he said with the sardonic venom of the celibate.

'What's the matter with this marriage?' he asked himself, arranging a shake-down on the veranda, within hail if Mort wanted anything during the night.

'Whom God hath joined together! Pretty poor job in joinery, anyway. I'd lay any odds Mort's messed things, trying to jam human nature between the covers of some high-toned book. Those writer-chaps make me tired. Not one in the herd knows life, or, if he does, he shies off from putting it on paper. I reckon it can't be done by any human mortal. Life, wrote out in long words and black ink! when the ways of men lie between a shiver and a shake every time.'

He stretched himself contentedly on his hard bed.

A light gust of wind flung into his nostrils the dew-wet scents of night, mingled with the impalpable fragrance of almond-blossom and the pungent, acrid smell of eucalyptus. He drew it in with a deep breath.

'Who's going to sling that, and the feelings it gives a man, on to paper?' he thought drowsily. 'Or Mort's wife?' he added dreamily. His eyes closed.

Through the solemn stillness of the moonlit solitude the *cronk, cronk, cronk* of the frogs went on, with its burden of nameless sorrow.

(Continued on page 311.)

DUELLING IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

By RICHARD THIRSK.

WHEN a German officer loses his 'honour,' he must perforce redeem it in a duel; otherwise he is ostracised and cast out of the army as a coward.

According to the code of rules laid down for the guidance of duellists, an 'affair of honour'

is strictly limited to a quarrel between 'gentlemen,' the word invariably emphasised by italics or inverted commas. In common practice this quarrel is generally over women, wine, or what usually accompanies these—gambling.

The German army, jealous of its reputation,

sternly forbids its representatives to bring before a civil court differences of opinion or grievances arising from one or other of these causes; they have to be submitted to the test of the sword or the pistol, and the innocent has often to risk his life in giving the 'gentleman' an opportunity to recover his lost 'honour.' It is notorious that the majority of men killed in duels have been the victims of those who have in the first instance done them an injury.

One of the few exceptions to this rule was a major of Uhlans, stationed at Strassburg, who came scathless out of seven duels, in which he killed two of his opponents, permanently incapacitated three, causing them to leave the service, and slightly wounded the remaining two. This major, a man of unimpeachable character, as the writer can vouch, had the misfortune to be married to a neurotic woman who thought as little of his honour as she thought of her marriage vows. Hence the seven duels, fought in the course of sixteen years, with brother-officers whose relations with the *Frau* major had at varying periods become open scandals. For the sake of their only child, the major refrained from having recourse to the divorce court; but when the daughter, coming under the influence of the mother, turned against the injured father, he ended his earthly troubles by a bullet.

It must not, however, be inferred that because duelling is an everyday occurrence in the German army it is entered upon in the light-hearted fashion of German students, who, in their *Mensur*, or students' duels, think as little of hacking at each other as they do of playing tennis with a friend. Such *Kinderspiel* (child's-play) is not permitted in the army. A duel is a serious business, fraught with far-reaching consequences; and, as the conditions necessitating a duel may arise out of the most trivial incidents, it behoves men in uniform to be constantly on their guard, particularly when they show themselves in public places.

Here is an instance of how a young lieutenant's career was ruined through no fault of his own. He was boarding a Berlin tramcar, when a workman, in the act of alighting, jostled him. The Berliner, by the way, is not particularly noted for politeness. Words led to threats; whereupon the workman behaved in a most un-German fashion—he boxed the lieutenant's ears. By this time a policeman had arrived on the scene, and promptly took the workman to the police-station. A court case followed, giving publicity to the affair, which thus came to the knowledge of the lieutenant's superiors. They told him that since his honour, and likewise the honour of the army, had been sullied, a duel must be fought with the offender. But, as the workman was not a 'gentleman,' and therefore incapable of giving 'satisfaction,' a duel with him was an impossibility. In the end, after a vain appeal had been made to the Kaiser to quash

the case, the lieutenant was obliged to resign his commission. Having pronounced its decree, the *Eherenrat*—an unusually honourable institution for Germany—could not go back upon its word, could not even tear up the 'scrap of paper.'

The *Eherenrat*, or council of honour, is a duelling court to be found at all military centres, and is composed entirely of officers, who meet in secret conclave. Its functions, apart from the fact that it draws up the code of rules respecting duelling, savours somewhat of the comical. After condemning a man to fight a duel, and even deciding by what means he is to try to kill his opponent—whether by sword or pistol—the same *Eherenrat* sits in judgment on the victor for the harm he has done to the unfortunate 'gentleman.'

The Kaiser is *ex officio* the supreme head of these councils of honour, and takes a very practical interest in the reports of the deliberations submitted to him. While his exalted position in the State places His Majesty above duelling or the possibility of being challenged, just as his titles place him above the law, he nevertheless professes to be a passive duellist in the sense that he encourages the practice on moral grounds, as he phrases it. Besides making his officers punctiliously careful in their conduct, and enforcing them to act on all occasions like 'gentlemen,' in the Kaiser's own words, 'it [duelling] is an ever-watchful eye always upon them [the officers], guarding their personal honour and also the honour of the German army. It likewise makes my officers courageous, accustoming them to the thought of facing death, which is the true aim and object of their vocation.'

Soon after giving expression to these extreme views, the Kaiser was virtually made a laughing-stock by the anti-duelling party, which is composed mostly of those who have been bereft of near and dear ones as a result of duelling. A pamphlet published by this party pilloried the *Eherenrat* as a crude survival of barbarism. The writer, who had the temerity to sign the pamphlet, had lost a son in an 'affair of honour.' He had at one time been an officer of the reserve, and the president of the *Eherenrat*, representing the regiment to which he had formerly belonged, sent him a challenge. By way of baiting the *Eherenrat*, the pamphleteer raised various legal objections; whereupon he was threatened with degradation and ignominious dismissal from the army. A lengthy correspondence ensued, which was ultimately made public; and, after a final appeal had been made to the Kaiser to intervene, the writer of the offending pamphlet professed his willingness to accept the challenge.

It should be explained that, in its haste to defend its honour, the *Eherenrat* had failed to make any investigation as to the writer's identity. Imagine, therefore, the brave president's surprise when he, a swaggering captain

of hussars, was confronted by a feeble old man upwards of eighty years of age! Needless to say, that duel was never fought. Nevertheless, the *Eherenrat* found it necessary to vindicate its honour by making a show of turning out of the regiment a man whose name had not been on the army list for more than twenty years.

Various learned professors are in the habit of expounding at great length the psychology of duelling. One explanation of the extraordinary vogue may be the comparatively small value placed upon human life in Germany. Another, and more potent, explanation is to be found in the mawkish sentimentality of the nation, which has induced it to establish such extraordinary standards of honour that men, and even school children, do not hesitate to destroy themselves if they feel that they have been thwarted or ill-used.

This curious trait of character in the German was emphasised in a duelling tragedy that created unusual interest in military circles some time ago; but public interest was not excited, for the simple reason that the affair was never satisfactorily explained. The hero—if there be an element of the heroic in duelling—was a Captain von Stein, stationed at the fortress of Wesel, near the Dutch frontier. A son of the pastor, Lieutenant Shramm, belonging to the same regiment, had wooed and won a local beauty, whom he was on the eve of leading to the altar. In accordance with German custom, the wedding guests, mostly officers and their womenfolk, assembled at the house of the bride's parents in time to celebrate the *Polterabend*, as the evening preceding a marriage is called. There was the usual feasting and merrymaking that mark such an occasion; and, the hosts being people of means, the guests were encouraged to drink freely of the heady wines of the Rhine and of France.

When the party broke up in the early hours of the following morning, to return next day in time for the celebration of the nuptials, the younger men, deciding that sleep was not necessary for them, since they were well primed with wine, adjourned to the hotel Zum Schwarzen Adler, where they continued their carouse. Though the party was lively, it soon tired of drinking and singing, and approached perilously near to the yawning stage. By way of diversion, Captain von Stein and the bridegroom, naturally the most important member of the convivial party, wrestled for a throw. In one of the bouts the latter had the misfortune to rip open a seam in the captain's best tunic. This so annoyed Von Stein, a quick-tempered man, and drunk withal, that he straightway boxed Shramm's ear.

Up to this point the bored spectators had paid little or no heed to the wrestling, but the sounding smack on the ear was like a bomb dropped in their midst, silencing them. The bloodthirsty element, the honourable members

of the company, decided that such an 'ungentlemanly' act could have but one sequel—a duel. They formed themselves into a temporary *Eherenrat*, and, after maudlin deliberations, condemned Captain von Stein and Lieutenant Shramm to exchange shots at a distance of twenty paces until blood was drawn, decreeing that the duel was to take place at dawn, within an hour of the time of passing sentence.

In a German garrison town the regulation duelling pistols are always ready to hand. When these had been procured, a couple of motor-cars were commandeered to drive the duellists, accompanied by their seconds, to the Heide, a large moor outside Wesel, used as a terrain for military manoeuvres. Captain von Stein protested in vain that he had merely boxed the bridegroom's ear in fun, and that he did not wish to shoot a comrade on his wedding-morn. His seconds warned him that as the affair had already gone so far, they were there to see the business through, and that if he refused to fight he knew the penalty. A suggestion that the duel might be postponed until after the honeymoon likewise fell upon deaf ears.

Since there was no escape from the terrible consequences of his drunken act, the captain, somewhat sobered, magnanimously decided to shoot into the air. Thus resolved, he faced the bridegroom at a distance of twenty paces.

According to the decision of the *Eherenrat*, Shramm had to fire the first shot. Unfortunately his pistol missed fire, which counted to him as his round. The captain was then ordered to fire; and instead of shooting into the air he misjudged his aim, dropping his hand too low before pulling the trigger, and the bullet found its billet in the bridegroom's groin, causing him to stagger and collapse on the heath.

On ascertaining the seriousness of the wound, Shramm's seconds hurried him off in a car to the nearest military hospital. Doctors were hastily summoned, only to pronounce the bridegroom beyond their skill. He died without once recovering consciousness, within a few minutes of the time when, but for the duel, he should have met his bride at the altar.

In due course the captain was brought before a white-gloved court, which passed sentence of six months' detention in a fortress, a form of 'honourable punishment' meted out to 'gentlemen in misfortune,' and in no way to be confused with imprisonment. A duellist confined in a fortress suffers few privations, and at the end of his term returns to his former duties more of a hero than a criminal.

Captain von Stein, however, saw little of the heroic in what he had done, and when he rejoined his regiment his brother-officers were grieved to find him changed. He had become moody and morose, and, instead of being the life of the mess as formerly, he made no secret of his dislike for society.

At first this was condoned as the reaction on a sensitive nature prone to brood on the past, to magnify the misfortune of having killed a friend in a duel, for which, in the eyes of the law, he had already paid the full penalty. Therefore they did their best to humour him, confidently expecting that in the course of time he would forget his sorrow. After the lapse of a few months, instead of getting better, his nervous condition became so serious as to give rise to grave alarm, and he showed signs of developing suicidal tendencies.

Change of scene and various other 'cures' were tried without success. Ultimately the doctors struck upon the brilliant idea of matrimony; if his parents could induce him to marry, he would then have some object in life other than brooding over his troubles.

Accordingly it was arranged that the captain should marry a cousin for whom he had cherished an affectionate regard about the time of the duel. Though inclined to protest when the idea was first mooted to him, he ultimately yielded to the advice of his people; and, as the girl was full of sympathy for him in his affliction, the two were formally betrothed amid the usual rejoicings and drinking that mark this important event in Germany.

At the captain's express wish the wedding was fixed for an early date. His betrothed, so it was concluded, had begun to have such an influence over him that he showed signs of again becoming normal; and as the wedding-day approached, his relatives congratulated themselves on having at last discovered an effective cure. This wonder-working influence was even more pronounced at the *Potterabend*, when the captain was the life and soul of the party, replying in humorous vein to the long-winded

speeches, and charming the company with sentimental love ballads set to those melancholy melodies so dear to the heart of a German at moments when he feels gay. In fact, the captain was so elated that it was only with difficulty the bride, who on the morrow was to be his wife, could persuade him to leave her and return to the hotel where he had his quarters.

No little surprise was occasioned on the following day when he failed to put in an appearance at the church. While the bride waited for him messengers were sent in haste to the hotel, where they learned that he was still in his room. As he did not respond to their repeated knocks, it was ultimately decided to force the door.

On entering, the messengers discovered the object of their quest stretched at full length on the bed, dressed in gala uniform, as though he had carefully prepared for the wedding and then lain down to sleep. Their cheery greeting, intended to wake the sleeping captain, called forth no reply. He lay motionless, and the suspicions of those who had come to fetch him to his wedding were aroused by the sight of blood-stains on the quilt. A closer examination revealed the ominous fact that he held a pistol in his lifeless hand.

Slowly the horror of the tragedy dawned upon the awe-stricken spectators. No one in the hotel had heard a shot, yet it was painfully evident that Captain von Stein had chosen to depart from this life in the same manner as he had despatched Lieutenant Shramm, and by the same pistol which he had used to kill his comrade on his wedding morning. Honour was indeed satisfied, and two brides had waited in vain on the steps of the altar for bridegrooms whom they would never see.

THE HUNT.

A WAR NATURE-STORY.

By F. ST MARS, Author of *On Nature's Trail*, &c.

THE silence of evening lay upon the scene—upon the dull oaks, the duller pines, the little burnished stream that laughed all to itself down there among the thickets; and there was nothing alive there, absolutely nothing, if you except three coal-black crows beating slowly, in ominous line, across the valley.

Then the wolf came. At least, he was there, standing just on the edge of the thicket, motionless, close to the stream. Once he lifted his head and sniffed at the breeze; but, save for that, for three minutes he did not move. Then, lean, gaunt, and gray, he slouched into the open, down to the stream, and drank.

Then suddenly his head went up. There had come no sound, no sight or sign—nothing. He

knew, nevertheless, and slowly his head sank, his body stiffened, and he began to draw himself together.

Presently, among the buttressed tree-boles, it was as if stars shone. Only for a moment. Then there was a faintly burning gleam, a hint at something light, a ghost of a shadow, and it was gone, and the wolf after it. It was first the eyes, then the vanishing light rump, of a roedeer.

The crows had just flapped out of sight, but the silence of evening still lay upon the oaks and the pines, the deep valley, and the polished stream. Not a living thing, it seemed, existed there; but the twigs were still swaying where the wolf had passed, and up above, among those

buttressed tree-boles, bodies showed and a twig cracked. It was Russian skirmishers advancing cautiously.

There was a pause while the men came toward the stream and lay down there. One drank almost at the spot where the wolf had lapped only a few seconds before.

Then a young officer crept off cautiously downhill, along the stream, alone. One scout had not returned. He was not satisfied with the reports of the others. From bush to bush he crept, bending double, until finally, on the edge of cover, he pulled out his prism binoculars and searched the opposite hill across the gorge. Then he crept back to his men, spoke swiftly, and one of them, turning on his knees, signalled back with his extended arms, 'No enemy in sight.'

A messenger took the signal, and translated it to a field telegraphist, who flashed it to the General at headquarters a mile or so away. The army, it seemed, could advance across the valley with safety.

Down the slope slid the wolf on the trail of the roedeer. There was no particular hurry, because the animal did not live that he could not run down in the end, though it might trick him. Nevertheless, his speed was amazing. He seemed to take the rough ground, the boulders, the long grass, the deep yawning thickets, the hollows, the low branches, as if they were all a race-track. Nothing appeared to check him. Nothing could stop him. He just kept on at his easy, loose, leggy, wolf's lope, head down, tongue lolling, nose glued to the scent of the beast which, of course, he had long lost sight of; for the roe is the most clever of all deer in the hunt, up to every known and unknown trick of the trade, and as difficult to run down as a will-o'-the-wisp.

The wolf ran mutely, chiefly because he was alone, I think. Only did he make an anxious little whimper, as a dog will in hunting a rabbit, when he was checked where the roe had run back on its own trail, or galloped in circles, or flown—jump would be too clumsy a word to use in regard to the fairy roe—from side to side, or leapt over a fallen tree-trunk and leapt back again. But if the roe was a past-master in playing with its pursuer, and in laying the most puzzling trail on earth, the wolf was a past-master too in unravelling and puzzling out trails, and although often brought to a check, was never actually for more than a few seconds at fault.

He managed on the whole to drive the trail with a fine speed, and to keep his quarry and himself going not too far apart. There is a point about this, because he knew, as all hounds do, that if the quarry gets too far ahead the scent fades and runs out, and there is nothing left to follow.

Up the hill he loped, long and low, as a wolf does—thanking his luck, perhaps, that this was a good scenting evening; for he was very hungry,

that wolf—till at last he came to the scattered plantation of young growth, with bushes and bracken between, as I have said; and here a strange thing happened. The trail suddenly broke where the little deer had made a great startled leap, and then executed a wide bend, evidently at full speed.

Next moment the wolf was sitting on his bushy tail in his effort to stop rather more than instantly; and there was a good reason. He was looking, through the bushes and bracken of course, straight at the helmets and shoulders and packs of a regiment of German infantry lying prone on the ground. And at that moment, though naturally he did not know it, the binoculars of the young Russian officer, on the slope opposite, were focussed on that very spot, and saw, as we are aware—nothing.

The fraction of time that the wolf took to grasp the situation, check, and get into his stride again was about as long as we should take—those of us who are so frivolous—to wink. Nobody saw him, and he made no sound. But, then, nobody saw the roe either, and it made no sound. They were, you see, wild things, and always at war. That is where they differed from the troops. They had a highly perfected system of not being seen. They had to. Otherwise they could never have survived to be there at all.

At the end of the young plantation the wolf took up the trail again, and hunted it into the wood. He had one ear cocked behind him and one in front. Certainly he was ill at ease, but he could scarcely be more on the alert than usual, because that would seem impossible.

Anyway, he did not sit down on his tail a second time when, in the heart of the wood, another gap in the trail told where the little deer had given a second leap of fear to one side. He merely swerved, and without so much as a fractional pause continued his way, at slightly increased speed, on a wide detour. There were reasons—I don't know quite how many, but some hundreds—and the wolf had seen them: a regiment of Uhlans standing silently to their horses in a series of glades in the wood.

And at that moment, as we may believe, the binoculars of the young Russian officer on the far side of the gorge opposite were searching over that very wood, and had seen nothing therein.

The wolf rediscovered the trail on the far side of the wood, and carried it along again across the broken, bare ground. But his heart was in his mouth and his tail between his legs the last half of the way. He fairly flew over the ground like a hunted cat, and he only went forward because it seemed no more risky than going back. The trail zigzagged like a snail's track; and there were good reasons, for at every swerve he noted a pit, carefully screened by cut brushwood, and in every pit, out of the tail of his quick eyes, he had time to see the tops of the helmets of German artillery soldiers and the grinning mouth

of a field-gun, all staring across the gorge together.

And we are fully aware that even at that instant the binoculars of the young Russian officer, reconnoitring in advance on the far slope, only saw him (the wolf), and nothing else.

Though he might have been no more than a fleeting cloud-shadow, the wolf feared that the helmets in the pit might have seen him, and fear lent speed to a beast already a very wild grayhound. He fairly tucked up his tail and ran for it, so to speak, going over the bare top of that hill like a hunted cat over a wall. All thought of the quarry had, I fancy, vanished from his brain—for the time, anyway.

Next instant the wolf was sliding forward with doubled body, all four legs stuck out in front, and his tail waving wildly in the dust. He had almost run bang into the roedeer coming back up the hill toward him, going like a six-inch shell.

But that was not the point. He knew it when the little buck, taking no more heed of him than to execute a lightning zigzag to let him by, shot straight on, back over the hill-top. When the hunted fear not the hunter it is time for the hunter to look to himself; man, or some great calamity, must be nigh.

As a matter of fact, the point was a battery of howitzers—all crews standing to the guns, and nothing hidden this time in any way, because the hill hid them—set out in a nice, neat line some little way down the slope, which on this side was perfectly bare, and ran down to a road. Howitzer guns, as you probably know, are peculiar in that they can fire round corners, or, rather, over the tops of hills, at that which is out of sight on the other side. They are rather handy at times such as—well, such as this.

Did that son of a she-wolf sit down to howl or scratch or admire the view? No, sir; he removed. That is, he was gone, and the manner of his going was so instantly instant that he and the roedeer crossed the skyline, going back by the perilous way they had come, almost together, and it did not need a chorus of file-edge German laughter at their heels to hurry them. After all, a wolf is but a wolf, and a roedeer is but a deer; and neither was designed by nature to have anything at all to do with modern civilised (?) warfare. What would you?

The Russian General received the message, 'No enemy in sight,' when he was, as has been said, but a mile from the skirmishing line. He glared through his powerful prisms down to the gorge. Then, instead of giving the order to advance, as every officer expected, he—shook his head.

Next instant that General was whirling in his car to the point of reconnaissance, and on the way he was trying to think what he should do

if he were in the enemy's place. He thought, and—shook his head again.

Then he crept down through the skirmishing line, and, almost on hands and knees, joined the young officer, who had returned to his point of vantage behind the bushes lower down. *Mon Dieu!* but that was a man! In his spare time before the war, when he was not studying to hunt Germans, he was a famous hunter of big game.

Behind the bushes he put up his binoculars and stared at the slope anew, and the first thing he saw was the wolf and the roedeer, almost neck and neck, coming down over the broken ground toward the wood as if all the unemployed demons in hell were at their heels.

And then he laughed. That huge man, into his enormous beard, laughed. He knew that carnivora and their prospective prey do not race thus—so to speak, almost arm-in-arm—without something powerful in the form of a fright to shake them off their bed-plates, as it were. And what would frighten them to forget their instincts in that way? Swift as thought, the General reviewed them in his brain—fire, flood, earthquake, and *man*. Ah!—and *man*. Just so. Not one man either, probably.

Then the General crept back to the skirmishing line, and spoke swiftly; it sounded rather like the remarks of an angry leopard. I don't know quite what he said; but before he had reached his car the order, 'Aeroplanes will ascend,' or the Russian equivalent for that same, had been signalled back from the spot, and the field telegraph was flashing it to the Flying Corps miles behind.

The gray wolf reached the wood, dodging all in and out between the masked pits—each with its grinning gun and its cluster of helmets pointing at the far slope—like a quickly drawn, flickering gray line; and another line, the roedeer, took the wood too, but twenty yards away. Neither stopped to ask questions. Neither wished to avoid or meet the other. Cover was what they most ardently desired, and cover was what they found in the wood. Peace also they craved, but peace the wood did not give.

The wolf—crouched low among the bracken, tongue lolling, ears cocked, peering about—was aware of the stamping of an impatient horse somewhere among the shades, of the *champ*, *champ* of a bit somewhere else, or a snort in another place, and of low voices that startled a hidden wild boar into a grunting, crashing, precipitant retreat. Also he heard the remarks of a fox, who said that man was near. Not that he needed the information; his nose, his wonderful nose, had already told him all about that.

And at that moment the Russian General, hidden among the scattered trees and bushes on the far slope, was creeping back to the skirmishing line.

The wolf turned and slunk aslant the slope among the tree-boles, a nearly invisible outline in the semi-twilight that always reigned among the trees. Then, peering under a bush into a glade ahead, he had a very nice view of a spurred top-boot at about two yards' range, and that wolf had spun on himself and evaporated before you could cry, 'Oh my!'

The wolf turned and slunk aslant the slope another way, till a bush in front of him became suddenly violently agitated; and, looking up, he beheld a horse browsing while he had the chance, as cavalry chargers soon learn to do in a campaign. That wolf retired like a miser when the hat comes round. After all, it was no business of his. Men alive and sound, except as plagues to be avoided, never were profitable business of his. Men wounded or dead—well, what would you? He had to live somehow, not being born a vegetarian.

The man who invents a silent aeroplane engine will assuredly make a fortune, or the man who gets hold of the patent will. The wolf heard the unmistakable droning throb—a sound not unknown to his ears since the war started—almost before any other creature in the wood heard it, except the roedeer, and he stopped. He just stuck right there on a dead centre, so to say, staring about. I don't know why the noise affected him so, save that he did not seem able rightly to tell where it was; and animals—not birds—seldom look up. Next he broke into a loose trot, threading the maze as a city clerk does thick traffic, and fate ordained that this time he should look up.

What he beheld was a Russian military aeroplane, as it were a butterfly, crossing a gap in the delicate frosted tracery of top-twigs high overhead, and he dropped so instantly and utterly flat that the ground might have been slid from under his very feet in that moment. But it was not the aeroplane perhaps, after all, that acted upon him thus. It may truly have been another thing that happened in that instant too.

The report of a heavy German field-gun shook the quiet, echoing wood like a clap of thunder, rolled all round the neighbouring hills, and died in far-away rumblings. Came then the shriek of a shrapnel-shell, and the burst; and the drone of the aeroplanes rose an octave or so, as the hum of a wasp does when it is angry. But it was too late. The aeroplanes had seen all, everything, and had signalled everything back. The Germans feared as much. That is why they fired.

Then clap on clap of gun-thunder from the sunken pits on the broken ground up above the wood, and the hum of the aeroplanes rising higher and higher. And then, and then, without a second to prepare one for the shock, there irraptured an infernal thudding, pounding, shattering roar from across the gorge, on or behind the opposite

slope. It was the Russian guns, batteries of them, which had come into action, knowing—thanks to the aeroplanes—that is, to the General—that is, to the wolf—just precisely where to fire on the nice, tight little force of the enemy, so deftly hidden and arranged to ambush and cut them up.

Nothing that I could tell you would describe the sound of those guns in action; nothing that I could imagine would fit in to compare with it. Heaven knows what the wolf thought, or if he thought! Anyway, for the space of a few minutes he did not move. Then he saw several things happening so quickly that they all appeared to come about at once. He saw a tree behind him half-vanish in a cloud of smoke and burst into flame. He saw—now he was on his feet and racing hard downhill—in a glade an awful tangled confusion of men and horses, a plunging, snorting, pounding whirl, vainly trying to mount and get away from the shells that were vomiting stabs of flame and thick smoke all among them. He saw, as he checked for a moment on the edge of the wood, little bursting puffs, as it were of cotton-wool, all here and there among the sparse scrub and slight plantation; beheld men spring, in rows and ranks and masses, from the bracken and brushwood, and start to run uphill; watched the shells suddenly puff out among them, and, as the smoke drifted, noticed that there was only fiercely burning bracken, and no men, where the smoke had been; saw the waves of men rushing upward split into gaps, the gaps widen, the men stumble and never get up again; and heard, as it were in a dream, the neighing and screaming of horses, shouts, curses, and reverberations of explosions, as the artillery on the open ground above vainly tried to clear itself from the sunken pits that were no longer a secret, but a death-trap.

Then that wolf stuck his head down and his ears back, and ran for it. No words could tell how he appeared, because he didn't appear, except in flashes, so to speak. He just became a succession of somethings crossing open spaces or openings among the bushes, like a flickering gray line. How he avoided braining himself a hundred times against gnarled tree-bole or gray boulder, he and the wonderful Nature that made him alone know. Nor can any one understand in what manner he failed to dislocate his neck against the legs, or spit himself a score of times upon the bayonets, of the broken and amazed troops whom he met in his path toiling desperately and hopelessly up the slope. Windfalls he took like a bird, boulders he negotiated flying, bushes might have been cobwebs by the way he cut through them straight as a gimlet, and rows of ducking, dodging, half-stunned, partially blinded men he went through, snapping, snarling, slashing, all in a breath, as forked lightning goes through massed thunder-clouds. I don't know what the troops thought. They never said. Perhaps they never remembered, their minds being for the

moment full, to the exclusion of all else, with getting away from those hellish Russian shells. Once a shell burst behind the beast, and he went straight through the air, quick as one of the shell's own swords of flame; once one sent the ground dead ahead of him into the sky, and he skewed round on such a wonderful slant that he hit the legs of some one toiling above and to the right of him, and the two came downhill, rolling and spluttering together; and once a tree above him took unto itself smoke and a noise instead of a middle, and the top-half of that tree fell, with a rending crash that you could barely hear, only just a foot behind his madly tucked-up hindlegs.

As he streaked down the bottom of the gorge, the bushes and thickets streaming by as they do when seen from a railway-carriage window, he was aware of the slope on his left rustling to the stealthy advance of thousands of armed men, and of one continuous bubbling roar behind the slope where the guns were. On his right the whole hill was a smoking, fiery hecatomb, the woods ablaze, the bare ground a reeking cauldron, up from which, like ants that swarm from a burning nest, the German troops were crawling over the skyline, where the shells were spouting and flaming like fireworks.

But the big wolf was not alone in his retreat. Every thicket whispered of a hurrying body; every bush swayed after the passage of something that had but just brushed against it; the damp places showed footprints still filling with water. Now it was a momentary picture of a mighty bristling head, gleam of tusks, red, tiny, wicked eyes, and flecks of foam—a wild boar. Again it was a crash, a whipping of boughs, a great reddish body, antlers that show at the twelve tips, and swaying boughs hiding all—a stag going like the wind. Yet again it was a spitting, swearing, fiery-eyed something, bounding like some electrified ape from spot to spot—a wild cat terrified out of all its nine lives.

And then, 'twixt one gasping breath and the next, it was all over; the fight had swept beyond the gorge, the hill barricaded out the noise, and the wolf was galloping on alone, with the maddened wild folk, all removing at full speed, all seeking, and succeeding as only the wild folk can, self-effacement as they removed.

The wolf, coming round the bend of a game-path, suddenly uttered a funny little frightened yap, just as if somebody had hit him with a whip, and shot straight up and onward into the air. There had been nothing to warn him. He had rounded the bend, and was upon the dark furry form lying flat in his path before, we conclude, he could think. But the wild folk do not stop to think; if they did there would be far fewer of them in the world alive to-day. They act first, and think after. And he, the wolf, being unable to check his terrific momentum, sprang wonderfully into space.

The bushes at the side received him with a crash, he stumbled, recovered, made to bolt on, and at the same instant he caught the taint of the beast that had been in his path. In a second his forelegs straightened, his head went up and back, and he slid forward on his bushy tail in a little shower of broken twigs. Then he calmly got up and slunk back.

It was the body of the roedeer, which must have got in the way of a bursting bit of shrapnel. The beautiful silky-coated little deer was lying quite dead in the game-path.

The hunt was at an end; but neither wolf who had succeeded, nor poor graceful little roedeer who had lost, ever knew, ever guessed, that but for the hunt a Russian victory might—probably would—have been a Russian 'regrettable incident.'

Thus, then, without being aware of the fact, truly, but surely for all that, both animals had paid that debt which they owed to Russia, one of whose noblemen had preserved their races for years, and kept them, at great cost, safe from extinction in that place.

But, as the Russian General said when everybody congratulated him afterwards for being possessed with second sight, and he became known as 'the man with the X-ray eyes,' 'You can say what you like. It is to those two wild beasts that you owe your thanks. If they had not warned me I should never have known.'

CONTENTMENT.

I WANDERED down the wild sea-beach,
With stretch of sinuous sand
Which bound, as far as eye could reach,
The ocean to the land.
The curlews and the razorbills
Flew fearless out to sea;
'Would I could leave behind earth's ills,'
I mused, 'and be as free!'

Anon, as through the lanes I went—
The twittering hedgerows round—
A robin's song its sweetness lent,
Which kept my heart spell-bound.
'Ah me, to be a bird,' I thought;
'Theirs is the happiest life,
Free as the winds, and caring naught
For our grim world of strife!'

Once more I wandered by the shore,
Now storm-strewn and severe;
There lay the birds, their brief life o'er,
Flung by the tempest here!
I sought the lanes, in sheer dismay,
My robin pert to find;
But only feathers, red and gray,
A hawk had left behind!

And this is true—as true as came
The lesson to my heart:
Ah, what is wealth? Ah, what is fame
In which peace has no part?
Contentment is our greatest gift;
Without it, who is free?
The soul of man its strength can lift;
In it is liberty!

ALFRED SMYTHE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE NORTH SEA COAST.

By WILLIAM T. PALMER, Author of *Odd Corners, Odd Yarns, &c.*

TO-DAY the eyes of all Britons are on the North Sea coast. In a normal winter few persons beyond lovers of outdoor nature or owners of shipping think much of the six hundred miles between the Pentland Firth and the Strait of Dover. It is a coast most varied in scenery, the chalk-cliffs and sandy shores of the Forelands giving way to the oozes and marshes of the Medway and the Thames estuary, following on up the creek county of Essex to the Broads or brackish meres of Suffolk and Norfolk. Then eastward by a shore backed by dunes or sand-cliffs to the Wash, an indefinite place where tideway and river are so much alike, and north by the sands of Lincolnshire to that great arm of the sea, the Humber, penned in behind the tongues of hard shingle which make up Spurn Head. Northward again is a sandy shore up to Flamborough Head, whence forty miles of grim cliff carries the coast to the mouth of the Tees. Durham is a county of good, if narrow, harbours; then comes coaly Tyne, where a world of shipping is for ever on the march. Northward ho! one soon leaves the land of the merchantman and trader, and the coasts of Northumberland become very quiet indeed. Here are the Farnes, with millions of sea-birds ever about their stacks of rock, and the Holy Island, where the brent geese first strike our shores. The coast is not really wild up to St Abb's, where there are more cliffs sacred to the guillemot and puffin and razorbill; and then comes that mighty slash which Nature dealt at Scotland, and nearly cut her in two—the Firth of Forth, with the Bass Rock, the great haunt of the gannet or solan goose. Fifeshire coasts are proverbially sandy, for is not that the county of St Golf? Then we are on the Tay, a long, narrow waterway extending through quiet countrysides up to Perth. From Forfarshire northward the coast varies much, though on the whole it is rocky; its little rivers provide small fishing ports, the home of a very hardy population, the shore here lined with forest where the capercaillie calls, there shelving up in bleak, cold parishes to the forest-bound Grampians. And in Sutherlandshire—what nature-lover can hear the name without a thrill and a sweet thought for Charles St John, most genial of sportsmen and naturalists?—the wanderer on the shore can see the curious slot of the wild red deer among the paddle-marks of

swans and geese, ducks, scoters, and divers. But wherever you go, and at whatever time of year, there is a tang, a cheeriness in the air which speaks undeniably and unmistakably of the one North Sea coast.

How many happy winter days has one spent on that glorious frontier, and what hours of incident! The night when, on a pile of wet rushes, one lay and soaked while the wild swans whooped and whistled and clanged overhead; or that day when, without an instant's warning, the sea-fog fell and cut one off, miles from sound land. For an hour one seemed to grope in the white smother, trying this way and that, at every turn stopped by gray channels of tidal water, quietly, inexorably advancing; and behind the curtain of mist wailed the curlews, the ducks gabbled or barked or grunted according to their nature, and there was all manner of sounds from divers and waders. The keenness of the observer was quite overborne by concern for safety before the first soil-stained spit giving way to tufts of sea-grass was reached; and from that point one bade defiance to the soft-hissing tide.

Then there was that morning, after a week of storm, when the sands were dotted with wreckage and the slain. There is one cove in a rock-bound shore into which the currents seem to bear all the flotsam and jetsam of a score of miles. There this morning one finds dead birds in knee-deep piles; and what a medley there is: land-birds by the hundred, sea-birds by the score! Although Nature has marked out her two great periods for bird migration, large flocks of birds, sometimes entirely of so-called resident species, are on the move at all sorts of times and seasons. This is the factor which effectually bars all solutions of the problem of migration on ordinary general principles. There are more casualties during a storm from the east-north-east, that favourite quarter for winter gales, than at any other time. Birds are not able to fly far in front of a storm; the wind, ruffling their feathers from behind, allows cold and rain to reach the skin and to produce cramp and death. A westerly gale, unless very powerful, cannot greatly delay the flight of even such weak birds as the goldcrest and the common wren. A pile of dead birds is a particularly melancholy sight. Drenched with the sea, loose with death, the

plumage is pitifully bedraggled; and even the divers, whose feathers are so short and close that in life they feel like fur, are unkempt. There are usually a few petrels in such a pile, and guillemots, puffins, razorbills which undoubtedly have been struck from the rock-ledges by the bouncing surf. A great skua stretches across the sand, a pile in itself; and at times one finds cormorants, gannets, gulls, with on one occasion a heron. Now and again some careful longshore worker will find a prize in these piles of dead; but I would rather be the Lincolnshire naturalist who notes the living presence of a Continental blue-breast in the crowd of tired finches which this morning dropped like stones a score yards from the tideway.

Then—another idyll of the North Sea coast—the evening when one heard the booming sound of a bittern, and, murderously inclined, went indoors for a gun. The trio of collectors' agents did not relish the charge of snipe-dust which most unexpectedly swept down the dike in which they were concealed. But, alas! the bittern was away at dawn from that square of seashore marsh, and my hopes for a nest or more in the county were at an end. But it did, thanks to my intervention, escape alive; still, the following season my family of ruffs did not. The brown rat is a terrible curse, and almost human in its desire to feast upon any creature which happens to be scarce in the locality.

There is a phase of the North Sea coast's bird-life which one never forgets—nesting-time on the cliffs. I came to the shore rocks after many a climb for the nests of eagles, ravens, buzzards, and peregrines, and my experience almost proved my undoing; for rocks which for centuries have been washed by storm-waves are often broken and unsafe, though their nature be of granite itself. The only safe method is by the rope from above, and it is wonderful how easily, by aid of simple tackle, one man can raise or lower another at the end of a long rope. How the affrighted birds wheel and scream; how their beaks gape and grab, their wings threaten and fan! The nests of sea-birds are, as a rule, vilely malodorous. The golden eagle, king (scavenger) of the mountains, is in comparatively sweet quarters.

The nights of February see the wild swans settled on our coasts. In shooting years one waited patiently in the rough shed by the tide-way, waited until the frozen straw tinkled and crackled underfoot. That was sport. But now it is more customary to go armed with field-glass and camera, and to forget both in the delight of wild birds in full view. I envy the man who has never seen a flock of wild swans or wild geese rise from the water and wheel up and up until a course for a safer place can be made. Think of it in retrospect: the little band of birds, moving on with the tide, ever on the feed, with a sentry bird going hungry and on the alert. Then the quick, low gabble—danger! The birds float nearer together; yes, there is the enemy! An instinctive squat back on the waters, an outstretching of necks, a leaping, a splashing, the whirl of wings, and the ripples slope away from the point where the birds floated a moment before. The little knot of birds, so close together that one expects their wings to foul, is off. After their first beat they curve back almost to overhead, but too high for any details to be visible. Now, think of that, one's first experience, and envy the man to whom it may occur for the first time to-morrow, when the sun is setting behind the snow-covered hills, and the restless tide is flowing like a ribbon of blood to the west.

One would like to write much of the men of the North Sea coast, men with harsh Norse dialects, with the giant frame and square face of the typical Dane, families French or Dutch or even Cornish. There is the Gaelic fisher of the northernmost counties, the dour, hard Scot of the Moray Firth, the gentler types down the south of Scotland, merging into English of the various counties. But though varying so much in trade and language and outlook, there still remains a stolidity wholly admirable, a common pluck and obstinacy, among the North Sea folk. How from Pentland to Dover they will hail you with news of some rarer bird seen at the fishing-ground, and how difficult it often is to avoid a voyage on a rough, cold day in an open boat to clinch some bit of information, 'Jan says it is, but I says it isn't!'

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE WATCHER WATCHED.

THE drums of the Town Guard were beating the ten o'clock round when I led my horse out through the narrow funnels of the town. A wind was rising, hallooing overhead, the swinging signboards complaining in its rough grip. The sky, a crooked riband bridging the tall 'lands' that flanked the streets, was discoloured and charged with scurrying rain-clouds. Sedan-chairs carried fair occupants

homeward, their flambeaux lighting up their path making fitful little dabs of colour in the dark. A few warning drops of rain fell. On the causeway sounded hurrying feet and the click of pattens. The threat in the weather-signs was clearing the streets.

The Jacobites, after Preston, had little need for guarding the city. There was but one Highland sentry, a yawning lout, posted at the Port,

more for form's sake than utility. Some small silver banished his scruples, if he had any, and I left him hiding the coins in his sporran, a pleased grin on his jowl.

The road was villainous, cut up by unaccustomed traffic of foot, hoof, and wheel, a weariness for man or beast, so that I dismounted and led the horse, ploughing on head to wind, till I got me into the valley below the town. Here the wind abated somewhat; but a raw air caught my throat, for a haar had stolen stealthily from the Firth up over the Lang Dykes, till the hollow below the great ridge of the town was blurred, mist hanging round it like a gray plinth, the Castle Rock set on it, a black and amorphous brooding shape. The unstable fog crept and curled fantastically. In a caprice of the wind it would lift for a moment, and a hundred eyes, the lights of the dark rampart above the valley, leaped into definition, to be as suddenly obscured, reminding me greatly of Westmorland, where the wind sweeps the mist around the fells as swiftly as the drawing to and fro of a curtain. The great mass of the Castle Rock might have been a ridge of Shap Fells, the swish of the ruffled ripples of the Nor' Loch the voice of a Westmorland beck.

But the present moment called. Casting all such romantic notions behind me, I went on, the horse *clomping* the wet road beside me, now and then giving my arm a friendly nuzzle. I had many tedious flounderings in the dark before I came to a part of the road where I thought it safe to mount. Even then I trusted as much to the good beast's intelligence as to my own horsemanship; but she jogged on steadily, and met with no mishap.

The weather changed its mind again; the wind ceased, and the rain, that up till now had been but half-hearted, grew to a fusillade. The sound of it on the trees and the stubble, steady and incessant as a stream, filled the hollow of the night. It was black dark. Not a star had I for company. I think I would have welcomed the Accuser of the Brethren had he appeared, but never a soul but myself was afoot on that sombre road. I could not see a yard in front of me. It was almost as though I had been suddenly stricken with blindness. Twice my horse stopped dead, flinching from the stinging rain. I dismounted again, for I could make no speed in the saddle. My thoughts were labyrinthine, leading me round and round the affair that had come into my life, but drawing me not a yard beyond conjectures and shaking doubts. But the mere physical effort of walking, the relentless assault of the rain, and the play of my muscles braced me, and gradually eased the disquiet of my thoughts. Added to this, I felt a subtle sense of danger, a premonition—and there was a strange joy in it—that I was soon to be in the full tide of life. The solitude, the dark inscrutable woods around

me, that were so silent, yet that I knew were full of lurking wild presences of the things that move by night, so far from daunting me, spurred me onward, so that with every step I took my courage mounted. At a turn of the road the voice of a swollen burn told me my whereabouts. I knew I was near the wood that lay south of The Garth, and in another half-hour I had reached it. I had not spoken to a soul except the Highland sentry since I had ridden out into the dark. I would have given something for Walter Irving's company.

Tethering the horse safely in as sheltered a place as I could find, I took the path into the trees, and, feeling very much alone, groped my way cautiously forward. The darkness was inky. The clamour of the rain on the branches drowned all other sound. I gained the coppice near the house, dived into it, and crept quietly to its edge. The dark prevented my seeing its outline, but I knew that The Garth stood in front of me. Straining my eyes into the darkness, at last I made out two very thin blades of light, faint, almost invisible, in the upper storey. They came from the shuttered window at the south-west corner. I lay on the sodden ground watching them, pondering over my next move. In truth, I knew not what to do.

In the city's heart, amidst light and voices and the environment of one's kind, my resolve had been shaped; but here, in the dark, tense solitude, lying in the undergrowth, with no company but my beating heart, face to face with stark actuality, I own to an alteration of my perspective of the business. Every moment that passed was paralysing my initiative.

A trifling thing roused me into action. A cold, wet hand touched my cheek, and I leaped to my feet, ice on my spine, to find that it was only a branch of a tree!

Ashamed of the trick of my nerves, I chafed the life into my chill hands, felt for the butts of my pistols, and went forward slowly step by step into the blackness. I had not covered six yards when my foot caught something soft, and I fell face downward on it. It was wet and hairy. Smothering a wild desire to yell, I pressed the muzzle of my pistol against it, and felt it with my free hand. It was a dog, from its size probably the great hound that had bayed at me on the day when I first saw The Garth. It never stirred, and I knew, somehow, and at once, that the poor beast was dead. The body was still warm, but I could find no wound, nor was there any trace of blood.

The chill significance of the discovery peopled the darkness with a hundred stealthy shapes. Something had happened, perhaps at the moment was happening, behind the mask of the gaunt house. Not a sound was to be heard. I stole forward on tiptoe, ears and eyes on the strain, and began a stealthy circuit of The Garth.

Starting from the west corner, I groped my way yard by yard close to the wall. My progress in the dark was infinitely slow; but when I turned the corner at the back I knew where I was. There was the path, and beyond it the stable out of which I made my dash for life. I waited and listened for long, but there was nothing to be heard but the weeping of the September night and the hollow voice of the sea.

Slowly I began again my circuit round the house, crouching till I came to the east wall—that is, the one nearest the entrance to the cave. I could hear the snarl of the shingle as the spent waves ran back. Another half-dozen yards and I should have circled the house, when I stopped dead. A faint and pungent odour reached me. I sniffed the wet air. Beyond doubt it wafted tobacco, and rank stuff at that; yet it was ordained to be the costliest brand imaginable for one man. Keeping very still, I made out a figure close to the pillar of the door. Every now and then he peered round him, his whole pose advertising wariness. Plainly, he was on sentry-go. Flattening myself against the wall, foot by foot I drew gradually nearer, and watched the watcher. Whether he heard me, or imagined he did, I cannot tell, but on a sudden he wheeled round, saying in a curious constrained half-whisper, 'Who is there?' and took a small lanthorn from under his coat. He drew the slide, and a narrow ray cut into the dark. As he held it above his head, his face, peering into the dark, was lit up, showing me as plain as in daylight his every feature, and above them a flaming red shock of hair. The watcher was the man who had brought me the letter to the 'White Horse'!

A cold torrent of rage lifted me, and threw me at him before he had time to turn. I heard the clink of the lanthorn as it fell, but I was at his throat before he could utter a sound beyond one gasp, and next instant I had him on the ground. I could see the whites of his eyes as I gradually throttled him. His hands caught my wrists, and for a desperate minute he strained at them. I held on to his throat, literally like grim death, for a cry would have roused his masters. He loosed one hand, and made a desperate clutch at his armpit; but it never reached the knife he sought, for I took one hand from his throat, just catching his arm in time to jerk it down under my knee, where it lay pinned to the ground, useless. Wrestling days in old Westmorland had given me—thank God!—mighty arms and quick resource. I had my hand back to his throat again, and never lessened my grip for an instant. Fully three minutes sped before I felt his other hand loosen and fall limply off my wrist. When I stood up panting, and put my foot on the smouldering lanthorn, a little convulsive shudder ran down him, and he lay very still. Not a word beyond his 'Who is there?' had been uttered, and I do

not believe that in the dark he knew who I was. When I bent down, a couple of minutes after, his heart had stopped beating.

I dragged the rascal's clay to the wall, taking a naked dirk (it was as keen as a razor) from under his arm, and, in a shudder of reaction and horror, sat down to get my wind. There was a measure of shelter in the pillared porch, and there I betook myself, and awaited I knew not what. The tumult of my thoughts took longer to steady than my breathing, but gradually I got command of myself.

Luckily the relentless beat of the rain had deadened all sound of the encounter; but one thing was certain. The man whom I had throttled was not alone. He had been deliberately posted where I found him, and was under orders. Even if I got inside the house—which was hardly possible, for the windows were all shuttered—I should be against desperate odds, in the dark, with unknown adversaries and numbers. There I stood, baffled as to my next move, when in a twinkling the decision of it was taken out of my hands.

A lull, sudden and welcome, lowered the pitiless voice of the rainstorm, and in it rose a single long cry, the despairing cry of a woman! It was not repeated, and the stillness after it filled my heart with unutterable apprehensions. I crept swiftly round the house again, my mind on a rack of impotent rage and anxiety. The barred and shuttered windows mocked my helplessness. A blind fury seized me as I came back to the porch. Come what would, I would batter on the door. The alarm would interrupt whatever was happening behind it. I felt for dirk and pistol, and swore that the sale of my life should be dear.

I was a couple of steps from the porch, on the point of swinging my pistol-grip on the oak door, when the shutter in the upstairs room opened, releasing a faint orange bar of light. I saw the figure of a man holding a candle over his head. The window opened a little, and a low, sharp whistle came from the room. The signal was repeated. In a cool moment of inspiration, singular enough in my burst of elemental passion, I gave an answering whistle as like it as I could. The candle was waved once, and the window instantly shut. I heard the shutters barred, and the place fell into darkness again. I surmised that I had been taken for the sentry, and, as it turned out, I was right. With a grim thankfulness I knew that he would lie quietly enough where I had put him; and, holding my breath, I went to the door.

My wits, though working well enough in one way, must have been incredibly dull in another. In my knowledge of the guarded, shuttered house, I had never thought of trying the door; and now, grasping its handle, I found to my surprise that it opened easily! I slipped inside.

(Continued on page 325.)

RUSSIAN COOKERY.

By E. H. PARKER.

I CONSIDER that the Russians, as a whole, are distinctly ahead of us in cookery. I do not deny that at the Holborn Restaurant or the Criterion you can get the finest cookery a reasonable man needs for a price absolutely derisory compared with what you would pay for the same style in Petrograd or Paris. I may parenthetically add that the head-waiter in the Holborn grill-room is a Russian. I am only speaking of the bourgeois classes, whose mass gastronomical interests are far more important to the nation than the whims of a few smart people. In the first place, slovenly and dirty though the Russians in some respects are, they are (from our grimy English point of view) lavish with their table-linen, an ample supply of which is furnished with every meal or snack taken at hotel, restaurant, or on steamer, railway, concert, or beer-garden tables. No such pathetic sight is witnessed as that of a parcel of English 'tabbies' or boarders solemnly folding up their napkins for reproduction meal after meal possibly for a week. In clean Finland, however, at purely Finnish inns, the guests *do* put by their napkins for future use in a sort of alphabetically arranged post-box or pigeon-hole cupboard. In the next place, as a rule every dish is cooked fresh for each order; at station waiting-rooms, where there is no time for this, an ingenious system of heating apparatus keeps the steaks, chops, sausages, pies, or what not, not only hot, but visible; you can lift the lid and inspect the viand, the price of which is marked. On board steamers or in restaurants this system of special ordering certainly wastes time unless you have the foresight to order some time beforehand. The waiter is always rushing about overworked. My plan was to write out exactly what I wanted, and say, 'I shall sit *here* in twenty-five minutes.' The linen, &c., will probably be laid in twenty minutes, and serious operations begin shortly afterwards.

Tea is always excellent in Russia; a penny a tumbler—beetroot sugar and a slice of lemon included—is the lowest price at a 'pot-house,' where also the tea may not be quite so fragrant; but ten copecks, or twopence-halfpenny, is the usual cost at 'decent' places; a tip is expected besides. It seems to be pure Chinese tea of fine quality, and in the wholesale tea-shops the minimum price seldom appears to fall below two shillings and sixpence a pound. I understand that Indian tea and Ceylon tea have now obtained a foothold, at least in south Russia; if so, they may be used as blends. In any case, the popular English decoctions of boiled, often either par-boiled or twice boiled, coarse, rank leaves resembling tannin, mixed with milk, or, worse still, preserved milk, are totally unknown. The usual

way of making tea is to pour boiling water over a pinch or two of leaves placed in a tiny teapot, and from this 'stock' a couple of tablespoonfuls are poured at any moment, hot or cold, into a tumbler, boiling water being added. In hotels samovars are now giving way to larger teapots containing the required boiling water; but in inland towns a large samovar of, say, a gallon capacity, with a small teapot, can always be ordered up into the bedroom at the cost of sixpence, and the guest is welcome either to put his own tea in or to buy a 'ha'p'orth.'

This plan of calling for a samovar at once is excellent for other reasons: Russia, and especially the neighbourhood of the metropolis, is notorious for its villainous water; in Cronstadt I noticed numerous street notices advising people on no account to drink 'raw' water, as there was a risk of cholera and typhus. In Petrograd itself the law now compels every restaurant to keep outside in the street a tapped cistern or large covered can of boiled water, with a cup attached, so that poor people may get a drink gratis. The guest at an inn who pays for a bed can thus fill from the samovar his own bottle with water that has been boiled, and carry a sufficiency for the day about with him. At many towns I have seen grimy workmen catch hold of buckets of drinkable water being carried to purchasers, and take a swig; others are allowed by the easy-going carrier to pour a quart or so into their greasy billycocks, from which their thirsty companions gather round to drink greedily. The good drinking-water so universal in England is rare anywhere on the Continent, except in Switzerland, Scandinavia, and (sometimes) parts of Germany. It is always better to carry about one's own small pan and 'spiritine'; when the spiritine is exhausted, the tin pots can be filled with methylated spirit. However, *no* one by preference drinks water in Russia, and every one needs tea, so the danger is minimised. A Finnish captain told me that on his first arrival in Petrograd he was sick for a fortnight after drinking one single glass of what looked perfectly clear river-water, which, besides, tasted quite good. Beer is cheap and good both in Finland and Russia, especially the Riga beer; but, in the absence of that, the beer from the great Kalinkin brewery of Petrograd is quite good enough, and, unlike those Hamburg imitations of 'Pilsen,' &c., does not leave a bitterish thirst behind it. Foreign wine is impossible in Russia owing to the excessive duty; English whisky costs from twelve shillings to fifteen shillings the bottle; but Russian (Crimean) wines are reasonably cheap, the chief defect from the English point of view being that,

whether 'port,' 'sherry,' 'claret,' 'champagne,' or what not, they are all much too sweet.

Cigars are also impossible, being both bad for the money and monstrously expensive if smokable; at our Petrograd hotel they were offered (if asked for) at from ninepence to three shillings apiece. Every one in Russia smokes *papyrosses*, or tubed cigarettes, more than half of which is tube. They are made smaller and much cheaper than they were a generation ago; and perhaps it is as well that they are rubbishy things, being too wishy-washy to do much harm. But the litter from abandoned tube-ends is apt to be unsightly. In Finland the cigars are both good and cheap. Coffee is usually made well, certainly *always* better than in Britain, where the stupidity about coffee-making is even greater than the stupidity about tannin-drinking. A tumbler of black coffee is usually accompanied—in Russia, not in Finland—with a slice of lemon; but it is much more expensive than tea, and, except in Finnish, Estonian, and Scandinavian ports, it is not drunk by the lower classes. In the restaurants very good imitations of Vienna, French, Turkish, and other coffees are served up; but they are rather expensive. The same may be said of chocolates and cocoas, which are practically unknown except to the great towns. Since the war began the word 'Vienna' is *taboo*, and you must say 'coffee and cream' in ordering, instead of 'Vienna.'

One of the noblest dishes in the world is *schtschi*, or cabbage soup. Just as the Scots honour porridge with a plural, and say, 'They are very good this morning,' so the Russians consider *schtschi* (a formidable word to look at, but only needing two letters to write it in Russian) to be a feminine plural, but of what original singular I cannot say. The word *schtschi* can be easily conquered by saying, 'Hush! children!' and mentally eliminating the 'hu' and the 'ildren.' If this soup is ordered it is always specially made, or, if much be called for at a time for many people, it is at any rate served up piping hot from a seething and fresh stock. It usually consists of a lump of meat floating in cabbage soup, and sour cream is generally added by the eater himself. Bread, black and white, appears to be served gratis with all meat dishes ordered, and a bowl of *schtschi* with quarter of a pound of black rye bread soaked in it is really a sufficient dinner by itself. Another, not quite so universal or popular, but equally delicious, soup is *borschtsch* (four letters), which occasionally 'runs into,' and to me is then indistinguishable from, its rival; but the cabbage is not there, and the soup is usually red, while the other is often as green as spinach. But there are many varieties of both kinds, and I am not yet sufficiently well up in the language to set about a thorough investigation. The Russians are also very strong on hot *piroziki*, a term which includes small puddings and pies, dumplings, and

roly-polys. There is one particular restaurant or confectioner's in Petrograd (Phillipoff's) where the *pirozki*s are particularly cheap and good; and it is often difficult to get a small table there. The street shops are remarkably strong in fish, both fresh or salted, or smoked and canned. One sees very little ham, and no bacon; in fact, bacon, as distinct from ham and lard or pork-fat, seems an unknown comestible anywhere on the Continent. Cheese is remarkably scarce and expensive at all Russian restaurants, and it is not the custom to wind up a meal with sweets and cheese as with us. A 'portion' of cheese—too much—usually costs a shilling; but there is a way of 'dodging' this waste of money by ordering a *Butterbrod* (one of the preliminary appetisers), consisting of a small slice of bread and just as much cheese as we usually eat after dinner, carefully preserving this *zakuska* until the end. These *Butterbrods* of caviare, cheese, ham, tongue, salt-fish, &c. are cheap, ranging from twopence to fourpence. A *portia* of caviare—of which there are many kinds, fresh or otherwise—is of course even dearer than cheese; but taken in *Butterbrod* form it becomes quite cheap; in fact, one can dine very well on *Butterbrods* and *pirozki* without ordering a 'dish' at all. The 'swell' hotels in Finland, such as the State Hotel at Imatra, of course serve up things in international style, and charge accordingly for the show of refinement; but one can live excellently at a beautifully clean Finnish hotel for half or a quarter of the money. I strongly recommend the Turisten Hotel Suomi at Viborg. Laid out on a table in the centre of the room are twenty or thirty hot and cold dishes, practically the same all day long, though slightly varying according as it is breakfast, dinner, or supper time. There are piles of plates; heaps of forks, knives, and spoons; dishes of butter (excellent and lavishly offered), cheese, (Dutch and local), sliced 'German' sausage, hot sausages, hot potatoes; breads, black, yellow, and white; ham and fish (cooked, uncooked, smoked, fresh, or dried); beetroot (unusually fine), good radishes, stewed apples, berries, and other 'sasses' of the Yankee kind; slices of chicken, mutton, beef, buckwheat-cakes, oatcakes, and so on. Each guest solemnly and silently walks in, takes a plate and fork, and 'looks round,' spiking half-a-dozen things as at a New York 'free lunch'; he then takes his place at a small table, devours his 'swag,' and returns as often as he likes to recharge. Milk, buttermilk, *krass*, and (at side-tables) tea and coffee are supplied gratis. No one drinks water, though the water is as safe in Finland as it is vile in Russia. A selection of the above *hors d'œuvres*, which correspond to the Swedish *smörgasbröd*, is really quite enough to eat; but at dinner a tureen of soup is also placed on the table, besides a 'serious' hot dish, and something sweet of the tart and pudding ilk. There is no waiting what-

ever; the neat-handed Phyllises gravely replenish the central dishes from time to time, and also remove soiled plates, knives, &c. from the small tables. The general effect on one's nerves is that of a Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., an American 'bean-feast,' or a Quaker's jollification. In Russia the food is more expensive, and *zakuskas* are charged for extra as a 'course;' as also at the 'foreign' hotels in Finland. On the lake and canal steamers in Finland not only are the *zakuskas* thrown in on a handsome scale, but several 'set dishes' are served as well at breakfast, dinner, and supper. As a rule, the whole

of one's food, ashore or afloat, in Finland need not cost more than from three shillings to five shillings a day, even if one sets out to have a 'burst' each meal; in Russia the cost must be doubled, and things, though good, are not so 'natty.' Except near Russia—for example, Viborg—the tea is not particularly good in Finland; but the coffee usually is, and always can be (if insisted on), made well. The local market stalls generally sell hot coffee everywhere in Esthonian-Finnish regions; in such widely separated places as Reval and Joensuu (north Finland) I got a cup of excellent coffee for a halfpenny.

A BAYARD OF THE BUSH.

CHAPTER III.

THE meeting between husband and wife struck the keynote of their future intercourse. Courteous, immensely considerate, entirely apart, the spectacular effect of their attitude on Al was not impressive.

'I presume that's the dandy style people way-up do things. Looks about as sensible as a couple of native companions dancing and performing.' He, however, admitted that, though the fine finish of their action struck him as ridiculous, it had its point of utility. 'If folk can't be natural together, it kind of eases things.'

As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, Mortimer Chesney still further eased things by practically disappearing—a daily withdrawal in work about the plantation.

So much did this element of artificial ease enter into and control the position that Jan, with infinite relief, found it possible to consign the debris of unformulated hopes, inarticulate desires, and vague day-dreams metaphorically to the dust-bin. Led by she knew not what blind will-o'-the-wisp, she had entered into a contract without fully understanding its conditions. Yet, as an honourable woman, all that remained was the fulfilment of those conditions. She was grateful to Mortimer Chesney for tacitly releasing her from the further necessity of bringing to their marriage any air of commonplace unity. It was not, she found, difficult to understand what impulse had led him into marriage. Glancing, as she did, at the daily routine of the homestead, under the coarse and crude supervision of Miss Irene Smithson, the bare unloveliness of it was enough. With all his remoteness, he was not a man devoid of observation. She recalled how quickly he had gathered her position in Laura's ménage; how his silent glance had gauged the conditions she had found so intolerable. It was impossible that he should not have realised what sort of a home was his at the mercy of any chance untrained girl. His very furniture betrayed an unformulated conception of charm and beauty,

in rough surroundings, breaking into sporadic silver candlesticks, expensive leather bindings, and a gidea wardrobe. The importation of a wife had been merely another of his tentative efforts to evolve order out of chaos. He desired nothing of her but the service of an efficient housekeeper.

Jan had that feminine instinct, fast dying out in the emancipated spirit of latter-day women, for domestic detail. She could fill her days with infinite satisfaction in the meticulous ordering of the home, being one of those rare beings, a genuine housewife. There lay at her feet a rich chance in the chaos reigning in Mortimer Chesney's house; yet she commenced operations with what looked like disaster. She dismissed Miss Smithson.

It came about in this simple manner.

'Servants at home,' said Jan, regarding the blue blouse with extreme disfavour, 'always wear black in the afternoon, with white caps and aprons.'

'Servants! I reckon Australia hasn't come so low as that. I guess I'm your help, Mrs Chesney,' retorted Irene. 'I look a fair skyte in black,' she added, 'and I'd like to see meself in a cap!' She seated herself easily, her hair in curling-pins, and about her waist an unclean apron. They were in Jan's bedroom. 'I ain't had a sight of yer trouser yet,' she continued. 'I guess you started a glory-box same as I done. I kep' it under me bed, an' got together a sight of things before any chap come along. There has been one young fellow; but he didn't act white, so I gave him what for, and sent him off his tracks. I've got me clothes, though, all ready for the next. Let's see yourn.'

Jan coldly bade her arise and return to her neglected work. 'And,' she added, 'remember another time to stand when you speak to me.'

Miss Smithson's honest surprise lasted only until her sense of outrage emerged. 'You! You! Coming along as if Australia were the dirt under your feet, wantin' to put me in caps,

an' orderin' me to wear black, an' a-tellin' of me to stand! If that isn't just about too much! I'd let you know that me father's got a selection all so good as this, an'—"

'You can return to it, then,' interposed Jan quietly. 'At once—to-day.'

With some disquietude Jan sought Al. He turned on her such a look of consternation that she felt dismayed.

'Of course she's got to do a shift, if you wish it,' he said. 'But how about the work, Mrs Chesney? Out here servants don't hang on every wattle-bush. Irene's a bit of a schicer, but I thought she might shape.'

'She would never shape,' said Jan decisively. 'Hasn't that man Jamieson a wife at the men's quarters? Can't she come? Oh, do help me!' she entreated. 'I don't want to worry Mr Chesney.'

'Mr Chesney? Mort?'

Something within him leaped at her appeal. She found it possible to come to him with her little troubles! He felt he was throbbing and tingling with unnameable feeling. He was digging over one of the beds in the patch of garden, and she, on the veranda, leant towards him across the low rail. His glance sought hers boldly. She had come to him; not to Mort! It was not the first time either!

'Don't you start in being too tender with Mort's worries, Mrs Chesney. He'll not die of that complaint. If I didn't drag him round, and force him to worry, he'd never get farther than the inside of a book. There's Mother Jam,' he went on dubiously. 'But she's a pea-eater, she is; a regular bush-whacker. She ran the homestead before you came along, when Mort and me were alone. We weren't men those days. We were crawling curs! I kind of got permanently humble; and as for Mort, I always reckoned it was Mother Jam drove him to get married.'

He recognised his tactlessness on the instant, but he continued readily, 'Tis that way with Mort, Mrs Chesney; better know him first as last. He's got to be drove or led most always; and then once in a great while he'll start in on his own without so much as a word!' He pushed his hat back. 'Now, I tell you,' he went on capably, 'the boss can go along to the Desert; the men are spoiling for a job; and I'll start in wattle-stripping, and locate myself in the hut up Hawker's Gully. That'll relieve you of us men until you see the track clearer. I'll fix it up about Mother Jam meanwhile, and first chance I get I'll rush the township for another girl.'

The Desert was a recently acquired bit of country which they were clearing of scrub and timber. To it, at Al's instigation, Mortimer Chesney silently betook himself. Al himself departed for Hawker's Gully, and Mother Jam surged into the homestead, her imposing bust dominating its vacant spaces, its rooms and

passages echoing with a shuddering rattle of dislocated boards beneath the impact of her ponderous tread.

For some weeks Jan was almost happy, almost content. Occupation relieved the strained tension of feeling, but to a much greater degree her husband's absence contributed a lifting sense of freedom. She was sufficiently versed in the ways of the world to carry herself easily in his immediate presence; but out of it she flushed and paled before every movement. Little intimate household sounds—his step on the veranda, the closing of a door, his voice giving an order to Jamieson or speaking to Al—drove the blood to her face and set her heart beating. Now she gave herself entirely to the work of rearranging the homestead, comparatively at peace.

Al came over from the hut frequently, and hammered open her cases, and unpacked china, linen, and wedding presents, entering with zeal into her designs. He knocked up shelves for her books; he hung pictures and curtains, and imported from Wangabool linoleum, and paint, and rugs, and a whole wagon-load of culinary necessities for the transformed kitchen.

They had tea together on these occasions on the veranda, furnished now with rugs, and gay cushions, and matting, and shade blinds—teas which to him were a revelation of unimaginable daintiness. He looked on the gathering charm she was flinging about Mort's home reverentially, as in part but an inadequate expression of her own delicate fineness. He became absorbed in her in a manner entirely different from his first questioning curiosity. She was not to him a woman to be discovered; still less was she Mort's wife.

Wrapped in the mystery of her sex, her purity, her ignorance, she was not a being, she was an essence—all that he had ever yearningly imaged forth to himself when feeling, during lonely vigils on dark nights, under starless skies, with nothing between him and the blue vault above, the only sound the movements of his horse hobbled near at hand, with sightless motions of the spirit for the ideal and gracious. She was love, and beauty, and womanhood incarnate.

That she was simply the woman he loved he did not for some time recognise. When knowledge came to him he met it with a strange constriction of the heart, mingled with stranger elation. In his own words, he was 'up against it!'

He had not thought much of Mort all this time. He thought of him now, savagely, brutally, with the instinct of the depredator, with the blind lust of primitive desire, defending his attitude with the scorn in which he had always held Chesney's frigid abstraction. 'Him! as dumb as a mopoke on a fence, with his nose in a damned book!'

He struck his hands together at last with a

strong gesture of remorse and renunciation, going back to Jan, sewing on the veranda, to say that he couldn't stop for tea, and wouldn't be able to spare the time to come over again for a goodish spell.

'Oh Al!' she said pleadingly. She had never called him anything but Al. He had brushed aside all formality from the outset.

'Couldn't answer to the name of Walker, Mrs Chesney, not no more than old dog Spicer here. I've got a great name on me, sure enough. My mother guessed, I reckon, by the look of things, that I should have to fight my way clear through life, so she called me after some old conqueror, 'way back in past times—Alexander the Great. Mort's read him up to me, and all his wars and battles. And there it is. Alexander Walker, at your service. But no one gets any farther than Al.'

He answered her steadily now with something of a conqueror's spirit, while his wild, untamed senses shivered at the nearness of her and the sweetness of her appeal breaking persuasively on his own name.

'I reckon, if I started in to do it, I'd make her understand the difference between me and Mort,' he thought passionately. He leant against a veranda-post to stay the quivering of his body, and turned his eyes forcibly from her face.

'You've most done settling in,' he said carelessly. 'Jamieson's fetching out the new girl to-morrow. Scotch she is, and pretty bony, with a face like a pick-axe; but doc's wife, Mrs Robertson, guarantees she's a warrior to work. Knock spots sideways off that schicer Irene, anyway, and better than coming down to a chinkie-chin-chin Chinaman! It's time I put in some graft at my own job.'

'Oh, stay!' she urged.

'What sort of company am I for you?' he asked lightly. 'Guess you've often wondered how a white-coated gentleman like Mort came to be knocking around with a man like me? Ever hear how me and Mort met?' he added. 'It was one time coming back from Melbourne with only a shilling in my pocket, nowhere to go, and nothing to do. Stuck up in the middle of a paddock, with only a good suit of clothes and a new pair of gaiters. I was dead proud of those gaiters, but would have given them, and my very soul, for a square meal. I came after

a bit to the old "Twenty-Mile," a public-house out from Korina Station, twenty mile from anywhere. I sauntered in and got a whisky—all I was good for.

"Haven't any biscuits knocking about?" I asked. They'll always throw in a few biscuits with a drink; and they planked down a plate of things as dry as a seven-year drought. I finished that plate, and that seemed the end of my luck. I camped out that night half-starved and all but frozen, nothing with me, not even a bluey—a blanket, that is—and next day I struck a bullock-team with two men, one an old grizzled bullocky, and the other a chap about my own age. He spoke kind of quiet and forceful—sized up the situation without a word too much.

"Been down to Melbourne, and done for your cheque?"

"You've struck it," I said.

"Any one knows what a spell in Melbourne amounts to. Haven't any money myself, but this chap's got a pound," he says, meaning old grizzly. "I'll borrow it from him."

'We was both older before I met that man again and paid him back. His was more the spirit of old times. You could walk the main transcontinental route from Adelaide to Port Darwin and starve all the time nowadays, and hardly find a man to shout a drink. But that chap was Mort, and that's his kind. He'd help any one, and pass on without giving things another thought.'

Jan, with a constriction of the heart, recognised her own position—some one Mortimer Chesney had casually helped, and thought no more about.

Al's quick discernment was apparent in his next remark. 'Don't you be in a hurry to think that you know the last there is to Mort.' He straightened himself. 'Life looks mighty different, Mrs Chesney, when there's understanding. It's up to the woman to do most of it,' he added. Turning abruptly, he 'cooeed' to Jamieson for his horse. A moment later he was in the saddle, galloping with a loose rein, his shapely head bared in farewell.

Jan leant back, listening to the *cronk, cronk, cronk* of the frogs. 'I do not even understand myself. How can I understand him?' she thought with a recurrence of restless questioning.

(Continued on page 330.)

THE GULF OF FONSECA.

By EDWARD PERRY.

ONCE upon a time a gentleman named William Parker called at places on the north coast of Honduras, an example followed by many lucky enough to keep ahead of the sheriff in modern days. A few months after Mr Parker's visit one Francis Drake made ducks and drakes

of the commerce of the great South Sea, particularly along the shores of the Provincia de Guatemala.

About that time certain gentry who followed the high seas hereabout pursued, with diligence and often with grim determination, ships that

sailed from Caribbean ports, with design to carry silver and gold from the New World to ever-yawning pockets of Church and Court and courtiers, not to say courtesans, of old Spain. Señores Blauveltd and Drake, Morgan and other free-traders of this Mediterranean of the Western World, took more ships and cargoes, more haughty *dons* and proud *doñas*, more frightened *daniselas* and their diamonds, than seemed right or proper to folk who had Spanish prejudices about such matters. Morgan and others of like principles carried their attentions across that pinched-in waist of Colombia, where ships now pass from the Caribbean to the Pacific. Those venturesome visitors made what some Americans term 'rough house' in what was in those days a busy and a rich city, but is now crumbled masonry amid mounds that were homes of people most of whom are dead.

Those visits, with other happenings, may have given reasons enough for making Señor Don Francisco Valverde de Morcade an investigating committee. He was to examine and report upon all ports along the coasts of Central America, from Nombre de Dios round to Panamá city. He was to cross Honduras from Puerto Caballos due south to the Gulf of Fonseca.

Lest a reader fail to find these names on maps of to-day, it may not be amiss to say that Nombre de Dios ('Name of God') is now known as Porto Bello ('Beautiful Port'), and is a very few miles east from the north-west end of the Panamá Canal. Puerto Caballos ('Port of Horses,' dead ones at that) is now Puerto Cortés.

Three hundred and twenty-four years ago on the 24th day of August 1914, Don Francisco dashed his *rébrika* or flourish after his signature to his *Razón y Parecer Acerca de la Mudanza de la Navegación del Puerto de Nombre de Dios al del Puerto Caballos*—in other words, his reason and opinion about changing the ocean trade from the one port to the other named. That report may be an old story; yet it may have interest to-day, not alone because his Spanish is delightfully queer, but because he describes at much length the Golfo de Fonseca, and the conditions about it, as they were then. Moreover, the Gulf has lately been, is now, and will be, the subject of no little lively discussion. For it is that broad and beautiful landlocked bay wherein the United States would put a naval station should the republic of Nicaragua make with Uncle Sam a bargain that would be of no small benefit to both.

Don Francisco's report will lose, by any translation I can make, the charm of his phrasing; but the substance of the part relating to the Gulf is, in effect: 'The port and bay of Fonseca is on thirteen degrees and a half.* The bay makes by the border to the east of a point that they call Coqibina,† and by that to the west the

point of Martin Lopez; from the point of the Coqibina to that of Martin Lopez there are eight leagues; within the mouth of this bay are two principal isles that are Miangola‡ and Comixagua, which make the port; they are with the point of the Coqibina north-north-west and south-south-west; and with the point of Martin Lopez north-east-south-west, it makes three channels that by whichever of them can enter whatever great ship, there are ten fathoms in the least deep of them.'

In paragraph 57 he says: 'The east part of this bay is less deep, and there is another channel from the point of Mazatepeque to the mangroves of the mainland of Choluteca,§ where are not more than two fathoms or a fathom and a half at high tide, and at low tide the major part is left dry, and in some pools little more than one fathom, which makes this a safe port.'

Cosiguina stands—or so much as it left of itself about eighty years ago—on the southern edge of the broad entrance to the Gulf. It held its head high—some three thousand five hundred feet high—until one September day in 1835. It may have swallowed a little sea-water then. At any rate it suddenly coughed up dust enough to darken all this part of Central America for forty-eight hours. When that pall settled down it made a blanket twenty-four feet thick over all the south part of Honduras. The tale was so writ, gravely. Some of that dust fell on Jamaica, some nine hundred miles to windward; and some covered the face of the Pacific a thousand miles westward. Ships of that day logged the story that they had slow and hard tasks to work their way across the mat of pumice Cosiguina spread many feet thick and eight hundred miles out on the great South Sea. That was something of an outbreak! Bogotá wrote at that time that she heard the sound of that blowing up; and she sits more than a thousand miles from Cosiguina.

Cosiguina is but one of a big family of hot-headed ones. They stand in an almost straight line that runs from Panamá to Alaska. In Nicaragua sleeping volcanoes sit along the edge of this old-time strait that ran across the whole width of Nicaragua. Momotombo, at the head of Lake Managua, still waves his plume of snow-white far out over the plain toward the city of Leon. Ometepe is an almost perfect cone, standing with its feet in Lake Nicaragua; and it has flamed up within recent years. Cosiguina has been quiet ever since she indulged in that spasm of eighty years ago. She has carried her head lower—some thousand feet lower—and watches over bay and entrance, and the flat black plain stretching away to the south-east and the Caribbean.

From Fonseca to the Caribbean runs that gap in the stone wall that fences the Pacific on three sides. Here the Pacific tides raced to and fro,

* Latitude 13° 30' north.

† Cosiguina.

‡ Manguera or Mianguera.

§ Choluteca.

in frolic with the waters of the Atlantic, through who knows how many cycles of centuries? Slowly a dam was raised to stop this play, and to make the Lakes Managua and Nicaragua and a long bed of mud that reaches from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Fonseca. This is one of the best of the very few natural harbours between Cape Horn and San Francisco. Strategists might figure better than I could its value as a naval station, especially as the guardian of the world's greatest ship-canal, a few hundred miles away. From the Gulf to Puerto Cortés a railway might be easily built, for no difficulties occur in the two hundred and forty miles of its line. It will be part of an almost straight line between the site of the proposed naval station and New York. It might be a valuable asset if the canal should be endangered or damaged by any hostile force. Reason exists for believing that this naval station could be made the end of a canal that might use Lakes Managua and Nicaragua. No hills need be dug through to make such a canal, and its axis would lie in a direct line between the Caribbean and the California coast. It might shorten the sailing distance between Atlantic ports of the United States and their Pacific ports at least a thousand miles more than that distance is shortened by the Panamá Canal. At Brito, the projected end of the Nicaragua Canal, is an open roadstead; at Fonseca a perfectly sheltered bay might give entrance to such a waterway.

Certain agitators have managed of late to stir a lot of Central Americans to 'demonstration' against the project of establishing an American protectorate over Nicaragua, and many *actas de protesta* have been published against it, against the ceding of the canal rights, and against the leasing of the site for this naval station. It is reported that Salvador lodged a formal protest of like purport with the Government at Washington.

My efforts to learn the nature of any or all legal reasons for these protests against the leasing of the Nicaraguan part of the Gulf of Fonseca brought to light nothing better than an assertion by a lawyer that the constitution of fundamental law of Honduras says, in effect: 'Honduras is a State separated from the republic of Central America. In consequence it recognises as a primal necessity its return to the union with the other nations of the dissolved republic. To that effect the legislative power is authorised to ratify definitely the treaties that they may have to fulfil with one or more States of the old federation.' *

* *Constitución Política de la República de Honduras, de 14 de Octubre de 1894.*—Art. I. Honduras es un Estado disgregado de la República de Centro América. En consecuencia reconoce como un necesidad primordial volver á la unión con las demás secciones de la República disuelta.

Reports say that eminent lawyers of Costa Rica were asked to prepare and present such a protest, and declined upon the ground that it would be an impertinence unwarranted by the facts. Perhaps they gave due consideration to the circumstances that Nicaragua and the United States are independent and sovereign nations, and as such have a right to enter into any treaty with each other if it would not encroach on any right of another nation. It has not appeared that Nicaragua even suggested that she would lease to the American Government any foot of territory pertaining to any other nation. Possibly the Americans would not rent were she to try so to lease land not owned by her.

While the agitators were kicking up this dust, perchance to hide other schemes, a survey was made of the seventy-two mile link of the Pan-American railway which will skirt the Honduras coast of the Gulf of Fonseca. It will probably pass within a few miles of the proposed site of the naval station, and continue across the flat black plain to the railway now running from Chinandega to Lake Nicaragua. The republic of Salvador has meantime leased the island of Mianguera, just inside the entrance of the Gulf, to an English concern. A free port is to be established and maintained during the next half-century. This seventy-two mile link in the Pan-American railway will soon give quick access to the great cities, to the thousands of factories, and to the hungry millions of the United States and Canada. The free port should become a depository and exchange for a rich commerce which would never come here but for such warehousing as it may give; and the naval station would, in addition to other benefits, give to the people of Honduras, of Nicaragua, and of Salvador each month many thousands of dollars of American gold that would never be seen there but for that station.

These seem to be merely three forerunners of the many great changes that are likely to come to this Pacific coast as a consequence of the opening of the Panamá Canal. If these peoples of Central America can rid themselves of that oriental fear, that jealousy toward the foreigner, which so long kept Japan, China, and the colonies of Spain closed against progress and prosperity; if they can rid themselves of domination by agitators who strive to rouse fear and hatred of the great nations now leading in discoveries, inventions, and the application of these for the benefit of humanity; and if they show a moderate degree of business sense, then they may easily gain more in a decade than their forebears gained in many centuries.

E este efecto, queda facultado el Poder Legislativo para ratificar definitivamente los tratados que tiendan á realizarla con uno ó mas Estados de la antigua Federación.

NOTES ON THE WAR.

That most delightful form of literature, the gay, modest letters of officers and men at the front, as well as the racy narratives of our splendid Tommies, who carry with cheerful and imperturbable courage the British Empire on their backs.

LORD ROSEBERRY.

I tell you this war is the most appalling crime that was ever committed; and if only English people, living in their unharmed luxury at home, could catch a glimpse of the utter misery that exists where fighting is, and has been, they would be absolutely horrified.

AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

LITERATURE has reflected, as in a mirror, the herculean struggle in the great war; and morning, noon, and night the reading of the average individual has largely—all too largely—consisted of newspapers and periodicals which chronicle its progress. No wonder that a doctor at the front asked a friend to send him no more illustrated periodicals, as he had enough of the real thing before his eyes. An officer with a pocket volume of Kipling in the trenches had never opened it. Life, he felt, was too strenuous and exciting to contemplate imaginary scenes and situations. 'Everyday incidents far outweigh anything that has been written in fiction.' As there has never been such a war before, so neither has there been such a mass of literature bearing on the subject of war, in the form of maps, pamphlets, and books. About two hundred books, pamphlets, and sermons bearing on the war were published within the first six months. A wave of moral thoughtfulness has passed over the community, which has shown itself in unselfish working and giving for the soldier on the battlefield, the sailor at sea, and relief funds. The Bishop of Carlisle narrowed down the war to a death-struggle between the gospel of human brotherhood founded on God's fatherhood and the philosophy of a superstate founded on power and oppression. The names of the Kaiser, of Treitschke, Nietzsche, and Bernhardi, as those who sowed the seeds which have borne such bitter fruit, have been freely bandied about in newspaper, on platform, and in pulpit, all of which facts reveal the British nation stirred to its depths in self-defence. Germany has only too faithfully revived and carried out the ideals of Frederick William I. and his son Frederick the Great, whose *Confessions* were recently published. He says: 'The true religion of a prince is his interest and his glory. What man of honour would ever make war if he had not the right to make rules that should authorise plunder, fire, and carnage?' Again: 'If there is anything to be gained by being honest, let us be honest; if it is necessary to deceive, let us deceive.'

According to Clausewitz, 'war is an act of violence which in its application knows no bounds.' And Germany's war programme, according to Schellendorf, was the absorption one after another of all the provinces which neighbour on Prussia. 'We will successively annex

Denmark, Holland, Belgium, northern Switzerland, then Trieste and Venice, finally northern France from the Sambre to the Loire.' The sentiments of Norman Angell are well known. He exposed the misconceptions of national and selfish self-interest, of militarism, and the supposed benefits which force was able to secure.

In spite of the fine things said by Tennyson and Ruskin or Professor Cramb in favour of war, the sentiment of the Irish soldier who said, 'I don't think this killin' is the will of God,' is more in line with the eternal truth of things. So are the protests against war in that remarkable book, *The Crime of War*, by J. B. Alberdi, a former Argentine Minister, and in that powerful story, *Disarm*, by the late Baroness von Suttner, President of the Austrian Peace Society. In her book we live through some bloody pages of Austrian history. The writer points out how the ideas of military glory and the exaltation of soldier-heroes prevailed in her early reading. She also shows that 'shot and shell blast not only the ramparts and forts, but also the entire social fabric of family and finance.' Further, she says: 'What is most astonishing to me is that human beings will bring each other into such situations of agony; that men will not swear before God that war shall cease; that, if they are princes, they do not break their swords; and, if they have no other power, that they do not, in thought and words and deeds, devote themselves to the one passionate cry, "Disarm, disarm!"' Carlyle's picturesque paragraphs on the futility and devilry of modern war, at the beginning of *Sartor Resartus*, will be remembered. Then we have those who exhort us not to believe that to kill militarism in Germany will usher in a thousand years of peace. Of these, Professor Ridgeway, mentioning the example of Greece, has warned us against giving a hasty credence to the dream of perpetual peace when military monarchs shall have fallen and democracy be universal. In a world of perfect peace, he believes humanity would perish from its own moral and physical corruption. Tennyson in his *Maud*, written at the outbreak of the Crimean war, is found arguing that war, for the England of his day, was a more ennobling state than peace:

Is it peace or war? Better war; loud war by land
and by sea,
War with a thousand battles and shaking a thousand thrones.
For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round
the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would
leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his
cheating yardwand, home!

But this is hardly what 'a snub-nosed rogue' of a civilian would find it safe to do against our present enemy, as events in Belgium have shown. John Ruskin, at the end of the third volume of *Modern Painters*, and in a lecture on war to the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, printed in *Crown of Wild Olive*, grows eloquent on war and art, on righteous war and its sacrifices. Of the Crimean war he wrote: 'I believe the war is at present productive of good more than evil. . . . No nation ever yet enjoyed a protracted and triumphant peace without receiving in its own bosom ineradicable seeds of future decline. . . . There is no great art possible to a nation but that which is based on battle. . . . I found, in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word and strength of thought in war, that they were nourished in war and wasted by peace.'

Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest Dunlop Swinton, D.S.O., R.E., the very capable 'Eye-Witness' with the British forces at the front, has pointed out that the great struggle passed through three distinct phases during the first four months. The first phase was represented by the great outflanking advance of the Germans and the retirement of the Allies, the second by our advance on the Aisne, and the third by a gradual extension northward of both sides to the North Sea, followed by the desperate attacks of the enemy on the northern portion of the allied line. Neither side had obtained a decisive victory, but each was striving to obtain that necessary preliminary to victory which consists in gaining the initiative. These operations on a front of about three hundred and sixty miles recall to 'Eye-Witness' the continuous lines of entrenchments and fortifications of former days. The Great Wall of China and the Roman Wall are examples. That part of Flanders where the British army is operating was in the early eighteenth century defended by the famous lines designed by Vauban, consisting of an elaborate system of dikes, canals, and entrenchments stretching across the low-lying valleys of the Scheldt, Scarpe, and Lys to the sea. The trenches of the Allies thus stretch from the sea to the west frontier of Switzerland, like a series of small towns linked together by narrow communicating trenches.

We have heard opinions of these from private soldiers, some of whom characterise them as altogether damnable; others liken them to rabbit-warrens, with men for rabbits. But are the men discouraged? Hardly; for one wrote home: 'I am very fit, very hungry, very dirty, and very glad I came out.' One, in allusion to the wet trenches, said: 'This is no longer called Flanders, but "Flounders."' Another name for the trenches is 'little wet homes in the sewer.' 'It is wonderful,' says another, 'when one is fighting for one's life how fear absolutely disappears.' Being asked what he thought of the

Germans, a British soldier replied, 'They are like flies; the more you kill, the more there seem to be.' A soldier was asked, 'What does it seem like to kill a man?' He replied, 'Just nothing at all. You get so frightfully excited that you think no more of it than of shooting a rabbit.'

Behind the firing-trenches is a labyrinth of intersecting communicating-trenches, support-trenches, and dug-outs for staff officers. Shrapnel and bullets scream and whistle overhead; if the tip of a finger is exposed it may be fired at; while trench howitzers and hand-grenades have also to be reckoned with. The occupants lie low and fire over the top of the trench, though they may not in the dark see any object to fire at. Frost-bite and rheumatism are added to the catalogue of happenings, with possible deafness from the artillery and bursting shells. Beyond are barbed wire entanglements. Between the lines of the trenches may lie dead French or Germans, without a soul being able to pass out to bury them. Above pass aeroplanes reconnoitring and signalling. Washing and shaving are impossible, and the men leave the trenches like miners coming out of a pit. The digging of these trenches and the relieving of the men who pass along the intersecting trenches are eerie jobs, being done at night. Lord Kitchener's opinion of this kind of warfare is that when an army of invasion has ceased to invade, when that army hides itself in trenches and fights at long range, it is doing nothing but waste itself.

A correspondent writes: 'While the infantryman sits in his puddle he may speculate upon the many forces which are working to destroy him. There is first of all the puddle; then there are the Germans in the trenches opposite, who may shoot him or bayonet him; there are the guns two miles away, which may bury him; there are the mines sapping underneath, which, unless his own engineers get there first, may blow him sky-high; and there is the most recent form of terror—the flying mine. This last device of science is perhaps the most terrifying. It is hurled from any distance less than five hundred yards by compressed air, and consists of a cylinder-shaped torpedo containing from twenty-four pounds to thirty pounds of melinite. When it explodes near a trench it makes a most nerve-shattering noise; when it explodes on a trench its bite is as bad as its bark.'

A great impression was made on the public mind by letters which were published telling what took place on last Christmas Eve and Christmas Day between certain German and British soldiers in the trenches. We give the German soldier's account first: 'Suddenly from the enemy hurraing was heard; and, surprised, we came from our mouseholes and saw the English advancing toward us, waving cigarette-boxes, handkerchiefs, and towels. They had no rifles with them, and therefore we knew it could only be a greeting, and that it was all right. We

advanced toward them about half-way. We were only two hundred metres from one another. The greeting took place in the presence of officers from both sides. Cigarettes, cigars, and many other things were exchanged, and even snapshots of both sides were taken. The English began playing with a football they had with them. On darkness descending both sides returned to their drawing-rooms, having promised that for the next three days of the holidays they would not fire on each other. This promise was given as a word of honour, and extended on both sides to the artillery as well as to the cavalry and infantry. The French lay a little farther away, and therefore did not take part in this. They were under fire the whole of the day by our artillery. We were able to move about the whole of Christmas Day with absolute freedom. It was a day of peace in war. It is only a pity it was not a decisive peace.' A piper in the Scots Guards wrote: 'On Christmas Eve the Germans shouted from their trenches, which are only one hundred yards from ours, in these terms: "A Merry Christmas, Scottie Guardie. We are not going to fire to-morrow; we will have a holiday, and a game of football." Our fellows agreed. Next morning, sure enough, the Germans came out of their trenches, and began to saunter over to ours unarmed. At this our chaps went over half-way to meet them. We greeted one another like the best of friends, and shook hands. You would have thought the war was at an end. We exchanged cigarettes for cigars, tobacco, &c. They brought over ever so many things as souvenirs. A German officer gave me a button off his coat for my cap-star. We were chatting all day. I was talking to a German who was four years in London. He could speak fine English. I asked him when did he think the war would be over. He said in six months' time. I remarked that they were getting the worst of it now; and he said that if they were beaten, it was taking four countries to do it. They said they were getting tired of it. They seem to be as well off as we are, and have plenty of everything. One German gave our officer a letter to post to a lady he knows in Essex. I had such a funny feeling talking to our enemy, who would seek to shoot us on the morrow; but there was another surprise in store for us. Next day they came over and stood up on the trenches. We could walk and go where we liked. . . . I must say some of them were

very nice fellows, and did not show any hatred, which makes me think they are forced to fight.'

The poet seized on this incident and wrote:

Not all the emperors and kings,
Financiers, and they
Who rule us could prevent these things,
For it was Christmas Day.

Oh ye who read this truthful rime
From Flanders, kneel to say:
'God speed the time when every day
Shall be as Christmas Day!'

Another thing of note at Christmas was a recital by a captain of the Royal Artillery of Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, and three hundred men had to be turned away from the place in which it was held because there was no room. 'All through the dialogue,' said the officer, 'the men (I could feel it) simply sat breathless, hoping against hope that Scrooge would turn up trumps. And then, at the last words, "And therefore I'm going to raise your salary," there was an extraordinary outburst of relief—laughter and spontaneous applause.'

Professor Wilkinson sets down that 95 per cent. of the men killed and wounded in all the wars of the last hundred and fifty years have been struck by bullets, and about 4 per cent. by shells, leaving 1 per cent. by bayonet and the sword or lance. In the present war the shell has vastly increased its share, as it has largely been an artillery duel, in which the Allies, at first outclassed by the German artillery, later even gained superiority. It was the experience of a member of the R.A.M.C. that the great majority of the wounds on the British side were caused chiefly by shell and shrapnel. Bullet-wounds healed rapidly by first intention, unless a bone was struck or penetrated. The effect of shrapnel varies, sometimes making holes or huge lacerations. Shrapnel is named from its inventor, Colonel Shrapnel (1803). It consists of a thin steel case, divided into two compartments; in the front compartment are many rounded bullets, powder, and a fuse. A private soldier said that the only thing that affected our troops was 'that cursed shrapnel; 50 per cent. of our casualties are caused by that.' If every bullet in a battalion of four companies hits a man, it has been calculated that this would put one hundred and seventy-six thousand enemies out of action, this being the number of bullets carried by a battalion.

NEW ZEALAND'S TUATARA.

By R. W. REID, New Zealand.

NEW ZEALAND'S fauna possesses many unique and remarkable characteristics. While mammals are few, birds are plentiful. Indeed, New Zealand's avifauna has been de-

scribed by authorities as probably the most interesting in the world. There are the flightless kiwi, weka, and kakapo parrot; also the very rare takahe. The last-named is known as the *Notornis*

hochstetteri, and also as the *Notornis mantelli*. South, on the rim of the Antarctic, on the Auckland Islands, a duck is found which appears to be near to the stage when its wings will be incapable of flight. A much-discussed bird is the kea, which is found in the South Island, invariably in greatest abundance on the slopes of the Southern Alps and in their numerous craggy spurs. The kea has an evil reputation among flockmasters, it being accused of killing sheep. Over nearly the whole of New Zealand the varied clear metallic notes of the huia can be heard in the spring and well into summer. Then there is the wry-billed plover. The two last-mentioned birds are notable by reason of striking peculiarities in their bills. The bill of the male huia is short and straight; that of the female is curved, pliant, and long. In the case of the plover, on the other hand, it has the distinction of being probably the only bird whose bill is turned considerably to one side. The giant moa is extinct, and fears exist now that the sweetest singer of all New Zealand's birds, the tui, may have been heard for the last time. The Government last year despatched officials to search the interior of the larger forests and other solitary places with the object of, if not capturing the tui, making sure that it continues to exist. But up to the present time no tui has been discovered, though both Maoris and whites living in quiet and isolated districts declare that recently they have heard the tui's well-known silvery notes.

New Zealand has native bees and ants, dragonflies, beetles, and several representatives of other orders of insects. The katipo spider, which lives usually on or near to the seabeach, is the Dominion's one poisonous creature. Very interesting is the *Peripatus*, an ancient type of an invertebrate, which survives in New Zealand. It is found, however, in parts of Australia, Africa, South America, and southward from the Malay Peninsula.

The tuatara, however, far excels in interest every other member of New Zealand's wonderful family of living creatures. It may be briefly described as a lizard-like creature, the only surviving representative of the order *Rhynchocephalia*, otherwise extinct. The tuatara is found in no other country but New Zealand. Its nearest ally is *Homæosaurus*, whose remains have been found in Jurassic rocks in Germany. Unfortunately it has been largely destroyed—almost entirely perhaps—on the mainland by wild pigs, cats, and dogs. But dotted here and there around New Zealand are many small islands which at one time, it is apparent, formed part of the mainland. Upon many of these islands and islets the tuataras now find a comparatively safe place of abode.

The Dominion Government last year, in response to appeals from scientists, and from many who deplored the threatened extinction

of the tuataras, called for reports from officials—mostly lighthouse-keepers—who were in a position to furnish accurate information. There were doubts concerning the actual numbers of the tuataras and as to where they were to be found, about the dangers to which they were subjected, and as to how they were to be most effectively preserved. The reports sent in to the Minister of Internal Affairs have proved to be fairly comprehensive, and charged with details of considerable scientific value.

Dr Benham, F.R.S., Professor of Biology and Curator of the Otago University Museum, Dunedin, was conspicuous among the men of science who expressed the opinion that every possible effort should be made to save the tuatara from the fate of the moa. He would extend protection not alone to the tuatara, but also to the kiwi and the kakapo. 'The tuatara, or sphenodon in zoological works,' he wrote not long ago, 'is absolutely unique. As you are aware,' he goes on to state, 'there is nothing like it anywhere on the globe. It occurs only within the limits of New Zealand. It has become extinct on the mainland, and, I gather, is diminishing even on those islands on which a few years ago it was fairly common. It is indeed a surviving fossil, for in order to find anything like it structurally we have to go back to very early geological times. It is of immense interest to naturalists, for it combines in many respects peculiarities of both the crocodiles and turtles, which are now so definitely distinct, but which have descended from ancient tuataras, so that it is the most ancient reptile on earth.'

Dr Benham, in further discussing the need for protecting the tuataras, observes that naturalists all over the world, from Britain to Japan and the American continent, look to New Zealand to preserve, if it be possible, this last link with the past. The tuatara, according to this authority, is the only land animal which passed over into New Zealand from the continent of Asia before these southern islands were isolated from the continent—an isolation that has never been broken. In New Zealand the creature survived, while it was becoming exterminated long geological ages ago in other parts of the world. Its survival was due to its freedom from enemies until the fatal introduction of the pig by Captain Cook, and the later unfortunate introduction of cats, stoats, and weasels 'by ill-advised people.' These animals, if not feeding on the adult tuataras, attack the young and devour the eggs.

That the tuataras on the islands have suffered from enemies seems to be fully established. One correspondent, a naturalist, states that in the early 'nineties he lived for some time on Stephen's Island. In those days the tuataras were so plentiful there that if any one went out of doors at night without a lantern it was almost impossible to avoid treading upon them. This observer promptly discovered that the tuataras seem to

prefer for their homes the breeding-places of sea-birds. They can frequently be found in the burrows of the mutton-birds or petrels; often this correspondent met with what he styles a happy family, several petrels and tuataras living together in the one burrow. On several islands, the Brothers and D'Urville in particular, the tuatara's partiality for the sea-birds is well demonstrated. The sea-birds burrow and lay their eggs on one side of these islands only, and there are found the tuataras, and nowhere else on the islands.

Most of the reports bearing on the tuataras at the present time sent in to the New Zealand Government, chiefly, as stated, by lighthouse-keepers, are simple, unaffected documents. They, however, seldom fail to contain information of moment. Writing from Stephen's Island, in Cook Strait, on 30th September 1913, for example, the official states: 'The tuatara is now over its winter sleep, and can be seen basking in the sun on various parts of the island, but not in any great numbers. The tuataras, I observe, occupy the same abode year after year, and from it they seldom travel far.' This correspondent relates that, out of curiosity, he killed a large black spider and placed it close to and in front of a tuatara. For ten minutes he watched, but there was no movement on the part of the 'living fossil.' The watcher turned to leave, but immediately looked back, when 'no spider or lizard was to be seen. The lizard must have seized the spider and darted into its hole the moment my back was turned. I was simply astonished at the creature's quickness.' Yes; for usually the tuatara's movements are of the slow and meditative type. It calmly surveys mankind and the world around with its rather kindly-looking eyes. The tuatara possesses the further distinction of being a three-eyed animal, the pineal eye, on the top of the head, being now the sightless vestige of an upward-looking unpaired organ.

Mr T. F. Cheeseman, F.L.S., President of the New Zealand Institute, believes that almost all the small rocky islands a little distance from the eastern shore of the Auckland Provincial District have tuataras upon them in greater or smaller numbers. He has actually seen specimens from eleven islands, or, rather, groups of islands. He does not think that the tuataras have decreased to any great extent on these islands during the last ten years, nor has he any reason to believe that the young are not now in due proportion to the old. Mr Cheeseman has prepared a brief epitome of the reports to which I have already alluded and quoted from. From these reports we learn that the tuataras are seldom seen during the winter months—June, July, and August in New Zealand—but are frequently to be met with on warm summer days. 'They seem to enjoy a sun-bath,' writes one officer, 'and will stay for hours in the one position taking the

full benefit of the heat.' Hawks on some of the islands are destructive; after the dove petrel has flown they attack the tuataras. This embryo naturalist writes further: 'I would like to mention that I have lately seen tuataras coloured differently from the generality, they having green and bright-brown spots on them, especially on the legs and sides. This is probably their new coat, as I take it—judging by the number of empty tuatara-skins that are seen lying about—that they cast their coats like the crayfish.'

From the Brothers Lighthouse comes this interesting item: 'I was with others on Stephen's Island some years ago, when Drs Shawland and Thalnera (both of Germany) came there to study the tuatara. We were able to give them a fair amount of information, and they spent much time in making personal observations. Strange as it may seem, when we asked some of our New Zealand professors to come to the island they declined. They had got permission, however, to procure some eggs, which would enable them to study the development of the tuataras at their homes.' The same report has the following: 'I caught one or two, and on examining them I found that their mouths were closed. Therefore, I knew that they were recently hatched. They take from ten to twelve months to hatch, and their mouths are closed for quite a time after they leave the egg.' Here comes a curious piece of lore: 'The eggs of the tuatara, like those of the tortoise, are always laid on the same date of the month, year after year.' The eggs are usually deposited in a burrow, about a foot deep, covered with sand or earth by the female, and left. Heat and moisture are all that is necessary; but the eggs must not be exposed to the sun. An exposure of fifteen minutes to the rays of the sun, the New Zealand officials agree, is fatal. When hatched, the tuataras are about four inches in length, and they grow until they are about thirty inches long. The New Zealand Government has made it illegal to injure or kill the tuatara, and its removal from any of its haunts is strictly forbidden.

MY GARDEN.

A SLIP of tenderest green crowned at the verge
With a white belt of beauteous summer-snow;
Whilst fair lobelias lover-like emerge,
And lift blue eyes appealingly below.
Such is my garden, with the fragrance sweet
Of mignonette upon the soft winds borne,
Where bright carnations, clust'ring at my feet,
Salute with joy the glories of the morn.

When I have laid the tasks of day aside,
And pass within these sheltering gates of rest,
They welcome me with hands outstretching wide,
And lead me to the land I love the best,
Where Nature's soul in pity touches mine,
And, though the passers-by may only see
A simple place, yet, when the soft stars shine,
Among the flowers God holds His tryst with me.

GILBERT RAE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

IT is possible that when we have won the war, having spent more than a thousand millions of pounds upon it, and given the flower of our manhood to the guns, it will be discovered that the most evident result in the change of ways and views of life will be represented in a new attachment to the gentle happiness and contentment to be gathered at the fireside. And that will be a good consummation; it will nearly be worth a war. As I write, the saddest and most anxious winter our people have ever known is driving to its end with a gusty snarl at the light and the sun which strangle it, and a spouting storm or two for a final lash at unhappy folk in the streets ere the blue sky with its fleckings is open for the spring again. But if we must again have it with ourselves that the winter season, with its chills and glooms, is the chosen of the evil spirits when they are most active and vindictive (instead of which it is, as we know on discarding such chimerical ideas, the season of Nature's rest and as necessary and advantageous to her economy as any other), we should admit that in its defeat it is destructive, for now it leaves us resentful, the spring being spoiled. There is an incongruity about this new spring season, and I believe that even the coarsest and unkindest of the militarists of our enemy must feel some shame that he and his like have been the cause of it. Nature is now holding him up to contempt before the world. She is scorning him, marking him with ridicule, exposing his ignorance, his brutality, his lack of soul, his utter failure to comprehend the meaning and the greatness of life. She shows him that he is not man as he was meant to be, and he is out of place in a cosmos that, through many difficulties, is striving towards some mysterious good. Have you not seen the new dignity that our gardeners have assumed in these recent days? These are humble people in the winter-ridden months of January and February. They will hide away in out-houses, place things in order on their shelves, make pretence of doing all manner of things which we know to be unnecessary; and, from a feeling of very shame at their ineptitude, their uselessness, their inefficiency, the most sensitive among them will avoid being seen in

their gardens. How different is the autocrat of the flower-beds in May! Here is the season and the man. I have a remembrance of an excellent country gardener who has led flower-beds and buds through forty springs, and who for his importance and his silent, commanding way just now might suggest a Grand Duke Nicholas. And John of the spade and rake and his Imperial Highness have at least one other thing in common besides their austerity, and it is that each of them is directing the mightiest forces to a glittering consummation. How rare is the smell of the soil at the present time! And how the thrushes and the black-birds pipe, and those madcap starlings make their imitations always, be the conditions what they may! The spring has come again; Nature is happy in a return to her work of production in our northern lands; and the war of destruction goes thundering on. But it is not we who are blameful; Nature's contempt is for the enemy alone.

* * *

So the fires have been lit for the last time in the departing season of cold, and now there are screens set up before the grates. I have said that a result of the war may be a new attachment to the fireside, and it is the truth that not for a generation have the peace and contentment, the warmth and the glow, that belong to the fireside been sought and appreciated as during this dead winter; more in London perhaps than anywhere, but at all places more than before. Spirits of comfort have reminded the dwellers in the great town, with all their vagrancy and their restlessness and their ways as if they were always homeless, that they have a hearth. London has a hearth; the war has made it blaze, and the disconsolate have been led to it. No other such reversion to a domestic simplicity of the best kind has been known in our time. But in the early days of winter, when London was dark at nights, when hearts were heavy, when companions were cheerless, when the world was wrong, the unhappy man at last left the club and the hotel and the restaurant, and went home to the fireside as it had not been his custom to do. And those who were without companions for their own firesides joined themselves to the

hearths of others, and enjoyed the glow of the fire and the fellowship in this new domestic way that seemed so wonderful and good. Indeed, in this late winter our fires have almost become again, as once they were, religious symbols; we can nearly appreciate such mysticism of the ancients as led them to keep the sacred fires alight continually, and can understand why the old Greeks carried living embers away from the sacred hearths to distant lands. It is such a kindly, such a generous friend, it enters so genially into this happy arrangement for comradeship that we made for the homes in the time of war, that one might nearly forget fire's deadliness as an enemy, its bad inconstancy. So then and so now this hearth stood and stands for the domestic community assembled for the full satisfaction and enjoyment of kinship and close friendship, the knitting together of little units of mankind who, in a world that shrieks with horror, come closer to each other, feel in the good homely phrase that they 'have themselves,' and that in unity and faith they will stand or fall. I know that, much as it has been vaunted as his 'castle' (rate-collectors and process-servers being the most in mind), the average home of the Englishman in London has been a poor thing in recent years. Its richest virtues have been etiolated by the hotel habit, the restaurant habit, the travelling habit, the motor-car habit, and all the others. There were restlessness and detachment all the time, and the units of humanity with vague longings went about disconsolately in a state of separation. This has been good neither for the people nor for the State. A nation cannot be strong and noble without devotion to its fireside. It has often enough, and with tremendous truth, been declared that it is the instinct of home, the little family community, the men and women who cling together, that have made Britain what she is; but one dares to doubt if the sense of the happiness and satisfaction of the little community was as strong in Britain as in Germany before this war. It was weakening all the time, and in London more especially.

* * *

Now the war, which has hurled our thoughts and consciences back to elemental truths, has delivered us in joy to the fireside again, and the virtues of little communities are exalted and blessed. As the first crash of the war was heard, London and other places suddenly realised how the terrors and dangers of their loneliness had been much increased in recent times, how sadly had been neglected love and friendship, best instincts given by the Creator of human life. Then all at once the evil of this neglect was understood, and never through the medium of the general patriotism has there been among a large people such a kindling of warm

feeling towards each other as at the beginning of this war. It did not need the royal Prince to tell us that we must all 'stand by one another.' The manners of the people towards each other were immediately mended; courtesy became an art again; we spoke kindly to servants, as we should; there were smiles and cheery words for all; men found they could still be gallant; and women showed that sweetness, gentleness, sympathy, and sincerity were as good in them as in the English matrons of generations gone. We realised the value of love and friendship, of constancy and communion, and that they who made the least of them and not the most were false to the cause of happiness and advancement of the spirit. So precious above all things has been sympathy in the gloom of the world since the war began, and a test indeed the war has been. For what we are worth, for the good or the bad, the true and the false, we have all in our friendships been well found out. All this new feeling has received its highest expression in the closing in of real friendships (for the art of friendship has been neglected since the world became so fast and nervous and scattered) and in the simple gatherings of little communities by the fireside. And if the new spirit will endure, one very good thing will have come from the war. Sympathetic friends and a sparkling fire, and the world is still good enough. This we remember as we leave the winter and enter to the spring.

* * *

There is a point in regard to the new community, the recognition of the common interest, which seems to some of us to need bringing into acuter thought and pressing more closely upon the public judgment and conscience. War removes superficialities; it forces essentials into strong relief; it impresses the invincibility of eternal truths upon us. In the time of war, when life and property have not the same settled value as at other periods, and when, as we were enjoined by the Prince at the beginning of this struggle, we must all 'stand by one another,' avarice, greed, and selfishness descend from being serious human faults to the class of unnatural and intolerable vices. The great mass of our non-combatant community in this war has done its duty—done it well. Those who have lost the half of their incomes, or more than half, have still given a little of what has remained to their country for its needs. Most people have given; great sacrifices have been made. Many patriots have abandoned their peace-time ideas of pursuing commercial gain in the ordinary way; there are things now that matter more than the making and saving of money for the satisfaction of selfishness. Uncomplaining, the people have been 'standing by one another' very well indeed. But it is not

the same with all, and we can only think of some of the contractors for army materials, foods, and so forth, concerning whom so many painful revelations have been made or plainly hinted at, as simply traitors, who do not give to their country but rob it in its hour of greatest need, false citizens who serve the cause of the enemy hardly less surely and intentionally than spies, and upon whom some extreme punishment should be made. Some have said that an advanced commercialism of spirit is the curse of this country and of America. That may not be true, of Britain at all events; but it is unthinkable that we should permit among us persons who are little better than ghouls, fastening greedy claws in the bare flesh of our brave and wounded country. Why is so much mercy shown to the people who are false? Of the British it may be said that they do indeed forgive those who trespass against them. But, as apart from the dishonest contractor, in such a war as this, in which the very existence of the nation is seriously threatened as never before, when there is a tremble in the piles of our grand edifice of empire, when we must indeed all 'stand by one another,' is it right that many traders and manufacturers, even in the legitimate and thoroughly honest way of work and business, should gather enormous sums of money as extra profits from the war, directly from it and from nothing else, while other members of the community, equally worthy and as willing, are sometimes driven to want and poverty, and often much reduced in circumstances and convenience because of the mere chance that they were not engaged in an occupation or production associated with the war?

* * *

In times of peace Mr A., selling things associated with art and music and literature, made a weekly profit of ten pounds, and Mr B., selling boots he had made, gathered a weekly profit of twenty pounds; and the same with Mr C., who made cloth. Now, with the guns at work, the business of A. has nearly stopped, and his profit has decreased to two pounds, while with Government work on hand the factories of B. and C. are running day and night, three or four times the ordinary number of men are employed, and the weekly profit in each case is about one hundred pounds. (I take small and easily intelligible figures for comparison; we know the profits in these trades at the present time are colossal.) Does this seem right? Should the circumstances of war be thus permitted, as a matter of chance, to favour a few and make them wealthy beyond all peace-time dreams, while so many are, by chance again, reduced to want? And there is much evidence that the money-lust among a large proportion of the prosperous has eaten in, and that, taking in much, they give back little. Some of us do not like the thought

of people making fortunes out of this war, however honestly, or whatever their own good feeling and patriotic generosity may be. The nation is bleeding; its resources are being strained as never before; the mass of the people give, and give well and freely. It hurts our national conscience to think that instead of an even distribution in the way of giving and taking during the war, such as would do much to mitigate all difficulties, so much of what is given becomes concentrated in the accounts of a few. We do not like to think of a professional man leaving his stricken practice and going to fight in the ranks, while a manufacturer makes this year nearly as much profit as he has made since the South African war. And, more, there are young men in thousands and thousands who have asked themselves why they should go to the trenches and face the German guns and bayonets when the manufacturers and their young sons remain, all in attendance on their business, and give no more to the national funds than they would if their incomes were not so much enhanced. They are well within their rights; and those are honest, upright men, who love their country, and at the last resort, maybe, would die for her.

* * *

But the devil in man, which has been so well cultivated through the ages, will not easily be killed. One fears that no Utopia and no millennium will come up out of this war. There is in us British too much of the spirit of the *laissez-faire* which never will go out, and there is in the blood of humanity in general too much utter worldliness. We begin to realise these things better as the war goes on than we did at its beginning. Optimisms and pessimisms have been exchanged. But I see still on the stalls a little book with a brave cover on which are the words of the title, *The War that will End War*. We thought that in August, September, and October. War on such a gigantic scale as this, we said, could never be again; it was too terrible, too destructive, too inhuman, and too utterly useless. Were the world sane, we said, it could never do this mad thing again. It was a comfort to us as we sent our soldiers to the front that it had to be, and it was a fight for the security of all posterity; it would be the last. I fear our hopes have receded since then from that bright height. We have been looking round the world, searching into human hearts, scratching below the surface, considering motives, and watching the often callous working, as it seems, of human laws. We have seen how in the great mass of people greed and selfishness and vanity are, after all, the governing desires. At a breakfast-table in a country house recently a lady read to me a letter she had received by the morning's post from her brother, an American, in New York, in which he expressed his views

on the war and its developments. The phrase 'material interests' occurred about a score of times in this epistle, and I liked the writer for his frankness. Magnificent principles, the noblest ideals, are great influences in this war; but indeed the 'material interests' are also well involved. And do we not now, every one of us, appreciate the fact that the simplest and most terrible of all natural laws, that of the survival of the fittest, works with the same regularity, the same insistence, the same inflexibility and certainty as in the earliest days on earth and in the later times of the first barbarians? We are not now entitled to speak of those barbarians with pity and contempt. The fight for the survival of the fittest will always go on, the strong will crush the weak, and 'material interests' at the times of vast upheaval will often come before ideals. So we have less faith now than we had once that this will be the last of wars. The world will soon recover, it will become hopeful again, racial sentiments will become excited, the horrors of 1914-15 will be forgotten, the increased risks and terrors of future wars will cease to cause fear, and there will be more struggles for the survival of the fittest. Only, we think that there will be a longer interval between this great war and the next one than there has been between the great wars of the past. That may be the best achievement of the spiritual forces over human desires for a long time to come.

* * *

If, then, the millennium is not at hand, and if the spiritual forces are not yet strong enough to oppose successfully the 'material interests,' perhaps we have no right to expect that B. the bootmaker and C. the cloth manufacturer will give back to the national funds the eighty pounds a week they have drawn from them for war-work done, over and above the twenty pounds they earn in times of peace. Each man of the community will attend, as he thinks best, to his natural obligations and his own 'material interests.' It is simply a matter of the proportion of human greed and spiritual conscience. We cast no blame on B. and C. They are honest men. Yet by their simple human conduct, honest though it be, the needs of the State in a time of enormous danger are not well served. The danger is increased by the propagation of 'material interests' and the working of the worldly laws. Surely, then, the State by force should suspend the exertion of these influences until the crisis has passed and human nature can have its selfish fling again. Why should not the State by compulsion establish a code of national ethics for war-time such as would remove many hurtful anomalies? Why should it not make it law that utterly and completely we must 'stand by one another'? Let us in time of war, with our very homes in peril, have a little practical Socialism, State-made by force.

In peace days we talk of Socialism as a fine dream. More would embrace it did they not regard it as practically impossible, as the negation of ambition, and as contrary to that overwhelming law of the world, the survival of the fittest. However, if we cannot have Socialism when armies are idle, let us have a little of it now when the soldiers are so busy. Let us, with the force of the State, apply it to B. and C. for the full length of the war. We do not seek to establish a condition of equality among the people for the period; it could not be. Nor can we hinder loss and suffering. A. the artist is unlucky; he must bear his loss as best he may. We do not propose to take anything from B. and C. to give to him. But we lay it down as a principle, right and sound, that no citizen should make great profits directly from the State through the war, and that every man should and must be satisfied—and how well he should be satisfied!—if his earnings remain as large in times of war as in times of peace. The profits he makes from the State for the war-work he does for it should wholly or in very large part be given back to it for use elsewhere. We will, therefore, allow B. and C. each to keep twenty pounds a week for themselves, the amount they earned in peace conditions. We demand, their works being necessary to the State for manufactures for the soldiers, that they shall run them at such pressure as we require for the production of war-goods, and that either their profits from such work shall be given back to us or some scheme shall be devised by which all this extra work is carried through under national control and at national cost. At last we have it: at the beginning of a gigantic war like this the Government should consider its new and special needs in manufactured goods of all kinds—everything wanted by armies in war and sufferers from war influences at home—and it should then by compulsion take possession of all such factories of private firms as it needs for the production. Every factory should be taken over as a going concern; every machine of its equipment, every man of its staff, should be retained without a moment's hindrance to the even continuity of their labour and production. At the hour the State decides upon the temporary transfer, it has its line drawn in the account-books of the firm, the auditors do their work, the profits of the past twelve months are counted up, and then the State reckoning begins to be made. The firm receives for the ensuing period profits from the State working at the same rate per year as in the previous year for as long as the nation holds the factory, and the firm should be satisfied. We say that at the beginning of the war the Government should nationalise temporarily in this way every factory and business that it may need for its naval and military purposes, that the proprietors should be recompensed on the principle enunciated, that more factories

and businesses should be added as the need increased, and that at the end of the war the line should be drawn through the accounts again, and the proprietors, thanked for the service they had done, should renew their work in a free world, made healthier morally and more fruitful commercially. For a little while we should have had the most practical and useful Socialism. And, incidentally, having seen to it at the out-

set that in our judgment a fair wage was paid to the workmen, and that as the war wore on it was increased, if we thought it necessary for adjustment to any rises in the price of food that had occurred, we would regard any cessation of work in the way of strikes as an offence of the gravest possible character, something approaching treason, with a quick trial under martial law and no gentleness in the punishment.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXII.—LATE VISITORS AT THE GARTH.

THE hall was in black darkness, its floor covered with skins, soft to the foot. I waited for a tense minute or two. A low murmur of voices came from above, a laugh, and once the clink of a glass. Evidently the owners of the voices suspected nothing. I groped my way cautiously, found a broad staircase, and tiptoed up it slowly, step by step, holding my breath. A corridor at the top branched to right and left. The low voices still reached me, the sound coming at intervals from the left. Creeping along, I saw a light from the open door of a room on the right of the passage, the room where the man signalled from. The door was open about a foot. If I could only see inside! I crept along, and reached an alcove not three yards from the room door. The voices stopped. I shrank into the darkest corner of the alcove.

Suddenly the door was swung open, and a man, candle in hand, peered into the darkness. From where I lay I saw him plainly, a swarthy little man with a pale face and the ears of a bat. He wore the kilt, was under middle height, of poor physique, and the candlelight picked out a face as white as the cockade in his tricorne hat. He looked up and down the passage uneasily.

'It is the rain!' He jerked the words nervously over his shoulder to the invisible man in the room. 'There is nothing.' And again, 'It is the rain! But where is Andie? Why does he not come? Whistle again.' He blew out the candle, and went back into the room.

I heard the shutter-bar move, the window open, and once more the low whistle sounded. This time, unless the dead man near the door rose, I knew there would be no reply. My heart beat unsteadily for a moment. The door opened again, and the two, moving stealthily and on the alert, came out without a light. I heard the click of a pistol-hammer. They padded quietly along the corridor. The footsteps of one of them went down the stair, but where the other man was posted I could not tell. There was dead silence for a little while, a breath of cold air as the hall door opened, and in a moment the man came back at a run, all stealth cast aside.

He called out in a hoarse, shaking voice, 'My

God! Where are you? Something has happened! Come here, man! Something'—

I could not catch more of the gasped-out words, but I knew that he had found the late Master Prowler.

I had crept to the end of the passage, and was crouching in a dark corner at the head of the staircase. Somewhere in front of me, on the landing, I caught the slightest of sounds, the faint creak of a board. The other man must have hidden when his accomplice went downstairs. He was watching me, I knew. There was not an instant to lose.

'Stand, or we fire! The house is surrounded!' I shouted boldly at the pitch of my voice.

It was a desperate chance. They were at least two to one; but their plans had woefully miscarried, and the sentry's fate had set an edge to their nerves.

As for the man in the hall, he fled incontinently, deserting his comrade, the door slamming behind the coward almost as soon as my words rang out. Next moment something (a heavy oaken chair, as I afterwards found) came hurtling at me. Luckily it ricocheted from the wall, or my skull might have been split open. As it was, I got a blow on the point of the jaw that made me dizzy. It came just as I fired, and my shot went wild. I reeled for a second, and then plunged down the passage, for the man had doubled past me towards the room. I heard the door slam and the bolt shoot in the lock. Two kicks with all my strength burst the door. I fired my second pistol point-blank at the window, but I was too late. The bullet shivered a pane; and, leaning out, I heard running footsteps. Soon the rain deadened them. I closed the shutters, lit the candle, and surveyed the room.

The table had been overturned in the flight. Broken glasses sprinkled the floor, and a bottle of brandy, half-empty, stood on the chimneypiece.

The cool devils had miscalculated the extent of their leisure. A wrap-rascal (the name was never better earned), wet with rain, was flung over the back of a chair, and a wood fire had been lit. I reloaded my pistols, put one in my belt, and, candle in hand, stepped out into the passage, on my guard, but mightily pleased with

my performance. It was tolerably clear that I had little to fear from others of the gang; but I went downstairs and bolted the hall door.

Coming half-way up the staircase, where the chair that had so nearly been my undoing lay, I listened, but could hear nothing. Yet I knew that somewhere under this house of danger was the blind man Glenira, 'the Kestrel;' somewhere, too, Mistress Charlotte of the hazel eyes, and at the thought of the lone, despairing cry I had heard a mist swam over me. I knew now that I had lost more blood through the blow from the chair than was good for me. Thoroughly overwrought and unstrung, I called aloud in the silence; called I scarce knew what—her name with a sense of despair; incoherences; wild appeals. I wept. I think I prayed. No answer came from the gaunt house save mocking echoes along the vacant passages. The candle dropped from my hand. I fell into darkness.

When I came to myself I was lying where I had fallen. I was feeling cold to the bone, and very weak and dizzy; but the dawn's slow fingers were touching the windows, and the promise of day heartened me. I made my way to the room where the two men had sat, and helped myself to a good full measure of the brandy. It was 'neat,' and made my eyes water; but it did me a world of good, and after a rest I began to explore The Garth.

First of all, I went to the room on the ground floor where I had been imprisoned on my first visit. The door was open, and the room held nothing but its scanty furniture. But my ear caught a faint sound from above.

Hastening upstairs, one of my pistols ready—for I was to risk nothing in that house of alarms—I came to the door of the chamber. It was barred. I put my shoulder to it, and stood back on guard as it flew open, only slowly to lower my pistol in pity and amazement. Leaning against the wall opposite to me was a youth, pale, his dark hair clotted with blood, in an extremity of weakness, his chin on his breast. He never raised his head, much less looked at me.

'Ah! You have come, Cousin Philip!' I could scarcely catch the words, his voice was so feeble. 'You might just as well have finished me last night. Maladroit! But you always—always'—and on the word he fell insensible into my arms. Only then I recognised him—the youth I had seen on the morning of my escape from The Garth. I laid him gently down, ran for the brandy, and poured some down his throat. A patch of colour showed in his pallor, and he opened his hollow eyes to look into mine in bewilderment as I bent over him.

'You are safe,' I said. 'I am a friend.'

'*Ma foi!*' he said, looking at his blood-stained clothes, 'it seems that I am in need of one.' He sat up slowly and looked around him. 'Where am I?'

'In the house of The Garth,' I said.

'But of course! Yet—this room—I have never seen it! Ah, I remember! Last night Philip and another'—He broke off suddenly, and laid a white hand on my wrist, pitiful entreaty in his voice. 'Charlotte! Glenira! Are they safe?'

'I hope so. I think so. You must rest a little.' I was afraid he would swoon again, but I contrived to calm him somewhat, while I rapidly recounted my experiences of the night. When I told him of the flight of the two men he struggled to his feet, and stood shaking.

'*Juste à point!* But the others!' he said. 'The others! Come!' He made a lurch forward, leaning for support against the wall.

'You cannot walk. There is no time to lose,' I said, lifting him bodily, and carried him out of the room. He pointed along the passage. I was feeling weak and light-headed; but he was a feather-weight, as fragile as a girl, and I contrived to carry him to the head of the staircase.

'There!'

We came to a door, and I set him on his feet in front of it. The door was locked and keyless.

'Charlotte!' he called. 'Charlotte!'

There was no reply. He turned a stricken face to mine, a dreadful mute question in his eyes. I tried to force the door as I had done the last one, but it was of stouter make, and only after repeated attempts it gave way.

A form lay huddled on a couch. He was beside it in an instant, frantic tender incoherences breaking from him. The girl was lying gagged, and bound hand and foot. My heart leaped for joy, for her eyes were live and open. I cut the thongs with the dirk, loosened the gag, and together we chafed the poor bruised wrists and ankles. She was dazed and trembling, and, I think, only vaguely conscious of our presence.

'Charlotte!' he kept repeating, caressing her. To me, looking on, every moment brought bitterness. Bending over her, he met her eyes.

'You! It is you!' she said with a happy sob, her arms round him, as she drew his wet cheek to her own.

As for me, I got never a glance from her. I stood silent and unnoticed. For all knowledge of or interest in my presence that the two showed, I might as lief have been a piece of the room's furniture. I went out to the staircase, feeling, for my twenty-four years, suddenly very old and lonely. There I sat me down and waited with what patience I could, and—but for a very real throbbing pain in my head—like a man awakening from a dream, and haunted by its phantasmagoria.

Presently he came out. '*Grâce à Dieu!* She is unhurt, and will see us in a little.'

A key swung from his finger. He gave a hesitating glance towards it, and looked at me. 'My kinsman—it is painful—his mind—— But monsieur has perceptions of the most delicate. A stranger might alarm him.'

I bowed. 'I think that I understand. I shall wait here.'

He disappeared round the turning of the passage. I heard him unlock a door very gently, and I guessed that he had gone to see to the safety of the tall blind man. In a few minutes the key turned again, and he tiptoed along the passage towards me, a smile in his eye.

'What joy! He is sound asleep, and unhurt. The room is a secret one. Philip had no time to explore! I shall meet my good cousin some day, and then'—

He made a movement of his sword-arm. The lassitude had left him. A lustre shone in his dark eyes. The sprightly set of his trim shoulders, the poise of his head, the timbre of his voice, all bespoke a surprising reserve of nerve and courage for so slight a frame. An indefinable quality, breeding, was stamped on him. It is a futile business, I have found, to judge men and women by first impressions. Looking at him, I revised, unwillingly enough, my first estimate of him. I had set him down as a *petit-maitre*; but, in spite of his air, his delicate features, and light build, the youth radiated vitality like a rapier.

My sinews and muscles were well in their

way, and I had good cause to bless the lusty days in Westmorland that hardened and strengthened them, and gave me straight stature and breadth of shoulder; but beside him I suddenly felt clumsy and rustic. There was nothing lissome about me, and up till then I had rather belittled exterior graces in a man; but a girl's eyes bring about amazing breakages among the brittle opinions of youth. The rueful reflection that here was a gallant whom a woman might love to look upon and listen to forced itself upon me.

'We have scarce had a breathing-space, Monsieur—*mon ami*!'

I gave him my name.

'I am Bertrand Fondelle De Boux, of Bar-le-Duc in France, and I almost wish I had never left it. We have much to say to each other, I think. *Nom de Dieu!* what a night!' He passed a hand over his brow as if to brush out the recollection, wincing as his fingers touched the wound on his temple. 'But without doubt we both must overtake our toilette.' He took up a hand-mirror and looked at himself. '*Pouf!* I have the air of a cut-throat. Your story will keep. Soap and water first! Almost I feel as if I had not been clean for a week. *Allons!*'

(Continued on page 341.)

THE OPENING OF THE WATER-GATES.

By W. F. BATTEN.

THE very fortunately situated people of this country, whose ships are as free in wartime as in peace—save for a few small and slow steamers which are unable to escape from the submarine pirate—are naturally quite unable to appreciate the severe suffering caused by the strangling grip of the closest conceivable blockade. Yet this is what our Russian ally has been experiencing since the only access to the open sea from her southern ports was cut off by the closing of the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, the defences of which—until the present operations of the Allied fleets—have been hitherto considered to be too formidable for any warships to force. That dictum of the naval and military experts, however, no longer holding good, it becomes of interest to note what will be the economic effect of raising this most stringent of blockades—first upon our Russian friends, then upon ourselves; and afterwards to glance briefly at what the political and military consequences of the capture of Constantinople and her northern and southern 'water-gates' will be.

For months past the closing of these Straits has been bringing misery to millions not only in southern Russia, but in Rumania as well, because of the enormous amount of agricultural and other produce of the Russian Empire (and to a lesser extent of the Rumanian kingdom) which has been held up as effectively as if the Black Sea

had suddenly run dry. One of these commodities—corn—if available, would amply suffice to bring down the price of bread in these islands with a run. A Russian well posted in the figures of his country's export trade stated recently that at least thirty-three million quarters of wheat alone, besides very large surplus stores of barley, oats, and rye, with a large amount of beet sugar, are now available for export to this country. Much of the wheat, too, is of the finest dry quality, which will stand changes of climate and a long sea journey better than any other. The Russian wheat-crop of 1913 was an enormous one; and even that of last year, though smaller, left a good margin for the foreign markets. But, as Russia badly needed to transform this potential wealth into gold, it was suggested by financial experts that the corn might be transported *via* Vladivostok or Archangel. That looked very feasible on paper, but in practice proved quite unworkable; for though freights were as high as seventy-five shillings per ton for wheat from the Argentine, and only forty-five to fifty shillings from Vladivostok (which is now kept open in winter by ice-breakers), yet when two cargoes of Manchurian wheat, which is much drier than Siberian wheat, did reach this country, they arrived in such a condition that it was impossible to make flour from the wheat, because, owing to the intense

frost which prevailed while it was lying waiting shipment, it contained nearly 20 per cent. of moisture, and on passing through the tropics and the Suez Canal it became so heated that it was rendered unfit for human food. True, Archangel is but seven days by sea from Britain; but the limited facilities of that port are now required almost exclusively by the Russian Government for the import of war materials and stores, and are not adapted for handling large quantities of bulky cargoes continuously. The fact is that grain export from any of the northern ports is both difficult and expensive, they being farthest from the great grain-growing districts, whilst the route from the Black Sea *via* the Danube and Galatz is not a suitable one either. So far, therefore, as this country and the present season are concerned, the only key to the deadlock lay in the possibility of forcing the Straits; all the more so, too, because unscrupulous American operators have been manipulating the wheat market for the last three months. As to this, however, H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* (thanks to her fifteen-inch guns) proved the biggest bear in the American 'wheat pit' that ever appeared in 'the ring.'

But, turning from wheat to consider Russia as one of the principal sources from which we derive our oil for lighting, for heating, for fuel, for motor-cars, and that in the near future we shall have to look to that country for a portion of the enormous amount of oil-fuel we shall require now that we are adding oil-driven battleships and battle-cruisers to our other numerous warships propelled by it, it is imperative that the Russian surplus and that of Rumania should be made available. During the past nine months the oil-wells of Russia and Rumania have continued to produce oil wherever it was possible to procure labour, because the closing down of a producing-well is a very expensive, and often even a disastrous, measure, for, unless oil is pumped continuously, water (perhaps very deep down) may percolate through into the well and flood it past remedy. But a few figures will best give an idea of what the stoppage of Russia's exports has done for our oil-supply. The output of oil from the Russian oil-wells is about eight million tons per annum. Of this a considerable quantity, after it is refined, goes into the interior of the country, the rest being exported. In 1913 the total quantity of different oil products amounted to about five million tons; but in 1914, owing to the war, it was less than three and three-quarter million tons. Now, unfortunately, because the Dardanelles and Bosphorus were closed, the stocks have accumulated to the extent of one and a half million tons up to the end of 1914, whilst there is all this year's accumulations to add to that great total. Probably, therefore, more than two million tons of oil products are now awaiting the chance of

being shipped away. Further, some of the newer fields are increasing their production so rapidly that the storage accommodation available is insufficient.

The year before last Great Britain obtained from Russia about thirty-seven million gallons of different kinds of oil, about a third of it being petrol; but owing to the closing of the Straits last year only about twenty millions reached this country, whilst not a single gallon has arrived during the present year. But the plight of Rumania is still worse, for she has not her powerful neighbour's resources; and, with all her grain surplus left on her hands, her oil industry, which is assisted by her Government, and which had, after years of effort, become a lucrative trade, is now in serious jeopardy, solely because Turkey, while still at peace, and quite contrary to the conditions of the Treaty of Berlin (1878), suddenly closed the Straits. But though this serious state of affairs has attracted little notice at home up to the present, the 'enterprise' of attempting to capture Constantinople after destroying the defences of the Dardanelles, and to force the Bosphorus Straits in order to open a passage into the Black Sea, has aroused the greatest interest, none the less apparently that so few people understand the situation at the Moslem capital any better than they do the Russian and Rumanian one.

To commence with, Constantinople is no more a city than are its better-class Moslem inhabitants Turks, they being really Osmanli. There are three distinct cities that go to form what we call Constantinople—Stamboul and Galata (with Pera) on the European shore, and Scutari on the Asiatic, the first two being separated from each other by the waters of the Golden Horn, and both divided from Scutari by the Straits of the Bosphorus. Then, again, the inhabitants of these three cities are not even mostly of one nation, but practically of four; for, although the population of the Ottoman capital is estimated to exceed rather more than a million, there are scarcely more than four hundred thousand Moslems in it, as against about a quarter of a million Armenians and about one hundred and fifty thousand Europeans and other foreigners; whilst before the last war between Greece and her allies and Turkey there were also at least two hundred thousand Greeks, but their numbers have considerably decreased since then. Besides these, there are some fifty thousand Jews and a small number of Bulgarians. Constantinople is generally considered to be a most unhealthy place, the haunt of Asiatic cholera and the lurking-place of the plague, but as a matter of fact it is healthy enough; only, as it is, like Shanghai, subject to great and sudden changes of temperature, caution is needful in order to avoid chills. The fanaticism, too, of its poorer Moslem inhabitants, when roused, is not pleasant; but this is so in many of the Asiatic cities.

The beauty of this part of the world is un-

deniable, even when seen from the deck of a passenger-steamer. Stamboul always brings to one's mind some of Turner's gorgeous pictures; that is to say, it would have done so before the horrors of war enveloped the Dardanelles and its black shadow was thrown over the Moslem capital, marring the beauty of its scenery, its rich colouring, its wonderful architecture, and the priceless relics of its past. For from Seraglio Point almost to the Seven Sisters Towers, where before only a beautiful panorama of terraced roofs, domes and minarets, and groves appeared, there now stand out from solidly constructed batteries and huge earthworks the long muzzles of heavy German guns, before which the Teutonic sentinels pace to and fro; whilst the picturesque scenery, the white mansions, and dark-green cypress groves of Scutari have been scarred and disfigured by the erection of strong defensive works. In the suburbs of Pera the summit of the ridge above Galata is dotted with the palaces of the Ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Austria, and Russia, and the consulates of the smaller European States. But all the Embassies are now deserted except the Austrian one—which, however, the ladies have all left; the German Embassy, from which also all the ladies and children have been sent away, has been practically converted into a fortress. At Galata—which is as open at all times to attack by warships as to destruction by a fanatical mob—are the offices of the European merchants, for it lies close beside the harbour at the Golden Horn. The head-offices of the banks and the shipping companies are there also, though more than half of them are now deserted, the subjects of the Allied Powers, like the specie from the banks, having 'gone elsewhere for safety.' The British Consulate, with its court and prison, like the Seamen's Hospital and Sailors' Home, has, it is said, been commandeered by the Government. At Top Khana (the Gun Factory), which is a continuation of Galata, is the Arsenal, which occupies a wide terrace on the shore of the Bosphorus; here, too, there is a gun-foundry, with workshops and modern plant, where gun-carriages and small arms are turned out. The Artillery Barracks are close by; the dockyard, the naval arsenal, and the Admiralty are on the shore of the Golden Horn (the creek, by the way, with its curious branches, when shown on a large-scale plan, somewhat suggesting a stag's antler); there is a dry dock capable of containing pre-Dreadnought battleships; and there are depôts for naval stores and a naval prison. But whether or not these draw the fire of the fleets of the Allies on their appearance or subsequently, the writer cannot help thinking that certain other buildings here, or, rather, in Galata—far less conspicuous certainly, and even partially concealed—where a semi-secret slave-trade in young Circassian girls is carried on, and where it is said that up till

quite recently (even if now discontinued) a traffic was also carried on in Christian children, would be very suitable targets for the smaller guns of the Allied fleets if the buildings were only occupied by the slave-traders. The situation in the Moslem capital to-day, indeed, seems to recall that of another great Oriental despotism which had been 'weighed in the balance and found wanting;' for, despite the warning in letters of fire, where the flames of burning buildings, villages, and fortresses reddened the sky, the wealthy Osmanli inhabitants could not believe that the fall of the capital was impending, because they were told daily by their Government that the Allied fleets were driven off whenever they renewed the attack. So the cafés were filled, the theatres open as usual, and the questionable café chantants with their sly roulette-tables still crowded nightly. The capital's German masters, with their venal tools from the 'Committee of Union and Progress,' and their lady friends, continued to consume much champagne in the brilliantly lighted saloons, till suddenly the truth was revealed, and all realised the approach of a disaster final and irretrievable. Then panic reigned, the rich preparing for a hasty flight, the poor for an eventual armed outbreak. But here the situation in the doomed capital must be left, and the 'afterwards'—that is, the effects of the capture of Constantinople—briefly considered.

From a military point of view the consequences of the success of the 'enterprise,' as the Prime Minister has called it, may be immense. The obligation imposed by the success of the Allied fleets to occupy certain portions of the enemy's territory in force will probably entail increased efforts on the part of this country both in men and material, but the result will more than repay the price. Also, it must not be forgotten that the British Empire is an Asiatic as well as a European one, and that the necessity for the maintenance of our prestige will prevent any chance of failure. The Allies may have finally to settle accounts with at least five Turkish army corps, either four or six cavalry brigades, and a considerable body of irregulars (from these last the danger is negligible, except as to massacre); and there are German troops in and around the capital, who are said to equal a strong division in numbers, so that a quarter of a million regulars will have to be dealt with after the capture of Constantinople, together with the utter smashing of all the fortifications in both Straits and the clearing of the mine-fields. These regulars, having their backs almost literally to the wall, will fight well, and, after the Allied fleets have forced their way through, will most assuredly do their utmost to prevent their return. We shall therefore see the late Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby's advice (given in 1878) now taken, and the peninsula of Gallipoli occupied in strength after the Turkish forces are driven out

of it. The mauling of H.M.S. *Amethyst* was an illustration of the danger of allowing these to remain. Besides, the passage of the supply-ships for the fleets must be protected.

Constantinople, too, if the terrible scenes that occurred at Alexandria after the bombardment are not to be repeated on a much greater scale in the Moslem capital, must be held in force; for even if no general massacre of Christians such as the Bashi-bazouks are now perpetrating elsewhere takes place, and the capital escapes punishment from the battleships' guns or the fury of an excited mob and the rascally Kurdish irregular 'troops,' a revolution, with street fight-

ing, may occur later on. However, when the Bosphorus is held in force with the co-operation of our Eastern ally, a Turkish army threatening Constantinople will be cut off from all assistance from Asia, and, as Asiatic armies do, will sooner or later melt away. Moreover, the 'afterwards' of the capture of Constantinople will cause great changes in the political situation. Should the armies of Rumania, of Greece, and Bulgaria, and finally of Italy, join the Triple Entente Powers, they would bring about the total collapse of Austria, leave the vulnerable side of Germany open to attack, and so bulk largely as a factor in bringing about the beginning of the end.

A BAYARD OF THE BUSH.

CHAPTER IV.

GREAT wagons, loaded high with wattle-bark, lurched heavily across the dull perspective of yellow paddock in the direction of Wangabool. Jan saw them from her seat on the veranda. They projected an idea which brought her a ray of comfort.

'I'll go and see Al,' she decided, going to her room to remove the traces of tears.

For some days the north wind, laying a shrivelling touch on the shuddering pepper-trees and blackening the tender green of the young plantation, had flayed Jan's unacclimatised nerves, bared by the blasts of hot air, their quivering nakedness stung by the flying grit of driven sand. Withered and pulseless, she had fallen a prey to the most desolating depression, adrift in wastes of disillusion.

The distance to the hut in Hawker's Gully, she knew, was not great; the broad track cut by the wagons was sufficient guide.

She set out across the paddock with a renewed sense of buoyancy, though the marks of her recent stormy emotions shadowed her expression. The level stretch on which she moved, as a dot in space, swept on into far distance, monotonous, changeless, the impregnable calm of greatness in its vastness and all its oppression. Her eye travelled without sense of cleavage through an atmosphere so rare that not even a filmy haze clouded the meeting of heaven's translucent blue with earth's dim gray.

The ground was humped with tussocks of coarse grass, yellow and brittle, and scored by sun-dried tracks of cattle. Here and there blackened and charred stumps, where a tree had been fired, uprose, menacing and sullen. The rustle and whirl of myriad grasshoppers formed a tiny battery of sound at every step. Now and then the mellow call of the magpie or the hard clatter of the green parrot cut the stillness briefly.

Her first distressed sense of flat oppressive monotony passed, yielding to the subtle fascination of line and space. Here were no transient

effects of curve and colour, of light and shade. A shimmering transparency of heat alone veiled the uniformity of the spacious sweep outwards; and even this curled backward upon itself where sky and horizon met without defining line. The way led to an attenuated spur of the Ranges, dropping to a ravine of gray rocks clothed with a heavy growth of wattle, scrub, and wild-flowers.

The first gorgeous splendour of the Australian spring had passed, but enough remained to enchant her with a lingering flame of colour. Sweet-scented baronia, its little brown bells delicately lined with mustard-yellow, filled the air with a perfume as instinct with reserved yet penetrating potency as the scent of violets in a Devonshire lane. Yellow stars of Cape-weed carpeted the way. The fleshy blue-green of the pig-faced salt-plant clothed the crevices of gray rock, and everywhere surged the graceful pennons of the wattle. The scarlet head and gaudy waistcoat of the rozella parrot, a shimmer of metallic blue, beneath the spread of green wings, flashed from tree to tree with harsh squawks. Once a couple of jet-black cockatoos, a brilliant splash of gold tipping wing and tail, their crested heads held high, sailed slowly across the gully.

She came upon the little bark humpy forming Al's residence, and looked in at the open door, sagging on hide hinges. Its barren discomfort stirred her. A tin basin on a log and a lump of yellow soap in a jam-tin nailed to a gum-tree even brought a mist of tears to her eyes. She was swept easily nowadays by emotion. It arose now in a mingled wave of pity, tenderness, and pride before the endurance of these men. They seemed cast in the mould of Australia's greatness. The only other men she had known—Carstairs and her father, the dandiacal city man and the desiccated old soldier—took on the aspect of pygmies.

Beyond the hut the wattle grew denser, leaping to the summit of the ravine in a tangled forest, into which she passed, following a ragged

trail marked by lopped branches and naked trunks pallid as with the descent of some sudden catastrophe. Riven gray bark, its creamy lining, satin-smooth, curling and darkening before its exposure, lay bound in helpless bundles all around. The air was full of its pungent sweetness.

She came upon Al in the heart of a thicket. His flannel shirt—belted about the middle, open at the throat, with sleeves rolled above the elbow—showed the sinuous grace of his lithe figure and the smooth texture of white skin below the line of sunburn. He was stripping the bark from a wattle, ripping downwards with deft, powerful movements.

She watched, fascinated, the expert dexterity of his action. The sense which comes to women of the suave and compelling in any display of man's strength held her.

He suddenly became aware of her. A look, dominant and triumphant, flashed into his eyes. She had come. The imperious desire he had fought these days past had brought her. The blood throbbed in his ears; the sudden shudder of passion cooled the heat of his toil. Mort! What, anyway, did the flaccid detachment of Mort amount to? Who could consider Mort, holding in indifferent regard this which was to him as a consuming flame? He looked down at her.

The floating gossamer, turned back from the wide brim of her hat, framed her charming face in soft folds. Mort's wife! He knew that as yet no man owned her. To his experience, and in his roving, reckless life, he had known many women, and understood most of them; she had as yet yielded nothing to man, not even understanding, though its impending light flashed as a will-o'-the-wisp before her bewilderment. She seemed to him at the psychological moment when the chrysalis of dormant knowledge has slipped from its last filmy wrappings, its brilliant iridescent wings folded still, yet poised quivering for flight.

'I guess she doesn't know love yet, but she's about ready for it. Mine or Mort's,' was the simple savagery of the form the idea took in his mind.

He saw in the sweetness of her pallor the trace of recent tears. He was stirred to helpless, impotent rage. He swung his axe and lodged it in the heart of the naked wattle, and sprang to the ground beside her.

'You look like a Greek god,' she laughed.

'Greek god!' he exclaimed, excited yet controlled, launching into any topic that came first. 'What Mort's read to me about those gentry hasn't much struck my fancy. A set of swaggies with no decent occupation, and the customs of a black-fellow. Some of those way-back chaps Mort reads about are kind of heroes—and great. There's one Socrates—I can listen to any of his yarns; horse-sense every time, way above the Greek god sort. But, all the same, they seem to me kind of sitting round talking. I can't see any of them starting in to live. Come up to the

clearing by the hut, Mrs Chesney, where I can start a fire. We're going to have a good old bush camp together—quart-pot tea in a billy, and a bit of damper.'

He led the way back to the little humpy, talking all the time.

With the deft precision of the bushman, he built a fire and hung the tin billy on its tripod of sticks, and arranged their simple meal. His movements, the lines of his graceful figure, the blueness of his eyes, and, above all, the consoling charm of his ease soothed Jan's unrest, while at the same time it obscurely fed her emotion.

As to the man, he knew that without consummate care he was, as he expressed it, 'riding for a fall,' so nervous was his hand, so conscious was he of her, of himself, and of their enforced unity separated from the whole world in the sheltering silence of this wooded solitude. He was aware in every part of him that Jan was strung by some hidden disturbance to a pitch of feeling as dangerous as his own. His whole being swayed to the desire for revelation, while all his manhood spurned the shame of self-betrayal.

As for Jan, something within her was throbbing and beating. The vague, misty yearnings and languors of the past few weeks seemed to be gathering force for some terrific upheaval. She could have hidden her face against Al and implored the comfort of his understanding. He always understood. She had been so much alone with this sense of something immense for ever eluding her.

She rose to go, glancing about her. 'Why did you never tell me how sweet it all is up here.'

'Think so? Mort gets kind of blue-mouldy and poetical when he comes up. Seems much about it to me.'

With the impending desolation of her departure he turned fiercely to stamp out the remains of the fire.

'No bushy leaves anything alight,' he observed. As he spoke a smouldering stick snapped beneath his tread and flew upwards in a shower of sparks about Jan.

He sprang with the alert readiness of the man used to sudden hazards, and caught her to him, crumpling and crushing her light dress in his strong hands.

Beyond the necessity of her danger, for one pulsing second he held her, as a man holds the woman he desires, the blue flame of his eyes flashing downwards upon her. He felt the answering quiver of her body against his, and at that his arms dropped.

What had happened?

With mingled apprehension and expectation he looked for Jan's first revealing glance. Erect and pale, with the curious smile a man wears before the wavering balance of a woman's decision, with half-mad desire, with wholly desperate shame, he waited.

In that suffocating moment, while the con-

tagion of the man's passion shivered through her, while the blue flame of his glance scorched and seared her, there sprang to consciousness the knowledge she had so long sought. She knew now everything—all that had drawn her, all that had evaded her, all that held her bound.

The glance that met Al's tense gaze, so withdrawn from any consciousness of him or his passionate emotion, held in the swaying control of some power beyond and outside his, passed him, and yet, in passing, struck him as with the impact of a direct blow.

He lifted his head, alert, questioning, stung to the quick; the lust of the pursuer upon him, man's strongest impulse of dominance. He would make her understand! His whole body trembled as a dog's trembles held in leash within sight of its quarry. His glance swept her. The pupils of his eyes contracted, his nostrils dilating, he looked another man. Love can annihilate consciousness of time and space and material being. Al at that moment was perhaps as nearly an incarnation of its elemental indomitable force as a man can be.

'Mort!'

'Oh, damn Mort!'

About them there suddenly fluted a low, soft note of infinite sweetness, clear, detached as a miniature clarion.

It does not take man long to compass Destiny. There is always one supreme point of time immeasurably minute, immeasurably great; therein he makes his choice.

'Australian bell-bird,' drawled Al. 'Mort's favourite,' he added slowly. 'I'll see you to the bottom of the gully, Mrs Chesney.'

They took the downward trail in silence. Jan, walking as one in a dream, was passing out on to the paddock before she recollected Al.

'Oh Al!' she said, turning and giving him both her hands remorsefully. He closed them in his, and drew them slowly to his breast. His touch broke the last barrier of reserve between herself and her own heart. She met his steady blue eyes with a clouding mist in her own. Her tense feeling suddenly relaxed. Her breast rose and fell. She flushed deeply, and grew pale.

His heart seemed to stand still. 'I reckon you're missing Mort,' he said huskily.

Her voice broke in little pants. 'Oh Al! I want him. I want Mort!'

It was the first time he had ever heard Mort's name on her lips. It startled him. Very pale, he recovered himself. 'Why,' he said soothingly, 'it's no way to the Desert. I'll have Mort out of that before sundown.'

She shook her head, withdrawing her hands, and shrouding herself from him in her veil. 'Oh, that's no use,' she said, her voice sounding muffled and distant beneath its folds. 'It is I who am in the desert!'

She turned swiftly away, leaving him standing straight and silent where the wattle began its

upward ascent. Above his head a kooka-burra suddenly yammered its senseless laugh.

On the horizon the silhouette of a solitary horseman jogged up and down against the skyline. It faded slowly into the shimmering haze of heat and passed out of sight, dropping downwards to the south.

As Al rode into the Desert camp he saw Chesney sitting on a log, in his shirt-sleeves, his hands dropped listlessly between his knees. 'Mort's looking a bit played out,' he thought, his keen eyes taking in the air of dejection about the solitary figure seated amidst the forlorn and desolate country newly stripped of timber.

Mighty logs, like fallen giants, lay all around; and ring-barked gums, stretching a blanched reticulation of bare branches, with the effect of an agony of appeal, blasted into everlasting silence, stood dumbly awaiting the bushman's axe.

About some huts in the background men moved around a brushwood fire preparing supper. A fitful blaze from smouldering sticks served only to emphasise the solemn loneliness of the scene; the column of blue smoke belching upward in the still air suggested more some sacrificial offering to the outraged deities of the forest than the homely comfort of a good meal.

Al handed his horse over to one of the men, telling him to saddle-up Chesney's mare. 'The boss will be ready in a brace of shakes,' he said, striding off to his interview.

'Hello! Anything wrong?' Chesney questioned laconically.

Al kicked a chunk of wood impatiently aside. 'I've come after you,' he said, going straight to the point in his usual direct fashion. 'You've got to be at the homestead before sundown.'

Chesney made no movement, though the expression of his eye quickened. 'Nothing wrong with my—wife?'

'Yes,' said Al abruptly, 'everything, as far as I can see. You make me tired, Mort!' he broke out fiercely. 'A woman there alone, eating her heart out with longing and loneliness, and you sitting on the fence!'

'Going to drive that jump-stump plough of yours through the situation again?' asked Chesney carelessly. 'You don't understand how things are, Al.'

'I don't understand how things are with you, and that's God's truth; but I understand how things are with her. You bring a girl like that from all her topping people and her London society, and from the fine old crusted comforts of the Old Country, to what must seem to her the Back-of-Beyond. And you set her down with women like the Smithson girl and Mother Jam, and a man like me!'

Chesney smiled a little, though a worried gravity was in his eyes. 'Couldn't leave her with a better man, mate,' he said lightly. 'As to all that, topping relations, society, and so on, she's

above that sort of thing. Even I know that much about her. Way above it,' he said slowly.

'That may be,' returned Al. 'But,' he added firmly, 'she's up against something, and you'd best make tracks for home, and find out what it is. She's unhappy, Mort.'

Chesney lifted his hands, and dropped them inertly. 'You are sure?'

'Dead sure!'

At that Mort's calm broke somewhat. 'Unhappy, and tied up to me for life! I have known all along that she was wretched. I can always see the fear in her eyes when she stood by my bed that first day. I'd give my right hand to set her free. A man has no business to take a girl who, he knows, doesn't care a rap for him, and is only being shunted into marriage by her people. But, by God, Al! there's no sitting on the fence in my case. She—I'— he broke off.

'I'll send her back to England,' he went on, reverting to his usual manner. 'You have shown me that there is no use hoping. You saw from the first, as well as myself, that she was miserable—as miserable as a bandicoot!' He smiled. 'And yet I tried to ease things for her. I made some excuse, and left her behind after the marriage, so as not to rush her. I hoped she'd get accustomed to the idea. She is, as you pointed out, one of the "white-lily sort," and hardly knows what a man is. She has gone her own way since she came. The only way is to send her back to England,' he concluded, looking grimly on the chaos of fallen trees and heaped brushwood, as if he saw in their disorder the chaos of his own life.

Al's whimsical smile met his sombre glance. 'Oh lord! lord! lord! Mort. This comes of nosing round in books the best part of your days. You've taken a good few of my remarks to heart, seemingly; just take this one also. When a man loves a woman let him tell her. Tell her!' he repeated with a touch of scorn.

Chesney's unresponsive glance met his. 'Not a bit of use,' he said quietly, 'in this case.'

Al sat down on the log beside him abruptly. 'Now, Mort, just you look here. Tell her straight just what you've told me. Use or no use, it's her right. Wandering round in a heavenly maze of beautiful ideas isn't going to help you or her. Fine feelings, like fine fleece, have got to go through some handling. Go right back now, and have it out.'

Chesney gave an unmoved, impassive smile. 'It's not possible for you, Al, old man, to come within a mile of understanding how a delicate-minded girl looks at things. I don't myself. But I know enough not to pester any woman with talk of love which she cannot return, and doesn't want.'

Al sprang to his feet. 'Delicate-minded! What do you mean by that? Isn't she a flesh-and-blood woman, even if she isn't the forthcoming sort? It's just that kind we men slip up

about, waiting for a lead. Hasn't she shown you, if you had the sense to see? Look at the lovely way she's taken all this. No meaching, and pining, and miffing; but up against it, cooking, and dusting, and putting up her china and pictures and story-books, making your home as sweet as herself. When she rounded on that schicer Irene I knew she was a bonzar. An' always gentle and kind.' He dug his heel savagely into the ground. 'What do you suppose she came out to you here for? Shunted! A spirity girl like that isn't going to stand any shunting. What did she do it for? I've heard,' he added slowly, 'of a woman before now following a man out bush when he'd only his billy and a blanket. Why?' He looked down at Chesney, suddenly silent. 'Ain't you going to make no sort of effort to understand, Mort?' he asked sharply.

'God help me, mate! I understand only too well,' returned Chesney heavily.

Al moved a pace or two from him, coming back impatiently. 'I ain't one for poetical notions, or any such truck; but there's some things I'd want the woman I loved to tell me herself; what I reckon she'd fair desire you should learn only from her. But seems to me I've got to go back on her in this.'

He lifted his hat as if oppressed by the sultry heaviness of the evening. 'Mort, she loves you,' he said simply.

'How can you know anything about that?' asked Chesney derisively; though the man, looking down at him, saw he was moved.

'How? There's that saying of some Arab chap you're fond of quoting: "How can one tell whether man or beast has passed this way save by the footprints in the sand?" That's how I know. Life is the book I read; I haven't done no other studying.'

His eyes grew dark before the remembrance of Jan's face that afternoon in the shadow of the wattle.

'Does her voice give a little hitch and pant, and does her face go all red and white, and do her eyes look wet and wide when she says "Al," for instance? No, sir; not much. I've heard her say "Mort" like that,' he added slowly, thought drowned in the recollection of that supreme moment.

'Don't, man!' said Chesney, rising abruptly.

Al lifted a summoning hand to the man with Chesney's horse. 'You'll have to ride like the man from "Snowy River" to strike the homestead before nightfall,' he said carelessly, rebuckling a loose strap as Mort flung himself into the saddle. 'By the way, Mort,' he added deliberately, 'I've got a move on; going to clear—do a get. See? Macnaughten can take my place.'

Chesney reined in the plunging horse. 'What the devil do you mean, Al?'

Al laughed loud, and slapped the flank of the

rearing brute, which with a spring shot forward. 'Ride, Mort; ride for all you're worth! So-long, mate!' he shouted, flinging a hand above his head in farewell.

'The mare can easy do it,' said the stolid stockman standing by. 'No need for the boss to hustle.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MORE ABOUT LIFE-SAVING GARMENTS.

MENTION was made last month of the utilisation of Java kapok for life-saving garments. We have pleasure in giving some further information. Java kapok, a downy substance made from vegetable fibre which hitherto has been almost exclusively used in the soft-goods trade, owing to the combination of warmth and lightness, is the most suitable material for charging life-saving appliances, being five times more buoyant than cork. Some time ago an ingenious inventor, cognisant of the various properties of kapok, devoted his attention to the utilisation of the material on new lines. The objection to the ordinary life-belt is that it has to be donned hurriedly in an emergency, and in the rush and confusion of panic it is apt to be wrongly adjusted, when it is sure to prove a failure. The inventor conceived the ingenious idea of combining the kapok appliance with garments which could be worn continuously, and could therefore be relied on without the slightest apprehension in time of sudden danger. This new application of kapok has been very successful, and various life-saving garments can now be worn at any time and under any circumstances without the slightest inconvenience. For instance, there is the form of appliance which recalls the familiar chest-protector, and which weighs only thirty ounces and is held in position by means of strings tied round the waist. It is very warm, and, unlike other life-saving jackets which have been devised from time to time, is perfectly safe, as even the non-swimmer is not in the slightest danger, and whether injured or insensible there is no risk of sinking. Belief in the efficiency of this appliance has received ample testimony, one of our largest transatlantic liners having been equipped with more than three thousand two hundred jackets. In the recent naval disasters hundreds of valuable lives have been lost owing to the lack of life-saving appliances. This want can be met by the aid of the kapok waistcoat made in a form suitable for everyday wear, the style being capable of variation to meet individual requirements. It can be worn either under or over a jersey, and there is not the slightest interference with the free movement of the limbs. Two pockets are provided for flasks if desired. Although the waistcoat is apparently insignificant, sufficient kapok is carried to support a heavy man in the water for at least thirty-six hours. The new life-

preserver can also be utilised for teaching swimming, or it may even be used by swimmers. At the same time, should the expert swimmer be seized with cramp or suffer an injury, there is no danger of drowning. The outstanding feature of the system is that the position into which one is thrown when immersed is precisely that which would be assumed naturally if the person were unconscious—that is, upon one's back, with the head well out of the water as if resting upon a floating pillow.

CHALK AS FUEL.

In Canada and the United States a coal-peat fuel has been utilised somewhat extensively, the peat being mixed with coal-breeze and then pressed into briquettes. Such fuel has been found efficient and economical. In Germany the most common practice is to use the peat for the bulk production of electricity. The electric generating station is set up in close proximity to the peat-bog, and the peat is used for the production of producer-gas which drives huge generators. One of these stations, which has not been long in operation, had an output, prior to the outbreak of the war, of ten thousand horse-power-hours for lighting and power. But it is not generally known that chalk can be converted into a profitable fuel. If the chalk is pulverised and then combined with 30 per cent. of breeze and 10 per cent. of solidified tar, the mixture being compressed into small briquettes or pebbles about the size of a chicken's egg, the chalk briquettes will burn with perfect satisfaction either in an open grate or under a boiler. This fuel has the advantage of being smokeless, has a high calorific value, and burns freely. The cost of producing such fuel may be decreased by utilising the refuse and garbage collected from the household dust-bin as one of the constituents of the briquette. The residue of such fuel possesses an economic value, inasmuch as lime forms the larger portion of the ash.

SAFE AND AUTOMATIC ELECTRICITY-CHARGING APPARATUS.

A very simple, safe, and automatic charging apparatus for recharging the accumulators of pocket and cycle lamps, &c., has been placed on the market. It consists of a porcelain holder and automatic switch combined; and by merely slipping the cell into the holder the switch is operated and the terminals of the cell are cor-

rectly connected ready for charging. This device enables householders who have direct-current electricity in their homes to make use of the accumulator type of pocket-lamp, which, of course, can be recharged time and again at the cost of only a very small fraction of a penny. The apparatus can be fixed in any incandescent lamp circuit, and whether or not a cell is being recharged the incandescent lamp may or may not be used, just as desired.

THE 'MINENWERFER.'

Attention has been drawn in official despatches to the mine-thrower which is used by the German forces for the bombardment of our trenches, and emphasis has been laid on the destructiveness of this weapon. This is referred to at page 317, in 'Notes on the War.' It has been described as a new arm, but as a matter of fact it is a revival of an ancient missile in which the Germans have displayed much enterprise. The *Minenwerfer* comprises a small mortar which can be used in a trench. But it differs from the conventional mortar in that the projectile is placed outside instead of within the gun. The barrel is somewhat small in calibre, being, in fact, only of sufficient diameter to receive a long rod, the free end of which projects beyond the barrel. The bomb, of spherical shape, is provided with a hole large enough to receive the rod. When the gun is loaded the mine rests upon the barrel of the weapon. According to report, this *Minenwerfer* is said to be worked with compressed gas, inasmuch as there is an absence of sound, while the missile has a low velocity. But the weapon is actually fired by a small charge of low explosive such as gunpowder. A high charge is not necessary, for the simple reason that the missile is used over very short ranges. When the arm is fired the rod and bomb are ejected into the air. As the mine travels the rod becomes loosened, and finally drops clear of the bomb. The bomb has been said to be charged with carboic acid; but when one reflects upon the extensive damage which is said to be wrought by the explosion of the missile, it is evident that it must be charged with a high explosive. It is said to dig a hole from thirty to fifty feet in diameter and ranging from thirty to forty feet in depth. The only explosive capable of making such an excavation is trinitrotoluene, which is probably the most powerful explosive known. As this explosive is made from picric acid, which is a carboic acid derivative—produced from the destructive distillation of coal—the 'strong carboic acid smell' which is said to be noticeable after explosion points to the use of T.N.T., as it is called. While the *Minenwerfer* is destructive, it has also the disadvantage of being quite as deadly to the men using it as to those against whom it is thrown. In fact, the rod or tail of the bomb is often hurled back like a boomerang

into the trenches from which it has been fired. It was this risk of rebounding with force and killing and maiming the users which brought the weapon into disrepute, so probably it has been requisitioned more as a message of 'frightfulness' than one of death and destruction.

INFLUENCE OF RADIO-ACTIVE ORES ON PLANT LIFE.

A series of interesting experiments have been carried out by Mr Martin H. F. Sutton, F.L.S., of Sutton & Sons, Reading, with a view to determining the effects of radio-active ores and residues upon plant life. The investigations had a threefold object. In the first place, it was desired to ascertain whether radio-activity exercises a beneficial effect or otherwise upon plant life; secondly, whether the benefits accruing therefrom demanded strong or weak dressings; and, thirdly, whether radio-activity can be used with advantage to accelerate germination. The experiments, the results of which have now been announced, were conducted for more than a year, and were made in connection with some six hundred pots and boxes of various vegetable and flowering plants. The materials employed comprised respectively radio-active ore certified to contain approximately eight milligrammes of radium bromide per ton of ore; radio-active ore obtained from a source different from the foregoing, and containing approximately nine milligrammes of radium bromide per ton of ore; mine residue after radium had been extracted, but certified to contain 1·8 milligrammes of radium bromide per ton of ore; and black oxide of uranium. So as to obtain incontestable comparative data a complete control system was adopted. The sum of the experiments, which have been related in detail in an interesting brochure embellished with photographs, is interesting. This phase of the science of agricultural stimulation, as it might be termed, is in its infancy; but nevertheless Mr Sutton's contribution on the subject is of inestimable value, inasmuch as it represents one of the few such researches in plant life that have been carried out in these islands on scientific lines. The operation is necessarily protracted, but it is one of extreme fascination. Exigencies of space will not permit of dealing with the experiments in detail; but it may be mentioned that, so far as germination being stimulated by radio-activity is concerned, the results are rather negative than positive. Yet the investigator rightly emphasises the fact that further experiment is necessary before advancing any conclusive decision on this subject. In so far as the plant-growth experiments are concerned, it seems to be apparent that radium emanations possess the property of developing and increasing growth.

A WEATHER-PROOF TOBACCO-POUCH.

Thoughtful inventors have devised ways and means of ensuring the dry condition of matches and cigarettes in the trenches, but hitherto the

manufacture of appliances for the preservation of tobacco in a dry and full-flavoured condition has escaped attention. This deficiency has now been met by the recent introduction of an ingenious tobacco-pouch. This receptacle is made from a new material, the fabric being of a rubbered nature. The waterproofing is so secured that there is no danger of the tobacco—which, as is well known, readily absorbs the flavour of the materials in which it is packed if they are at all aromatic—being affected. Thus the tobacco may be kept indefinitely in a full-flavoured, pure, and serviceable condition. The pouch is fitted with two flaps. The inner protective flap is buttoned over, and then the outer flap is folded over and buttoned not only to the inner protective flap but also to the body of the pouch, so that it is difficult for wet to penetrate. The pouch is frost-proof; it is very light and of great strength, which renders it immune from the rigours of warfare; and it has the additional advantage of being inexpensive. It should be very suitable in climates where the preservation of tobacco is sometimes difficult.

MACHINE FOR CLEARING, CLEANSING, AND REPAIRING DRAINS.

This is an invention which should appeal to architects, property-owners, builders, and others, as the work is done at a nominal cost and without necessitating trench excavations. The system can be used in all drains irrespective of depth beneath the surface, all defects in the drains being repaired with equal facility. If a repair is required the drain is first cleared of all obstructions. This is effected by means of revolving iron wheels fitted with iron spikes, which are passed through the drain, and the rapid rotation of the wheels serves to loosen all obstructions which may be lying in the conduit, or which may have become attached to the inner wall of the drain. Then revolving brushes are introduced, which ensures the thorough scrubbing of the surface, and the loosened matter is flushed away with water. The repairing-machine is now inserted, and as this passes through the drain, cement, under heavy pressure, is forced into any cracks, holes, or fissures that may have developed, the process being repeated until it is impossible to force any more cement into the defective places. Although cement is applied in this manner, it should be remarked that no cement is deposited on the interior of the pipes, as the dressing is confined to defects. Thus the original surface of the pipe is preserved. Drains repaired in this way have been tested searchingly, and have been proved to preserve absolute watertightness for five years after being so treated. The cost of repairing underground conduits in this manner is trifling compared with the methods generally adopted, while the method is in every way as effective as opening up and repairing or replacing defective pipes.

PAPER PULP FROM UGANDA.

The demand for paper pulp is increasing rapidly, and the denudation of the vast forests of the soft woods adapted to this branch of industry renders it necessary to discover alternative sources of supply. In this respect some interesting experiments have been made with the stems of the elephant grass—*Dennisleum purpureum*—which flourishes so luxuriantly in Uganda. The pulp produced from this raw material is found to be of good quality. Doubtless the prosecution of this industry would be of far-reaching economic importance to our East African colony, but unfortunately the nearest available markets are at a considerable distance. The commercial prospects of the development are, therefore, affected by the transport charges of the pulp, and also by the supply of limestone suitable for causticating soda-ash, which at present has to be imported. If these two problems can be solved satisfactorily a promising future is assured, inasmuch as the raw material is extremely abundant, tracts of country extending over many hundreds of square miles, which are generically described as 'bush,' being densely clothed with this grass. The experiment is being conducted upon sound scientific and commercial lines, a British firm of paper manufacturers being interested in the scheme and co-operating with the Imperial authorities. At the present moment the bulk of wood pulp used in the manufacture of cheap papers, such as those required for the daily press, is imported from Scandinavia and Newfoundland.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE OVERTAKING OF SPRING.

SPRING has departed! Oh, let us follow,
Follow north with the homing swallow!
Is she now hid in primrose cover
Only known to the happy lover,
Lies she in dell
Strewn with bluebell
And frail anemone down in the hollow?

Lilac scent her secret is telling,
Song of the nest from the thrush is up-welling;
We thought her lost and ourselves forsaken,
But her fairy feet we have overtaken;
Kingscups of gold,
Fern fronds unrolled,
Under the hawthorn here is her dwelling!

Love has departed, vain now to follow,
Follow after with autumn swallow;
Fugitive love than bird is fleetier,
Never again can we hope to meet her.
Far has she fled
To the realms of the dead,
No more to be found on height or in hollow!
J. M. KRAUSE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEIR TO SUNNINGHALL.

By Mrs HERBERT MARTIN, Author of *A Labour Member*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

'MY DEAR GREGORY,—You must, after all these years, have pretty well forgotten your old aunt Lydia, with whom you spent some holidays before your father left England, twenty years ago, when you were a curly-headed schoolboy; and I know I have been very lazy and unkind in never recalling myself to your memory. Indeed, I have grown so elderly and lazy that I am afraid auntly affection alone would hardly have roused me to write to you had I not had sad news to communicate—sad, I should say, for *me*; for you not altogether so. My poor old brother Anthony, the "Squire," as every one called him, the only survivor of the family except me, and the eldest, your great-uncle, has passed away, and it is my duty to write to you, as well as the lawyer, who will announce it formally, to tell you that he has left you sole heir to Sunninghall. You will understand that my affectionate congratulations to you are mixed with sadness. For the last ten years, by my brother Anthony's wish, my husband and I have lived with him, and I have kept the house. He was partially incapacitated from active life all that time by a stroke; and though he recovered mental vigour, he had never again the full use of his powers. Sunninghall was the home of my infancy and girlhood till I married Mr Guthrie and settled near Leamington; it is a spot very dear to me, so you may suppose I was rejoiced when Anthony made me a home there again. I think you may have visited the place in your childhood, as my dear brother retained a kindly remembrance of you; but you were, of course, very young when your father, our poor nephew Reginald, took your mother and you to South America. I regret that our intercourse has not been carried on since. My brother, I know, was vexed at your leaving England, as your father was his only surviving nephew. The lawyer will give you all business particulars. I have now only to add my hopes that you will come to England as soon as possible, and let me have the pleasure of welcoming you to your new home. I have kept it—I think you will say—in perfect order, and you may rely on my doing so. We are not a large family to welcome you—only my husband

and myself, and a young companion named Margaret Emerson, a distant connection who was left destitute some few years ago. With kindest messages from my husband, believe me, dear Gregory, your loving aunt, LYDIA GUTHRIE.'

Gregory Le Fevre—a bronzed, open-faced man of a little over thirty—read the foregoing letter with frowning attention as he sat in the veranda of his house one warm evening. He was alone, but for servants and working-people of the ranch, as his partner had gone on a visit to Rio, and he had no one with whom to discuss the rather startling news just received from England. Le Fevre was a bachelor, a man used to a rough life, plenty of work, little luxury, and no society since the death of his father and mother, who had come out from England to take over a ranch which a relation had left them. His was a blunt, frank, rather fiery and passionate, but kindly nature; he made some enemies, but staunch friends; and even the shifty South Americans who worked for him had both liking and respect for the man who was ready to help as well as to storm when occasion offered. As his partner said, he was straight as a line, and soft-hearted to folly when his heart was appealed to. He read his aunt's letter twice, muttering to himself, as men will who are used to solitude, 'Old Aunt Lyddy! Of course I remember her. A soft, mousy sort of woman, very kind. I have a warm remembrance of those holidays: her treats and her cakes and sweeties. I don't think I cared much for her old man; but I don't seem to have any clear recollection of him, except that he was fussy about carpets and my boots—connection obvious. And so Uncle Anthony has left me Sunninghall! Well, that's surprising. My father always said he had quarrelled with him for leaving England, and the place was to go to Aunt Lyddy. Of course she must stay on if she wants to. Hard luck for her to be turned out where she's been mistress. What's it worth? Let's see the lawyer's letter.'

He opened this, and, still frowning, read the business-like and rather abstruse statement with the copy of the will: 'My house and estate

called Sunninghall, in the county of Surrey, absolutely to my nephew Gregory Le Fevre of —, South America; shares in so and so and one thousand pounds down to my sister Lydia Janet Guthrie; legacies to gardener, housekeeper, nurse, to the County Hospital, and so on. These details did not interest Gregory. He read on. Mr Barnes explained at length the acreage, value, &c. of the estate—it was not large—and the house, an old-fashioned, pleasant Jacobean mansion, which Gregory faintly remembered; the whole bringing in an income of about two thousand pounds—not a magnificent heritage, but a pleasant and interesting one in the loveliest part of the lovely Surrey country. The very name seemed to bring to the reader's nostrils the smell of warm gorsy commons and the thyme underfoot; while memory painted a picture, vague but alluring, of gently folded hills, beech and fir woods, cowslip fields, and blue misted glades filled with hyacinths. His eyes scanned the bare prairie round his bungalow, and he drew a long breath. 'Home! England! Surrey! How dear it sounds!' He wished there was a friend at hand to sympathise. As there was none, he sat down and dashed off a friendly, grateful letter to his old aunt, which ended thus:

'Of course you'll go on thinking Sunninghall your home, as I always supposed it would be during your lifetime. I will start for England as soon as I can dispose of my ranch here, and am looking forward to being welcomed by my only near relation.'

It did not take long to sell his belongings before he made tracks for the Old Country. Being the most easily gulled and careless of mortals, with a faith in his fellows that not even continual disillusion could diminish, he was naturally 'had' over the transaction. What did it matter? He had already accumulated a modest fortune, and his new property awaited him. He sold all he could not pack; bade farewell to his few friends, his numerous employés, his bungalow, his horses, and his ranch; and sailed for England on prosperous seas, arriving in late spring, when the little green garden-land looks its most lovable. Le Fevre took a light heart with him through the blossoming country, with its endless promise of things too fair for fruition, too lovely to last.

'Dear little hedged-in orchard!' he said, as green field and smiling hillside flashed by him; 'how strange and pleasant it is to breathe your friendly air again after those great bare spaces and sun-dried plains! I wonder if I'm going to be "happy ever after," as the old Grimm stories have it.'

Sunninghall village and manor house were four miles from the nearest station, and that a very quiet one, at which few trains troubled to stop; so his was a lengthy journey from junction to junction, and it was towards evening when

at last the little, fussy, slow train puffed elaborately into the station of Combley.

There was only one vehicle outside the little building, an old-fashioned victoria, in which sat two ladies. He did not exactly recognise the elder, yet the something familiar in her look and her welcoming smile made him sure of her identity; and if he had not recognised her, her outstretched hand and greeting would have told him that this was his great-aunt Lydia. She looked a little young to be in this relation to the man of thirty, and indeed was only sixty-seven, being the youngest of a family which had been headed by the late squire, who was over eighty when he died. Yes, he saw, as he had expected, a rather 'mousy-looking' little lady, small, neat, dainty. Her pale, smooth skin was hardly wrinkled, her eyes still bright; her pretty silvery hair was an adornment rather than a blemish. Her voice was peculiarly soft, rather low-pitched—*trainante*, as our neighbours call it.

While he took the small outstretched hand and eagerly responded to the affectionate greeting she gave him, he had hardly time to notice her companion, who sat quiet, grave, and erect by her side, and to whom she introduced him: 'My nephew—Margaret Emerson.' When his aunt gave him time and he was seated opposite the ladies, however, he scanned the companion's face in his quick glancing way. He saw a large-made and handsome woman, apparently nearly his own age, for she had no air of girlishness. Large, heavy lids often veiled her eyes; but when lifted those eyes were peculiarly sad, he thought of a deep-chestnut brown, the same colour as her abundant hair, rather thick eyebrows, and deep lashes. Gregory had been wont to say that eyes were not really the expressive feature, that it was rather conventional to speak of 'sad' eyes; but now he was curiously impressed by the melancholy which seemed to lurk as a shadow in their brown depths. Her complexion was of a creamy but healthy pallor, the well-shaped lips closely folded. He thought her expression almost forbidding till these lips opened to speak and smile, and then a certain softening made the handsome face attractive. She spoke, however, hardly at all; nor was there need she should, for his aunt prattled on in a genial, lively flow, asking innumerable questions. This was Mrs Guthrie's way; her talk seemed all interrogatory, interested, appealing. When she came to answer she had little to say. They lived so quietly that it seemed as if all the while he was leading his hard, adventurous life out there they were vegetating in their still, peaceful, country way. 'Only death finds us out,' she said suddenly, sighing in the midst of her lively flow of talk. 'Your poor uncle! You don't remember him, Greg?'

'Hardly—very dimly. Wasn't he very silent, a little gruff?'

She sighed again. 'Yes, poor dear! He

never could do himself justice, he was really so good. It was so sad to have him lying unconscious in his own dear home—a living death. There!’ she cried suddenly, breaking again into vivacity; and, leaning forward, gripping her nephew’s arm, she directed his attention to a gap in the woodland through which their road took them. ‘Look, Greg dear, through the trees. Those red twisted chimneys and that bit of roof—there is Sunninghall!’

He looked, and then at her again. Her face was aglow with, for the first time, unmistakably vivid feeling. ‘You love the place, Aunt Lyddy?’ he said involuntarily.

‘Love it!’ she repeated, her small, fine features quivering with emotion—‘every stone, every twig, every flower!’ There were tears in her eyes, and she looked appealingly at him. ‘And now, Greg, it’s all yours. You must love it too.’

There seemed to him a touch of reproach somewhere. He took her small hand. ‘It’ll always be yours too, Aunt Lyddy!’

She slowly shook her head, but did not speak; her eyes were still turned to the spot to which she had drawn his attention. He found that the heavy lids of Margaret Emerson were lifted, and she was looking earnestly and curiously at him. He felt puzzled somehow, as if he could not understand the silent, handsome woman who thus looked him through and through.

Presently they turned out from between the woods on each side of the road to an open, park-like space, studded with fine old oaks and beeches and groups of Scotch firs, and were at the lodge-gates. The old, mellow, red Jacobean house, with its high-pitched gabled roof, quaint chimneys, and white eyebrowed windows set in deep mullions, stood before them, richly coloured in the evening sunlight. Gay beds of old-fashioned flowers decorated the front; and a terrace walk, with moss-grown stone vases and a sundial,

stretched along one side. At the door stood a bent elderly figure, not silver-haired like Mrs Guthrie, but with a thick crop of rather harsh, dry, dark hair, eyebrows like quill pens over small eyes, and a long, smiling mouth.

‘My husband, dear Greg,’ Mrs Guthrie said, leading her nephew up the old stone steps. ‘He’s so gouty, forgive his not coming down to meet you; but he is very pleased to welcome you home.—Aren’t you, Daniel?’

‘How are you, my boy—how are you? Glad to see you—glad to see you.’

The old gentleman shook him almost violently by the hand. Gregory recalled his early prejudice. He had once thought he did not much like his uncle Guthrie, but this was a kind, genial old man, though perhaps not so prepossessing, not so sweet, as his dear little aunt, who reminded him, as she twittered away, of some small gray bird.

‘Come in! Come in! Welcome to Sunninghall!—welcome to Sunninghall!’

Gregory soon found that it was his uncle’s peculiarity to repeat every phrase, however meaningless, two or three times, always with exactly the same intonation.

‘Dinner’s almost ready—almost ready. Perks will show you your room, and help you to unpack a little; but don’t be long—don’t be long. After dinner we’ll show you round—show you round—your domain.’

‘I will!’ his aunt cried gaily. ‘No one but me shall do the honours of the dear old home. But, as Daniel says, dinner first; dinner’s all-important. We’ll all get ready. *Au revoir* till then, dear Greg!’

They all moved in different directions, Mr Guthrie following his wife, Gregory the old, dull-looking servant-man, and Margaret Emerson going to her room, far away.

(Continued on page 362.)

THE OUTER PATROL.

PITCH-DARKNESS. The south-easterly breeze chips the tops off the short, crisp little seas, and flings them to leeward across the low decks in sheets of icy spray. It is not rough; there is merely a short, steep lop, in which the waves rise and fall with hardly any forward movement; so the ship, in spite of her wetness, is not pitching or rolling. It is regular North Sea weather, what we have come to look upon as ‘destroyer weather;’ and the little vessel is well out from her own coast patrolling to and fro to intercept any hostile craft that may attempt to cross her line.

But on such a night as this it is impossible to see more than a hundred yards; and, as no lights of any kind are being shown, the first warning we may get of the approach of another

ship will be an intense black blur against the lighter darkness of the sky and sea. If she is sighted on a bearing sufficiently clear of us, well and good; if she is not, nothing that we can do will avert a collision, and a collision on such a night as this is unthinkable, so we do not consider it.

We may come across any type of hostile vessel. It may be a battle-cruiser or cruiser coming from Heligoland or Wilhelmshaven under cover of darkness, so as to reach the British coast at dawn. If we sight her first we may be able to put a lucky torpedo into her before we are discovered; and this, if we hit, may either sink her outright or send her limping home again with her tail between her legs. If she sights us first there will come the sudden

blue-white glare of searchlights and a terrific outburst of orange gun-flashes against the inky blackness of the night; next the spouting spray fountains, and the crash and the explosion of the bursting shell; and we, if the shooting is good, as it probably will be, shall feel the little ship quivering as the projectiles drive home. We may be sunk outright; may return scot-free to tell the tale, or with our hull, bridge, and funnels riddled with high-explosive shell splinters, and a heavy casualty list; but, whatever happens, we hope to get in our torpedo.

It may be that we shall come across a submarine, though it is hardly likely that we shall see one on a night like this. If we do, however, there is only one thing for it, and that is to drive straight at her at full speed on the chance of ramming her before she can dive. We may sink her, or we may not; but it is the only thing to do.

A hostile mine-layer, if we saw one, would come as rather a relaxation, for we could either torpedo her outright or sink her with our guns; but the mines themselves are the very devil, for dozens have been sighted in the locality where we are patrolling. They may be 'floaters,' dropped by the enemy during one of his sallies from Heligoland or Wilhelmshaven, or others which have broken adrift from our own or the enemy's mine-fields. Whichever they are does not matter to us, for in this pitch-darkness we cannot possibly see them to avoid them. If we bump one it may not explode; but the chances are it will. If that happens our goose is properly cooked, as no destroyer on earth can stand the detonation of several hundred pounds of T.N.T. without sinking.

The men round the guns and torpedo-tubes are well swathed in oilskins, thick woollen stockings, sea-boots, a series of blue woollen mufflers, gloves, and Balaklava helmets, the last three items having been provided by sympathetic lady-friends of the officers. But the piercing wind and the driving spray have the unhappy knack of finding their way through the stoutest garments, and there is not a soul on deck who does not feel the icy water slowly finding its way down the small of his back.

On the bridge, with the officer on watch, the quartermaster at the wheel, a signalman, and the man on the lookout, is the lieutenant-commander in command. In the ordinary light of day he looks absurdly young to be in charge of a vessel which can career about the ocean at a full thirty knots. A closer inspection of his face will reveal a network of tiny wrinkles round the corners of his eyes. They come from peering ahead in all weathers—sun, hail, rain, sleet, or snow, with as often as not the stinging, driving spray coming over the bows like volley after volley of small shot. Six months of war have left their mark; but the responsibility of his job seems to sit very lightly upon his shoulders.

By this time he, and all his officers and men for that matter, have become fatalists. If they are to be blown up, drowned, or to suffer some other equally violent death, it has been preordained, and nothing they can do will save them from their fate. If, on the other hand, it has been decreed that they shall come through the war without a scratch, so much the better.

The lieutenant-commander stumps up and down the bridge, stamping his sea-booted feet to keep them warm. If it were daylight we should notice that he looks more like an Antarctic explorer than the captain of one of His Majesty's ships, for he wears a hooded drab-coloured duffle coat reaching down to his knees, made of material fully a quarter of an inch thick, sea-boots, with thick white stockings, the inevitable blue muffler round his neck, and a very un-uniform-looking fur cap. He also seems rather stout round the body; but this is accounted for by the life-saving waistcoat presented by his wife, which he wears whenever he goes to sea. Round his neck are the binoculars through which he is constantly peering; while he is calmly sucking at a very foul, evil-smelling pipe, with the bowl inverted to keep the spray out.

Since hostilities began he has spent day after day, night after night, on the bridge of his little craft. He has had to stick it in all weathers, and at first he felt rather nervous, for war was quite a new sensation. But that feeling—after one or two episodes in the Heligoland Bight—has vanished, and he has come to the conclusion that he has been on active service ever since he came to sea, for he has always had the vagaries of the sea itself to contend against, and that is more than half the battle. An occasional 'scrap' comes as an exciting interlude, and now all he hopes for is the chance of 'doing something.' Perhaps he will get his opportunity, and may find himself a D.S.O. Perhaps—But he does not think of that. A V.C. takes a lot of earning.

At last the first signs of dawn appear in the eastern horizon, and as the broad band of pale orange and scarlet gradually gathers colour and increases in size the indigo-blue sky lightens to pale azure. Five minutes later the stars overhead have vanished, and the lower edge of a low-lying purple cloud-mass to the eastward blazes with crimson and gold. Then the glowing edge of the red-hot sun appears above the clear outline of the horizon. Gradually the great orb rises until the whole of its crimson mass is suspended in space above the horizon. The rosy glory of the dawn suffuses the whole scene, until the breaking tops of the short, steep little seas are tinged a livid pink. The day has come!

'Heigho!' mutters the lieutenant-commander, yawning luxuriously and stretching his arms above his head. 'Thank the Lord for the day—'

light!' He is thinking that in about another five hours his weary vigil will be over, and he will be steaming back to his base at twenty knots. He has been out on the patrol line for over two days and nights, and the prospect is rather pleasant, for on arrival in harbour he will be able to get a little sleep; while the

mail will arrive, and he may get a letter from his wife.

'Heigho!' he remarks again. 'Messenger!'

'Sir?'

'Nip down to the galley and see if you can steal me a cup of ship's cocoa. Let it be hot!'

Life has its compensations, after all.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *On Old Speyside*, *The Bernardine*, *The Ship of Shadows*, &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.—IN WHICH I GET A GLIMPSE OF SUN.

HE led the way to a chamber, where clean water wrought a great improvement in our looks, for our wounds, although not serious, had bled freely enough and to spare.

'That is better,' said he, after surveying himself. 'Even now we are scarcely presentable; but my poor Charlotte will be in a fever until we hear your story. Come, and I shall present you.'

'I have met Mistress Charlotte Macdonell before; and, to be plain with you, monsieur, I have doubts regarding my reception.'

'Met her before! *Ce n'est pas possible!* In the North?'

'No; it was here.' And then and there I told him of my first accidental meeting, the letter found in my holster, my confinement and escape by the tidal cave. I said nothing about my seeing the blind man, nor the hidden paper. 'Perhaps,' I wound up, 'it was *your* bullet that hit my horse's ear and sped me onward. If so, I owe you my grateful thanks.'

His eyes were round with amazement.

'And after all this—you came back—alone!' he said slowly.

'Yes. I had reason to think that there was a lady in some stress of mind; perhaps in danger.'

'You have done us a great service—oh! but of the most gallant! Monsieur, you have saved our lives; and there is more, so much more, behind all this! And your coming here again in the very moment of our extremity, was it by chance?'

I took from my pocket the billet the dead rascal had given me, and handed it to him.

He read it, a dark flush of anger rising on his face. 'This is a black business! I cannot see the end of it. You say that you never saw Philip Macdonell, whom I blush to call cousin?'

'Never to my knowledge.'

'He was here last night, as my broken head reminds me. Whom did you see?'

'I saw only two out of the three. The one posted to watch the door is, I fancy, lying where I left him. The other was a swarthy little mean-looking man.'

'With a face like a—a toad's?'

'The very man!'

'Ah! Roderick Innes! I thought as much! The other—my sweet cousin—is as unlike his tool Innes outwardly as Lucifer is unlike Caliban. Seldom have good looks and bearing gone to hide so deep and treacherous a heart!'

'I never saw him. He moved in the dark.'

'It was ever his habit. He is so used now to the shadows that an honest sun would make him blink. A straight path would bewilder him. The man is a mask,' he said, a world of contempt and bitterness in his voice. 'It behoves us, Monsieur Layton, to be frank with each other. You have no other desire?'

'None. Let me begin at what I take to be the very heart of the matter. Why is Glenira in hiding here?'

He was plainly taken aback at the sudden question, but his eye did not flinch from mine.

'*Dieu!* How come you, a stranger, to be aware of this?' he asked.

'As I told Mistress Charlotte, I was in Edinburgh on my own business, having no concern with Charles Edward's Rising, nor art nor part in it. From the letter found in my holster she did not credit this, and I cannot blame her. But events have swung in my favour. I must tell you that when I escaped by the tidal cave I saw the one you speak of as Glenira—a tall, strong man, but blind and helpless, and my heart went out to him. I believe that I have information that would be of value regarding Glenira. In any event, it shall clear me of any suspicion of collusion with cowards.'

'I require no proof, monsieur! Your conduct disarms unworthy thoughts.'

I thanked him, but said that it was on my mind to put the cause of my intervention in the affair beyond doubt. 'I suggest that you present me to the châtelaine when she has sufficiently recovered to see us. We can then try to unravel the skein of this affair. I shall tell what I know.'

'And I, Monsieur Layton, promise you an equal measure of confidence.'

We went out. Half-way across the head of the staircase the door opposite us opened, and Mistress Charlotte appeared.

'Bertrand!' she called, running towards him, and again there was never a glance for me. 'Is it a nightmare? You are safe?'

'Thanks to this gentleman. I present to you Mr Edmund Layton. You have met before.'

She wheeled round and faced me, a high colour in her face. I bowed, but for the life of me could say nothing but mumble a conventional, 'I am honoured;' and a complete silence fell on us.

At last she said, in a voice little above a whisper, 'It is—it is'—

I found my voice. 'Madam, I am "the clumsy falconer," as you designated me at our last meeting. If I left The Garth without ceremony, a few bullets that sped me on my way must be my apology. I have returned of my own free-will, because I had good ground for suspecting some danger to be afoot. Your own knowledge, and what this gentleman can add to it, spares me, I hope, from hearing my name coupled with the cowards who were here to-night. I have done my poor best to earn this.'

I said more to the same purpose. It all sounded stilted and self-sufficient; but I had to choose between this and circumlocution, in which I was never an adept. I delivered my speech, too, like a schoolboy, with my eyes on my toes, wishing that some one might appear who could sing my praises better than myself. (I have since found this to be by no means an uncommon human weakness.) When I looked up she was looking at me, a mist in her eyes, her bosom heaving.

'I did you a great wrong. I—I said hard things;' and her voice was low and sweet.

'It was but natural. My case looked black enough, I own.'

'I ask your pardon. You are a brave man. My brother Bertrand and I can never repay you.' She held out her white hand.

Her brother! The words came to me like a burst of music. Fortunately I contrived to stifle a wild desire to say something, for I make no doubt it would have been something incredibly foolish. As it was, I stared from one to the other, until it suddenly dawned on me that she was still holding out her hand, and that I was behaving like an oaf, while Bertrand was regarding me with mild astonishment. I think at last I came out with 'Quite so,' or 'Of—of course,'

or something equally illuminating, and bent over her little hand.

Bertrand went to the casement and flung it open. 'It is the morning!' he cried. 'See!'

The rain had ceased. Through the open casement came the scent of the dawn after rain, fresh and incomparable—there is no scent like it!—and the sound of bird-voices. A penitent sun was climbing a serene sky, and out on the Firth long rollers, the aftermath of the gale, gleamed white against the sea's blue.

'What say you, Monsieur Layton, to a patrol of the house?' He gave me a meaning look.—'Charlotte, *ma mie*, do you remain here. There is nothing to fear. We have a little matter to talk over.'

We went down to the hall door. Outside, the dog lay stretched on the wet, shining grass, and huddled up close to the wall, where I had put him, was the man. He was a gruesome thing in the sun's eye; and the sight of his red hair weighed on me.

'Have no regrets, *mon ami*,' quoth Bertrand. 'I am more concerned about the dog's death than the man's. Poor Col! Poisoned, I suspect. They laid their plans well. As for that thing, I repeat, have no regrets. It was your death or his.'

'True! But up till now all the blood on my hands has been an otter's or a badger's.'

'Brute beasts, but with more mercy in them than this wolf.' He bent over the body. 'It is neither Innes nor Philip Macdonell—a thousand pities! *Parbleu*! You do not know your own strength. You must have muscles like oak-roots. Look at his throat! Help me to search him.'

I could not. The thing repelled me. No doubt I had throttled him, for it was, as De Boux said, his life or mine in the dark night. But in the clean, wholesome morning I would not set eyes on him, and turned away into the garden.

Bertrand soon joined me. 'Nothing in his pockets but a sixpence,' he announced.

'Once mine. I gave it to him. He was the messenger with the forged letter.'

'Twill pay for his burial! One thing I shall make it my duty to ensure. The good dog shall not be buried in the same grave with this carrion!'

(Continued on page 355).

VALPARAISO IN WAR-TIME.

By OSWALD H. EVANS, F.G.S.

MEASURED in a straight line from any country in which armies are actually engaged in the field, it is difficult to find on the map of the world a spot more remote from war's alarms than Valparaiso, the leading seaport of

Chile. The geographical position of the country—with the wide Pacific in front and the snow-bound Cordillera behind, to the north a well-nigh impassable desert, and a trackless desolation of forest and mountain for a southern boundary—

would appear to afford its people in these times of trouble an enviable isolation. Chile, moreover, has a glorious climate; in the centre and south its soil is capable of producing a quantity of food-stuffs far in excess of the needs of its five million inhabitants, its long coastline is washed by a sea abounding in excellent fish, and the hills of its most barren provinces are rich in a great variety of minerals. This land, so favoured, should surely be self-supporting and pre-eminently capable of withstanding the shock of a temporary cessation of commercial intercourse with Europe.

Yet, while such statements are admitted to be true by eminent Chileans, and frequently form the subject of comment in the Press, it is a commonplace of conversation that, outside of countries actually involved in the conflict, Chile has been harder hit than anywhere else in the world; and facts can be brought forward to prove that the remark is no mere local prejudice.

The reason of this unfortunate state of affairs is not far to seek, since it has supplied a theme for pessimistic patriots for many a year. Chile has been allowed to become the country of one commodity—nitrate of soda. In the sun-scorched deserts which cover the northern provinces of Tarapaca and Antofagasta, and nowhere else in the world, this remarkable salt—valuable not only as being the most potent of fertilisers, but as the basis of all industries using nitric acid—is found in enormous quantities, and the deposits are exploited by companies of all nationalities, who pay a heavy tax to the Government for the privilege. Its extraction and purification, in the course of which iodine is obtained as a valuable by-product, is a comparatively simple matter; whilst the almost incredible quantity exported in normal years brings in a considerable income to the Government. None the less it is a question whether nitrate has proved a blessing or a curse to Chile. The republic took the regions in which the richest deposits exist from her northern neighbours by the strong hand, and the justification of the act must be left to students of international morals, who at present have other matters in hand. There are not lacking those who see in the present misfortunes of the country an instance of 'sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind.' On the other hand, it may be urged that under Chilean rule the north has been developed to a degree far beyond any progress likely to have been attained under the flag of indolent Peru. The fact seems to be that the nitrate, by affording a fatally easy source of revenue, has hindered the due development of the other resources of Chile as a whole. The mineral and agricultural interests have had to take a position of secondary importance, lacking railway facilities, and deprived by their powerful rival of reasonably cheap labour. When the fact is mentioned that some 70 per cent. of the nitrate exported passed

through the commercial circles of Hamburg, the effect of the war upon the leading industry of Chile may be imagined.

The paralysis of all labour connected with nitrate has given a severe blow to commerce in all its branches. Cessation of employment in the north, where thousands of labourers lived and worked in *oficinas* as completely isolated from the means of life as they would have been in ships at sea, necessarily implies the stopping of the big trade in food-stuffs of every description supplied from the fertile south, hundreds and tens of hundreds of men thrown suddenly out of work being brought away, with their families, in Government vessels, to swell the ranks of the already large army of unemployed in the provinces more favoured by nature. With the main source of wealth thus suddenly cut off, nearly every other means of employment has fallen away, and the Government itself cannot find the money to initiate relief-works on an adequate scale.

But of what avail is it to enumerate our troubles? Let it suffice to say, once for all, that we are very hard hit in Chile; that we afford an interesting object-lesson illustrative of the infinite complexity of modern civilisation; and that this remote country can add its quota of misery and ruin to that laid at the door of those responsible for the war.

Since Valparaiso is not on the main road of travel and commerce, it cannot claim to be one of the caravanserais of the world; but, for all that, it contains the most curious medley of inhabitants that it has been my fortune to see gathered together in a town of its size. No doubt the coast towns of Peru can show a stranger mixture of breeds, where a special vocabulary has been coined to discriminate between fearsome blends of humanity. Valparaiso cannot, for example, produce specimens of mankind resulting from the intermixture of Oriental and Occidental types, as exemplified in the unbeautiful offspring of Chinese and aboriginal American, and of these again crossed with the negro. Our Chilean port can boast, rather, of its diversity of relatively pure types.

The majority of the population is composed, of course, of native Chileans—that is to say, of a race which is, in the main, of Spanish origin and speech. Even the upper ranks of society, where one would naturally look for racial purity, are by no means of unmixed blood, since many families number among their ancestors men of European nationality who rose to prominence at the time of the War of Independence, when so many soldiers of fortune—Irish, English, Scottish, and French—left unemployed at the end of the Napoleonic wars, flocked over to South America to take service with Bolivar and San Martin and Cochrane. The influence of this immigration is clearly shown by the frequency with which surnames of non-Spanish origin occur, and is

incidentally reflected in the names of Chilean warships: *Lynch*, *Condell*, *Prat*, *Thompson*, *O'Brien*, and so forth.

Looking back still farther, we find that the early European settlers in Chile were not all Spaniards. The founder of Valparaíso, then the Indian village of Quintil, was a Genoese—Juan Pastene. In the days of the conquest and the Indian wars soldiers of many nations followed the standards of Almagro and Valdivia; and at a time when there were but very few white women in the country a certain mixture with the native races took place, aided to some extent by the fact that the Araucanians used to raid the settlements for the express purpose of carrying off women. There is, therefore, a considerable strain of Indian blood in the Chilean people, and it shows up clearly in the appearance and habits of the lower classes.

The opening up of the country to commerce at the beginning of the last century brought in the British in ever-increasing numbers, and many of them made Chile their home. The Germans came later, devoted themselves with characteristic thoroughness to the commercial conquest of the country, and to-day, it must be admitted, threaten to supplant us in our position as the more influential foreign colony.

Since peace was made, though tardily, between Chile and Spain, the Spanish colony has rapidly increased in numbers and importance. There are many Basques, who have a reputation of their own as hard-headed men of business. The French, Belgians, and Swiss are numerous; but they are far outnumbered by the Italians, who almost monopolise the retail provision trade, starting in the humblest fashion, and in a few years embarking on greater ventures. It is quite rare to find a shop of any importance in Chilean hands. Time was, not long ago, when relations with the United States were strained, and the Yankee could scarcely get a footing. This state of things is altering rapidly. American influences are already powerful; and in the event of the war being prolonged, the States will have a great field for enterprise in every branch of industry. The Scandinavian countries are represented by a fine type of man, generally connected directly or indirectly with the sea, who contributes not a little to the cleanliness and prosperity of the ports of the south. At the other end of the scale are the Turks, who as travelling merchants are found everywhere. Santiago is their headquarters, where their shops fill a street. They and their Levantine relatives presented to the nation an imposing public monument on the occasion of the centenary celebrations in 1911.

The list is still far from being complete. I might go on for a long time enumerating folk that one associates vaguely with the Balkan States, Japanese curio-dealers, coloured gentlemen from the States in spotless shirts and collars, Chinese

slouching along in cloth caps and 'reach-me-down' clothing, indeterminate Polynesians 'from the Islands,' representatives of all the other South American republics, Russian sailors, and here and there, but with curious rarity, the inevitable Jew.

Occasionally a troop of gipsies arrive from heaven knows where, flaunting gaily coloured clothing, troubling the policemen, as ready to tell fortunes, to clear the washing-line, or to rob the hen-roost as they once were in any English village. Here, too, they practise the tinker's mystery, and are ready at all times, I understand, for a horse deal. Their appearance is the signal for lamentable outcries in the Press; and, sooner or later, finding the New World as inhospitable as the Old, they have to set out again on that endless, age-old journey that has carried them into every quarter of the globe.

Threading his solitary way through the crowd, one may see now and then the strange figure of an Indian herb-doctor, wearing a coloured poncho and broad-brimmed Panamá hat, and carrying his bagful of drugs and magical abominations slung over his shoulder. As he passes, with dull eyes and apathetic face, he brings vividly to mind an earlier, stranger South American world, for he and his fellows, the *calahuayas*, the travelling medicine-men, date from a time before the Spaniards came and before the Incas were conquered.

Among such diversity of nationalities, bound together by a thousand ties of trade and friendship, it may well be imagined that the outbreak of war produced a feeling of consternation. Valparaíso has never been an image of the millennium; but it may be said that before the war the minimum of interracial bitterness existed. Commercial jealousy there was in plenty; but, so far as I am able to judge, there was little of that settled animosity that has grown up in Europe to the point of ultimate catastrophe. When the dreadful news arrived the prevailing feeling was one of incredulity. All had lived in harmony under the Chilean flag, in well-marked colonies, it is true, but with many pleasant points of contact. It was a sight not easily to be forgotten on the memorable night of the declaration of war, when representatives of belligerent and neutral nations politely elbowed each other in the crowd before the notice-board of *El Mercurio*, and discussed the international situation with blank astonishment.

The bitterness, alas! came soon enough, with the financial crisis, strange news from Belgium, and the departure of young men by the hundred for the war. Then came the time for the pathetic break-up of old friendships, and for old acquaintances to eye one another sourly across the street.

By sea the war has come very near to us. One morning the bay echoed to saluting cannon when the *Glasgow* and the ill-fated *Monmouth* came

in, stayed their due term of twenty-four hours, and departed to the unequal fight off Santa Maria. Later we saw the triumphant ships of Britain's foes, and tasted the cup of bitterness in full when German ladies cast flowers in the path of Admiral Von Spee. Then these great war-vessels in their turn vanished beyond the skyline, sailing gallantly to their inevitable doom.

I should imagine that our shop windows are more amusing at present than those of the streets at home. Every phase of opinion on the war is freely represented. A German establishment with busts and photographs of the versatile Kaiser is frowned upon by a French shop with statuettes of Napoleon, and this, again, is supported by an all-British display of the most patriotic description. You may obtain pictures of the German war-fleet triumphantly blowing the British out of the water, or—the other way round. Down in the ill-paved streets of the old town, where the clash and jangle of musical-boxes sounds from a score of dingy cosmopolitan bars, feeling runs high, and is crudely expressed. The Italians exhibit their admirably illustrated but highly sensational journals, and in the windows of Germans and Austrians you may see British cavalry in full flight. There seems to be a fixed idea abroad that British troops of all arms wear the kilt and glengarry. Perhaps the most pleasing of all, however, are certain brightly coloured pictures representing Turkish troops in battle, brilliant in red fezes, and making havoc of hostile troops and battleships. Unfortunately these are not products of the Turkish imagination; in the corner of each may be read the illuminating inscription, 'Printed in Germany.'

A few words may be said on the vexed question of Chilean neutrality, on which subject unjust strictures have been passed in Europe. There can be no doubt that Chile has desired to maintain a strictly neutral attitude. It must be borne in mind that the policing of an interminable coastline, with territorial jurisdiction, including islands situated at a distance of several hundred miles from the mainland, is no easy matter adequately to effect with fewer than a score of available warships, and with naval estimates, none too lavish in normal times, reduced as at present by 25 per cent. To maintain absolute control of wireless stations in such a vast area is, frankly, impossible. It must be remembered, too, that Chile contains a numerous, wealthy, and influential German colony in the south, precisely where the land is most indented by an intricate and still in part uncharted labyrinth of fiords and 'canals.' German wits are keen to grasp an advantage, and the authorities have been hoodwinked a score of times, and in as many different ways. If it be any comfort to British readers, they may learn that the Chileans, most of whom have from the first shown sympathy

with the Allies, went wild with indignation over many flagrant breaches of neutrality, and the climax was reached when the news arrived that Von Spee had callously made use of the island of Masafuera as a naval base.

This particular wound to the national pride happened to coincide with a further cause of offence which directly touched the pockets of the *portefios*. The electric-car company, a German enterprise, was so undiplomatic as suddenly to double the passenger tariff. With the Chilean dollar at its depreciated value (standing to-day at sevenpence), the company was acting, it appears, within the contract stipulations; but it was very generally felt that the moment was ill chosen for making so drastic a change. A monster meeting of protest degenerated into a riot, trams were smashed up and burned, and much property of the company destroyed. Very speedily the trouble took on an anti-German aspect, and soon the windows of the consulate, German banks, companies, and a few private houses were in shivers. The disturbances lasted for two nights, and eventually the soldiers had to be called out, machine-guns and all, to support the police. There was a little shooting, but nothing to speak of—for us. The consequence of all this was a determined boycott (*un boicoteo*) of the tram-cars, which is still in force at the time of writing. Under the existing circumstances the affair has proved a godsend to the poor, and it has assisted not a little to relieve the situation. The Chilean of every class, having a great aversion to walking, misses the cars badly. To supply the deficiency an extraordinary assemblage of vehicles of every description, hastily converted into public conveyances, traverse the streets. The humbler carriages have plank seats; the more pretentious are fitted up more elaborately with garden chairs to accommodate their passengers in comparative comfort; but all are made gay with awnings of flags or coloured chintz, or have coverings of green boughs and flowers. In the meantime the German cars make their journeys empty, each with its police guard armed with his rifle for unprofitable passenger. It is very inconvenient, for upsets and collisions are frequent; but all is taken in good part, for it means the lucrative employment of hundreds of people who a short time ago were almost starving. Who could look sadly on a tumble-down cart bearing a placard with the inscription, 'Paris à Berlin ten cents'? The worst part of the matter is that there is very little consideration shown for the horses and mules, many of them in a miserable condition.

Such is life in Valparaiso in these dark days. It is an old custom of the port to welcome in the New Year with midnight uproar, with guns from the forts, rockets and Bengal lights in the town, and a pandemonium of steamer whistles and flares on the placid waters of the bay. This time the searchlights of the warships flickered over a

crowded anchorage where interned Germans and idle British lay moored side by side, friends and foes alike, bound by the evil spell that Europe has woven. On sea and land one thought was

present in all minds, and one prayer on all lips: 'May the coming year bring better fortune to the world, and God send a speedy ending of the war.'

M. CLÉRY, AND HIS 'JOURNAL OF OCCURRENCES.'

By PERCY F. BOYD.

IN the year 1798 there appeared an interesting account of the last days of Louis the Sixteenth, published by subscription, and written by a Monsieur Cléry, the King's valet-de-chambre during the period that unfortunate monarch and his family were confined in the Temple prison.

M. Cléry hints that it was with great difficulty he was able to prepare his memoranda; and as one reads his narrative describing the strict surveillance under which the royal family was kept in the tower of the Temple it becomes evident that the task of preserving his records must have been difficult indeed. He modestly disclaims the ability to write anything in the shape of a history of the brief but eventful period his narrative covers, and confesses his design is only to furnish materials for others who may be led to undertake the task. Nevertheless he claims for himself the distinction of being alone able to state with exactness the facts recorded in his *Journal*, as being 'the only continual witness of the insults which the King and his family were made to suffer.'

M. Cléry had been in the royal service ten years prior to the crisis of the 10th of August 1792, 'that dreadful day on which a small number of men overturned a throne that had been established fourteen centuries, threw their King into fetters, and precipitated France into an abyss of calamity.' He was in attendance on the Dauphin on that ever-memorable day. At six in the morning Louis the Sixteenth reviewed the National Guards, who swore to defend the King, but whom, with the exception of a small detachment who remained loyal, Cléry, returning later in the day from a hazardous tour of observation round the city, saw pouring out of the Tuileries. 'Sorrow was visible on the countenances of most of them, and several were heard to say, "We swore this morning to defend the King, and in the moment of his greatest danger we are deserting him."' Soon after eight the King was apprised of the fact that he could no longer rely upon the fidelity of the National Guard; and, yielding to the persuasions of the municipal officers sent by the Legislative Assembly, who impressed upon Louis that unless he acted upon their advice they would no longer be responsible for his safety, the King with his family left the Tuileries for the Assembly. Half-an-hour later the palace was attacked.

Cléry, left behind, made his escape by jumping from the window in the Queen's room to the

terrace below, and succeeded in eluding the besiegers. He took refuge in a stable belonging to one M. Le Dreux, who, appearing on the scene, prevailed upon him to stay in his house until the danger was over. He had on his person certain incriminating documents, which he had just time to destroy when a search-party made its appearance. At the suggestion of his protector, he pretended to be at work on some unfinished drawings which chanced to be upon the table. Fortunately for Cléry, they departed without the refugee incurring their suspicion. Soon after he learned the news that the King's authority had been suspended, and in the afternoon left his place of hiding, striking the road to Versailles, whither he chivalrously conducted to her relations a certain Madame de Rambaut, who had sought refuge in the same quarters as himself.

After various adventures on the road and some hairbreadth escapes, his impatience to know the fate of the King led him to return to Paris. On his arrival he discovered that the royal family had been removed to the Temple; and, learning that his post of valet-de-chambre to the Dauphin was vacant, and that Pétion, the Mayor of Paris, had been instructed to make an appointment, he preferred a request to be reinstated in his former position. His application was granted; and, after being searched, he was conducted to the tower, remaining there in constant attendance on the royal family until the ill-fated King was executed five months later.

Soon after his admission to the Temple, Cléry became valet-de-chambre to the King himself, at the same time continuing in attendance on the Dauphin; M. Huë, the King's previous valet, having been recently arrested along with former members of the royal household. The threat of a similar action in his case was conveyed to Cléry, who managed to avoid arrest by the exercise of a wise discretion, although on more than one occasion it came perilously near fulfilment. He describes minutely the apartments in which the royal family was lodged, and the manner in which they were accustomed to pass their time. Alluding to the daily siesta the King allowed himself, Cléry records in the following passage how he was affected by the scene: 'At four o'clock the King lay down for a few minutes, the family, with books in their hands, sitting round him, and keeping profound silence while he slept. What a sight!

A monarch persecuted by hatred and calumny, fallen from his throne into a prison, yet supported by the purity of his mind, and enjoying the peaceful slumbers of the good; his consort, his children, and his sister, with reverence contemplating his majestic countenance, whose serenity seemed to have increased with misfortune, and on which one might read by anticipation the bliss he now enjoys—a sight that will never be effaced from my memory.'

Cléry complains bitterly of the many indignities the King suffered at the hands of those employed to guard him, from whose surveillance, except for a few occasional moments, the royal family was never free. He describes them as addressing him with the most insulting epithets, and scribbling ribald phrases on the walls of his apartment; and narrates how one of the door-keepers of the tower, Rocher, whenever the royal family availed themselves of the exercise allowed them in the Temple garden, would, 'with a long pipe in his mouth, puff the fumes of tobacco at each of the party, and most at the Queen and Princesses. Some of the National Guard, amused with these indignities, burst into fits of laughter at every puff of smoke, and used the grossest language, some of them going so far as to bring chairs from the guard-room to sit and enjoy the sight.' It is pleasing to note there were a few exceptions, one humane sentinel suffering imprisonment for laxity in the discharge of his duties; but it is evident, according to M. Cléry's account, that the royal family was subjected to not a little abuse and persecution on the part of those to whom the charge of their persons was entrusted.

When it was decided to separate the King from his family, and transfer him to the great tower, while the rest remained confined in the small tower, Cléry accompanied his royal master to his new quarters. Orders were given that Louis was not to see or communicate with his family, and the same restrictions were imposed upon Cléry. The King endeavoured to obtain the concession that his valet might, at least, be permitted to continue in attendance upon the others; but the commissioners to whom he made the appeal remained obdurate. 'I was then in a corner of the chamber, overwhelmed with grief,' writes Cléry, 'and absorbed in the most heart-rending reflections on the lot of this august family. What fresh torture would not such a separation occasion the Queen!' Louis obtained permission to send to the Queen's chamber for some books, and Cléry was allowed to fetch them. When he entered the Queen's apartment he found her and her children overwhelmed with grief; 'it was no longer weeping and sighing, but the loud cry of sorrow.' Afterwards the decree of the Commune was rescinded, and the King was allowed to dine with his family and join them in their daily exercise.

At this point Cléry records a personal

experience which he feared would mean his own separation from the King. Responding to an inquiry by a sentinel on his way to the King's apartment, two officers accompanying him, he was surprised the next morning to find himself hurried to the Council Chamber for examination. The two guards and the sentinel were present. He stated the nature of the conversation that passed between himself and the sentinel, one of the officers confirming the accuracy of it. The other, however, declared that the sentinel had given him a missive, that he heard the crumpling of it, and that it was designed for the King. Later Cléry was arrested and conveyed to the Palais de Justice for trial. Fortunately the jury decided upon an acquittal, and he returned to his duties in the tower. He had been tried before a tribunal, however, appointed to sentence to death all who were found guilty by the court, and a few passing words with a sentinel had almost cost him his life.

Cléry's account contains some allusions to the extreme precautions taken against the possibility of any communication passing between the royal family and those without. The Queen and the King's sister frequently passed the time working at tapestry. Some of the finished work the former requested might be sent to a friend, the Duchess de Sérent. Assent was refused, as it was thought that the designs might contain hieroglyphics for the purpose of corresponding. On another occasion a draughtboard which had been sent to be repaired was taken to pieces on its return for fear there might be some communication beneath its surface. Margins were cut from devotional and other books, lest anything should be written upon them with invisible ink. For the same reason, all articles sent to and returned from the wash, together with the laundry-book and packing-paper, were held to the fire to ascertain if there were any secret writings upon them. Macaroons were broken and even fruit-stones cracked to see if they contained any communications!

At length rumours of the approaching trial of the King reached the ears of Cléry. He conveyed the news to his royal master with great difficulty, acquainting him that he had also heard he was to be separated from his family while the trial was proceeding. In due course the information proved to be correct, and the King was conveyed to the Convention for the preliminary examination, returning again for confinement in the tower. 'The Queen and myself,' Cléry reports the King's sister as saying to him, 'look for the worst, and do not deceive ourselves as to the fate preparing for the King. He will die a sacrifice to the goodness of his heart and love for his people. You, Cléry, will now be the only person with my brother. If possible, redouble your attentions to him, and omit no opportunity of giving us intelligence respecting him.'

They hit upon the following methods of correspondence. Cléry was to send the Dauphin every day a change of linen. Receiving one of her handkerchiefs, he was to retain it if the King was well; if ill, he was to include it among the linen; while the manner in which it was folded was to signify the nature of his indisposition. Subsequently written notes were exchanged between the King and his family, wrapped in little balls of cotton and smuggled into their different apartments. Later another plan was adopted. The wax tapers sent to Cléry for the royal use were tied up in packages. Cléry collected the packthread and managed to convey some to the King's sister. It was arranged that at night the Princess should by means of the thread let down letters to the window under her own, the said window being at the end of a corridor upon which Cléry's chamber opened, drawing up again replies from the King. Cléry used to manage to engage the officers in conversation at the time the exchange of communications took place, having first closed the door of the corridor, Louis evidently passing through Cléry's room to return to his own.

The time of the King's end was now drawing near. On Christmas Day, 1792, he made his will. The following day he again appeared at the bar of the Assembly. On Thursday, 17th January, his counsel, the venerable M. de Malesherbes, came to the tower and threw himself at the King's feet, sobbing. The Assembly, by a majority of five votes, had decided on the King's death. On the following Sunday the Executive Council arrived officially to communicate to Louis the decree of the National Convention. Cléry was ordered to announce their arrival. 'The King, who had heard the noise they made in coming in, had got up and advanced some steps; but at sight of this train he stopped between his chamber door and that of the ante-chamber in a most noble and commanding attitude. I was close by him,' writes Cléry. Then the fateful document was read to him. 'At the words "shall suffer the punishment of death,"' Cléry continues, 'the heavenly expression of his face, when he looked on those around him, showed them that death had no terrors for innocence.'

Carlyle does not appear to have had Cléry's *Journal* at hand when he wrote his *History of the French Revolution*. He cites, however, one passage, in a footnote referring to it as quoted in another source upon which he appears to have drawn. It is Cléry's affecting account of the last interview between Louis and his family. They were only allowed to see each other in a room having a glass panel in the door, through which they could be watched by the municipal

officers. 'They went in, and I shut the glass door,' writes Cléry. 'The King sat down; the Queen was on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale nearly opposite, and the young Prince stood between his legs; all were leaning on the King, and often pressed him in their embraces. This scene of sorrow lasted an hour and three-quarters, during which it was impossible to hear anything. It could, however, be seen that after every sentence uttered by the King the agitation of the Queen and Princesses increased, lasted some minutes, and then the King began to speak again. It was plain from their gestures that they received from himself the first intelligence of his condemnation.'

After the interview the King observed mass, and when this was over Cléry seized the opportunity of conversing with him. 'He took both my hands in his, and said with a tone of tenderness, "Cléry, I am satisfied with your attentions." "Oh, my master, my King," I cried, "the only reward I desire of your Majesty is to receive your blessing. Do not refuse it to the last Frenchman remaining with you." I was still at his feet holding one of his hands; in that state he granted my request, and blessed me. Then raising me, he pressed me to his bosom, saying, "Give it to all who are in my service."'

At length the fatal hour drew near. Cléry was standing behind the King when Santerre and the guard arrived. The King pressed his hand for the last time. "Gentlemen," said he, addressing the municipal officers, "I should be glad that Cléry might stay with my son, as he has been accustomed to be attended by him; I trust that the Commune will grant this request." His Majesty then looked at Santerre and said, "Lead on!" I remained alone in the chamber, overwhelmed with sorrow, and almost without sense of feeling. The drums and trumpets proclaimed His Majesty's departure from the tower. An hour later discharges of artillery and cries of "*Vive la Nation!*" "*Vive la République!*" were heard. The best of kings was no more!

With these words M. Cléry closes his narrative. England, to whose hospitable shores many a refugee from other lands has fled, assured of a safe asylum, gave him shelter, with his family, after the Republic was established. The old saying attributed to Marshal Catinat that 'no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet' finds an exception in the affection of Cléry for the ill-starred monarch whom he so faithfully served during the five sad months he was a prisoner in the Temple tower; and his *Journal of Occurrences*, written some six years later, bears witness to the place his royal master retained in the memory of one who remained loyal to the monarchy to the last.

THE SPY.

By Mrs STANLEY WRENCH.

NOISELESSLY as a shadow Hans Meunier crept along, his fierce black eyes peering into every blotch of shade and scanning every patch of moonlight. His work was over; the plans he had been sent to secure lay next his skin, wrapped in oil-paper thin as silk. A thrill of exultation ran through him. He had done what he had been sent to do. After all these months of careful planning and scheming he had won; and, as remembrance reached him of the dangers he had escaped, it was small wonder he took some pride in his achievement.

The whispering willows on either side swayed and bent, and to his over-excited nerves they seemed to hiss the same word at him as did the tall pollards on the marshes he had crossed but half-an-hour before. His tunic was caked with mud, for twice he had been forced to lie flat on the stones which, to those who knew it, made a pathway across the quivering bog; and, as he listened to the squelch of the mud around, Hans Meunier held his breath, wondering whether friend or foe were stealthily moving forward.

It was neither. A frog leapt into the shadows, croaking dismally; a duck amongst the water-reeds moved uneasily in her nest; again the willows whispered the taunt which the pollards had flung at him. 'Traitor! traitor! traitor! traitor!'—that was the burden of their reproach.

Once he paused to wipe the sweat from his forehead, although the night was cold; but something like a prayer of thanksgiving moved from his lips as he left the bogland behind and took to the road, where the cold moonlight made patches of light and shade. In another hour he might hope to come within hail of the outposts.

All at once a little whimpering cry broke on his ears.

Now Hans Meunier had seen and heard dreadful things that day, things at which his blood ran cold as he remembered. War was a dreadful thing; it had turned men into beasts, and his soul was sick as he thought of the misery of these poor peasants driven from their homes, hounded from place to place without hope or redress.

That little whimpering cry was close at hand now, and as he paused a queer irresolute look filled his eyes. It was a child who cried. Something seemed to clutch his throat, and his heart beat a little faster.

He looked behind him. The road lay like a long white ribbon, save where the trees cast their blotches of shadow. He turned aside to the alders that fringed the road, and for a second they seemed to check their whispering.

'Who is there?' he asked in French.

Something stirred in the bushes, and something, he knew not what, sent a nameless horror to his heart.

The whimpering went on—the dull, fretful crying of a hungry child that has cried itself sick with hunger. But there was something more. Some one else was there beside the child.

For one second Hans Meunier hesitated. These were strange and stirring times, and he could trust no one. It might even be a trap. The next minute he moved the bushes aside very cautiously. A pair of dark eyes, big with pain and terror, stared up at him; a white face gleamed in the moonlight; and a pair of lips moved, although without a sound coming from them. He stared down at the strange pair, for there were two of them—a young woman and her seven or eight months old babe. The babe continued to whimper, but in an exhausted voice, faint and oddly pathetic; the young mother's lips moved soundlessly, but that dreadful terror in her eyes cut him like a sword.

'Do not be afraid,' he said when at last he could find his voice. 'I will not hurt you.' He looked at the child, non-comprehending. 'Your child is hungry.'

Hans Meunier had three children of his own at home; their portraits even now reposed in his inside breast-pocket. The youngest, a boy of eight months, was about the size of this child; and, being a family man, he understood the meaning of that cry. 'Madame,' he said again, 'your child is hungry.'

A wordless sob broke from her lips as she tried to speak; but she made a slight movement, and the man started back with a cry of horror. Her right arm was broken; the other lay limply at her side, the fingers shattered.

'Oh, my God!' he cried, and put his hands to his face as though to shut out the sight. He had seen many dreadful things that day, had looked on many ghastly happenings, but none had affected him like this; and for a second or two he shrank back, his soul in a tumult.

The child's cry died away to a little sobbing breath, pathetic from so young a babe. The man bent towards the baby; but there were tears in his eyes, and as he stooped the woman saw them. A quick, quivering sigh of relief burst from her. 'Oh, monsieur,' she cried, when at last she could find her voice, 'you—are—a father?'

He grunted something in reply, unable to trust his voice just then, for the baby had seized upon the finger which he had thrust towards it, and was sucking it ravenously.

The woman saw this, and tears rolled down her cheeks. 'Monsieur,' she cried piteously, 'I think I am wounded even to death; but if you will raise him and lay him here that I may give him the breast he will cry no longer, my poor little one!'

With fingers as gentle as any woman's could have been, he undid the fastenings of her gown and laid the baby on her breast. Her eyes thanked him as the little hungry creature ceased its wailing; and, feeling in his inner pocket, the man produced a flask, which he held to her lips. 'Drink this,' he said. 'It will help you to bear the pain. When baby has had his supper I will see what I can do with your arm.'

But when he laid the child down and turned to her again, his heart was once more sick with horror, and a terrible struggle was going on within him. He knew there had been an attack that day on the village that lay slightly to the westward, a matter of three miles distant; knew, too, that the luckless peasants had been forced to flee, but they had gone in the other direction. Why, then, was she here?

Perhaps she guessed his thoughts, for she seemed to answer them when she spoke. 'I thought, m'sieu, if I could only cross the bog I should be safe,' she explained. 'You see, I know the way of the stepping-stones, and I did not think the Germans would follow. My house was the last in the village, and at this end, too. I think I lost my wits, and when my hand was shot it hurt too badly for me to remember things. I ran—God, how I ran!—without thinking which way, and found myself between the two armies. It was then, m'sieu, I crept into the bushes, and it was there I got hurt in my other arm.'

She paused for breath, and looked at him appealingly. He knew she took him for one of her own countrymen, or at least one of the Allies, for he spoke French fluently.

'M'sieu, I bless God for you!' she said simply. 'It hurt to hear my babe cry and to lie helpless. May God deal with you and yours as you have dealt with me this day!'

He spoke no word, only unrolled his little case of first-aid instruments and wrappings, and then, as he rendered what help he could, spoke only in monosyllables. But she was faint and weak; and, try how he would, he could not help giving her pain, although she bore it bravely. He was no surgeon, but a brief examination of her hurt showed him that if the left arm were to be spared it must be seen to without delay.

'Is there a doctor in your village?' he asked.

'He has gone,' she told him. 'He fled with the rest.'

He had expected this reply, and his brain was working fast. So far as he could judge,

and so far as his communications told him, the Germans were at a couple of miles distance beyond the demolished village, possibly some five miles in all. He was due to reach there that night, together with those stolen papers; he was expected even now. If he failed them—well, he knew what awaited a soldier who failed.

On the other hand, the French, in whose company he had been, and whose confidence he had won, were about three-quarters of a mile away, just on the other side of the swamp. If he went back—by this time his treachery would have been discovered—he would be shot as a spy.

He felt cold sweat break out on his forehead. Yes, he was a spy. That was a true enough designation. But a German is taught it is no disgrace to inveigle secrets from the enemy by fair means or foul. The honour of the Fatherland must come first; personal honour need not count.

But—and here was the cutting irony of it all—although a German soldier, Hans Meunier was really half a Frenchman. His father, an Alsatian peasant, had been killed in the '1870'; his mother, a German-Swiss, had remained near Metz, and had brought up her children honourably and well. She was happy in Lorraine; she had all a peasant's obstinacy, but all a peasant's indifference; and during the years that followed the war she gradually came to acquiesce in the German occupation, and she and her children were nationalised with the rest. She was given the choice of removing to her birthplace in Switzerland or remaining where she was under German rule, and she chose the latter, preferring to keep the little homestead and the two fields she and her husband had worked so hard to gain.

Perhaps this very thriftiness of hers was her greatest fault. She might have sent her son to France when he approached manhood, so that he should not serve in the German army; but she had no thought of war coming so soon, and so—and so—here was he (a man whose father had been shot by the invading Prussians) one of those who had served his appointed time under the same colours they had carried, one of those selected for work dealing with espionage even before the outbreak of war.

The peasant, the world over, accepts without comment the orders of those placed in authority over him, and rarely does he dream of challenging such command. Hans Meunier had come of peasant stock for many generations; it is doubtful if he had ever given the matter of his calling much thought. He had accepted it with the stoical indifference of his kind. Now he was face to face with a fearful dilemma.

Back in the French company he knew there was a famous surgeon, a man whose name was

of world-wide renown, but who had given up everything for the honour of his country, and was working night and day for the relief of the wounded. Hans knew his marvellous skill, had watched him at work; and the knowledge reached him now that not only would this woman's babe be saved, but her life too, provided he could convey her there in time.

Time!—there was no time to waste. He knew the signs only too well. Had not he, in order to secure those papers, worked tirelessly, helping Caulloux the surgeon on the battlefield? He realised there was not even time to go there and back, bringing Caulloux, even if he would come.

A cold sweat broke out on his brow. If he would come! Was it likely? He, a spy, a deserter—was it likely Caulloux would accompany him? At last the thick hide of the peasant was pierced. He knew himself for what he was, and in that same instant a flash of bitter remembrance smote him. They would shoot him for a spy. Well, well; but here came the bitterness of it all. He deserved it, for was he not Alsatian? Was not his father a Frenchman?

Swiftly all these thoughts raced through his brain. Swiftly he made up his mind. 'Madame,' he said, turning to the woman, 'it is not good for you to stay here. To-morrow, when reinforcements come up, you will be in the direct line of fire. I must carry you and the little one to safety.'

She looked up at him with grateful eyes. 'May the good God bless you, m'sieu!' she breathed.

Then began what proved to be rather a painful business. Unrolling his knapsack, he took from it a strip of webbing, which he used to bind the baby fast to her. She looked up at him interrogatively, but could not refrain from a little moan of pain as he moved her broken arm.

'I am going to carry you both,' he said, 'but I will not risk having the little one on my back, madame.'

Very slowly, very cautiously, he hoisted her in his arms. She was a little woman, and quite light; but Hans knew that even a light burden may become a heavy weight after a time; and, since he could not possibly set her down to rest his arms whilst crossing the swamp, it behoved him to get her fixed as comfortably as possible before they started. He spoke of this to her, and heard her teeth grit as she raised herself a little higher against his shoulders.

'Courage, madame!' he said. 'It will not take us long to cross the bog, and on the other side is a clever doctor who will set your arm without trouble.'

'You are very good, m'sieu,' she murmured. 'God will reward you.'

Down the road he strode, a queer feeling in

his heart as he realised he was journeying back over the same ground he had traversed scarce half-an-hour before. The willows hushed their whispering, the alders no longer creaked their reproaches, and the pollards had ceased to taunt him as traitor. Instead, a dreadful silence seemed to reign, and he could hear the echo of his own footsteps on the straight moonlit road. He could feel her woman's heart beat, and hear the satisfied breathing of the child, and his thoughts flew to his own wife and children safe at home, please God! For a moment he stood still. Should he go on? To go forward meant, without a doubt, that he would never see them again.

A dreadful vision danced before him like a mocking kinema film. He saw himself blindfolded, saw the row of men with rifles raised, saw the guard, heard the word of command, the click, the ghastly thud, and knew it was no fancy picture. It was what must happen. Yet he went on, although he knew he walked to his doom.

Squelch, squelch! The huge stones moved uneasily, the reeds whistled, and as he passed gingerly from one half-submerged boulder to the next he felt the woman's weight gradually deaden, and guessed that she had fainted through sheer pain and exhaustion. He dared not pause to gain breath; but once, when the sleeping child made a little slobbering noise, tears sprang to his eyes. Again he pictured his own dark-eyed son asleep at home.

The bitter lines deepened round his mouth. His eyes were set and sombre. No challenge greeted him as he managed to climb the bank with his burden, and a long, quivering sigh escaped him as, stooping to avoid the low-hanging trees that masked this portion of the marshland bank, he took a dozen steps forward.

A dry twig cracked beneath his feet; the sentry's challenge rang out, and he answered. But a cold sweat broke out over the whole of his body. In another ten minutes it would be all over. It was not too late for him to draw back, although he would run grave risks. He would be shot as a spy, but he had redeemed his honour. At least he would die as a man.

It was all over. The tired little mother lay back with white, exhausted face and closed eyes, her babe beside her; but a beautiful smile flickered round her lips. She, too, had heard that story, and she, being a woman, understood far more than did the great surgeon who listened with grave face—listened, and judged with a stern man's judgment. She remembered how gently the man had thrust his big brown forefinger into the child's mouth and stopped its crying, she remembered too the almost reverent fashion he had laid the babe upon her breast, and she likewise remembered how he had grunted

assent when she asked if he had children of his own.

'You will consider yourself under arrest,' said the surgeon curtly.

Hans Meunier nodded drearily. But when he thought no one was looking he drew out those portraits of the children and their mother, and gazed at them with big sombre eyes full of tears. The tears were not for himself, but for them.

The woman, who opened her eyes at that instant and saw him, understood once more.

When the surgeon reappeared Meunier thrust away the portraits with an awkward gesture, and stood at attention.

'These German pigs,' thought the surgeon, 'show no fear.' Was he a German? Already thoughts began to trouble him. It was worse to believe the man a traitor. It was then he caught the imploring look in the woman's eyes, and, being a Frenchman and easily reached by such an appeal, moved towards her.

'What is it, madame?' the surgeon asked in a low voice. 'Is there anything I can do for you?'

'M'sieu,' she whispered, 'that man is brave. He is not as you think. He may be a spy—yes—as you count a spy; but he is a brave man. Think to yourself, m'sieu, what it means. He had no need to bring me here to safety. There was no reason he should try to save my child. But he is a good man, a brave man, and honourable. He has a wife and children of his own.'

She had beautiful eyes, this brave little woman, who had borne all his ministrations without crying out or flinching. He was as susceptible as the rest of his race, even in war-time, and he hesitated.

'Surely, m'sieu,' she pleaded—'surely, m'sieu, you will not have a man shot as a spy who gives up his life willingly for the sake of a woman and her son who will one day fight for France.'

The surgeon looked at the sleeping babe. He, too, was a father, and his stern mouth quivered. He turned to Meunier. 'Have you children?' he demanded curtly.

'Yes, m'sieu,' came the answer.

'How many?' he asked.

For reply the spy handed him the portrait. He looked at it; then something else caught his eye.

'Lorraine!' he cried. 'You come from Lorraine? And you fight against France!' he exclaimed.

'M'sieu,' cried the spy, his face scarlet, 'm'sieu, I will expiate to-morrow.'

Caulloux was not a soldier by training. Perhaps had he been a military man by profession he might have acted differently. Perhaps he recognised the peasant—and the man—for he put out his hand. 'Give me your hand,'

he said. 'You shall get your chance. There is something to be done to-night which needs a brave man. But he takes his life in his hand.'

Swiftly he explained, and a light crept into the other man's eyes. 'M'sieu,' he said simply, 'I will go.'

They did not shoot him at dawn. As Caulloux had said, he took his life in his hand; but as they lifted his body reverently men bared their heads.

'He was a brave man,' said some one.

'A hero,' whispered another.

'He gave his life for his country, and for us,' said a third.

For the enemy's position had been located in time, the French were triumphant; but there were two people who knew the truth.

Like the rest, Caulloux bowed his head. 'After all, it is not given to every man to atone so nobly,' he murmured.

But the little dark-eyed woman wept, and as her tears fell on the face of her sleeping babe she sought to blink them away.

*'Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.'*

she crooned. 'Ah! oui!' she repeated, 'he was a brave man, and thou, *mon p'tit*, shalt grow up all the better for his example.' Outside she heard his comrades singing '*Mourir pour la Patrie*,' as they carried the spy to his last rest. 'A spy!' she murmured. 'Ah, no! he died for his country, and for us, little one. Let us not forget.'

TRUE SERVICE.

'I serve'—the Motto of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

NOT with the power of tyrants, keen to slay,
Where hate and vengeance side by side appear;
But with the kingliness of honour's sway,
Whose oath is sacred, and whose bond is dear.

The bulwark of the nation shall be truth;
The 'greater love' that makes this life sublime
Shall prove that friendship is no boast forsooth,
But brotherhood enduring for all time.

Sons of the Empire! brave and strong of limb,
Ye know, ye mighty men of iron nerve,
Power sitteth best upon the front of him
Who sheweth best the noblest way to 'serve.'

The dauntless lion yields not to the foe;
The valiant hearts that fight, as fight they must,
Stand resolute, unwavering, for they know
No death can hurt us like the death of trust.

Britannia! stainless, fearless be thy hand,
Ready, with courage that can never swerve,
To vindicate to all on sea and land
The right to rule by love, the right to 'serve.'

HARRIET KENDALL.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

RUSSIA AND THE WORLD.

By A. FRANCIS STEUART.

RUSSIA, limitless Russia, has for long had an attraction beyond compare for the West. There was the vast plain, the forest peopled by wolves and bears, the scanty populations who spoke so curious a language, the absolute power of the Tsar and his favourites, and, lastly, the patience of the varied peoples under their ruler—the modern representative of the Byzantine Empire.

All the rest of Europe—save Spain, Portugal, and Sicily, which had their Moorish conquest, and Greece and its adjacent countries, which have been gradually freed from their Osmanli conquerors, until nothing remains of the once great Othman Empire in Europe save Turkey in Europe itself, which is now a seat of war—has developed in a different way. Latin civilisation has been welded to Gallic or Teutonic, and in each country the feudal system has been the result, with many racial modifications. Russia has had no feudal system. She began as a lot of Grecianised Slav states, cut off from the West by Catholic Poland, and then suddenly swamped, and all intercourse with Europe crushed from 1224 to 1480, by the Tartar conquest. This subjugation and bondage by the Tartars (who became Moslem during their rule) was only broken by the tact and diplomacy of the Grand Princes of Moscow, who bent the knee to their alien masters to become supreme over their own people. Liberation began with Ivan the Great, and continual Slav successes rendered the Tartars a weak people, until with Ivan the Terrible came the conquest of the Tartars of Kazan in 1552, and the beginning of the acquisition of the future empire of Siberia. On Ivan's son Feodor's death, in 1598, the unlucky Russia was again thrown into misery. There was a disputed succession to the tsarate. Our King James I. and VI. had a chance, so much was it thrown into hotchpot. At last, after a desolation worse than can be imagined, the result of internecine war and the inroads of the Poles, the popular family of Románoff gave a Tsar (Michael Feodorovitch) to Russia, whose descendants still reign, and whose successor, the present Emperor, Nicholas the Second, Alexandrovitch, held the three hundredth anniversary of his ancestor's accession two years ago.

Since the Románoffs succeeded, the history

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of Russia has been curious. Peter 'the Great' woke up to the fact that Russia was cut off from Europe. By defeating the Swedes and founding 'Petrograd' in 1703, he 'opened,' in his own words, 'a window into Europe,' and he reformed the constitution of the Orthodox Church, while he still remained, in spite of foreign 'helpers'—many Scots—a typical Slav autocratic Tsar. His four women successors were different. Chaos under the first emerged into rule by German foreigners under the two Annes. Under Elizabeth Petrovna, his daughter, Slavonic Russia held full sway. Her nephew, Peter (of Holstein), leant on Frederick the Great of Prussia, and tried to Prussianise Russia. This policy was reversed when his widow, Catharine the Second (born a German Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst), usurped his throne; and during her reign foreigners, though welcomed in Russia, were not given prominence unless they conformed to the ways of the country, and the conquerors and many favourites employed by her were all Slavonic. Then came the nightmare rule of her son Paul; then the invasion by Napoleon in 1812 (what a wonderful idea, and how wonderfully achieved in spite of its result!), and the growth of Russia in Siberia and Caucasia. Then (touching us more nearly) came the Crimean war—how many of us can tell what it was about? The assassination of a Tsar shocked us all, but took away a possible rival in Asia, as we thought then. Very recently a destructive and disastrous war between Russia and Japan was waged—and in this war we kept our minds open—with the latter as victor. Now, in 1915, we find Russia, as protector and ally of her Slav sister Serbia, once more united, and able, with popular acclamations, to enter the European Armageddon as ally of France (with whom she has had many flirtations), Belgium, her kinsfolk in Montenegro, her former enemy Japan, and, lastly, with her rival in Asia, Great Britain, in the present international war against Germany, and more especially against Germanic *Kultur*.

This welcome change in our relations with Russia which the melting-pot of time has brought about makes us not only wish to be friendly with our ally who rules over the East from Warsaw to Vladivostok—her country includes European peoples, Poles, White Russians, and

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MAY 8, 1915.

Lithuanians, Muscovites, Kirghiz, and Tartars, the fierce Caucasian tribes, and the quiet Finns, as well as all the Asiatic Mongolian and Turkish tribes in the course of Russification—but also to understand her and the peoples of her Empire better. We can be helped to do the last, I think, if we read a recent book called *Russia and the World*, by Stephen Graham (Cassell & Co.). The writer is a pronounced and distinguished Russophil who has made a study of the Russian Slav, whom he knows and loves. Widely conversant with Russia and Siberia, he has also made a pilgrimage with the Russian pilgrims, whose religious spirit and culture he understands and appreciates; and, more than this, he can tell his experiences to his readers in delightful sentences which at once awake interest and rivet the attention.

The author was in his beloved Russia—but in an Altai Cossack village in Mongolia—when the war broke out and mobilisation began, and he gives a wonderful picture. The knowledge that the war was 'a holy war' inspired the people to the desire for heroic deeds, and everything proceeded with zeal (he mentions 'the Cossacks' delight in the cutting off of heads'), and the army was consecrated (how foreign this sounds, and how Russian!) as 'the slaves of God.'

The centuries of serfdom have given a wonderful equality to Russians. Before the liberation of the serfs by the Tsar Alexander the Second in 1861 one was either 'a soul' (serf) or an owner. The rank of the latter did not much matter, and the former had none. Now the owner has, as such, disappeared, and the only recognised rank in Russia, outside a few old families, is that of the *tschin*, or official rank. In all ages intermarriage between every class (how un-Germanic this sounds; how unlike the necessity of equal marriage, the *Ebenbürtigkeit*, which has made so much misery in Germany!) has been allowed in Russia, and in former times the Tsaritsas were frequently daughters of simple landowners. I venture to assert there is now little difference in rank except by 'set' or personal choice. Some friends of mine had a cook who was *knaeginia*, or a princess. She was quite illiterate, yet her passport showed that she was a real 'princess' and bore an historic name. This unity of the Russians is well brought out in *Russia and the World*; and since the war commenced one finds that (as with us) the political feuds are healed at least for the time. The *intelligentia*, or 'student' class, who have so often fomented revolutions, no longer speak of the hangman's halter as the Tsar's 'necktie,' but are their Tsar's most faithful subjects; the Poles, promised liberty, and understanding the Slav dream of Russia better than Germany's 'blood and iron,' are wholly with their conquerors; Siberia has for the present given up thoughts of Home Rule, and has sent her hordes to the Western war; the Jew—a

blessing which Russia owes to medieval Poland, and one which has caused a problem of which it is difficult to see the solution—is fighting also *con amore*; the worst enemy, drink, is scotched just now, if not entirely killed, by the suppression of *vodka*; and all this unification has been brought about by the desire of Russia to realise herself and offer her life's blood in opposition to the Germanic idea.

The writer of the book points out that 'of all nations, the most abhorrent to the Germans must be the Russians;' and he is right. The Russian is dreamy (his steppes have taught him that), patient (he owes this to autocracy and long years of serfdom), and, above all, religious. He has done terrible things in his history, partly owing to his Tartar subjection, but he has never lost, as the German has at present, the divine gift of Pity. Sad stories of captivity—and Russia teems with these dating from the days when Siberia was the 'reward' for a hastily spoken word—have never ceased to interest and inspire the people, and to fill the land with melodious music and song of wonderful cadence. Tolstoi, Dostoieffsky, and Tchekoff were filled with a gospel of sympathy. Turguenieff was inspired by the same theme; and, satirically turned, it is found in the witty Gogol also. The modern school of the *intelligentia*, the sex school of Artsibashef and his followers, are swept away by the war, and leave the writers with broader foundations unmoved on their pedestals of knowledge, sympathy, and pity.

It is not for me to deal here with the Orthodox Church save to say that it has an immense power over the Russian *moujik*. The formality of its gorgeous ceremonies does not prevent his ecstasy having a spiritual outlet, and the general want of culture of its clergy has not made him wane in his high ideals. The whole religious idea is still Byzantine, and Holy Moscow is yet—in spite of certain Tartar débris which all good Russians deny—the modern Byzantium and the capital of Russia, whereas Petrograd is but a recent and international mushroom town.

Russian civilisation is not rigid and formal like that of modern Germany. It is impressionable and ready to absorb a foreign idea, but to make it Russian first. Where is there a theatrical school or ballet like the Russian? Yet the latter was French once. It is more like our own culture, which has for its motto, or might have, 'Go as you please.' For this reason Germany has always been opposed to Russia; and what the latter owes to her has not, like the Biron régime—that of Büren von Kurland, the favourite of the Empress Anne (from 1730–40)—been for her good, and assuredly has not been for her happiness.

But the war, although uniting Russia, does not leave her (as this book points out) without problems. If Germany is safely and surely defeated, and the *Kultur* idea put into the limbo of forgotten things by the satisfied Allies,

she has still a few things to put in order in her own house. The liberty of Poland is the first; the lightening of her hand on the Finns is the next. The alleviation of the state of the Jews is more difficult, for, if one knows them both, how can a Russian be made to love a Jew? Then there is the possible recrudescence of the drink problem, now removed, or else the necessity of finding an amusement (our author suggests

music, in Russia a true passion, which is a good idea) as a substitute. Lastly, there is the necessity (and the zeal for it is now a welcome sign) of the spread of an enlightened education.

For the knowledge that such things are in the air, and our ability to understand them better, with instruction on a thousand other wider problems, we are indebted to the author of *Russia and the World*.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXIV.—STRATAGEMS AND SPOILS.

WE walked round the house and examined the footmarks. The rain had blurred them, but it was plain that there had been a party of three. This tallied with the number we knew—Macdonell, Innes, and the dead man. There were only traces of two on the path towards the Cove—the toeprints of running men.

'These two fled by the Spaniard's Cove,' said De Boux. 'They must have a knowledge of The Garth. How Cousin Philip traced us is a mystery. But he is—what you say?—double—*trompeur*! Philip of the Left Hand, as Charlotte calls him.'

We made a strict scrutiny of the shrubbery, but saw nothing, and then went into the wood, where I found my mare tethered where I had left her. I was glad enough to turn towards the house again. Hitherto the call of my wits to action, self-preservation, one danger following on another's heels, had braced my nerve, but now I was conscious of a rebound. The place had become alive with phantasies; the very rabbits hopping in the brackens made me jump.

Bertrand laid a hand on my shoulder. 'Your gills are too white, monsieur—*mon ami*! When did you sleep last?'

'Truth to tell,' said I, 'I could sleep, I think, for a week.'

'There shall be not a word of our story, or yours, until we rest. As for me, name of a'—

He broke off with a great yawn. After we had seen to the mare's wants we came back to the house, and I threw off my boots, lay down in my clothes on the couch, and did not open an eye until three o'clock in the afternoon.

Outside The Garth the sun wove a bright pattern through the trees; leaves trembled in the faint golden air of late September; the arch of the sky was serene and cloudless. It was a day to make one give thanks for life. As I beheld its peace, last night's doings seemed as unsubstantial as the dissolving glimpses of a mirage. But my aching head was no illusion. The shattered pane I looked through at the nodding branches, the blood-stains on the window-sill, told their own tale, the sight of them renewing

my eagerness to piece together the whole affair and pursue it to the end.

The last two days had been momentous. Adventures had leaped out on me as suddenly as highwaymen. I had held my breath, watching the clash of battle; my life had been twice in peril; I had killed a man. Yet my thoughts ran less on the dangers I had met than on the moment when I had learned from the girl's lips that Bertrand was her brother, and her hand—her little unsullied hand—touched mine.

The murmur of voices reached me. On the path below the window the brother and sister were pacing, their faces very grave. Bertrand looked up, and, seeing me, beckoned.

'Without doubt, Mr Layton,' said he when I joined them, 'we have been on the brink of tragedy, and are not safe yet. I feel in my bones that more must happen. Charlotte and I intend to tell you our story. You may help us, and we owe it to you—to your courage and your services—to be frank with you. The three of us may unravel the tangle. It concerns the honour of Glenira and our family.'

'It is safe with me,' I answered.

'I—we know it,' said the girl; and the words rang sweet and kind.

'It is possible that I may be of service.'

'Pray God it be so!' said De Boux, his voice vibrant. 'Glenira is a man of honour; but—the pity of it!—he is unable to speak, much less act, for himself. Fate has been scurvy enough to take the reckoning with his enemies out of his own hands; but, as I live by bread, I shall settle with them myself.'

Under the arch of the beeches I heard the story.

'Glenira, the blind man whom you saw, is Ian Macdonell of Glenira, on Speyside, a cadet of Clan Donald, and the eldest of three brothers—Ian, Hector, and Hugh. At the "Fifteen" he and his brother Hector came "out" for King James. The youngest brother, Hugh, stayed at home, and made allegiance from the teeth outwards to King George. Such a family arrangement was not uncommon for the safety of landed estates in those troublous times. But the Rising was broken.

'Glenira and his brother Hector, disguised as sailors, escaped to France. The estates were forfeited; but the Crown gave a grant of them nominally to a cousin, but in reality to the youngest brother, Hugh. Glenira remained single, but Hector married in France a daughter of another outlaw, a Maclean from the Hebrides; and Charlotte is their daughter. Her father died in exile, and his widow married my father, Victor Foudelle De Boux, a gentleman of the Court of King Louis. I am their son, and half-brother to Charlotte. My father and his wife died when we were children; and, as Hector Macdonell wished, Charlotte was brought up by her mother's kinsfolk in the West Highlands, and I was at the Scots College in Paris, where, although I passed many an idle day, I learned English.

'For the first two or three years after the "Fifteen," Hugh (under a liberal payment for his stewardship) sent the rents of the lands of Speyside to his exiled brother. The payments began to dwindle, and excuses were soon followed by silence. Glenira was, and is, a proscribed man. To return meant death, or at the best the plantations. His legal rights were less than none. All he could hope for was a second Rising by King James. But the years passed. No second Rising came, and Glenira, soured and disappointed, became a soldier of fortune, and never set foot in Scotland again until last month.

'In May last Glenira sent for me from Bar-le Duc, and there I found him closeted with a tall, strongly-built young man.

"This is my brother Hugh's son Philip, and an honest man than his father," said my uncle in his brusque way. "I look to you two to be friends. He brings credentials, and is entrusted with duties befitting a Macdonell. We are soon to hear great tidings from Scotland; and, please God, I may see the heather again, and—when the time comes—die under my own roof beside the Spey."

'I saw much of Cousin Philip during the next month or two. He made many friends, for he was good to look upon, had a merry laugh, was ready with a song or a jest, and was well supplied and generous with money. There were many poor Scots gentlemen in Paris, and Philip's qualities served him in good stead. He was popular in a fashion; but I used to wonder where the money came from. I do so yet, and I have my own thoughts!

'Charlotte came to France from Scotland, and Philip fell in love with her. It is the only thing to his credit that I know. I speak freely, monsieur. The marriage would not have been unwelcome, for we were, and are, poor—oh, but poor!—and Philip, it seemed, would fall heir to the Speyside estate whether the Stuarts came to their own again or failed. But *la petite* distrusted him—would have none of him. Her woman's instinct was right, for the story is of sorry treachery.

'Glenira, like all the Scots exiles, was eager to help the Chevalier. Money was raised through Lord John Drummond and Monsieur Waters the banker in Paris—a goodly sum, not less than twenty thousand louis d'or; and Glenira, accompanied by Philip Macdonell and his creature Innes, sailed with the money to Scotland for the Chevalier.'

A thought, swift as a flash of light, made me catch my breath. The secret paper with its rude sketch of a ship!

'The ship was the *Mary of the Angels*?' I hazarded.

For a moment or two he was speechless with surprise.

'Ah, monsieur, this is strange! In English that would be the name; in French the *Marie des Anges*. I saw her sail from Harfleur. How came you to know this? But I shall finish my story, for I am on thorns to hear yours.

'Charlotte was with relatives in the Hebrides when Glenira sailed. The intention was that I should join her at The Garth, and take her back to France until the horizon of affairs in Scotland cleared. But one day comes to me in Paris a seafaring man, well known to the Jacobites in France, Anthony Brander by name, a staunch and secret fellow, smuggler though he may be. His buckkar, the *Gannet*, had put into Stonehaven after a "run," and next day the *Marie des Anges* dropped anchor in the little harbour. Glenira sought Anthony out, and gave him a sealed letter to be delivered to me with all speed. It told me that Philip Macdonell and Innes had played him false. Their proposal was nothing less than that the three should divide the French money and scuttle the ship. Fearing foul play, Glenira feigned to agree; but when the *Marie des Anges* ran into Stonehaven to shelter from a gale, the two rascals went on shore a-junketing. He then sent the letter by the smuggler telling me of their villainy; that he had seized the opportunity, when the two knaves were ashore, to cut sail without them, risking the weather; and that he was to make for Inverness with all speed to hand over the money and join the Chevalier. So far so good!—And now, Charlotte, do you string some beads to the story.'

'My sorrow!' said the girl. 'That it should be told! But here it is, and we must face it. I came from the North to meet Bertrand here, the two Highland servants with me for company. One night came a knocking at the door, and I heard a voice, "Open! open!" I was not afraid, for I would know Glenira's voice among a thousand. It was he, but like a dead man walking. He was alone. How he had reached here, God knows! He could no more than grope his way, for he was nearly blind, and a great wound, newly healed, showed on his forehead. And his voice was like a child's. "Hide me! hide me!" he would call; and again, "The money! It is not mine! Not mine!" But

little more did he say, for plain it was that he was out of his mind. Between us, the men and I contrived to look after him, and I got a surgeon from Edinburgh to see him. But he shall never see again, and his secret is like to die with him. Ah! the darkness and cruelty of it!

'And he has let nothing fall concerning the interval between his leaving Stonehaven and coming here?' I asked. I was beginning to see a little more daylight.

'Not a word! He paces his room silently, a sorrowful sight,' said De Boux.

'And the man whom I rescued from the servants on the day when I first saw The Garth?'

'He was watched prowling round the house, and ran when challenged. A spy of Left-Hand's, depend upon it! I should not be surprised if Philip (concluding that Glenira had stolen the whole of the French money) had The Garth watched, for Glenira knew the house in the "Fifteen," and Philip guessed that it might be a likely hiding-place. I arrived at The Garth the day after your night in durance there, in time to send a bullet after you. *Ma foi!* 'twas lucky my pistol practice was bad! Several days passed while Charlotte and I waited here with Glenira; but nothing happened, except that the *Gannet's* master and I exchanged signals on the day after Preston, by which I know that she is North, and will put into the Fifth soon. Then came the night of the rain-storm.

'The two Highland servants had gone to join the Highland army, and we—Charlotte and I—were alone.

'It was not very late, about half-past ten, but all the candles were out except those in the hall, where we sat by the fire. The rain made an incessant beating outside. We got no warning of what was to come, not so much as a footstep. A cold draught of air flickered the candles, and quite suddenly Philip Macdonell and Innes appeared from the shadows. All the doors had been bolted, so they must have known the secret entrance by the tidal cave.'

'The one I escaped by!'

'The same, monsieur! Their plans had been excellently laid. I started up; but I was weaponless, and Philip could have broken me over his knee. As it was, I got the butt of his pistol twice on my head, and remember no more until next morning, when you came to the room they had locked me into.'

I turned to Mistress Charlotte. 'And you? Was I too late? Did they maltreat you?'

'No more than you saw. Left-Hand knew we were defenceless, and said so. The coward! "I know Glenira is here," he said, "and I have serious business with him." Of course Bertrand had told me of Glenira's letter to him in Paris. "I know your business. You want to find out where the French money is." "The money he stole," said Innes; and at the words I struck

him with my open hand on the face. "Serves you right, Roderick," said Philip. "Though what he says is true, Cousin Charlotte." Then he tried blandishments and threats—how he could denounce Glenira to the Chevalier as a thief, and to the Hanoverians as an outlaw, and so forth, as though I were a child. I answered him as he deserved, and when I finished, never had I seen a man with brows so dark. "We shall deal with the little French cub afterwards," he sneered. "As for you, my fair cousin, you must be kept as quiet as he is, unless you tell us all you know concerning Glenira. But I may as well tell you that we know more than you do."

'Were that true, I told him, then he could lose nothing by my silence, and I refused to break further speech with him, though he asked me a hundred questions. In the end, they gagged and bound me, carrying me to the room where Bertrand and you found me; and the last thing I remember was my cousin Left-Hand jeeringly asking my pardon for taking possession of the house for a few hours. In the darkness, alone, I swooned. Then you came.'

'Not a moment too soon,' said I fervently. 'I think I see farther than I hoped into this sordid business. When I was waiting in the tidal cave I saw Glenira.'

'Saw him!' came from both.

'He must have known of the cave long ago, for without doubt I saw him.'

Then I told them all—the blind man hiding the paper, and my reading it, and replacing it before I escaped.

'You put it back?'

'I did.'

'And we are standing here. Come, let us find it.'

He led the way into the house at a half-run, and the three of us—for Mistress Charlotte declined to be left behind—went to the chamber that once had been my unwelcome lodging for a night. The exit by the big fireplace was easy, and soon we were standing in the cave.

'There!' I pointed to the boulder. De Boux and I heaved at it until it swung slowly out of its socket. He dived his hands feverishly into the sand, to stand up and stare blankly at us. There was nothing there; nor was there a trace of the packet, although we made a thorough search. Round the cave were heavy footmarks.

'Two men!' said I bitterly, looking at them.

'We are beaten! Beaten!' came from De Boux.

'Not yet. I took an exact copy of the paper. It is in the hands of a decent lawyer in Edinburgh, and I shall bring it to you to-morrow. We are not beaten yet, for the paper, though in part illegible, shows a rough sketch of a ship, and, among others, the words "Mary of the

Angels," "De Boux," "Bar-le-Duc," and a cross marking high-water.'

'It means,' exclaimed Bertrand, 'that Glenira, for some reason, has hidden the French money. He is guiltless! I know him—know his great heart, his loyalty to the Stuarts, and the bitter price he has paid for it. It means that Left-Hand and his cur Innes are on the track, and have somehow or other found the hiding-place of the paper.'

'Unless Glenira, fearful of this, himself changed its hiding-place.'

'Monsieur, it is impossible. He has been too weak to raise his head. But this is to no purpose if you have a copy.'

'An exact copy,' I said.

'Probably the enemy has stolen the original, and has one day's start of us. But the *Garnet*

will be in the Firth in a day or two; and, if I know Anthony Brander at all, he and his crew are at our service, and we can reach the North before Cousin Left-Hand. Further, if (as the surgeon thinks) Glenira should recover his memory even a little, we shall be able to go straight to the wreck, instead of quartering every mile of the coast, as the two knaves must do.'

We discussed this plan and that for long, and in the end—after, I am afraid, a wholly insincere protest—I accepted the invitation of the brother and sister to take up my quarters meanwhile at The Garth. And my heart was light as I rode back to Edinburgh for my copy of Glenira's chart, although I knew we were on the threshold of a contest of wits and courage with a cool and ruthless enemy.

(Continued on page 371.)

THE HEART OF A CONTINENT.

By Captain P. T. ETHERTON, F.R.G.S.

FAR away in the heart of Asia, on the western confines of the Chinese Empire, lies a range of mighty mountains dividing Kashgaria from the Ili Valley and Northern Turkestan. The Thian Shan, the range in question, is a grand chain of mountains stretching east and west, and running far into Russian Central Asia. From its sporting aspect it may be regarded as a great hunting-ground in general; but, as is usual with all good things, it is difficult of access. To the traveller journeying thither from India many obstacles are presented. He must cross the mighty ranges of the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush, and must march over the Pamirs, that region of awe-inspiring immensity fitly termed the Roof of the World. At the summit of the pass which crosses the watershed of the Hindu Kush he reaches the point where three empires meet, the parting of the ways where one leaves the confines of civilisation and enters the strange and weird dominions of the Flowery Kingdom. To the north-west lies the centre of political gravity of the Asiatic continent, a centre the position of which has undergone many changes since the Northern Colossus first set forth on her irresistible march across the Turkestan steppes. The subject of Central Asia is an all-absorbing one, and the movements in the valley of the Oxus are watched with never-failing interest. For years Russia has steadily pushed forward her outposts, until at last she is within a stone's-throw of the gates of Herat, the fate of which is fraught with such momentous consequences. By successive stages she has absorbed the territories lying between her and the goal of her ambition—the Afghan frontier; and now she is in a position to become a dominating factor, and one with which we shall assuredly have to reckon in the near future.

Journeying onward, ever onward, the traveller descends to the plains of Chinese Turkestan, the land of old Tartary, whose ancient associations have invested it with a halo of romance, and have, more particularly in recent years, given rise to questions of deep political import. For upwards of a thousand miles the trek must be continued across deserts whose confines reach almost to the shores of the Yellow Sea. Here and there he will encounter groups of mud-built houses, surrounded by scanty clumps of withered trees which look forlorn and out of place amidst the general air of desolation, the oases in this Central Asian Sahara. From the northern limits of the Tarim Desert he will obtain his first view of the mighty Thian Shan range, and after the long trek of many hundreds of miles a glad sight it is indeed, this view of the Celestial Mountains, as the Chinese have picturesquely styled them, with their snow-clad peaks and shining glaciers, truly a scene of sublime grandeur comparable only to the panorama disclosed by the Rocky Mountains from the prairies of Alberta. Thus he reaches the goal; and, camped amidst the pine forests and grassy slopes, he forgets the toil and hardship, the stupendous ranges of mountains he has crossed, the rushing torrents he has successfully negotiated, all the perils and dangers attaching to such an undertaking, and longs only to come face to face with ibex in the rock-bound corries, and hear the wapiti stag calling in the dense forests which form so prominent a feature of this happy land.

Inhabiting this remote corner of Cathay are the Kalmuks, a race of nomads of Mongolian origin, who, although they have come under Chinese influence, have preserved their own language, as also their national customs and traditions, many of which are remarkably interest-

ing. During the eighteenth century they were settled on the Volga under Russian jurisdiction; but, becoming dissatisfied with their lot, they determined on a flight eastward across the boundless steppes of Asia to some land where they might find a haven of refuge. Accordingly, in 1771 took place the migration of all the Kalmuks to Dzungaria and the Thian Shan districts of the Chinese Empire, a trek immortalised by De Quincey in his *Flight of a Tartar Tribe*. This celebrated journey, surpassing that of the great Boer trek from Cape Colony in 1836 to the country north of the Orange and Vaal Rivers, occupied a period of eight months; and, though at the outset they were half-a-million strong, scarce one-tenth survived to reach the final haven. From the shores of the Volga to the grassy slopes of the Thian Shan Mountains they had battled on with a constancy that has no equal in the history of the world. The relentless Cossack, the wild and untutored Kirghiz of the Central Asian steppes, the rigours of the Siberian winter, hunger, fatigue, and disease, all had been overcome, and at last the promised land was reached. There, amidst the Heavenly Mountains, the Kalmuks hoped to find a permanent place of settlement and found an independent kingdom. In this, however, they were disappointed, for the Chinese had but recently taken over the country; so but two alternatives presented themselves: either they must become subject to China or be turned back on to the Cossacks and Kirghiz who were hard upon their trail. They chose the former, and were accordingly permitted to settle in the Thian Shan, where ample pasturage was available for their herds of cattle and horses.

These Kalmuks within the boundaries of the Chinese Empire pay an annual tribute in kind to the authorities, and also furnish the mounted levies established along the border and in the western part of the Tekkes Valley, which here forms the principal valley of the mountains. For purposes of administration, the tribe is divided into sections presided over by officials who are responsible for judicial and military affairs in connection therewith, the higher grades being nominated from New Kulja, the headquarters of the Chinese Viceroy, who is the supreme head of all the Kalmuk tribesmen, and his authority is absolute in all matters connected with questions arising with the suzerain power.

In religion the Kalmuks are Buddhists, and their hair is worn in pigtails, like the Chinese. The type of feature is distinctly Mongolian, with almond-shaped eyes and prominent cheek-bones. In stature they are above the middle height, and a fine-looking race, ever cheery, and excellent hunters and cragsmen. Whenever possible, they prefer to be mounted, but are none the less able and willing to walk when engaged in hunting, as their footgear is well adapted to the purpose, and their attributes as hillmen are of a high order. When not hunting, the Kalmuk always

rides; and should a horse not be available, he is equally at home astride the lumbering ox.

As in the case of the Tibetans, the Kalmuks pay but scant attention to the old adage that cleanliness is next to godliness. Nevertheless they are a fascinating race of people, appealing strongly to an Englishman for their love of the chase and their sporting instincts.

The manners and customs of the Kalmuks are in many respects remarkable, more particularly in regard to the disposal of the dead. Instead of burial in the orthodox manner, the body is put out on a knoll or low hill in the vicinity of the camp, and there left to the tender mercies of dogs and birds of prey. Should the remains not be disposed of within the space of a few days, the departed is deemed to have led a wicked and wayward life, a presumption that is visited upon the relatives in the shape of a severe chastisement all round; the sins of the father visited upon the children indeed!

Marriage plays an important part in the life of the Kalmuk, betrothals being arranged early in life, and but scant regard paid to the wishes of the lady. A wedding is a great event, the bride being usually carried off by force by the suitor, to which arbitrary procedure the parents offer no objection. Here it is a case of being wooed and won on horseback; and should there be several aspirants for the lady's hand a strenuous chase ensues, albeit she generally contrives to fall into the grasp of the swain whom she regards with the greatest favour.

The Kalmuk dwelling is the *aul*, a warm and comfortable habitation, constructed of felt on a circular wooden framework, having at the top an opening to let out smoke from the fire lighted in the interior. Upon the floor are spread *numdahs* and rugs, and in the case of the wealthier Kalmuks the *aul* is adorned with embroidered cloths and coverings, imparting a pleasing and artistic effect. When moving to fresh pastures, if the distance to be compassed is short, the *aul* is carried bodily by men and women, but for a longer journey it is dismantled.

The food of the Kalmuks comprises milk, mutton, and horseflesh, the last-named esteemed a great delicacy. However, the most popular article of diet among them is *kumis*, or the fermented milk of mares, the taste of which must certainly be an acquired one. The writer has sampled a number of beverages during wanderings on five continents, but has yet to encounter anything rivalling *kumis*. The drink in question is made in a leathern receptacle, and frequently shaken until fermentation supervenes, when it is considered fit to drink. Whenever a halt is made at an *aul*, or a visitor arrives, he is proffered the flowing bowl, and does full justice to it. There is no accounting for taste even in Central Asia.

The chief of the Kalmuks—or khan, as he is called—is an important personage in this

remote corner of China, and the liege lord of all his nomad subjects. His camp lies in the Great Yulduz Valley of the Thian Shan, a valley famed for the grass and pasturage it affords to countless herds of horses and cattle of the Kalmuks, who migrate thither for the summer. Its length is about thirty miles, with an average breadth of twenty, and it is rich in grass of a height of ten or twelve inches.

Many days' hard marching had brought me from the plains of Chinese Turkestan to the smiling valleys of the Thian Shan; and, having heard much of the Kalmuks and their khan, I determined to visit the latter in person. On reaching the northern slopes of the range I had pitched camp hard by a group of *auls*, and there interviewed an intelligent Kalmuk. From him I learnt that their chief lived a great way off; but his ideas as to the exact distance were somewhat vague, it apparently being anything from five to fifty miles. He, however, volunteered to accompany me to the camp of the khan, so I decided to start at dawn the next morning. Fresh horses had been secured, and we set forth at daybreak, riding across the plain in an eastern direction. Throughout the day we pushed on, the hardy Kalmuk horses seeming to be incapable of fatigue, and at six in the evening reached a Kalmuk *aul* by the banks of a river, where we commandeered fresh horses, and then pushed on harder than ever. By eight o'clock night had fallen with that rapidity common to the East, where twilight is unknown, and soon after we had to ford a wide and deep river three times, which, on tired horses and in black darkness, is a hazardous task. Only by the greatest exertions could our steeds maintain their footing in the swirling waters, which sped on with alarming velocity. The current was well above the saddle-flaps and rushing like a mill-race. Crossing at right angles was impossible owing to its depth and force, so we were carried some way down-stream before finally securing a foothold on the opposite bank. The Kalmuk horses behaved well, displaying that admirable coolness so characteristic of them. At such a critical moment they remained undismayed, breasting the current always with their heads in the right direction. When lifted completely off their feet by the rush of water there would be but a quiet struggle and a gradual edging toward the bank.

Beyond the third ford we encountered a long file of camels laden with tea and other articles, going down, like the caravans of Biblical renown, to barter amongst the Kalmuks for skins and felt. They told us the khan's camp was still far off, and that there were at least five hundred *auls* there. Towards ten o'clock we reached some more *auls*, and here the Kalmuk guide wished to halt for the night. However, I insisted on proceeding; so we rode on through the valley, though I mentally wished the khan

somewhere, being weary of the long ride and the search for his apparently phantom dwelling-place, seemingly farther off than ever. At last, when, already past midnight, we debouched from a narrow neck in the hills on to a wide, open valley, a short ride of less than half a mile brought us to the first of the *auls* of this strange people. The hour of our arrival was somewhat inopportune, for the entire camp was wrapped in slumber, the only person I discovered who was not in a somnolent condition being a drunken Kalmuk, who hiccupped in the orthodox fashion, and was consequently of little avail. I rode round the camp with a view to discovering some one in authority, but finally had to abandon the attempt. With us came a host of dogs who made desperate efforts to bring us to bay, and it was only by the most strenuous exertions that we were enabled to secure refuge in an *aul*, which the dogs promptly surrounded, making enough din to subdue a brass band of the most strident proportions. In the end the canine fiends yielded to the inevitable, and gradually dispersed, leaving us to sleep, and to reflect on what an arduous undertaking it is to carve one's way through the wilds of Central Asia.

When I awoke at daylight, after an uncomfortable night, there were two large twelve-pointer wapiti heads hanging up in the *aul*, having been brought in from the Jirgalan Valley, some marches to the westward. The Asiatic wapiti (*Cervus canadensis songaricus*) is one of the finest representatives of the deer family, and his antlers constitute a magnificent trophy. Amongst the Chinese the horns possess a medicinal value when in the unformed state, being ground into powder and used for the cure of certain complaints; though whether any benefit results therefrom is open to doubt. The Chinese pay large sums for a good pair of antlers, the price varying from fifty to one hundred and twenty roubles in Russian money. Such is the incentive to the persecution of this noble stag that as many as twenty-four have been bagged by one hunter in a single month. Certain it is the day is not far distant when the Asiatic wapiti, even now all too rare, will have passed for ever from the forests of the Thian Shan, in the same manner as the bison, once found in countless herds, has disappeared from the prairies of North America.

I sallied forth from the *aul*, and beheld the camp of the khan, to interview whom I had come so far and endured so much. This was his home, surrounded by the *auls* of his Kalmuk subjects, the people with whom one comes most in contact when travelling in the Thian Shan. The Wazir, or Minister of the khan, now arrived, and received me hospitably, apologising for the unofficial reception, due to his being unaware of my visit. A spacious *aul* was then placed at my disposal, in which breakfast in the Kalmuk style was served. This consisted of strips of

mutton fried in fat, reminding one of the biltong of South Africa, with some excellent little cakes of flour, a rare delicacy, and procurable only from the far-distant fields of China.

The number of *auls* in the camp exceeded three hundred. Those of the khan and his suite were situated within a large square formed by other *auls*, several of the royal dwellings being as large as marquees. The material used in their construction was of the best quality, profusely adorned with strips of red felt, imparting a truly regal air to their otherwise sombre mien. In and about the khan's *auls* were upwards of fifty large black dogs of the collie type, each with a scarlet collar, a bodyguard of a ferocious kind, some of whom were doubtless the noisy friends who had greeted our arrival the previous night.

After breakfast I proceeded to prepare myself for the visit to the durbar hall, and to make acquaintance with the chief of this remarkable clan. With me came the Wazir and two of my followers, and preceding me marched a retainer of the khan, bearing aloft my Chinese visiting-card, a long strip of red paper having my rank and name thereon in Chinese characters, or as near as the Celestial writer could get to it. I was received at the entrance to the royal apartments, and ushered into the durbar hall, which was spread with magnificent carpets and rugs of Chinese and Bokharan make. The young chief, who was some twenty-four years of age, was much interested in my expedition from India, and asked many questions concerning Tibet, towards which, as Buddhists, the Kalmuks turn a reverential eye. He inquired as to how many days' journey it would be to England if one went on horseback, a question that was somewhat of a poser, but to which I replied by the assertion that it would occupy at least one hundred. This astonished him considerably, and I therefore followed it up by assuring him that it would take much less if one went by sledge and rail; but unfortunately his knowledge of the iron horse was *nil*, so this did not convey much. In response to further questions concerning my wealth and worldly position, he expressed great surprise on hearing I possessed no sheep or cattle, and failed to comprehend how I could possibly exist in this world without a strong contingent of lambs and kine. My explanations on the subject being obviously considered unsatisfactory, I refrained from further comment; but the future traveller to the land of the Kalmuks will do well to pose as a shepherd and owner of stock on a large scale if he wishes to be numbered amongst the high and mighty.

At the close of the reception I returned to my *aul*, and there held a levee, at which most of the Kalmuks in the camp were present, as the news of our arrival had caused great excitement and curiosity. They were especially

enamoured of my rifles and shot-gun, examining the barrels, and expressing unfeigned admiration at the polished surfaces. Some of the more wealthy were anxious to become the possessors of such weapons, one offering two of his best horses for either of the three, whilst another made overtures on different lines, but all to no purpose. Whilst my reception was proceeding two scouts arrived from the Jirgalan Valley, some distance to the west, with a report that a large number of Kalmuk horses had been stolen by predatory bands; whereupon the Wazir and the elders retired to discuss the matter and issue orders, returning shortly afterwards to renew their acquaintance with modern weapons and the wonders of expanding bullets.

The religion of the Kalmuks is Lamaism or Buddhism, and the clergy, or lamas, constitute an important element in the population. It is not within the province of this article to discuss the rise of Buddhism, but reference may well be made to its leading features. The advent of Buddha, who believed himself to be invested with a divine mission, occurred five centuries before the birth of Christ. This culminated in the promulgation of the religion, which spread through a large part of the Asiatic continent. The fundamental principle of Buddhism is contemplation, and amongst its precepts was the ordaining of celibacy, which caused the establishment of monastic orders composed of both monks and nuns. In the days of their inception these institutions were the seats of learning and religion; but in course of time their influence exerted an adverse effect upon the people, and the tyranny of the priests and inequality of castes—to overcome which Buddha had striven—became re-established. The spiritual and temporal head of Lamaism is found in the person of the Grand Lama of Lhasa, in Tibet, the centre of Buddhism, which until the recent British expedition there had for years remained a sealed book to the outer world.

Of the different animals to be found in the pine-forests and amidst the rocky gorges of the Thian Shan the Kalmuks have many strange beliefs. They tell you that the fox is of a black colour for five hundred years, after which he changes to white for a similar period. At the close of a thousand years, having wearied of life and whiteness in that time, he gladly dies. Regarding the fir and pine trees, the Kalmuks say that they stand for a thousand years, after which they drop to earth and lie another thousand years until they rot. Again, the Kalmuks hold that the wapiti stag lives for five centuries, always provided nothing untoward happens, at the end of which time it presumably quits this mortal life well stricken in years.

In connection with the khan a curious story is prevalent. On attaining the age of twenty-five years he vanishes from this world, and a new khan reigns in his stead. The mode of his

disappearance from mortal ken rests somewhat in obscurity, but apparently the end is brought about by means of poison. A recent khan, whose views on the subject differed considerably from those of the high priests and elders, not being desirous of qualifying for an early death, had fled from the cares of state on nearing the

fatal age; in which he showed a commendable amount of wisdom and circumspection, for not even the prospect of perpetual bliss in the society of other defunct khans could tempt him to give up the ghost. Of a truth, uneasy lies the head that wears a crown in the land of the Kalmuks.

THE HEIR TO SUNNINGHALL

CHAPTER II.

GREGORY very soon found his way down-stairs, a winding open staircase leading to the square stone-flagged hall, with its few old rugs and ancient oak furnishing, out of which numerous doors opened, leading he knew not whither. He opened one by chance, an oak-lined dining-room with an oval gate-legged table spread with a white cloth, and with the adornments of glass, silver, and flowers. Four places were laid. He shut this door and opened another. This was, he concluded, the drawing-room, an apartment to the use of which he had been a stranger for many a year. It was furnished, as in the days of his great-grandparents, in yellow satin, with dark rosewood tables and cabinets holding a choice display of blue china; the walls were white, the carpet a dark dull blue, costly in its day, but a good deal worn. With masculine want of observation, Gregory failed to notice detail; but the whole room gave him an impression of other days, of stiff propriety, of feminine overnice orderliness; it suggested, somehow, his aunt's small, well-finished person.

On the sofa under the long windows draped with yellow curtains a woman dressed in transparent black was sitting reading. She looked up quickly and flushed; somehow she gave him an impression of shyness almost unfriendly, almost amounting to dread. She kept her finger in her book, and after the first brief glance turned her eyes downwards. She looked, he thought, handsome; the full white column of throat set on the firm satin-smooth neck, revealed by her half-decolleté dress, was surprisingly fine. She puzzled, and therefore attracted, him. Frank, confiding, trustful to a fault, as he was, reserve and self-restraint had the charm which opposites possess. He sat down by her and spoke as if they had been friends for years rather than acquaintances of a few hours.

'Well, Miss Emerson, am I early, or are the others late? If I get a few minutes with you alone I'll use them to ask questions.'

She drew imperceptibly away, and again the slight flush stained the creamy pallor of her face. 'Questions, Mr Le Fevre?'

'Well, why not?' he said gaily. 'I'll answer any of yours if you care to ask 'em. Here am I planted a stranger in the home of my ancestors,

and I want to know everything and everybody. Won't you gratify my natural curiosity?'

'What do you want to know?'

Her voice was like her eyes, he thought, sad and repressed, as if she dreaded to let loose some fear behind. He felt certain she must have known sorrow, perhaps tragedy, before coming under the kindly sway of his little aunt.

'Well, Miss Emerson,' he said gently and kindly, 'I'd like to know something of *you*, if you don't mind.'

'Of me!' She smiled, and a gleam of youth and lightness came into her face. 'Why, I've nothing to tell. I'm not at all interesting. My story is no story, or that of hundreds of girls. I hadn't a happy home. I was brought up in narrow circumstances; my mother took "paying guests" in London after my father died, and I drudged. Then Mrs Guthrie, who was a distant cousin, met us by chance, and came to stay at our house. While she was there my mother died, and Mrs Guthrie very kindly took me to live with her. That's all—here I am.'

'Here you are. I'm glad of it! Aunt Lyddy's adopted daughter.'

'No,' she said rather quickly, 'I don't pretend to be that. I am her useful companion; but perhaps I ought not to say I am useful. I have not very much to do. I arrange flowers, take things to the poor people'—

'I expect Aunt Lyddy's awfully good to them. I like that side of English country life, though the philosophers decry it. I've been so out of it all that it appeals to me. Aunt Lyddy's very kind.'

'Yes, she is very kind to the people about here. They all know and like her. Dr Guthrie attends them, too, for nothing.'

'Dr Guthrie! I didn't know he was that.'

'Oh yes, he has a degree; but he gave up practice years ago, except, as I said, amongst the poor for nothing. But he is a bacteriologist, an analyst. He has his laboratory at the end of the side wing.'

'I see. So the good old folks have lived a useful, peaceful life—an idyll in this most idyllic spot. Where did Uncle Anthony come in?'

'Nowhere lately. He had a stroke five or six years ago, and was in his own room always with a nurse. He would see no one but that

nurse and a doctor from London. His mind, I suppose, was affected; he could not speak distinctly. I never saw him after the beginning of his illness.'

'When did you come to Sunninghall?'

'Nine years ago.'

'Was Uncle Anthony well then?'

'Yes. He was tolerably active, a very quiet, reserved old man, but kind.'

'I suppose Aunt Lydia was quite mistress of the house and of him?'

'Yes.'

'How she loves the place!—as she says, every stick and stone.'

'Yes, she does.'

'No wonder; she was born here, has lived nearly all her life in it. Miss Emerson, I hope she doesn't think my coming need make a difference.'

Margaret Emerson looked at him for the first time with a long, clear glance as if searching his mind. 'But it must make a difference, surely. It is yours.'

'Mine as far as that goes, but hers too. I'm not going to dispossess the dear old thing. I'm a rolling stone. I feel now as if I had suddenly come to a stop for the first time, but that mood may change. I may want to wander; but Aunt Lyddy shall stay. *She* is more than rooted; she is part of the old house.'

'You think you will stay here at present?'

'Oh yes, I shall stay. This is home; if only my old dad were alive with me I should say more of a home than I have ever known. Sunninghall is a place to love.'

'Yes, Greg dear, isn't it?' a gentle, light voice said at the open door, and his aunt came in dainty in black satin and jet. He got up gaily to meet her and place her in a chair.

'Why, Aunt Lyddy, what a Fairy Fine-Ears you are! I must mind what I say when you're within a mile. It's a good thing I was uttering harmless truths. This Sunninghall of yours is a lovable old place.'

'This Sunninghall of yours, dear Greg. My reign is over. I offer you my sceptre.'

'Rubbish, Aunt Lyddy! You're Queen Consort. I make all the honours over to you. Your possession is by right divine, mine only an accident.'

'But by your uncle's will, my boy!'

'Poor old man! I wonder if he knew what he was doing.' She shook her head, still smiling, but a little sadly. 'The lawyer said so. Perhaps poor Anthony was a little changed by his illness. It seemed to break old ties. Did you hear that he would not employ either of our old family friends, our good Dr Bastin and the lawyer he used to have, Mr Reynolds? But the gentlemen he did send for—physician and lawyer—were both clever, excellent men. I dare say Anthony thought he had reasons. Well, well, what does it all amount to? Only that you are the owner

of Sunninghall, Greg dear, and we are your guests.'

'I feel that that describes me better, Aunt Lyddy. I am a stranger in the land. You've got to see me through and make me know the ropes, if you can, as well as you do.'

She shook her head with gentle sadness. 'Ah, my dear, that's hardly possible. This is the only permanent home I have ever known. You have wandered far afield. Well, well, here comes Daniel, and Perks too, to say dinner is ready. Your arm, my boy.'

He offered it affectionately; Margaret and Dr Guthrie followed separately.

The meal was not elaborate, but well cooked, and Gregory had a hearty appetite. Dr Guthrie also made a good dinner, but his wife picked a morsel only, and Margaret ate little. To his surprise, Gregory found that the old man was quite a good talker on his own subjects, and when touching on modern science and recent discoveries he forgot his tiresome repetitions, and could be interesting; and he was anxious to hear about other countries, customs, and people. The conversation was chiefly between the two men. Mrs Guthrie seemed a little pensive, though always cordial and gentle, and Margaret was entirely silent.

They had a visitor as they sat over dessert. A small car stopped at the front-door, and a noisy, red-faced, jovial man ran up the steps into the hall, and sent his voice before him to the dining-room.

'May I come in, good people? I was just passing, and smelt your port wine.'

Dr Guthrie went to the door, threw it open, and genially welcomed the arrival.

'Come in—come in, Bastin! Glad to see you—glad to see you. Port wine? Yes, to be sure. Drink the health of the new-comer—of the new owner. Come in, old fellow—come in!'

Mrs Guthrie echoed her husband's greeting with equal kindness. 'Ah, Dr Bastin! just in time. Let me introduce my nephew—Gregory Le Fevre—Dr Bastin.'

There was a little bustle of handshaking and talking, Margaret alone remaining passive, and beyond just a silent bow taking no part in the welcome. Gregory somehow seized on the idea that this noisy, red-faced, jocular man was not a favourite of hers. He had not been agreeable to his uncle Anthony, as his aunt had told him, and he was inclined, though it was early in the day, to agree with both. But Dr and Mrs Guthrie evidently liked and welcomed him, and so perhaps they were in the right. There might be something sterling behind the slightly vacuous laughter and loud, loose talk.

Dr Bastin was, as he often declared, an 'old-fashioned medico.' 'I don't condemn every good thing in life. I don't undervalue a glass of port like this. It's the fad of the day, I know; but I'd ask you, Mr Le Fevre, is the present

generation any healthier than the former? Did our fathers suffer from all the *itises* of to-day, or all the *neus*—neurasthenia, neurosis? Bless my soul, we called 'em hysterical bosh; and so they are! Well, sir, you don't look like a subject for any *itis* or the rest of it! 'Pon my life, you're the very picture of health. Is that what South America does for one? If so, we'd better all make tracks there.'

After a while Gregory began to get bored. They had sat longer over dinner than he cared for; the pensive summer twilight invited him. With something of colonial brusquerie he rose. 'If you'll excuse me, Aunt Lyddy, I'll take a stroll on the terrace and a smoke.'

Margaret Emerson had slipped away. His aunt rose quickly. 'To be sure, dear Greg, we were forgetting. You were to go round the house after dinner; but we've been talking and laughing, and it's late. Shall we put it off till to-morrow? You'd rather go outside?'

'I think I would, aunt, if you don't mind.'

'Mind, dear?' she said softly. 'You're forgetting again. You're the one to decide here.'

As he went out and lighted his pipe he said to himself, 'I wish the old dear wouldn't keep insisting on my mastership. Somehow I think it hurts her; and I wouldn't willingly do that.'

The long, dim terrace was fragrant with night scents of stock, of tobacco-plant, of sweet-brier; he drew them in with deep breaths of pleasure, letting his pipe go cold. Why intrude that coarse odour on the intoxicating perfume of the summer night? He leant on the mossy balustrade in a mood of calm repose. In all his strenuous young manhood he had known but little of that. He was at last aware of a light footfall on the gravel and the rustle of a dress. He saw the tall figure of Margaret Emerson approaching slowly. The bush behind him and the growing dark concealed him, and when she was close upon him she started violently. 'Mr Le Fevre! I thought I heard your voice in the dining-room?'

'Well,' he said in his frank, genial way, 'so you're sorry you're not alone—eh?'

'Oh,' she said with a more open tone than she had used before, 'I get quite enough of my own company; it isn't very amusing.'

'Then sit down here and let us renew our talk. I say, how sweet this English country smells! Your rain does something for you for all the abuse it gets. And shall I hear a nightingale?'

'No,' she answered, smiling. 'They have done singing. You must learn to know England and country life if you have come to stay.'

'There's heaps I want to learn. I'm a rough colonial, not used to gentle people and gentle ways. I shall often offend. I don't know in the least how to dissemble.'

'Don't learn,' she said almost passionately. 'If it is colonial to be straight, keep colonial.'

'My dear Miss Emerson, it ain't only colonial to be straight. Why—all of you—why, I'd trust you with anything.'

'Me? You trust me?'

'I should say so; of course I do.'

'You know nothing at all of me. We met only to-day.'

'It never takes me more than a few hours to decide about people, either to like or hate 'em.'

'I hope,' she said—and there was a faint smile on her lips it was too dark for him to see—'I hope you don't hate me—yet.'

'No fear,' he answered heartily, and with perfect simplicity he clapped his hand on hers. 'We're going to be pals. That's to say, if you've no objection—if you don't "hate" me.'

She said nothing, but she did not withdraw her hand from under his.

He forced her to speak. 'Come, is it a bargain? Shall we be pals?'

'If—if you care. But I must tell you I am an unfriendly, unsociable person. I have no "pals."'

'Then it's time you began. But of course I know you don't mean that. You have good friends—Aunt Lyddy, for instance. I expect you mean you have not been in the way, perhaps, of meeting people of your own age. Is that it?'

'Yes, that is it. I have not.'

'The sort we call "pals"?''

'I don't really know any one—I mean, that is to say, no more than on calling terms, and very few even then. This is a small social neighbourhood.'

'Has the doctor in there got a wife?'

'No.'

'That's the man old Uncle Anthony didn't like?'

'Yes.'

'Well, d'ye know, I'm inclined to think Uncle Anthony hadn't bad taste. What do you say?'

'I?' She hesitated, then gave a half-laugh. 'I'm so used to keeping my opinions to myself that it seems odd to be asked such cut-and-thrust questions. What does it matter what I think about Dr Bastin?'

'Miss Emerson,' he said quite gravely, 'I do feel, somehow, that your opinions matter. And I know you have strong ones, which you keep to yourself.'

'If I keep them to myself, how do you know I have them?'

'By your eyes. They watch and observe and judge. When we were introduced you just looked me through, and I said to myself, "If I were a wrong un I'd not like that girl to scrutinise me."'

'So you think I judged you at once?'

'Yes, I'm sure. Now I wish you'd just be quite open with me, and say if you found out anything that made it impossible to like me.'

'You really care to know?' Her quiet voice shook a little.

'I really do.'

'Then I'll tell you. No, Mr Le Fevre, I did not. I said to myself, "This is a man in whom there is no guile."'

'I'm jolly glad,' he said simply. 'Shake hands. We're going to be friends. Ratify that bargain.'

She gave him her hand, a firm, rather cold, long-fingered hand, and he pressed it with a strong grip.

'You'll put me up to English ways? You'll tell me things?'

'I'll do—what I can,' she answered under her breath.

'You never answered my question about the doctor in there. Come now, if you were ill, would you like to have him round?'

'I'm never ill.'

'That's begging the question. Would you?'

Again the half-embarrassed laugh. 'Mr Le Fevre, how persistent you are! I don't know. Perhaps not; perhaps I think he likes whisky and port wine just a little too much.'

'And he doesn't strike me as a brilliant light, anyway. Yet the old folks like him?'

'Yes.'

'And Uncle Guthrie's a clever scientific man.'

'Yes, he is.'

'Well, maybe, then, there's something more than appears in the fellow. Still—only, as you say, I'm never ill—I think I'd rather have some one else. Well, that's not likely to happen. I say, how pretty it is to see how those two old people look at each other! Their eyes are always meeting. People without children grow fonder of each other, I suppose. Uncle G. is a bit gruff, but any one can see he's devoted to Aunt Lyddy, and she to him.'

'Yes, I believe they are.'

'Then Uncle Anthony must have been a bit out of it. But dear old auntie would be sweet

to him. Didn't some one say his last illness altered him, and he took a dislike to her.'

'I believe he did. I was away part of the time. I had to go to an old relation of mine who died. But of course something must have changed him. He left her Sunninghall at first, you know.'

'Upon my life, I'd forgotten! The poor old lady! It must have been a blow, for she adores the place. Yet she's been so jolly kind to me! I think I'd better make my will and leave it to her—in case I'm smashed in my new motor.'

'Are you going to have a motor?'

'Yes. I've ordered one, and it's coming next week with a man to teach me to drive.'

'So you really mean to live here—to settle down?'

'Why, of course! Where should I live? Don't you want me? Your voice sounds as if you didn't.'

'Oh, I do,' she said hastily. 'Of course I do. But it seems so small. It must seem so to you, used to a much larger world.'

'It's large enough for me, at present. Oh, I dare say I'll get a little bit restless, and wander, but not till I've sucked all the honey out of this pleasant place, this peaceful, jolly life.'

She got up and put her scarf round her. 'I must go in. They're in the drawing-room, I see, and they may want me to sing.'

'You sing? That's good. I'm very fond of it. I've got a bit of a voice, but I've had no training. You must give me some lessons. Now I'll bet you sing contralto.'

She nodded. 'You'd win the bet.'

'Come along in, then, and let me hear you. I'll follow you in a sec. I must finish my pipe.'

Before that was done he heard Margaret's voice raised, deep and sad, and the rich notes drew him in. He had thought her eyes mournful, but all the sorrow of the world seemed hidden in her singing voice.

(Continued on page 378.)

GUN-RUNNING IN THE GULF.

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

JUST as the paradox of a certain famous chapter on 'Snakes in Iceland' is that there are no snakes in Iceland, so it might be said that the point of this paper is that there is no gun-running in the Gulf. But there is a difference. Although it may be stated that snakes were never found in Iceland, it is only of the year of grace 1914 that it can be asserted that gun-running had ceased in the Gulf, for during the past thirty years there has been enough and to spare, in spite of the most determined efforts to put it down, especially latterly, by Great Britain, the principal sufferer

as regarded India. Every reader of British journals had become familiar with lengthy paragraphs and even columns on gun-running, or some similar heading, and knew that the Gulf in question was the Persian Gulf, and that the gun-running referred to was the illegitimate importation of arms and ammunition into its ports.

This traffic was in active existence early in the 'eighties, but was regarded as of small importance from the political or military point of view; in the 'nineties it attained large proportions, which, however, still excited compara-

tively little remark or apprehension among the Indian Government officials; but the opening decade of this century saw the traffic expand so much more, and particularly in one direction, that at last its dangerous character as a real menace to India was clearly apparent, and repeated attempts, both by force and by diplomacy, were made to suppress it. Up to 1906 the gun-running 'industry' was mainly in British hands, and it is not nice to think that this was the case, considering what it means; but the British trade was checked, and for the last six or seven years the chief promoters of the business have been Frenchmen or Belgians working under the protection of the French flag, notwithstanding official British protests to France. At length, in February three years ago, an agreement was concluded between Britain and our neighbours across the Channel, the effect of which is to render it impossible for the traffic to continue. As practically there were no others engaged in the trade, gun-running in the Gulf has come to an end. The trouble is that the end comes too late, and the result may be the reaping of many a red harvest on the north-west frontier of India, in Afghanistan, and elsewhere in Asia.

Trading in firearms is in itself as legitimate a form of commercial enterprise as any other; but gun-running, which may be termed its illicit side, in the Gulf—and in other parts of the world, as will be noted later—has already wrought a good deal of mischief, and is sure to lead to an immense amount of evil in future. It has been customary to invest smuggling with an atmosphere of vivid romance and daring adventure, and gun-running has been no exception to the rule. Purveying rifles and cartridges, guns, and shot and shell to peoples rightly struggling to be free has evidently an interest that rises far above the ordinary gray levels of life; in such cases men run the risk of long imprisonment, torture, and even death itself, and their story must always have its appeal. It is small wonder, then, that the novelist should seize the opportunities thus afforded; there is at least one stirring tale that takes gun-running as its *motif*, and does it so unashamedly that it calls itself *The Gun-Runner*. Yet, generally, the truth is that gun-running, though it always connotes the illegal, has had, and still has, very little real romance about it, being for the most part a sordid business, usually drawing its inspiration from nothing higher than the greed for gain. There were enormous profits in the traffic, and these are still amassed where it continues to exist in any appreciable measure.

At the start of the traffic, which may be put about 1883, Bushire was the chief centre of gun-running in the Gulf; and then, as for some time afterwards, the trade had little or nothing to do with India. In those days rifles and ammunition were sold to go into Persia and

Arabia—in the one case to arm the Bakhtiari and other tribesmen, and turn the country, at any rate in the south, into one vast scene of ruin and desolation; in the other, to equip the Arabs against the Turks, and give tremendous vitality and eventual success to their revolts in the Yemen and in Asir. Later Muscat (or Mascat, as the word is sometimes spelled) became the principal entrepôt of the traffic. This city is the capital of Oman, an independent state of south-eastern Arabia, but virtually a British protectorate, as its sultans have for a considerable period been in close political relations with Great Britain through the Indian Government, which pays them a pension and has an agent stationed in the town. But in 1844, when Oman was genuinely independent, it made a treaty with France, granting that country the widest commercial privileges, and it was under cover of this treaty that gun-running went on apace during the last few years. As the sultans levied a heavy tax on the arms and ammunition imported, they were none too anxious, it may be imagined, to see the business brought to a close.

Formerly Oman was much more important than it is now. Not only was its territory in Arabia larger, but its rule reached over a long stretch of the coast of Africa, and included Zanzibar. The African portion of it broke away, and was formed into a separate sultanate in 1853, and wars in Arabia reduced its area there. Nowadays the state consists, to all intents and purposes, solely of Muscat and the strip of sand lying along the shore in its immediate vicinity. Over the rest of what is indicated on maps as Oman the sultan's power is merely nominal; it is a No Man's Land, almost entirely shut out from the coast by the barrier of mountains which rises behind the city. For something like twenty years Muscat, one of the few possible harbours on the Gulf—though, properly speaking, the gulf on which it is situated is that of Oman, the body of water at the entrance to the Persian Gulf—was the headquarters of the gun-runners, who succeeded in one way or another in effecting the distribution of their wares in the interior, or, what was easier, sent them by sea to the neighbouring beaches, and, what was still better from their point of view, to the district of Mekran (or Makran), partly in Persia and partly in Beluchistan, on the opposite side.

But at Muscat, as at Bushire, the traders in arms at the beginning chiefly supplied Persia and the regions at the head of the Gulf, as well as those on its southern shores. Great Britain did something toward stopping them; thus, in 1891, it ordered the sultan of Oman to forbid the importation of the weapons into Gwadar and its dependencies; and in the following year it laid the same compulsion on the chiefs of the pirate coast, with whom it had treaties. The traffic, however, went on; but it was not till

1897, the year of the great revolt in Tirah, that it began to assume really formidable dimensions, the expansion being caused by the fact that an extensive and extremely lucrative market had been discovered among the warlike races of the north-west frontier of India, who were eager to exchange their inefficient home-made jezails for the superior rifles and cartridges supplied by the gun-runners from Muscat. It is true that the tribesmen on the frontier had had some rifles before that date; these they had procured in not a few instances by the simple process of stabbing a lonely sepoy sentry and making off with his weapon, or they had obtained them in a less deadly fashion from Indian merchants by means of various ingenious devices, such as strapping them under wagons ostensibly carrying quite innocent goods, or hiding them in bales, barrels, and even coffins. But all these methods of rifle-getting had their risks; and the Pathans, Afridis, and other clansmen of the border quickly discarded them on learning that they could purchase immense quantities of the arms they coveted, with plenty of ammunition—a very important consideration—by sending caravans to the Mekran coast to meet dhows from Muscat. The native jezail-making factories went out of business, and their proprietors promptly invested their capital in this new and promising industry.

The frontier septs raised large amounts of money, and went on arming joyously. Having regard to their relatively small numbers, they spent really vast sums—as may be judged from the statement that the Adam Afridi Khels, a minor clan, lost as much as twenty-four thousand pounds in one gun-running season after the Indian Government had undertaken with all its might to bring the thing to an end. But at the outset, and indeed for ten or eleven years afterwards, the Government of India had no adequate conception of the gravity of the situation, though not altogether blind to it. The sultan of Oman was induced to give to British and Persian men-of-war the right of search in Muscat waters. H.M.S. *Lapwing* captured and confiscated two hundred and twenty cases of arms and ammunition found on board the Anglo-Persian Steam Navigation Company's vessel *Beluchistan*; the owners went to law, but the House of Lords upheld the action of the warship. One or two other British warships essayed to keep watch and ward over the Gulf, but on the whole met with indifferent success. In spite of them, the trade flourished; it could easily afford some losses, for, if no more than one dhow out of five got across to the Mekran coast and landed its cargo safely, the profit was so enormous that the venture abundantly recompensed the gun-runners; but the percentage that contrived to elude capture was much higher. In 1900 the British Government endeavoured to get France to consent to

the abrogation of her treaty with Oman so far as the importation of arms was concerned, but France declined; nor were British representations at the Hague attended with better results. The traffic went on increasing instead of diminishing, till Muscat was doing a trade in rifles valued at about a quarter of a million pounds sterling each year.

It was not until 1907 that the Indian Government began to be seriously alarmed, and to consider severe preventive measures. Authentic information as to the extent to which the tribes of the frontier were armed with these imported rifles had penetrated to it at last; and it was also greatly concerned to learn that large numbers of rifles, obtained from the same source, had been brought into Afghanistan, King Habibullah, the present Ameer, having more or less openly encouraged his people to purchase them—somewhat to his own cost, as he discovered later when his troops were cut up by some of his own subjects in the Khost valley. In *Gun-Running and the Indian North-West Frontier*, an interesting and well-informed book, published in 1911, from which some of the facts set forth in this article have been derived, its author, the Hon. Arnold Keppel, states that one big load of thirty thousand rifles was successfully run through to Kandahar, and says that it was suggested that these weapons had seen service in the hands of the soldiers of New Zealand and New South Wales in the South African war. And here it may be noted in passing that while most of the rifles sold from Muscat have been of inferior quality or of a former pattern, by no means a few were excellent up-to-date weapons, such as Mausers and Mannlichers; the gun-runners, further, furnished quantities of Mauser and Browning revolvers, and they invariably took care to supply suitable cartridges for whatever sort of implement they traded in.

Muscat imported eighty-five thousand rifles and twelve million cartridges in 1908-9. The Government of India made up its mind, and resolved on decided and strong action. In 1909 the East India squadron instituted a tremendously rigorous blockade off the Mekran coast; and during the winter of that year many dhows were captured, very few getting past. Admiral Slade headed an expedition into Persian Mekran, and broke up the gangs of the gun-runners who had assembled for the purpose of conveying the contraband to various points in the interior. Year after year the blockade was maintained with the utmost severity; it was already so effective even in 1910 that it was reported among the tribes of the north-west frontier that the ships of the Sirkar had made the traffic impossible, and hardly a caravan was sent down to the coast. This was before the French Government came into line. As a consequence, the frontier trade stopped; the clans lost a great deal of the money they had embarked in it,

some of them being ruined financially. But the mischief had been done. It is estimated that about two hundred thousand rifles are now in the possession of those fierce tribesmen, who are well able to use them with deadly effect, for they are naturally amongst the finest skirmishers in the world; therefore, when the Indian army has to attack them again it will be confronted with an extremely formidable task, and the tale of its losses is likely to be very heavy. Much the same may be postulated with regard to what will happen should it be called on to march against Afghanistan. The one good thing on the *per contra* side is that neither Afghan nor Afridi will find it easy to renew his stock of ammunition.

But while gun-running in the Gulf has ceased, the illicit traffic in arms continues elsewhere, as hinted above. For years it has been going on in Africa, where are now to be found hundreds of thousands of savages, 'clad in beads and bandoliers,' and with rifles in their hands. It is impossible not to be appalled by the terrible possibilities this statement suggests, for, when all is said and done, the savage who is equipped with rifle and bandolier, and fights in his own country, is a very 'tough proposition,' up against which the best white soldiers might probably come to grief. In this connection it is well to remember that, as a rule, Europeans have won, when warring with coloured races not only in Africa but in other parts of the globe, not so much by their greater mental or moral powers as by their sheer superiority in lethal weapons. The great centre of this branch of the traffic in arms has been Jibutil (Djibouti), the capital and chief port of French Somaliland, and the terminus of the railway which runs into Abyssinia. It is situated near the entrance to the Red Sea, and is about one hundred and fifty miles from Aden. Prior to 1888 the French had made Obok the principal port in their part of Somaliland, but in that year they selected Jibutil because it was a better harbour, and consequently Obok has declined. Stupendous quantities of rifles have been distributed from Jibutil throughout Eastern Africa—in Abyssinia, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, Uganda, the British East African Protectorate, and Somaliland itself, French, Italian, and British. Four years ago Japan sold, to go by Jibutil into Abyssinia, sixty thousand rifles and six million cartridges which they had taken at Port Arthur in the Russo-Japanese war. No long time afterwards it was stated by competent authorities that a million Gras rifles had been sold in Eastern Africa through Jibutil, and with these went the requisite ammunition.

It is an absolute and terrible truth that Jibutil has been the scene of gun-running on a vast scale. From time to time conferences have been held at Brussels by the Powers interested in those regions of Africa which were affected

by the trade, and measures were discussed and adopted for dealing with the evil. But in Africa, as in Asia, the mischief has been done, and the penalty will some day have to be paid. Granted that quite a considerable number of these rifles—such as the Gras rifles, the price of which was put as low as four or five shillings at Muscat—are distinctly of an inferior type to the best weapons of to-day used in European armies, the fact remains that rifles of a much better class, if still inferior to the best, have also found their way into the hands of the wild, barbarous, yet courageous native races of East Africa in far from negligible quantities; and those less efficiently armed will speedily understand, if they have not done so already, the differences in the make of rifles, and will strive to obtain possession of the superior article. The profits of the business being such as they are, it is certain that there will not be wanting men, cynically indifferent to consequences, who will be ready and eager to supply it. However, it must be stated that, with regard to the traffic through Jibutil, new regulations have recently been issued by the French Government, which it hopes will be effective in preventing arms going through illegitimately. The trouble comes in defining the illegitimate. But, apart from that, there is great need to arouse the conscience of all those concerned in the sorry business.

MY SILVER BIRCHES.

THEY are lovely in the summer, they are lovely
in the spring,
And in win' r-time may beauty still to leafless
branches cling;
But in autumn, golden autumn, then the artist
vainly searches
For a truer line of beauty than my row of silver
birches.

'Tis the finger of the autumn which, as in some
tale of old,
Clothes the lady of the woods in magic drapery of
gold,
Revealing when it seems to hide the branches'
tender grace,
As a veil may only half conceal the beauty of a
face.

Like the golden dreams of childhood, with the
future in their glance,
Which wrap what lies beyond in golden glory of
romance;
Like silver mists arising when the shadows longer
grow,
And blotting out the past which we no longer
care to know.

You may sit behind my birches and may never
know they hide
The pit-shaft and the slag-heap and all ugliness
beside.
Though the clumsy hand of man the handiwork of
God beasmirches,
In my garden you need never look beyond the
silver birches.

C. J. BODEN.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

HISTORY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

By F. G. AFLALO.

MACAULAY'S nephew and biographer was of opinion that the historian carried his ruling passion with him on his travels, and saw scenery only with the historic eye; and passages like that in which he describes the sympathy between rivers and the nations cradled on their banks—the affection of the Hebrews for the Jordan, of Hindus for the Ganges, of Egyptians for the Nile, of Romans for the Tiber, of Germans for the Rhine, and of Frenchmen for the Rhone—undeniably bear out Sir George Trevelyan in this view of his uncle's standpoint on the Grand Tour.

Herein, however, lies a suggestion for those who sometimes find it hard to get through their holiday without a sense of *ennui* that, though it recurs annually, they would not, during the working days of summer, have thought possible. For the golfer or the angler such prescription is superfluous, since his vacation is all too short, and the failure or success of each day merely whets his appetite for fresh effort on the next. For the invalid, or even for those who, broken down by overwork, ask nothing better than to lie on the foreshore and listen to the murmur of the sea or to rest amid beautiful scenes that contrast with the grim surroundings of their workaday life, such extraneous interest is also unnecessary, since the merest distraction is sufficient to their enjoyment.

The salt of every holiday should be complete change from the humdrum routine of the other eleven months. Peter the Great recognised this when, in the intervals of hard work in the shipyard, he liked nothing better than to drive in a wheelbarrow through Evelyn's hollyhedge at Sayes Court. This seems trivial amusement for a Czar of All the Russias; but the hero of Pultowa knew the true value of contrast, and no doubt the scratching of the holly proved an agreeable stimulus to his calculating brain. Those, therefore, who lack enthusiasm for any manner of outdoor game or field sport, who—there are such people—find themselves 'bored to tears' by the mute contemplation of grand scenery, who give no thanks for the birds or flowers or other bounties of nature, should try the magic of a holiday seen through the historic eye. To some extent, no doubt, its success will depend on their own

temperament. Unless they be informed with that *respect profond du passé* which, as Renan tells us, is characteristic of *les vrais hommes de progrès*, it is doubtful whether the monuments of dead generations, the battlefields, the scenes of treaties, the birthplaces and burial-places of the great, and all the other harvest of the historic eye will have any meaning for them. Yet even those whose trust is in the future, who look forward and care little for what has gone before, are the better for occasional retrospect. A moment's homage at the grave of Nelson is no less inspiring than the spectacle of Dreadnoughts arrayed at Spithead, and the memory of Wilberforce which invades the visitor to the otherwise unromantic port of Hull is a better reminder of the brotherhood of man than the lurid pages of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

As a matter of fact, the opportunities of the historic tourist in the southern half of Britain are very limited, for the last invasion by a hostile force was in the famous 'Forty-five,' and the last fleet of the enemy to come in sight of England's shores was when Napoleon's transports lay at Boulogne. A lively interest in the battlefields of the Roses, or in the scenes of the struggle between Cavalier and Roundhead, is more than most men can nowadays even pretend; though the more modern fights on Scottish soil have vivid memories for those who still live in the past. For the most part, however, Britain's modern history has been made on the high seas or in other lands. I have fished in Aboukir Bay and cruised off Cape Trafalgar, and my thoughts were with Nelson's fighting line rather than with the business of the moment. In the Low Countries and in the Peninsula my train has stopped at little wayside stations red-lettered in school history-books. On the citadel of Quebec and amid the dismantled fortifications of Louisbourg I have harked back to the long struggle for Canada between two great Powers now fighting shoulder to shoulder. Not in a twelvemonth of England may you find so many evidences of her making.

One aspect of this fancy may, however, be indulged more generously at home than elsewhere, since it is the fashion to bring home the dead for burial in the family vault or in the great fanes of London. The Mecca of the hero-worshipper

is Westminster Abbey; but there are tombs for the seeking up and down the length and breadth of the land. This, again, is temperamental. Though few would be utterly indifferent to the injunction of Condé, '*Sta viator; heroem calcas!*' there are many to whom only the soul mattered, and for whom the mortal remains have no inspiration. I confess that, though his book is a veritable gospel, the grave of gentle Izaak Walton attracts me so little that I have passed within a stone's-throw of it, yet never seen the spot. Walton was a minor light; a light, indeed, only to those who love his quiet book and share his enjoyment of a peaceful recreation. Few, however, could stand unmoved in presence of the tremendous ones of earth; and, unlike some other sheaves in the harvest of the historic eye, this pilgrimage to graves does not depend for its glamour on antiquity, and it is possible to feel a keener emotion as one stands uncovered beside that lone grave on the Matoppos than in presence of the vanished dust of William the Conqueror in the French cathedral.

The new lands are necessarily lacking in these mementoes of a troublous past. America, it is true, has her battlefields of the only two great wars—if we disregard the extermination of the Red Men—ever fought to a finish within her borders; but these have little interest for tourists from Europe, and I have even seen Americans more moved in presence of the willows of Grand Pré, their eyes wet with honest tears shed in memory of the purely imaginary Evangeline, with whose story Longfellow harrowed the feelings of his sentimental countrymen. Canada has likewise her monuments to mark the changing fortunes of French and British rule; but here interest is in the future, and the grain-elevator attracts more eyes than statues or obelisks.

In Britain the historic spots available to the holiday-maker in appreciative mood are chiefly ruined palaces or castles—Holyrood, Norham, Pevensey, Hastings—or personal shrines like Canterbury Cathedral or Stratford-on-Avon; unless, indeed, the traveller have a fancy for breathing the historic atmosphere in a rural setting, in which case he must content himself with tarrying in the shade of the oak that hid Charles Stewart, or of that even more accommodating tree from the branches of which Kett's followers dangled after the failure of his rising.

There is one land of Europe which is, above all others, generous in its opportunities for the historic eye, since the story is always old and ever new, its treasures are of all ages; and the tourist of broad sympathies, whose interest is not confined to any period, may wander haphazard from the great days of Rome to the dark memories of the Middle Ages, and out into the brighter light of Italy's last great struggle for freedom. As he lingers amid the classic ruins

of Rome his thoughts will revert to half-forgotten class-rooms, with dim figures in cap and gown hurrying through chilly cloisters. When his train sets him down at Arqua or Arezzo or San Gimignano he cannot but recall such snatches as he knows of Dante and of Petrarch, with memories of the sanguinary struggle between Guelph and Ghibelline, and of the crimes of the Borgias and the Medici; while in the more modern gallery of Turin he finds himself in the great presence of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour. Soldiers, statesmen, and poets all pass before him in ghostly array, playing their parts in the splendour of ancient Rome, in the long era of papal Italy, or in the last upheaval, in which, on the fields of Solferino and Magenta, a people sick to death of Austrian rule and internecine warfare won what it hungered for—'*vogliamo l'Italia una!*'

Yet older than Italy, hallowed at a time when Europe was overrun by painted savages, there is a land watered by the sacred Jordan to which, given the opportunity, the historic traveller should bend his steps, for there only may he find himself invaded by wonderful memories of the childhood of his creed. As a holiday programme unforgettable until he dies, let him stand beside the Sepulchre and recall all its history down to the turmoil of the Crusades which raged around the peace of it, let him pass beneath the low gateway of the Church at Bethlehem, let him wander along the slippery bank of the Jordan watching fair-haired pilgrims being baptised in its swift waters, let him ride past the crumbling walls of Damascus, and drift in a felucca on the blue waters of Galilee. If from the moment of landing in the orange-scented atmosphere of Jaffa he can easily resist the overwhelming inclination to take the shoes from off his feet, for the ground on which he stands is holy, then the historic holiday is not for him. Something of this tremendous awe of the dead past is to be felt in presence of the Colossi of Memnon and other relics of the Nile Valley, but to me at any rate their appeal was faint after that of the Holy of Holies. The historic eye sees with a faith that beautifies the commonplace. But for this happy illusion of the *respect du passé*, many of the scenes that are landmarks in history would give little pleasure to the beholder. Yet, as Emerson tells us, the difference between landscapes is less in themselves than in those who contemplate them. Therefore, instead of being filled with quiet disgust at sight of the environs of Jerusalem or of the suburbs of Rome, we uncover in reverence. Looking from the windows of the train between Jaffa and the Holy City, we see no horror in the vale where, as tradition has it, David slew Goliath, though a more dreary outlook could scarcely be pictured in any land. The Jordan is a dirty stream, and as treacherous as any in the world; yet to the Russian and Abyssinian pilgrims, who make the long and

tiring journey to wash their sinful bodies in its flood, its muddy banks doubtless have a rarer beauty than would the choicest prospect in the whole course of the castled Rhine.

Herein lies the true enjoyment of the historic eye. It gathers in its harvest in quiet rapture, but the delight of its garnering is beyond words.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXV.—I PUT MY 'VIRGIL' IN MY POCKET.

THE land lay clear as an etching after the rain when I rode back to Edinburgh. The stubble glowed in the sunlight. The rooks were wheeling and lurching in a light breeze that sent the branches tossing overhead, picked out against a clear sky that bent without a cloud down to the line of the horizon. More than once I drew rein for the sheer pleasure of letting my eye travel over the pleasant distances of the East Lothian countryside, Arthur's Seat (the smoke of the old city hovering near it), and the great girdle of the sea. The scene conjured up peace and contentment; but for me peace and content hung on one thought. One moment it would thrill me like music; in the next I would be plunged into a fever where doubt chased hope, and happy dreams dissolved into drab matters of fact almost as soon as they took shape, to give way to a tender melancholy, foreign to my blood, as I thought it, not knowing it to be the common heritage of lovers.

I knew that I loved Charlotte Macdonell. Since the first morning that I saw her I had compared all women with her. Her delicate beauty shone in my thoughts like a star. A constant desire to be beside her, a longing to see the pure outline of her face, above all to hear her voice, were wishes sweet and overmastering, part of my very being. All my actions were passed before the imaginary tribunal of her judgment, wherefore the knowledge that I had been of signal service to her and Bertrand, and had borne myself like a Layton, glowed in my veins like wine. One black disturbing thought hung like a steady cloud-bank over me—Charlotte was a Jacobite of the Jacobites, daughter of her clan, her eyes kindling at the Prince's name. I remembered the change in her bearing when she discovered, from almost the first words exchanged with her, that I was for King George. Her clan, her generous impulses, her traditions, her environment in France and the North had riveted the girl's heart to the Chevalier's cause. A plague o' both their houses! I was a Westmorland Layton, and none of us had ever drawn sword except for the King's Majesty against his enemies. The fear that her loyalty to the White Cockade might ruin my hopes, while it lasted, laid a stricture on my thoughts like ice on a pool. I say 'while it lasted,' for these black humours rarely gripped me for long. Youth, happily for this old world, is resilient in these sweet and hopeful affairs; and my visions,

if flecked by perplexities, were for the most part of wooing and winning Mistress Charlotte, of days afterwards in Eskdail, sheltered from alarms, in peace and content.

The dull boom of a gun from Edinburgh, reminding me that the grim old Castle still held out for King George, roused me from my musings, their essence, as I ruefully summed them up, appearing to be that I wished with all my heart that either I had been born a Jacobite or Mistress Charlotte a Royalist, a contemptibly barren result of an hour's cogitation.

In a quarter of an hour after I reached Edinburgh I was closeted with the lawyer.

'It's glad I am to see ye. I got your letter, but when I heard ye werena at the "White Horse" I had heavy thoughts, I can tell ye—heavy thoughts, sir.' He scrutinised my face with his keen and kind old eyes. 'Man, ye look drawn—as white as a corp! Are ye well? Where have ye been?'

I told him the whole black business.

'I've hearkened to mony clients' stories for the last forty years, but this dings them a'! The black-hearted villains!' said he when I finished, and paced up and down the little room in anger, revealing a vocabulary astonishingly different from his ordinary. 'We'll have the law on them—the law on them, sir!'

'Not yet! You forget that Glenira is an outlaw.'

He swore softly to himself. 'True. I had forgotten that!'

'Apart from Glenira's safety, there are other demands for caution; and, to make an end of it, I may tell you that young De Boux and I have a settled plan. Here is the position. We have a copy of the secret paper. Unfortunately, so has the gang on the other side. But the paper is, I think, only a memorandum, so to speak, well-nigh useless without further information, and that can come only from one man—Glenira himself. But, as you know, poor Glenira cannot help us. Bertrand tells me that he seldom speaks, and then only to himself, and with no coherence. His mind is as dark as his sight. For days he never utters a word. So we are going to sail north as soon as may be.'

'But the wreck—if wreck there be—may be anywhere between the Bullers o' Buchan and Cape Wrath, for a' we ken.'

'And, luckily, for all Philip Macdonell knows. But the surgeon gives hope that Glenira, although

he may not recover altogether, at least may be able to tell his story well enough for our purpose.'

'And if not?'

'If not, Bertrand and I purpose going north, and searching the coast yard by yard.'

'A needle in a haystack. The ship may be at the bottom of the sea. Let us see your copy again.' He unlocked a desk and took out my *Virgil*.

'I think she is in shoal water, or stranded; and I opened the book and showed him the copy.'

'Well, well! Shoal or strand or fifty fathom deep, what is to be the end o' this?' he said, after a long pause. 'It lies on my mind that I'm in a manner chargeable for your safety; maybe no' just exactly, but I have been the doer for Darehope-in-Liddisdail for years, and I am concerned at the notion o' your takin' this danger on your shoulders—concerned, sir! This comes o' meddlin' in other folks' affairs. I warned ye, sir—I warned ye.'

'You did, but I am set on it. I—I have another reason.' I felt myself colour.

'I'll wager I ken what it is,' said he, looking at my face. His smile was kind. I loved him for it. 'Mistress Charlotte?'

'I mean to marry her,' I said quietly.

'Here ye put me clear o' deeficulty. Scots law I can advise ye on—it's my weary trade—but in this business I have but one observe to make, and it is that ye'll get no advice from me, for I've never seen a client, man or woman, that at the hinder end didna gang his ain gate in a matter o' a lass—never, sir!' He went to a cupboard, produced a bottle of claret and two glasses, which he filled, and we clinked glasses.

'Have ye asked her?' he said.

'No; I am in a quandary.'

'Ay! it's a common complaint wi' lovers.'

'Mistress Charlotte is a Jacobite. She would, I verily believe, kiss the ground trodden by the Young Chevalier, and I—I cannot—oh! if it only could chime with honour!—but I cannot exchange sword for claymore.'

'She would think the less o' ye if ye did, tak' my word for it! She would that!'

I hoped devoutly that his forecast was sound, but I shook my head.

'I'm a dried auld stick, Mr Layton,' he said; 'but I mind that once I was fain to wed. The lass wouldna have me. Well, well! Better luck than mine to ye!'

So, taking the *Virgil* with me (after he had kept two careful copies in case of accident), I said good-bye to him, with a promise to keep him well advised of my movements; and giving a guinea to his clerk Wattie, which no doubt would keep him fuddled for a week, I made my way to my quarters.

At the 'White Horse' I got together my

mails, settled my score, and rode back again to The Garth in the afternoon. I kept a keen lookout, for it was by no means unlikely that I would be spied upon; but I saw nothing to disquiet me, and dismounted to find Bertrand was waiting for me in the gathering dusk.

'The place has been as peaceful as a church. I warrant we shall see no more of Cousin Philip at The Garth,' he said. 'One could almost admire his thoroughness. He has qualities—oh, but of the most complete, brains, cunning, *adresse*, and with these and his good looks, *ma foi*! he could have gone far. Given his back to the wall, he will die hard. He would have made a great actor, were playing a calling for one of gentle stock. But for once his scheme has miscarried. This time it shall be "checkmate."

We sat far into the night perfecting our plan. The *Gannet* was due at Leith with an innocent cargo of hides from the North, and the master had promised to send a message to Bertrand on his arrival. The original design had been for Charlotte and Bertrand to sail for France in her, but my discovery of the paper and the attack on The Garth had put a new and startling complexion on affairs.

'Anthony Brander is owner as well as master of the *Gannet*, and will serve us faithfully and secretly,' Bertrand told me. 'Glenira put many a guinea into his pocket in his earlier years. If the *Gannet* in the old days had ever had the ill-luck to heave-to at a shot from a king's ship, some queer passengers might have been found on board her—gentlemen whose heads are still on their shoulders instead of in the basket. Name of a pipe! If Anthony liked good pay, he never shirked a risk. Glenira will recover, the surgeon thinks. Pray God that it may be so! Then Northward Ho!'

'We may be forestalled.'

'It is possible; but I doubt it. Philip of the Left Hand knows no more than we do concerning the last berth of the *Marie des Anges*. Nor does he know that Glenira's mind is deranged. I am convinced that he and Innes stole the paper first, and intended to find out Glenira's secret room at their leisure, when you interrupted them. I believe the pair think we know the exact spot where the wreck is, and that their game will be to watch and follow us.'

In any event, we could not sail before the *Gannet* arrived in Leith Roads. Further, arrangements for the safety of Charlotte and Glenira fell to be made before we started. There was just a chance—so the surgeon said—of Glenira's mind clearing sufficiently to give us a clue to the secret of the *Marie des Anges*. Weighing the matter well, we decided to wait for two or three days.

But I was under the roof of the dark old

house of The Garth in that September for some days longer than I intended.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CHARLOTTE OF THE WHITE COCKADE.

IT is many a day since I set eyes on The Garth, but graven on my memory are the scattered woods; waves of bracken; tall formal Lombardy poplars; the spreading Beech Walk neighbouring the weather-beaten front, with its secret heavy-lidded eyes of windows; the house itself, gaunt, austere, aloof, yet (to one with the least imagination) invested with a certain air of nobility as of some lonely man, proud and broken, keeping his heart and his memories to himself, facing the spears of Fate like an old Roman. Yet, if The Garth often seemed alive with shadows, a sunbeam played through them. Hitherto I had seen Charlotte under the stress of danger stark enough to pale any man's cheek, let alone a girl's. But now there was a delicate glow on her face, her mounting spirits rose every hour, and her eyes were magic pools that sometimes, in my sanguine moments, I imagined brightened at my presence. At these times I would walk on air, to fall again (how often!) to the hard earth of realities, and moon about in the Beech Walk in a fever of tender hopes and fears.

I did not see Glenira. Charlotte and Bertrand took turns in constant attendance upon him, and the surgeon (a trustworthy Jacobite doctor from Edinburgh) gave them hopes of the recovery of his mind, but none of his eyesight. The optic nerve had been injured past cure, probably by the blow that had left the great scar on his forehead.

We kept a strict watch for prowlers around the house, relieving each other on night duty. The hours, though anxious, were tranquil after the shaking ones we had seen.

As if in consonance with them, the weather relented; and one fine morning Charlotte and I set out to ride together on the sands in a fresh wind that sent the bents a-waving and fringed the beach with foam.

We chose a bridle-path above the Spaniard's Cove that dipped gently to the sand dunes, and rode slowly, stirrup-high through the bracken, in the sweet September air. It was like riding out of a dingy world into Arcady. There are two occasions when a woman looks her best—when she is dancing and when she is well mounted. Charlotte rode like Diana.

'It seems all like a chequered dream,' she said, speaking almost as if to herself. 'My life in France! Ah! the memory of it! But it is in the North—with the great hills and the river's song in the glens—it is there I would be!' She sighed. 'And the time is coming when I shall be there again, and see Glenira—just man!—come into his own. Heart of me!—is it all

a dream?—his Highness raising the Standard at Glenfinnan; Glenira sailing for Scotland, his coming to The Garth; bloodshed and wicked men; every hour like the dusk, full of the unknown. Do you think Glenira will recover?' Her eyes looked wistfully into mine.

'He is in God's hands. But even if his mind clears, he will be blind.'

'He would rather be under the heather. The Kestrel to grope through life, his wings clipped! He who was ever a leader! Men turned to him in danger. To think of him there makes me burn. But whate'er be the outcome, his name shall be kept clean.'

'Of that I make no doubt. The truth has a way of strangling its enemies.'

'Bertrand tells me that is a way of yours. Had you not come to The Garth on that dreadful night?'—She broke off to hide a tiny tremble in her voice. 'And the day when you first came, and my servants at my orders put you under lock and key! What must you have thought of me?'

We had reined up. Our horses were close together, so near that I leaned forward and took her hand. So small and fragile! A maiden's hand in a man's great rough one, its seeming helplessness a link of steel. A wild impulse to say to her the simple, tremendous words 'I love you,' to take her in my arms, to ride away together to the rainbow's end, almost mastered me.

I bent and kissed her little hand. 'Let us forget that I was your prisoner,' I made answer.

'If you forget that I was an overbearing hoyden! Oh, the shame of it! And yet you came back, knowing there was danger!'

'I came back to The Garth,' I said, 'because I heard your voice once saying, "I trust you," and because I intended to clear the name of Layton of complicity with your enemies.'

'And because, Mr Layton, you thought I—we—might be in danger. You are a brave man.'

The ring of praise in her voice sounded sweeter than anything I had ever imagined. I felt a glow round my heart, but at her next words it fled.

'The great pity it is that you do not mount the White Cockade. Indeed it is the great pity;' and methought she sighed. 'His Highness is soon to march on London, and the King shall come to his own again.'

'It is a dream,' I said involuntarily, and instantly repented bitterly; for, holding herself very erect—her air recalling uncomfortably some moments of our interview when I was her prisoner—she repeated the words in a haughty question, 'A dream? A dream?' And then, 'Mr Layton has settled the question.'

'I—I meant—a—a splendid dream—a'—I stammered.

'D—did y—you?' She mimicked me to my face. 'How can you think it a splendid dream if you are for Hanover?'

This was scarcely flawless, or even fair, reasoning. I had been better advised to obey an instinct to hold my peace; but I must needs flounder on fatuously enough, 'I meant that there are some dreams, mistaken ones perhaps, that do credit to the heart's emotions, but'—

'But not the head's. Pray go on.'

'The Pretender'—

'There is no such person. His Royal Highness makes no "pretensions."'

'The Young Chevalier'—I made haste to correct myself—'the Young Chevalier is good to look upon.'

'*Tearlach! O! nach b'e fhein an gille!* But you have no Gaelic!' Her eyes shone. I would have changed shoes with Charles Edward.

'He makes friends. But I doubt if he has counted the cost. Yet so far—so far'—

'So far the standard has swept Scotland. "So far!" "Count the cost!" Fate may have been fickle to the Stuarts, but they are our royal race. Count the cost!' quoth she, a world of scorn in her voice. 'You might have an ell-wand at your side instead of a sword. There never was a great cause—one to make the heart beat—where the Highlanders sat over their fire-sides and counted the cost. As for danger,

*He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small.'*

This was precisely my own case, and for a moment I imagined a challenge in the vibration of her voice as she lingered over the two lines.

'There spoke the great Montrose,' I said.

'And indeed that is the true word—great and good; and was he not for the Stuarts? What though he lost his head through a treachery that is the black shame of the Macleods? He tasted triumph even on the scaffold. I am a daughter of Clan Donald. The blood is strong, and it is glad I am to think that his enemy Diarmaid could not die so well.'

I knew no better than to try to reason with a woman with whom I was in love, and who had her mind made up. So I floundered on, pointing out the possibility of there being many good, well-meaning people who were for King George, as ready to die for his cause as any of the men who carried claymores were for the Chevalier's. She listened with but little patience.

'Englishmen, and Scots who sold their country at the Union,' quoth she.

'I am an Englishman.'

'I ask your pardon,' she said, dropping a little half-penitent curtsy. 'I am only a lass, but I feel that I know that it is different with us Highland folk. I think sometimes that all people of the hills think differently from, and feel

many things deeper and see more than, people in towns and Lowland places. We are hid among great silences, shut in by the Bens and the great arms of the sea. I cannot set it out like a story, but I know we are different.'

I was to discover all this—the idealism, the swift intuitions, the hot pride, the warm hearts—all the complex contradictory mosaic that forms the baffling character, the intense individuality and imagination, of the Celt.

'But we have great hills in Cumberland and Westmorland, lonely dales with never a sound in them but the song of the wind over the wide moors, just as in your Highlands.'

She assented to this with the little nod of her head. 'I suppose so. And I suppose the Sassenach hills are loved (in a way) by Sassenachs; but we Gaels are of a different blood. Our rivers sing to us of heroes; the wind on the moors or through the proud pines, the mists on the great mountains, call to us wherever we may be. To me there is no music like the thunder of the Spey. Heart of me! how often in France—even fair France—have I longed to be beside it, and feel the soft peat-scented air; and see day by day the young heather spreading on the hill! You cannot understand the Gael. We love and hate proudly, with all our hearts. Only last month his Royal Highness landed with but seven men to claim the throne for King James, and the name of Stuart set the heather on fire.'

'You mean that the farther from the heather the colder the hearts?'

'For a Sassenach, you put it into words very well, Mr Layton.'

'Even an Englishman has a heart, and can hate and—love.'

'But he must first—what was it?—oh yes! "count the cost." "Count the cost!" That is one of our differences. Now, Mr Count-the-cost, tell me, have you a high regard for the fat Hanoverian Usurper?'

'He is my king;' and I began a thesis on the Whig doctrine of the issue transcending the individual. I thought it sage and informing.

She cut me short. 'You do not answer me. You give me a web of words. Tell me truly, does your heart beat for the Elector of Hanover and his cause?'

'I stand in no need of being reminded by heart-beats of my duty to my sovereign. It is in my blood, just as the Stuart cause is in your own.'

'While my blood sets my heart a-gallop for *Tearlach*, and yours jogs along dutifully for the fat Hanoverian. Yes, we are different.' And with that there fell a silence between us.

She moved her horse forward at a walking pace, and I followed.

Her loyal, passionate devotion to the Stuarts, like her voice and presence, radiated something rare and intense. I could not but admire its

single-heartedness, but I hated it because of its place between us.

I rode behind moodily, cursing impartially all politics under my breath.

'You are frowning,' she said. 'I can see you without turning my head. It is not becoming.'

The witch was right. I was in a black humour, and had not the knack of masking it.

'Come! A gallop in the breeze will clear your brows,' she cried; and our horses sprang forward.

The wind in our faces, the tang of the sea, the rhythm and strength in the galloping duet of our horses' feet on the good firm sands, the clear September sky above us, conspired to scatter my vapours. My spirits rose at every hoof-beat.

When we reined up, the young goddess, flushed and sparkling, turned to me with, 'That was better than quarrelling over Stuart and Hanover, was it not, Mr Layton? Your frown has vanished.'

'Quarrel is scarcely the word, is it? We did but fence, with the buttons on the foils.'

'We are friends, of course, although it is the strange thing for a daughter of my clan to call a King George's champion "friend."' She looked at me straight in the eyes. 'Would you mount the White Cockade were I to make one and give it to you?'

'I should wear it always, but not in my hat or on my sleeve.'

She said nothing, drawing her riding-crop through her hand, her face turned suddenly away. A wave of courage at the sight of her lifted me. Montrose's lines sang for a golden moment.

'You set me down an enemy to Charles Edward. True it is that I do not—may not—carry a claymore for him; but'—I began to stammer again—'one thing I do know, and it is that I shall wed a Jacobite, or—or'—

'Or?' she said, still playing with the riding-crop, her eyes on it.

'Or not at all.'

'His Royal Highness would be vastly entertained by your condescension. But consider, I pray you, would your vow not be hard on the rest of the sex were you not to wed a Jacobite?'

I wrote myself down a blundering fool to have couched my words so that she could twist them out of shape and read conceit in them.

'You must have made good use of your time in the North, Mr Layton. You only arrived a few days ago. But I forget. I think I called you "the falconer."'

'I fell in love at first sight.'

'With never a "count the cost!" So a Sassenach may have red blood after all.'

There was the faintest tremor in her voice, of amusement perhaps; but I could only catch a glimpse of her delicate profile, ending in the

firm little chin. She was very near me. 'I love you' was again trembling on my lips; but her next words sent my thoughts stampeding.

'I must say to you,' said she, her chin tilted higher, 'that I do not rate very highly any Jacobite lass that would wed a Hanoverian of her own free-will. I do not envy her heart. And I—I think it is time to go home.'

Her voice sank on the last words. I could not see her face. Next moment she had ridden forward. I followed, and not a word did we exchange until we arrived at The Garth, and I helped her to dismount.

'We do not see eye to eye, Mr Layton; but I wish you all luck in your wooing; at least all the luck you deserve,' quoth she, with a little nod, and disappeared into the house.

I saw the horses stalled, and came back to the hall, to sit moodily by the fire, my chin in my hands.

Bertrand's light foot sounded on the stair. 'Tobacco and some claret, I think, Layton.'

My humour did not chime with his. I wanted to be alone. On the pretext of writing letters, I excused myself, and contrived to escape to my room, where I moped for an hour.

When I came out Bertrand was smoking placidly in the hall. Charlotte was not there.

'I hope she is not tired or indisposed after the ride,' I ventured, after various beatings round the bush as to her absence.

'*Au contraire!* She has been doing nothing but sing like a linnet. 'Tis the first time I have heard her since I came.'

I paced my room for the greater part of that night, imagining myself—immemorial egotism of lovers!—the most unhappy youth in Christendom; and very early in the morning, after an hour between sleep and wakefulness, I rose and went downstairs.

The dawn saw me fixed to a resolve. I wrote a short letter to Bertrand, asking pardon for leaving his sister and him with so little ceremony. 'You have guessed the reason,' I wrote, 'and you will understand; but I shall not turn my back upon the dangers that beset you. I am ready to sail with you in the *Gannet*. I have no mind but to see this business straightened out; and I beg of you to send a message—or, better, to come yourself—to the White Horse Inn the moment that I can be of help.' I left the note where he could not fail to see it, and stepped out of the house into the quiet morning, leaving my heart behind me.

Riding hard, I reached Edinburgh as the chimneys began to smoke and the sun kindled the windows into countless twinkling awakened eyes. I secured the same room at the 'White Horse,' and after breakfast gathered the news of the Rising. The battle at Preston had heartened the rebels. Recruits were coming in. Jacobites who had hitherto kept their opinions cannily to themselves now declared openly for the Pre-

tender, and in many private houses there were great festivities and fathom-deep drinking of the Prince's health and cause. The ladies wore white ribands and heart-knots. Everywhere shone the gleam of the White Cockade.

The Highland army was encamped at Dud-dingston, and Charles Edward had taken up residence at Holyrood House, the home of his ancestors. There he held court, transient and glittering, but with all the circumstance of royalty. The ancient palace of the Scots

resounded with music. Fair women wearing the white rose, handsome cavaliers in the tartan, made their courtesies and bows to the Prince and trod many a gallant measure in the great Picture Gallery.

It came about that I attended one of the balls at Holyrood. I did so without an invitation; but the train of events that led me there, and how I took part in more lasting affairs than minuets or reels, I must leave to another chapter.

(Continued on page 387.)

CHEWING-GUM.

By MALCOLM NORMAN MACKENZIE.

CHICLE, the resin of the chicozapote-tree of Mexico, is the principal ingredient understood to be used in the manufacture of chewing-gum. It is also used in medicine and various kinds of sweets. The tree is found in the states of Tamaulipas and Vera Cruz (to a limited extent), Tabasco, Campeachy, Yucatan, and in the territory of Quintana Roo; it grows tall and wonderfully straight, and the wood, of a dark-brown colour, is greatly prized, when obtainable, by native cabinetmakers. The timber is, however, rarely used, the tree having a greater value as a chicle-producer.

Yucatan and Quintana Roo are the principal sources of supply, and these states are practically unknown to commerce. Yucatan produces henequen or sisal-hemp. Sisal is now an abandoned port on the Caribbean Sea. The state figures largely in the imagination as a land of mystery. As the native of Galveston frequently says, 'Galveston and the United States,' so the Yucatanero speaks of 'Yucatan and Mexico.'

Quintana Roo is famous for nothing in particular except heat, a small and vigorous population, and decided turbulence. It may be described as the Ireland of the Western Hemisphere, as the inhabitants are at peace only when engaged in war; on pretty much the same principle as a Scotsman being at home only when he is abroad, and an Englishman never content save when grumbling.

To the archæologist, Yucatan is known for its undecipherable ruins. Elsewhere in the world, antiquities are a known, open, easily read book. But the buried forest-cities of Yucatan, the sealed graveyard of unknown civilisations, the mysterious country that puzzled the Asiatics, the western terminus of the bridge that spanned two hemispheres, with perhaps the lost Atlantis between; Uxmal, with its undecipherable hieroglyphics; Chichen-en-Itza, no less beyond human interpretation, with its strange monuments to long-dead, now unworshipped gods, the dense forests behind, the drooping trees—all seem to cast a shade of melancholy, as if lamenting their

past glory. The Sphinx is not more inscrutable than the gaze of those monstrous stone and marble hewn gods.

There are no inns, and the resting-places are few and far between; water is more precious than wine, a bath a luxury. The Indians know no distance, and the tropic sun beats down with sweltering glare upon the limestone rocks. 'Just round the corner,' cheerfully volunteers the guide; and as we approach Uxmal from Mérida the trees are not high enough upon which to hang him. It is the habitat of the *chiclero*, or chicle-gatherer, buried in the depths of the cool, shady, vast forests where the gum is got.

How chicle was discovered is a secret as insoluble as the names of the priests who served the shrines of the now forgotten gods, or those of the nuns who occupied the women's chambers at Chichen-en-Itza, or of the monument-builders. Least of all cares the *chiclero*. The trees were always there, will always be there. His grandfather, and his before him, 'tapped the tree I am now tapping,' he says. A *chiclero* is a *chiclero*, the trade is hereditary, and he looks down upon the field-labourer, the charcoal-burner, the wood-cutter; they are a race apart, of a caste different, believers in nothing, except, perhaps, in Nature, the most terrible of all gods, because Nature can only be placated by death and blood. They like to get drunk, and affect gaudy raiment; and when they are married female children are a nuisance, but a male child, from ten upwards, will be useful. He is very human, is the *chiclero*, and his chief ambition is to be captain of a gang of men. Incidentally, as captain or labourer, he is always in debt. He is generous too, and will borrow money or goods from the estate-owner and lend it to his men. As they can never pay, he can never pay; but with the easy philosophy of debt, heredity, and environment, he says, 'To-morrow is another day, and who can tell what the next day may not see? Why, I may even die, and death settles all. Debts are not transmissible, you know.' Generally he is of a pacific nature; but when roused, the old Maya

fury, the dormant lust of blood, breaks out; he is a savage; he even ill-treats the dead. Learning he has none, nor wants it; but always he has a good modern rifle, with plenty of ammunition, smuggled probably from Belize; but this cannot be proved, as the Belize authorities deny it. Sometimes, to show his goodwill, he presents himself to the nearest *Jefe Politico*, and delivers a gun which might have been left there by Hernando Cortes or one of his freebooters. This proves his good faith. Very simple men are our *chiclero* and his fellow-tribesmen!

Chicle forests may belong to private owners, or may be rented for a term of years from the Federal Government; and, as the Government is far away, any tribal or communal rights the Indians possess are cheerfully ignored. The concessions are generally obtained through friends at court, who participate in anything that may be going. If the owner has sufficient capital he employs a captain and his gang, or he may purchase the debts of men belonging to another estate, thus ensuring their services. If he has not sufficient capital he borrows it from the agent of the chicle purchasing company, agreeing to sell him all the gum procured. The price will be so much, and that less than could be got by selling it to an outsider not in the game. Also, he gives a mortgage over the estate. Things being arranged, the gangs are sent into the forests, and the owner hires him to Mérida or Mexico City. Should he not require to borrow his working capital the agent contracts with him, anyhow, or gets his bankers to exercise pressure to induce him to sell the gum. The chicle must be secured, or some one else might capture the monopoly.

The gang, well supplied with simple provisions, and with rifles to kill the wild game which abounds in the forests, commence work at dawn. A stout rope, a pair of climbers, a *machete*, and a rubber sack are the tools of the *chiclero*. Generally, tapping does not begin until after the rainy season, when, loosened by the rains, the sap becomes a milky substance in the bark. An incision is made some fifty feet up, and a slowly descending spiral cut is made with the *machete*. The sap trickles down the cut into the rubber sack, held by the helper at the foot of the tree, and the *chiclero's* work on that tree is done.

An average day's work is eighteen trees, each of which yields several pounds of sap daily for about four months. The sap is carried to a central camp, and boiled in pans, just as maple-sugar is obtained, and thus crudely purified it is shaped into squares called *marquetas*. The sap-producing life of a tree is unknown, and, unless compelled by lack of money, the prudent owner taps only once every seven years; but there is always a lack of money.

The chicle is now shipped to New York, which in 1911 took one million six hundred

and seventy-seven thousand one hundred and twenty-four kilogrammes, having a consular invoice value of two million and sixty-two thousand six hundred and sixty-four dollars; about one million kilos go to Canada, and to British Honduras half that quantity. The amount shipped to Europe is negligible.

Of chicle it may be said that it is the only substance with this peculiar 'chewing' quality, as it combines adhesiveness and elasticity with the peculiar property which renders these two qualities active only in the presence of warmth and moisture. In this lies its value, and no synthetic process has been evolved. The manufacturers of chewing-gum manipulate the chicle with sugar, filler, and flavouring material, put it in gaudy coverings, and it is then ready for the jaws of the American nation. For you must know that the Americans are a nation of chewers, and when not engaged in 'chewing the rag' they must chew something else. The adult male being addicted to tobacco, the females, with the young males, follow this example by chewing gum, so that the American jaw is never at rest.

The profits of the chicle industry are such as to be coveted. Assuming that an estate produces two hundred thousand pounds of chicle during the season, and that the owner is working on his own capital, he nets 47 per cent. on his investment. The average sale price in New York for raw chicle is fifty cents gold per pound, or one thousand dollars per metric ton; the average cost of production, delivered at New York, is thirty-four cents per pound, the difference between these prices being the vendor's profit. The profits of the manufacturers are on a scale in proportion to the magnitude of the production, one firm in Chicago advertising that it sells over two and a half million chiclets daily, and another firm producing one billion of pieces yearly. There are a score of factories in the United States averaging a similar production, which means that twenty billion pieces are sold there yearly. At five cents gold per packet the sales reached in 1911 over one hundred and twenty million dollars gold. And yet the percentage of chicle in the chewing-gum of commerce works out at only 0.17 per cent. according to the amount exported from Mexico, the remaining 99.83 per cent. being sugar. These are the profits of the Chewing-Gum Trust of the United States, one of the benefits enjoyed by the Americans being to pay five cents for less than one ounce of sugar.

That the use of chewing-gum, discovered by the vanished race who inhabited the mysterious ruined forest-cities of Yucatan, the inventors of the lost art of tempering copper, who vanished from this earth so many long ages ago, should find its continuity in the most modern of the nations is one of those inexplicable things that make us wonder at the tenacity of human habits.

THE HEIR TO SUNNINGHALL.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning, after a rather late breakfast, Mrs Guthrie rose briskly. 'Come, Greg, as soon as I've done my housekeeping and you've had your beloved morning pipe, I'm going to keep my word and show you every corner of your new domain. Will you wait for me here for about half-an-hour? Isn't it a good thing that it's raining a little, so that you won't grudge an hour indoors? You're such an open-air person, dear Greg; you have a breezy atmosphere always about you, though a little tainted with tobacco, naughty boy!' she added with her little pleasant laugh, patting his big, rough tweed-clad arm with the small white hand. He looked at her with affectionate appreciation, such a neat, fresh, dainty little lady, with her pale, smooth, scarcely wrinkled skin and nice white hair.

'All right, Aunt Lyddy, I'll be ready. And, mind, if you dislike my 'baccy say so. I'm afraid it's a bit strong. We like things strong out in South America.'

'Dear, of course I don't dislike anything that gives you pleasure. It is a wee bit strong, but you don't seem to care for cigarettes. Never mind; smoke on, as long as it's not in my quarters.—Margaret, love, if you'll take that beef-tea over to Stone's cottage I shall be grateful. Will you, though it is raining a little?'

'Of course I will, Mrs Guthrie.'

Gregory had not to wait long for his aunt. They started to visit the wing which had been added a century later than the rest of the house. 'It's the least interesting architecturally,' she said, 'but I want to show you our old playroom. Daniel has it as his laboratory and study now. In early days, when I was a happy child—oh, so long, long ago that it seems as if it could not be I—I played with brothers and a sister there, all, all gone.' She sighed deeply, and the tears were in her eyes of faded blue.

'Why go there, if it brings up sad memories, Aunt Lyddy?'

'My dear, don't I go there constantly? It's my dear husband's sanctum, and he likes to have me in and out, Greg, he is such a devoted old husband to me!'

'I'm sure, and no wonder.'

'Oh, I don't know—I don't know. I'm a silly old wife now.'

She knocked at the door, and paused till the old man's voice called, 'Who's there?'

'Only Greg and me, dear. May we come in?'

They heard his chair scrape, and the door was unlocked. He met them smiling. 'Excuse a locked inhospitable door, Gregory. I've got some rather particular specimens on the microscope, and I always dread a housemaid's whisk-

ing ruin.' He sat down again at the table in the window and set his eye to the microscope.

The room did not interest Gregory, who was not scientific. He knew nothing of the instruments, the specimen-jars with queer 'monsters,' as his aunt said, the bottles, the strange smells. Evidently this was a learned old man with hobbies to keep life interesting.

From the wing they went upstairs, and his aunt took him from room to room; each had its label, its interest for her, its association. 'I slept here when I was a girl;' 'This was my father and mother's room;' 'This was poor George's; he died of diphtheria when he was fifteen;' 'This was Susan's; she died ten years ago;' 'This was Reginald's, your grandfather's.'

One door she did not open. 'This I cannot show you; the associations are too fresh, too painful. This was Anthony's room, the last of us except poor me. Oh Greg! it is not his dying that was so sad—he was old; it is—to me—that he was so cruelly changed before he died. I cannot forget it. I had lived with him for ten years. He left everything to me; he loved me. I was entire mistress of my old home, and I was so happy. A little before his last illness Anthony said to me, "I'm leaving Sunninghall to you for life, Lydia. There's no one cares for it as you do. You can leave it to our only nephew, or to whom you will." I thanked him. I said I hoped it would be a long time before that will had to be read. Barnes (our family lawyer) came; the will was written and signed. I only tell you this, dear, to show you I had his love and confidence then. He was taken ill, and of course it was owing to a strange warp of the mind. He turned from me; he would not let me nurse him. A hired woman brought by a strange doctor took possession; a lawyer was sent for from London. I had no idea why. Can you believe it?—he would not even see me till just the last day! After death I found the former will revoked—the place left to you.'

She was crying, and turned her head away. He put his arm round her and gave her a kindly hug. 'Please, Aunt Lyddy, don't! I feel such a beast to have ousted you! But, remember—you will, won't you?—this is your home as long as you care to stay.'

She turned her head against his arm and remained a moment; then she wiped away her last tears and smiled. 'Dear, kind Greg! I'm silly—an old fool. I know Anthony was not himself. I know how good you are. Don't mind me! You see, I'm like Queen Mary—wasn't it?—with Calais. I've "Sunninghall" written on my heart. I am never happy away from it.'

'You were away, I suppose?'

'Yes, for twenty-five years. I am sixty-seven years old—forty-two years I have lived here; and—would you believe it?—though Mr Guthrie was so good to me, though I was happily married, no home but this was ever real home.'

'I wonder you did not dispute the will.'

'Oh no, I never thought of that. The lawyer said Anthony was quite sane. I suppose, in a way, he was. I was not going to make an *esclandre*. And as it has turned out, how lucky it is for me that you have inherited, you who don't want to turn out the tiresome old aunt!'

'I'll make a will and leave it to you, Aunt Lyddy,' he said impulsively, moved by her plaintive, quivering smile.

'My dear,' she said, trying to laugh, 'how absurd, when I am more than double your age! You'll live to enjoy Sunninghall long after I'm in my grave in the little churchyard over there.'

'One never can tell. When I start my motor, who knows if I may not even be tempted to fly? Anyway, it would do no harm.'

She only patted him affectionately, and said in a voice she tried to make gay, 'Wait till you get a wife!'

'A wife! I've never seriously contemplated that danger,' he returned lightly. Yet somehow a sudden vision of deep, pathetic eyes rose, and he seemed to hear a sweet, sad voice singing of beautiful far-away visions, and he was rather silent and thoughtful as they went on through the old echoing house. It seemed a place for ghosts—not horrible, but wistful ones. He asked if there were any legends.

'Oh, of course,' his aunt said, smiling; 'people will tell you of crying sounds, of brushing skirts, and so on. I never saw or heard any. I am a very unimaginative person. I am sure there's nothing dreadful in the beloved old place. For me, it is only haunted with dear memories.'

They returned, after the round of the old rambling place, to the square entrance-hall, and there his aunt left him to take some further orders to the kitchen. Gregory stood thinking. As the door closed behind her he smiled. 'It's a funny thing; here I am master (nominally), owner of all this household, and except for the man Perks and a housemaid I've seen flitting about, I've no idea at all of what it consists. Well, by all accounts, I'm saved a lot of trouble; everything seems to go as smoothly as clockwork, thanks to Aunt Lyddy. I suppose I'll have some day to go more into details.'

He looked with interest at the family portraits which hung round the hall. Out of a family of six only his aunt survived, and he was their sole descendant. There she was in a Middle-Victorian dress, with one curl on her sloping shoulders; a pretty but rather feeble portrait, with the Sunninghall garden terrace as background. There was his grandfather, whom he had never known; the two brothers and the

sister who had died in early youth; and his uncle Anthony, the old bachelor, his predecessor, with a strong face, a little severe, yet honest and kindly. He liked the look of him. He dimly remembered seeing him twenty years ago, before he left England. His uncle had been very kind to him, had tipped him liberally, and patted his head, saying he was like the Le Fevres. Indeed, he could fancy a likeness to this same uncle in himself. Aunt Lydia could not be a Le Fevre; she was too small, soft, and neat-featured.

That afternoon, as he sat reading in the library, Perks brought him a card. On it was inscribed, 'Mr Pearson, Lincoln's Inn Fields.' He recognised the name as that of the London lawyer who had drawn up the last will of Squire Anthony. He at once asked for him to be shown in. Mr Pearson proved to be a thin, dry, iron-gray man, whose close-shut lips seemed to lock in countless secrets. He bowed with supreme gravity. 'This is Mr Gregory Le Fevre, late of South America, I presume?'

'You are right, sir,' Gregory returned in his frank voice. 'Please sit down and tell me to what I am indebted for the honour of your call.'

The hearty voice and courteous manner caused a slight relaxing of the set features and an elongation of the mouth which was probably the lawyer's idea of a smile.

'I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr Le Fevre, though I have rather an odd message I am pledged to give you.'

'A message! From whom?'

'From my late client, Mr Anthony Le Fevre. It seemed strange to Mr and Mrs Guthrie, and to—hem—to Mr Barnes, that Mr Le Fevre sent for me in his last illness; but we were not really entire strangers. My late father and Mr Le Fevre had once been friends; he had great confidence in my father, and had once or twice privately consulted him on matters connected with the property. As you know, Mr Le Fevre directed me to prepare a fresh will revoking the former one. Mrs Guthrie took it much to heart; she resented it (naturally); but what could I do? My client was perfectly rational; his speech was somewhat impeded, but what he said showed no aberration of mind. He told me that if I had any objection to following his wishes he would send for another lawyer. Everything was in order.'

'And you think my uncle was really absolutely in his right mind?'

'I did think so—when I made the will.' There was a slight hesitation, which Gregory was quick to notice.

'But not after?'

'I would not say that. In what he said to me after the will was executed there did seem eccentricity, prejudice. He ordered every one from the room; then he made me stoop down, and he said as distinctly as his malady allowed,

"I want you to see Gregory yourself when he comes to England. I want you to give him a message from me." Of course I agreed. I was anxious to soothe him, as he seemed agitated and distressed. "Tell him," he said, "not to keep the Guthries here. Warn him from me. I have my reasons. God help me! I have my reasons." As I have said, this communication made me wonder whether his mind was not considerably warped, whether he was suffering from a delusion. I promised to convey his words to you. I do so now, but with a reservation. I think it is quite possible he was unhinged in that particular direction, but I repeat that when I made the will I believed him to be of perfectly sound mind. Dr Edwards from Harley Street, who saw him several times, said the same. One knows that invalids often take extraordinary fancies. Mrs Guthrie was naturally much upset by what happened; she was very hysterical when the will was produced; but I am not surprised—she had looked upon her inheritance as certain. But on all other occasions she struck me as a very amiable and agreeable lady.

Gregory considered with a puzzled frown. He was surprised and confused by the very unexpected message from his dead uncle. He broke out at last, 'Ought I to retire in favour of my aunt? I'm afraid I've inherited unfairly.'

'My dear sir,' the lawyer said with what was almost warmth for him, 'you would be distinctly wrong. You are the natural heir to Sunninghall. Mrs Guthrie is getting old; the place needs a master; she has no one but you to whom to leave it. You are prepared to do more for her than even she could expect.'

'Of course,' Gregory said simply—'of course I mean it to be her permanent home. I don't feel I could do otherwise.'

The lawyer looked at him a little oddly. 'It is not for me to advise; but you have your uncle's last message. You don't intend to take any notice of it?'

'Not to my poor aunt's prejudice—certainly not.'

'But excuse me for interfering. I have no right; still, I am a much older man than you, and a man of the world. Do you consider it the wisest thing to make such an arrangement perpetual?'

'I don't know about that. All I know is I'm very fond of my aunt; she's been sweet to me. She's been badly treated, and I want to make it

up to her. I mean to leave her the place in the unlikely case of her outliving me.'

'And if you marry?'

Gregory shrugged his shoulders. 'My aunt suggested the same contingency. At present I've no intention of doing so. If I ever have, it will then be time enough to consider a possible change. I can't pay any serious attention to my uncle's message. I consider it only the expression of a diseased mind.'

'Well, well! then I will take my leave. I have to catch a train. I wish you good-bye, Mr Le Fevre. If ever you need my advice I shall be happy to give you the best I have.'

As Gregory opened the door to show the lawyer out his aunt was approaching it.

'Greg dear,' she said, 'the motor has come. The man who has brought it is waiting to give you your first lesson.—Oh, it is Mr Pearson. I did not for the moment recognise you.' She gave him her hand; but though she tried to smile, Gregory saw her for the first time stiff and unfriendly. He was not surprised.

Even the very self-composed lawyer showed a trace of embarrassment, and he made his adieu rather hastily.

'That man!' Mrs Guthrie said with a sudden quick flush. 'Don't blame me, Greg dear, for feeling a sort of horror of him. He is connected with such a painful time.'

'I know, Aunt Lyddy,' Gregory said soothingly. 'Don't think any more about it. Come along now, and see my new toy. I'll take you a jolly spin when I can drive.'

'My dear, I don't believe I should ever dare trust myself to you! You're such a reckless boy, and will tear over the country. That won't suit a quiet body like me.'

The flush had gradually faded, but she still showed some traces of disturbance. He took her affectionately by the arm and carried her off to the front-door. There stood the new motor, shining with paint and brilliant metal. Gregory was not satisfied till every one had inspected it; Dr Guthrie was unrooted from his study, Margaret fetched from the garden, where she was clipping roses.

Mrs Guthrie was not wrong when she called the man of thirty-two a boy. Every one of the household seemed elderly when contrasted with his gay, careless youth and bonhomie, frank, rash, trustful as a child.

(Continued on page 391.)

THE ENGLISH NABOBS.

By W. H. R. CURTLER.

THE history of the government of India by the British—which Theodore Roosevelt described as one of the greatest political feats in the world's history—is, especially in the

eighteenth century, stained with many blots. By most Englishmen who at that time went out to India the country seems to have been regarded as an object of plunder, and its riches

were absurdly exaggerated even by men who should have known better. 'We must look to the East, not to the West,' for money, wrote Beckford to Chatham in 1766; and it was from India more than from America that the means of replenishing the empty Treasury were sought.

The chief endeavour, therefore, of Anglo-Indians was to get as much of this alleged wealth as quickly as possible, without any scruple as to the method, and return home to spend it; and after Clive had conquered Bengal, the opportunity of political was added to that of commercial aggrandisement. The power which the genius of Clive and the bravery of our soldiers had won was used for the private gain of the conquerors, without any consideration for the conquered. Men who in England were upright and honourable no sooner arrived in India than they threw aside all morality and fair dealing in their haste to make money, and became tyrannical and greedy oppressors.

Even the great victory of Plassey was sullied by a sordid scramble for spoils. Clive, says Colonel Malleson, received from Mir Jafar one million eight hundred and eighty thousand rupees, Mr Drake two hundred and eighty-nine thousand, Major Kilpatrick, Mr Watts, and Mr Beecher two hundred and forty thousand each; with further donations of three hundred thousand to Watts and one hundred thousand each to the six members of Council. Walsh, Clive's secretary, received five hundred thousand rupees, Scrafton two hundred thousand, and Major Grant, commanding the detachment of the 39th Regiment, one hundred thousand; while the army and navy divided no less than five million. And while the officials, the soldiers, and the sailors thus feathered their nests, we know that the traders and merchants were equally unscrupulous.

Yet, though we are not in the least anxious to excuse the rapacity of our countrymen in India at that date, there were many extenuating circumstances. The East, where a future poet was to say there are no ten commandments, was much farther off then than it is to-day. It took five or six months to get there, and Englishmen were infinitely more isolated and cut off from wholesome home influence than their successors of the era of steam. Many of the English in India became Oriental in their manners, and even in their appearance, from their long sojourn in the East. A contemporary account, describing the visit of an English girl to India, tells us that she found her female cousins, who had been born in India, excessively dark and altogether Indians in their persons, with an extraordinary mixture in their manners of the European and the Asiatic; while her male cousins were 'four dark young men, extremely slender in their persons, sprucely dressed in white nankeen, their hair thickly powdered, as was the fashion then, and their

manners forming a curious medley between the Asiatic and the most finished European beau.' Another picture is that of the wife of the surgeon of the station, who, though a European, had been so long in India, and so much separated from her countrywomen, that she had become more than half an Indian, had acquired a haughty indifference of manner, was devoted to finery, drank a great quantity of beer, and smoked her hookah in public.

The temptations to our exiled countrymen were great and unprecedented. The conversion of a trading company into a great territorial power, ruling over a people without much spirit to resist oppression, whose exaggerated wealth was so dazzlingly near and so easy to take, was well calculated to turn the heads of scantily paid officials and soldiers. That it did turn their heads we know, and Macaulay said that the Roman proconsuls and the Spanish viceroys of Mexico and Peru were outdone by the contemporaries of Clive in India; an opinion almost identical with that of the author of a contemporary poem called 'The Nabob,' who states that Englishmen in India 'had stained the very name and annals of our country with crimes scarce inferior to the conquerors of Mexico and Peru.'

Nor was the ethical standard of the England those men came from a high one. The eighteenth century was a grossly material one; the twentieth century reader of the novels of Fielding and Smollett is astounded at the coarseness and cruelty of the society which they portray. In the most famous of biographies we find Johnson joking with Boswell on the heads of the rebels of 'the '45' which were to be seen on Temple Bar in 1773. Conjugal fidelity, according to Rousseau, was laughed at among the upper classes. The gambling and drinking of that time have often been described. In 1773 twenty thousand people assembled at Tyburn to see a woman burnt for the murder of her husband, and it was not until 1790 that this punishment was abolished. The newspapers catered for the depraved taste and manners of the age, and courted popularity by detailing the most indelicate private scandals, and by coarse libels on public as well as on private characters. Of seven new magazines published between 1769 and 1771, two at least were obscene publications, and the others inserted a mass of scandal which would not now be tolerated for a moment. Politics were more corrupt than at any other period in our history. First the great Whig families and then the king controlled the House of Commons by shameless and open bribery; and this corruption had even extended to the management of the navy, although the dependence of Britain on her navy was by that time fully acknowledged. It was stated in 1778 that though thirty-seven thousand pounds had been voted for the repair and the stores of the *Dragon*, the ship was lying untouched and rotting at Portsmouth; and other

ships were in like condition. The country paid for more seamen than it got, and in 1777 the number returned as victualled was fifty-one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, whereas the men actually serving numbered only forty-seven thousand four hundred and seven, though at that date we were at war with the Americans. It is difficult to comprehend the cynical dishonesty which could get riches by such traitorous methods.

To this sadly degenerate society the Nabobs, as Anglo-Indians returning with fortunes were called, brought nothing that would make it purer or better. Indeed, the contrary was the case. 'They exhibited their wealth insolently, spent it extravagantly, raised the price of everything in their neighbourhood, from fresh eggs to rotten boroughs; the example of their large and ill-governed households corrupted half the servants in the country.' A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of October 1787 says: 'We have the most sensible proofs of the reigning sin of the age in our modern Nabobs, who return from the Indies laden with the spoils of the poor oppressed natives;' and this sin the writer attributes to pride and the fullness of bread. They were intensely unpopular in spite of their wealth; and, according to Macaulay, the villain of many novels of the day was a savage old Nabob with an immense fortune, a tawny complexion, a bad liver, and a worse heart.

Their advent into English politics was noted first at the general election of 1761, and constituencies which had long obeyed the orders of great landowners were no longer safe. Bribery was more rampant than ever, and the Nabobs, and the new rich generally, whom industrial prosperity was beginning to throw up, bought seats as they would houses. The election of 1768 was still worse, and we are told that borough-mongers did a business in seats much as house agents did in houses. One of them laughed when Lord Chesterfield offered two thousand five hundred pounds for a seat for his son; the Nabobs, he said, had raised prices to at least three thousand pounds, and some fetched four thousand. 'Without any connections,' said Lord Chatham, 'without any natural interest in the soil, the importers of foreign gold have forced their way into Parliament by such a torrent of corruption as no private hereditary fortune could resist.'

This was perhaps the high-water mark of the Nabobs' power and influence; corrupt themselves, they flourished in what may be called the golden age of corruption, when half the members of the House of Commons were returned by eleven thousand five hundred voters, nearly all of whom were under the control of patrons of boroughs or of the Crown.

In 1774 George the Third dissolved Parliament quickly with the express object of foiling the

Nabobs, planters, and other 'volunteers,' who were not; at that moment, ready to fight the political battle; and his design was successful in that the country gentlemen, then considered the best representatives of English political opinion, were returned in predominant numbers once more.

The political and social influence of the Nabobs depended solely on their wealth; and with the reforms in the administration of India instituted by Clive and carried on by his successors the opportunities for getting rich quickly became less numerous. Further, English politics, after the overthrow of Lord North's Ministry, slowly became purer.

However, the species survived for some time. In Scott's novel of *St Ronan's Well*, written at the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Meg Dods, alluding to the Nabobs, informs Tyrrel that 'the country's plagued wi' them. They have raised the price of eggs and poultry for twenty miles around. . . . They need the well, ye ken, for the clearing of their copper complexions, that need scouring as much as my saucepans.'

The most famous of the Nabobs is Lord Clive, whose story is too well known to need repetition. It is sufficient to say that, going out to India a penniless lad, at the age of thirty-four he had realised a fortune of forty thousand pounds a year, and in 1768 controlled the parliamentary representation of Shrewsbury, Bishop's Castle (two seats), Worcester, Pontefract, and Crick-lade. One of the most notorious was Paul Benfield, against whom Burke levelled such abuse 'as no person in my time,' says Wrexall, 'not excepting Hastings, ever attracted within the walls of either House of Parliament.' The son of a Cheltenham land-surveyor, he made a large fortune by lending money to the Nabob of the Carnatic, although his salary was never higher than two hundred or three hundred rupees a month, and thereby accumulated half-a-million sterling. He returned to England finally in 1793, where he bought Sir Thomas Rumbold's fine seat of Woodhall in Hertfordshire and Lord Thanet's mansion in Grosvenor Square, and launched out into a life of ostentatious extravagance. To his wife, on her wedding-day, he gave a ring worth three thousand pounds and a jointure of three thousand pounds a year, and her cerulean-blue curricule in Hyde Park was either the envy or the laughing-stock of the fashionable world. But his prosperity was short-lived. Restless and insatiable, he embarked on commercial ventures which proved disastrous, lost his fortune, and, after dragging out a few miserable years in Paris in an almost destitute condition, was buried by public subscription.

Another Nabob was Richard Barwell, famous in history for his constant support of Warren Hastings against the party led by Philip Francis. The story goes that he tried to ruin Francis by

gambling, and so get him into his debt; but he caught a Tartar, and lost instead a large sum to his intended victim. However, other ventures were more successful. He returned to England in 1784 with a large fortune, and bought Stanstead in Sussex from Lord Halifax for one hundred and two thousand five hundred pounds. On this, with the assistance of James Wyatt, the architect who ruined so many of our churches, and the ubiquitous Capability Brown, he spent so much money that 'much of his Oriental treasures were exhausted;' and shortly after his death in 1804 his newly bought estate was sold by his trustees, one of whom was Sir Elijah Impey. His rival, Philip Francis, returned to England about the same time as Barwell; but he cannot be classed among the Nabobs, since he had only saved a fortune of three thousand pounds a year out of a salary of ten thousand pounds.

Of the Nabobs of fiction the best known is our old friend Jos. Sedley, in *Vanity Fair*, who is said to have been a portrait of Richard Barwell. But this is hard to believe, since Barwell was a man of considerable ability, while the Collector of Bogley Wallah, with his cowardice, petty vanity, and guzzling habits, is one of the most contemptible creatures in fiction.

Another, though almost forgotten, is Sir Matthew Mite, in Foote's comedy of *The Nabob*, which was written in 1773. He is one of the worst specimens of his kind, and is shown us in the play learning to gamble in the fashionable way by taking lessons from his servants; to use the 'oaths and phrases most in use at the club,' of which his servant brings him a list; holding his levee, at which he bids his agent buy an estate he has set his heart on by giving four times its value, and bidding the owner turn out in a month. He is waited on by representatives of the 'Borough of Bribe' with an offer to sell the nomination of their two members. These worthies had formed themselves into a Christian Club, so called because the members were to share the price of the borough in common, 'like the primitive Christians,' and they offered their borough for five thousand pounds.

The Nabobs, indeed, are held up to ridicule and contempt by Foote as men who, having made their money by extortion, came home to corrupt whatever part of Britain they settled in. But they were not all so bad as this. Touchwood in *St Ronan's Well*, with 'his complexion burnt to a brick colour by the vicissitudes of climate, and his face seamed with a million wrinkles,' is a much better specimen of humanity than Sir Matthew Mite, and is merely a choleric Anglo-Indian of a familiar type—such, for instance, as the one described by Mrs Sherwood: 'His manners were no longer European; he spoke loudly, contradicted bluntly, swore fre-

quently, called names when he disliked any one, and fell into the most violent passions on the most unimportant occasions; seldom refraining from striking any of the natives who chanced to cross him when he was in these paroxysms; and indeed, though I believe that he was an upright man with respect to pecuniary concerns, yet such were the provocations he gave that I cannot to this day understand how he could have attained to nearly threescore years of age without having had his head broken.' And the Nabob in Maria Edgeworth's *Lame Jervis* is by no means a villain or a tyrant, but has made his fortune by his own industry and invention, and returns home to enjoy it honourably.

Though these men were so anxious to come home and cut a dash, life in India in the latter part of the eighteenth century was by no means intolerable. In Calcutta, at all events, the Englishmen had an easy and sociable existence. The young civilian, according to Bustead, went to his office during the hot weather from nine to twelve A.M., and during the cooler months from ten to one-thirty, and again from seven-thirty to nine; and the easy-going pace of the officials was adopted by the rest of the community. Chief-Justice Impey wrote to his brother: 'I take great care to spare myself, never sitting in court after one at noon.' And there was plenty of society to fill up the time that these not very strenuous hours left vacant. The early morning ride or walk was taken by most men and some ladies, as it is now. Dinner-parties were given at two o'clock, a sufficient evidence of the hardness of our forefathers, without our being told that the men often drank their three or four bottles of claret each, and even the ladies consumed a bottle of wine per day, and often indulged, like the men, in quantities of strong ale.

At sunset society woke up from its after-dinner siesta, which must have been badly needed, and went out for its airing, driving and walking round the great tank or on the ramparts of the Old Fort. Ladies of *ton* drove phaetons, 'and always make a point of having a gentleman companion, who lolls at ease, the office of managing the reins, &c., being wholly assumed by the lady; the horses finely set out with silver nets to guard their necks from insects, and the reins elegantly decorated. To finish the whole, a *kittesaw*, or kind of umbrella, is suspended not infrequently over the lady's head, which gives her the true Eastern grandeur of appearance.' Many spent their evenings on the river in private budgerows and pinnacles of considerable size and comfort, some of them carrying bands of music. Then from ten to midnight came calls, coffee, cards, and music, the gambling at times being very heavy.

There was quite a constellation of social stars in the Calcutta firmament who added much by their grace and charm to the life around them:

Lady Chambers, Lady Day, Warren Hastings's wife (whose history readers of Macaulay are familiar with), Mrs Barwell, the famous Madame Grand, and many others, any one of whom would have shone in any society.

The gambling which was prevalent in England was reproduced in Calcutta; and Philip Francis, writing to a friend in 1776, tells him that 'on one blessed day of the present year of our Lord I had won about twenty thousand pounds at whist; and his winnings at cards enabled him to leave India with a moderate fortune much earlier than he could have done if he had been dependent on his savings alone.

One would almost think that so attractive a society would have kept in India those who had made fortunes there; but the desire to 'go home,' always strong in the Englishman, and the wish to exhibit their riches on a larger stage, were too strong.

Though in many of the remoter stations life must have been lonely and dull, it was not altogether so. Mrs Sherwood describes for us a station one hundred miles from Calcutta, 'consisting of a number of houses belonging to European gentlemen, scattered over a park-like region which rose above the river to a considerable height. The bungalows were spacious and comfortable; many servants ministered to the wants of their owners; and the living was generally luxurious and abundant.'

The home of another Englishman in Bengal at this date is described as a noble house, flat-roofed, and encircled by a colonnade of pillars, standing on a large and verdant lawn on a gentle slope among the hills in a mighty sweep of the river Ganges, amid a cluster of beautiful trees. The owner of this 'noble mansion' dined in a wide hall encircled by pillars, the dinner-table being set out with rich plate and fine glass; and the rest of the house was furnished with equal luxury.

Here, we are told, the days of an English lady were spent with little variety. 'I generally rose before sunrise, and took the air on an elephant. When I returned I went to bed again and slept or dozed till eight o'clock. I then arose and was dressed, for I never used the slightest exertion to dress myself. I then crept languidly out of my room to breakfast, which was with us a public meal. My husband was deeply engaged with his hookah, and I generally found some one or other among the young civilians who frequented our table with whom to converse, and before whom to show off my fine-lady airs. We generally contrived to wear away our time till near ten o'clock with these visitors; after which I returned to my own apartments, where I found employment in reading, for we had all the new publications of a lighter kind, together with assortments of fashionable dresses twice every year from England, and in looking over and directing the

exploits of four *dirgees*, who sat in a veranda adjoining my apartments. And thus, with the help of occasional visitors and the calls of the medical man of the station, I continued to wear away the time till tiffin. At tiffin we always had some callers; and this meal being concluded, a doze on the sofa and another peep into some novel carried me on till it was time to dress for the evening airing. It was one of the pleasures of my life to see the variety of equipages, horses, and elephants which were paraded every evening in the front of our house, among which was a handsome phaeton, a *ton-jon*, an elephant with his superb howdah, a gig, or buggy, as we called it, other carriages of inferior note, and several saddle-horses. A splendid dinner was ready on our return from our airing, and we not infrequently concluded the day by playing at cards. Thus passed day after day, there being no notice by bell or book to remind us of the Sabbath.'

It is not to be wondered at that such a life as is here described should have enervated and demoralised those who led it, and quite unfitted them for existence in England. Constant communication between England and India may have its drawbacks, but at all events it has put an end to this evil.

Such were the English Nabobs, a class of men only possible under conditions now happily vanished. Our Indian officials, instead of being a byword for avarice and oppression, are the admiration of the world; and it would be a strange sight to-day to see even the most vulgar of the new rich learning oaths to use at the club, and buying rotten boroughs from a corrupt electorate.

Let those who doubt whether the world is getting better ponder the great gulf fixed between our times and those of the Nabobs.

SONG.

I FIND you in the wild unpeopled places,
Where, mile on mile, the heather-land unrolls!
You smile in simple upturned flower-faces
Which honest yellow sunlight aureoles!
The curlews crying on the windy moors,
The glad larks singing in the blue, have souls
Star-clear as yours!

I find you in the forest, where the trees
Bend, dreaming, o'er the rillet, seaward sped;
I see your graceful slenderness in these,
I feel your touch in brown leaves softly shed
On wistful golden afternoons; and turn
To see the sweet curve of your down-bent head
In grass and fern.

I find you best, I think, beside the sea;
It breathes your very spirit—fresh and clean,
Yet full of breath and light and mystery,
Deepness on deepness, hidden and unseen!
In the untrammelled tide you are expressed
So well and warmly! Sea and sky between,
I find you best!

LUCY NICHOLSON.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE MINE-SWEEPERS.

By HENRY MACDONALD.

SIX o'clock. A cold, gray morning, with a falling barometer, a rapidly freshening breeze, and a thin, cheerless drizzle. Altogether very uninviting weather, for overhead the sky is shrouded in sombre-looking cloud masses driving sedately in from seaward on the wings of the wind; while lower down, moving rapidly across the dull gray background, are the attenuated white wisps of scud and cirrus. The latter we prefer to call by their more familiar name of 'mares' tails;' and they, as the veriest tyro in weather lore knows, betoken wind, and plenty of it.

Inside the little east coast fishing harbour, with its twin gray stone breakwaters jutting out into the bay, everything is snug and peaceful enough. The water is only disturbed into minute corrugations as a more violent gust than usual hurtles in from seaward, but the vessels snugly moored inside do not feel it. They tug and strain at their hawsers as the blasts strike them; they grind softly at their fenders, but the gentle jarring movement gives no cause for real anxiety.

Outside the sheltered haven the sea is a wild gray-and-white expanse of leaping water. To a sailor it is not really rough, for the wind has not blown long enough from its present quarter to raise a really heavy sea. There is a 'lop,' as he would call it, and the short, steep undulations rise and fall perpendicularly with little or no forward motion; they leap about and topple over in confused hummocks and in no regular cadence; while their curling tops, spirited away by the fierce squalls coming down from seaward, go flying to leeward across the surface of the water in clouds of driving spray.

The harbour is very full. First come three homely-looking topsail schooners—fat, sturdy-looking craft with patched canvas, dingy paint-work, and no pretensions to comeliness. They are built for strictly utilitarian purposes; and presently, when the gangs of labourers arrive, they will be busy unloading their cargoes of north-country coal.

Next comes an elderly coasting-steamer, a small, ungainly vessel with an absurd-looking funnel too far aft for beauty, and one stumpy yellow mast with numerous swinging derricks. Her mate, or whoever is responsible for her appearance, has an eye for colour, for her ancient

hull has been newly painted black, with a vermilion waterline; while the superstructure round about the wheelhouse and engine-room fiddley is painted a rich burnt-sienna, with graining so that it may look like oak panelling. The funnel, brilliant carmine with a black top, is a gorgeous spectacle, and somehow the venerable old craft reminds us of an elderly but coquettish matron masquerading in girlish finery. But the man responsible for the steamer's appearance realises he has a reputation to keep up. The ship rejoices in the name of *Lord Kitchener*, and everybody knows who he is.

Several fishing-craft with rich-tanned sails lying at buoys, a lighter or two, and a couple of squat, powerful-looking steam-tugs are also present; while farther on, alongside the wharf, moored in pairs, are six small single-funnelled steamers flying the White Ensign. Their shape seems familiar, and a closer inspection reveals the fact that they are ordinary steam-trawlers masquerading as men-of-war. They are painted the usual steel-gray of the British Navy, and upon the bows of each is a number in large white figures. They are mine-sweepers, whose duty it is to keep the coastwise channels free of mines dropped by the enemy, and if we could go on board we should see the apparatus with which they do it. In peace-time they are simple fishing-craft, and can be seen in their dozens on the Dogger Bank. Now, during war, these small ships have been taken over by the Admiralty, and have become part and parcel of the Royal Navy. Their skippers have been promoted to warrant-officers of the Royal Naval Reserve; their deck-hands, trimmers, and greasers have likewise been enrolled in the R.N.R., and are subject to discipline; and, instead of seeking for fish, they now seek for mines.

The mine-sweeping trawlers—and there are scores of them—are divided into groups, each of which is commanded by a commissioned officer of the Royal Navy or Royal Naval Reserve; and their work, though at times it may be dull and uninteresting, is every whit as important as that of the battleships and cruisers whose silent pressure maintains our command of the sea and keeps our trade routes open. Those who live comfortably ashore have little idea of the hazardous nature of the task undertaken by

our ex-fishermen. Steaming through a freshly sown mine-field is rather like walking through a dense wood at midnight with no lantern, except that trees do not explode on impact; and since the war started many trawlers have been blown up, with serious loss of life.

The work generally starts at about daylight, when the vessels leave harbour and steam out to the area they are going to sweep clear of mines. The senior vessel of the group, commanded by a naval officer, goes on ahead to direct the operations, and the others, working in pairs abreast of each other, follow astern of her. Between the vessels of each pair is the sweep-wire, sunk to the necessary depth in the water by means of towed 'kites,' wooden arrangements acting on the same principle as the ordinary air-kites. This wire can be regulated to travel at any depth beneath the surface.

The mines, moored to the bottom, may have been laid to float at any depth. They may be anything between twenty-five and eight feet under water, or even less, and the kites, with their connecting sweep-wire, are set at a mean depth to catch them all.

If mines are found, the sweep-wire either catches the moorings and tows mine and moorings along with it, or else breaks the mine adrift from its sinker and brings it to the surface. Sometimes the sweep-wire parts under the strain, but it is usually possible to tell when mines have been caught, and they are then dragged to one side of the channel and destroyed by rifle-fire. If the engines of destruction are broken adrift and brought to the surface, they are dealt with in the same way. If the bullets hit the detonators the mine generally explodes at once; but if, on the other hand, the buoyancy chamber is punctured and flooded, it goes to the bottom like a stone, and becomes innocuous. Either method of dealing with them is equally effective.

The mine-sweeping itself is risky work, for the trawlers themselves draw anything up to twelve feet of water, and may come into contact with mines laid at or above this depth. If a mine-sweeper is struck, and the resultant explosion occurs forward under the bows, she may be able to keep afloat, eventually to be towed into harbour by one of her consorts. If the detonation takes place amidships or in the stern, however, it is unlikely that the ship will survive it, while the men in the engine and boiler room will probably perish with the vessel. How many mine-sweeping trawlers have been lost through striking mines since the beginning of the war it is inadvisable to say, but the loss of life has been heavy enough.

Nothing seems to disturb the equanimity of the gallant North Sea fishermen who have enrolled themselves for this dangerous work. They are inured from their earliest boyhood to life at sea in small craft in all weathers. They are

used to riding out the gales on the Dogger Bank, and to them it comes as nothing to go out mine-sweeping in weather which is nothing short of poisonous. Their hardihood stands them in good stead, for they may be out for three or four days at a stretch, with little or no opportunity for sleep; but even this is nothing to what they sometimes have to do as ordinary fishermen in peace-time, when they may not see the shore for three or four weeks at a time. One would imagine that the danger and peril of their life in war-time would have some effect on their nerves. Not a bit of it. They feel, and quite rightly, that it is no use pondering over what may happen. They just take things as they come.

During the early days of the war the writer met the skipper of a trawler whose vessel had just been blown up by a newly laid German mine. She had sunk in less than two minutes, with a loss of about half-a-dozen men; and the skipper himself, who had been in the water for over half-an-hour, was badly shaken and cut about the head. No wonder, for the mine had exploded amidships, and had hurled him through the substantial roof of the wheelhouse.

'I suppose,' I remarked, shortly after he had been rescued, 'you'll be glad to get a spell ashore—what?'

'Spell!' he exclaimed rather testily. 'Lor', no! I hope you'll give me another ship at once, and let it be something with a gun in it. I want to have a smack at the blighters who laid them darned things!'

I pity any enemy he gets hold of, for he is a thick-set, sturdy-looking man, with a chest like an ox, and meant what he said. His wish, moreover, was granted, for he is now in command of 'something with a gun,' though whether or not he has met any Germans I cannot say.

At 6.15 A.M. the trawlers in the harbour are making preparations for going to sea. The men come on deck in oilskins, smoking pipes, and eyeing the weather dubiously. It looks dirty, and the wind is freshening fast; but they know well enough that they will go out however hard it may blow. Presently the respective skippers appear from their tiny cabins and clamber up on the minute bridges of their little vessels. They too are clad in oilskins over a thick layer of inner garments; but it is noticeable that every man on board wears a cork lifebelt round his waist or an inflated swimming-collar round his neck. They are fatalists perhaps, but there is no harm in taking a few simple precautions.

'Go on, No. 5!' comes a curt order through a megaphone from the senior officer's trawler.

The skipper of No. 5 waves his hand, pipes are put out, the men run to their stations in bow and stern, and presently the ends of the securing-hawsers fall into the water with a series of splashes.

'Half-speed ahead! Helm hard a-starboard!' the skipper orders the man in the wheelhouse.

The engine-room telegraph tinkles, the screw propeller begins to revolve in a wash of churned-up water, and soon, with her *White Ensign* fluttering bravely in the breeze, No. 5 is steaming straight for the opening between the breakwaters. She passes the gorgeous *Lord Kitchener* at a distance of barely twenty feet, and as she glides by a tousle-headed figure appears in the open door of the steamer's galley.

'Ullo, mates!' he shouts derisively; 'goin' fishin'!'

'Fishin', you lop-eared swab!' jocularly retorts one of the trawler's men. 'Call yourself a sailor? Come out o' that galley o' yours and do a job o' work for a change! We're a man-o'-war, we are, protectin' the likes o' you, and don't you bloomin' well forget it, me son!'

The cook is not slow at repartee, and for some moments a rapid fire of nautical but perfectly harmless abuse passes from ship to ship. But at length the trawler is out of earshot, and is steaming through the narrow entrance. Her bows lift slightly as she makes her first curtsy to the open sea, and a whiff of wind-flung spray comes rattling over her high bows, to send the man on the forecastle scurrying for shelter farther aft.

Ten minutes later the pioneer has been joined by the other units of her flotilla; and, moving along in single line, man-o'-war fashion, the whole six are soon punching their way out to sea towards the scene of their labours. The small gray ships, dingy and weather-beaten, are in absolute keeping with the sombre gray of the sky and the gray-green expanse of sea. They

seem eminently suitable for the work they have to do; but presently they have all disappeared from view behind a misty white rain-squall driving in from seaward.

The harbour, somehow, seems deserted without them, and not even the *Lord Kitchener's* brilliant colouring can quite make up for the aspect of emptiness caused by their absence. To-night, perhaps, when the dusk is falling, those six small gray ships will return with salt-encrusted funnels and a fearsome tale of many mines caught in their sweeps and destroyed. They may have a blank day, and catch no mines at all. If they are unlucky, some of them may never come back, and a laconic paragraph in the newspapers will state that H.M. *Trawler No.* — was blown up and sunk by a German mine in the North Sea, and that — men are missing. But this is an eventuality that the trawlers' men themselves never consider. They are accustomed to taking risks, and they carry on their hazardous tasks with the same dogged perseverance and the same indomitable pluck that have ever been the prerogatives of British fishermen. Gallant fellows! No weather can deter them. In rain, hail, or snow, flat calm, blinding gale, or dense fog, they are always at sea doing their share in keeping the flag flying. It is no small share either. They have none of the excitement of battle. They have little to gain, except perhaps a medal at the end of the war; and we, who benefit by their labours, should be the first to acknowledge our indebtedness to the splendid fishermen who form the crews of His Majesty's mine-sweeping trawlers.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE UNINVITED GUEST.

A FAREWELL message had been left for me at the 'White Horse' by Walter Irving. He had got another horse, and had ridden back to the Border, and left me his regrets and adieux. I missed his company, wondering how his love-affair had prospered, and if ever I should see him again.

My wardrobe required attention; for, although my clothes were good, they were for the road only, and had suffered somewhat during my adventures. I made my way to Filly the tailor's, and from a bewildering array of satins and velvets and what not I was lucky to be suited with what his bill set forth to be a 'superfine claret-coloured coat, with dove knee-breeches, and a hat trimmed with silver.' These, with two or three pairs of stockings and buckled shoes, and a small sword, cost me ten guineas. They were not cheap, but I felt that I could ruffle it now with the best of the young bloods in the town. When I fitted them on I wondered whether Mistress Charlotte would ever see me in them.

The hours followed one another as tediously as water over a mill-wheel. The streets, that used to be crowded and throbbing with life, were now dull and empty. I scanned the passers-by in vain on the chance of seeing Mistress Charlotte or Bertrand. Foolish pride had made me leave The Garth, and to go back to it unbidden was beyond my courage or my vanity. The thought that in all likelihood I had closed the door of The Garth on myself was torture. I wandered about alone with my thoughts. Sometimes I went to the Prince's camp at Duddingston, oftener to the high path above the Lang Dikes, where I could get a sight of the sea and the fringe of the Lothian beside it that held my place of enchantment.

I had returned to the 'White Horse' from one of these sentimental excursions in the afternoon of the third day after my leaving The Garth, and there I found a letter from Bertrand. My fingers trembled so much that I could scarcely break the seal; but the con-

tents wrought a magic on my spirits. 'Figure to yourself,' wrote he, 'my surprise at your—what shall I call it?—desertion. But we can, if it calls for it, discuss this when we meet. Meantime you are forgiven, if indeed there is any need for forgiveness. We have need of you—urgent need of you. I have great news, and would have come in person were it not that Glenira had been worse. He is better at this moment; but I shall not leave him, for his memory shows signs of returning. I am gathering the threads of his story, and spy adventures for us in the North. My sister (who is looking over my shoulder as I write this) goes to-night to the Prince's ball at Holyrood, under the wing of a Jacobite duenna. She joins me in this summons to you. I am sending this by a trusty hand. Pray send an answer by him, saying that we shall see you either to-night or early to-morrow morning.'

There was no doubt of the genuineness of the missive. It came like a sudden shaft of sunlight into the room. 'We have need of you!' Charlotte as well as her brother had sent the message. The thought was music. I wrote a message to Bertrand that I would present myself at The Garth early next morning, and, giving the messenger a shilling and a dram, sped him on his return journey, and fell a-thinking.

Charlotte was going to a ball at Holyrood! The thought kindled a spark of disquiet in me, of envy of every one who would be there, for they would see her, some of them would speak to her, touch her hand, dance with her; and there were Jacobite gallants galore, brave of heart and good to look upon, men after her own heart; among them, I made no doubt, many used to courts and equipped with graces that I had none of. And she would be the most beautiful woman there. The picture pleased me little. I would have given much to be at the Prince's ball, but the entry to Holyrood was barred. I was a stranger and a Hanoverian, although a swordless one. I could not go without the necessary formalities of being vouched for and invited, and I knew no one whom I could approach to secure an invitation. Yet chance often comes the way of those who know what they want.

I had gone out to the yard of the inn to look to my mare's comfort, and there I saw the landlord talking to a decent-looking fellow with a merry eye. The lad stared hard at me, and, with a touch of his hat, came forward with 'Tis young Mr Layton, surely!'

I knew him at once when he spoke. He was one Jim Caldwell, son of a yeoman in Annerdale, with whom I had wrestled more than once in Westmorland. Jim was a rolling stone, nothing worse; a lad of many parts, but prone to tire soon of the exercise of them.

'Why, Jim!' I cried, 'what dost tha' so far north, lad? It does my heart good to see tha.'

'And mine too, sir, to hear good Westmorland

again, I can tell tha'. What news fra th' Dale?'

I gave him such gossip of his home-country as I thought would interest him—the births, deaths, and marriages; the crops, sport, who had won the champion belt at wrestling, and so forth; and, taking him into the inn, called for a couple of tankards.

'And what of you, Jim? Is it the old story?'

'T'hist said it. T'owd story o' wanderin'. I'll wander till I die. I ha' been school-masterin', strollin', play-actin', fore-th'-mast, an' Lord knows what; and now I'm fiddlin'.'

'Fiddling?'

'Ay, fiddlin'! I am second fiddle in Halley's Edinburgh band! I was never one to quarrel wi' late hours or company. 'Tis th' grand times I'm havin'. Th' comin' o' th' Yoong Chevalier, as they call him, we thowt 'ud make trade dull; but 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, for now we play nearly every night down at Holyrood.'

'Holyrood! Are you playing there to-night?'

'Yes; and, by the same token, I'll need to put in some practice, for we are due in an hour.'

An impulse seized me. Straightway I told him that I wanted to see a ball at Holyrood. 'Jim, frankly, there is a lady in the case,' I said. 'You understand. There are difficulties.'

'Mr Edmund, 'tis your father's son that has only to ask. If 'tis only a sight o' th' ball, why not come wi' us?'

'You think it could be managed?'

'As easy as a kiss tha' hand. My master, Halley—as good a fiddler as ever fell off his chair—loves a guinea as well as he does whisky. Keep tha' mind easy. Get ready, Mr Layton, an' I'll bring him here in half-an-hour.'

He hurried away, and I ran up to my room, mightily pleased with my luck. There I changed into my new finery, and waited in a fever of anxiety lest the good Jim had been too sanguine. My fears were groundless, for in half-an-hour he appeared, along with a smiling, little, red-faced man, who gave me a dancing-master's bow and scrape, and said he was at my service.

When I told him of my desire to see the ball, 'We maun ca' canny, sir,' said he. 'Can ye play any instrument?'

'Nothing except a post-horn, and only two calls on that!'

'Preserve us!' quoth he; 'a post-horn!' in a cackle of laughter. 'We'll gi'e ye the handlin' o' a viola, on strict condection that ye bring no sound out o't. We'll seat ye at the back o' the band. Ye'll do no harm if ye use the back o' the bow. Keep time with your elbuck, an' ye'll see the ball, an' naebody, gentle or semple, need be a grain the wiser.'

He looked over my new finery, and shook his head. 'Ye're braw, sir—braw! Beau Forrester himsel'. Ye're ower braw! Ye'll look like a

kingfisher among craws wi' they claes on among us fiddlers.'

This was plain to be seen, and a dark overcoat over my tell-tale plumage got over the difficulty. I paid the little man well for his trouble, and gave him something extra to wet the band's whistle. The viola, in a green cloth bag, was given to me, and out stepped the three of us into the darkening, I in the rear, with the clumsy bag under my arm, feeling more like a fool than I ever remembered.

At Holyrood House we entered by a side-door, where a Highland sentry admitted us as a matter of course. We made our way up a narrow stair to the musicians' gallery, which, in spite of its grand name, was little better than a stuffy kennel. We were early, and I had time to look around the long Picture Gallery where the ball was to be given.

Some gentlemen-in-waiting flitted about, and officers chatted and laughed in groups. At each door a couple of stalwart Highland soldiers had their places, in full bravery, shining Lochaber axes on their shoulders. The orchestra began to tune up, and I took my place, with the viola, at the back. Presently I heard the sound of the pipes, and a great number of the Chevalier's officers from the camp at Duddingston entered.

From the opposite doors the stream of guests began to flow, a gay tide of colour, jewels twinkling in it as in the current of a sun-kissed river; brilliant dresses; white roses; rich uniforms; gold brocade and lace; and the contrast and harmonies of the tartans; the weft of it all filling the ballroom with a splendour of colour and movement. I scanned the gathering crowd of guests with a beating heart for a sign of Charlotte; but from where I sat, even by craning my neck, I could only see half-way down the ballroom. Soon even this glimpse was denied me, for the little bandmaster whispered that the ball was about to begin. I had to sit back clasping my viola ready for my bogus part. The orchestra struck up a minuet, and in an instant the formless throng was translated by the magic of the music into a picture of rhythm and grace.

When the dance was finished Charles Edward entered, a royal, charming figure, in his person external grace and distinction, the heritage of the Stuarts. He was not far from me. I recall the flush of pleasure on the handsome oval face; the straight, goodly figure; the fair head and the dark eyes, with more than a hint of sadness in them. He was in English Court dress, wearing the Ribbon, Star, and Order of the Garter. He went slowly up to the top of the room, and there the Chevalier held a miniature levée. I was watching the ebb and flow of it, when I saw a slight girlish figure curtsy and kiss hands. The rainbow hues of the assembly faded beside the radiance of her. The room held for me one presence only—Mistress

Charlotte's. For the next hour I tasted the Waters of Marah. The Chevalier led her out to a measure, the only dance he took part in that evening, except one with Lady Betty Wemyss. Scores of admiring gallants surrounded her. My eyes followed her at quadrille, minuet, and reel, and there was I cooped up in the stuffy kennel, masquerading with a viola in my arm, my elbow jiggling in time with the others, the lilt of the fiddles mocking me. Raving impotently to myself, I could have trodden my accursed instrument under foot.

At the end of a dance she came with a cavalier to an alcove on my right, quite near me. His back was towards me, and to my fancy her eyes were ever and again straying over the ballroom as if searching it. I stood up and leaned over the little gallery recklessly, and her eyes met mine. For an instant I read astonishment in them. The colour left her face, and, with a swift glance of alarm round the room, she said something to her escort, who bowed and left her. A moment later, and she had taken the white rose from her girdle, and held it out as if casually; but she lifted her eyes to mine as she did so. 'Twas but for an instant, but it was meant to be a signal. Next moment her partner reappeared, and they mingled with the crowd. Another dance was beginning. As for me, back in my dark corner, I slipped off my shabby cloak, went boldly down the stairs into the ballroom, and sauntered along with what composure I could muster.

No one, as I thought, beyond a casual glance or two, took the slightest notice of me. I was well dressed. Except for the absence of the White Cockade, I was just like scores of the men there. I found Charlotte sitting beside an old lady near the top of the room, and going straight up to her, I made my bow. She was very pale, but greeted me with a smile, and presented me to her duenna, Lady Jean Hewat, with 'This is Mr Edmund Layton, a friend of Bertrand's and of mine.'

The lady was wary and inquisitive, and looked at me narrowly over her snuff-box. 'Layton? The name is not familiar. Layton of—of'—

I gave her my standing in Westmorland. She thawed visibly at the mention of my father's title, and started off on a dissertation concerning the intermarriage of some of her ancestors with leading families over the Border. I contrived a great show of interest, and in a lull of the old lady's discourse craved her permission for the honour of a dance with her ward.

'Is she no' a bonny lass?' said she with startling suddenness, plainly enjoying my embarrassment.

'I think she is the most beautiful woman present,' I stammered in a low voice, for Charlotte was on the other side of her.

'Ye'll be glad to learn that ye are the'—here she corrected or pretended to correct her arith-

metic—'the seventeenth young gentleman that has told me that to-night. Gude kens how many more have said it to her face.' Then, I suppose, seeing my face fall, 'Awa' wi' her, and bring her back to me.'

For a delicious moment we floated together

in the soft sea of music, when Charlotte in a whisper said, 'I must see you. I have something urgent to say.'

'The night is fine. Let us look at it,' I ventured.

(Continued on page 404.)

FUNGI AS FOOD.

By Mrs F. A. DOUGLAS.

HUNTING for mushrooms is a summer pastime, yet fungi-lovers know that autumn and winter are the seasons when this interesting and curious family of plants may be had in the best condition. In the autumnal decay and autumnal moisture fungi breed to perfection, and the winter woodland is brightened by their rich and gorgeous colouring.

Here in Britain we think the mushroom is the only fungus we can eat, but in Italy it is believed there is only one fungus that is not good for food; and in Rome our mushroom is forbidden, because it closely resembles a poisonous variety there. The champignon, or milk-mushroom, is rightly adjudged in Italy, as in France, a delicacy to be highly esteemed. Near Milan a fungus called *russula* is a treasure-trove. So the poorer visitors go to the woods and gather it, make fires, roast it in the embers, and eat it with a little salt. Why do we not have mushroom picnics in Britain? Only those who have eaten mushrooms freshly picked and grilled know how delicious they are. As the fungi are best gathered with the morning dew on them, mushroom breakfasts would be a new and pleasing form of entertainment.

The Hungarians have a fungus called *Boletus*, which they esteem highly, and when dried in strings it is used in making soups. This fungus is believed to be the *suillus*, so highly praised by the Romans. The Austrians stew this variety in milk, and then grill it. The *chanterelle*, another fungus highly appreciated on the Continent, has a flavour resembling the apricot, and is of a rich golden colour like that delectable fruit. Curiously enough, the only occasion in England when the *chanterelle* is served is at the Freemasons' Hall on state occasions; and an admirer has said, 'Not only never did it do any harm, but it might even restore the dead.' A marvellous edible indeed!

The truffle, of course, is the fungus *par excellence*, and, as every one knows, it is a subterranean growth. Pigs and dogs are trained to nose it out. There are three truffles, the black, the white, and the red; but the black ones are the best. Périgord truffles are famous, but all French truffles are good. There is another subterranean truffle found on the Neilgherries, five thousand feet above sea-level, called 'man's little bread,'

because it is so nutritious, and it is much used by the natives. The 'buckaboe' is a curious American fungus, unique in being so rich in pectic acid that it is used in making jelly.

In Britain every one is mortally afraid of eating fungi lest they should be poisonous varieties. A little more knowledge would open up a very interesting source of food, for the mushroom is by no means our only edible fungus, and the tests for detecting injurious fungi are really very simple. As a general rule, mushrooms growing under trees should be avoided, as they breed from decay. If a silver spoon thrust amongst cooking-mushrooms turns black, it is a sure sign that a wrong mushroom has crept in among them. When mushrooms are *réchauffé* they should not be used, as they cause violent indigestion; nor should spirits be drunk when mushrooms are eaten, as the two things do not agree.

The best known with us are the common mushroom, the tufted mushroom, and the horse-mushroom. The tufted mushroom grows in tufts or clusters; hence its name. The horse-mushroom is as yet somewhat despised, but it is really very good; the flesh does not turn brown when broken, and the gills remain brown when old. There is a delightful early spring variety which is ready about St George's Day, and is called St George's mushroom. So little is this fungus esteemed here that much of it is dried and sent abroad, where it fetches about fifteen shillings a pound. In Italy basketfuls of it are presented to doctors and lawyers instead of fees. There is a mushroom grown in Epping Forest to which the *Daily Chronicle* has been calling attention lately. It is the *Helvella crispa*, and only a very few people seem to know and appreciate its delicate flavour. It is one of the morels.

There is a very curious English fungus called the 'vegetable beefsteak,' which grows on trees, and sometimes weighs between two and three pounds. Cut across, its flesh appears like steak, and its exterior is moist, clammy, and sticky. Its botanical name is *Fistulina hepatica*. Some consider it an excellent substitute for beef; others believe its chief use to be the foundation of a good sauce for beef. Broiled along with a steak, it adds to its savour, and it has a slight acidity, which judiciously tempers the richness of the beef. In Vienna it is sliced down thin

in a salad. As an ingredient in soup it has much merit, and greatly enriches the flavour.

Very quaint in shape is the 'horn of plenty,' found in both the New and Epping Forests. It is like an inverted cone or trumpet, about three inches high, the thin end next the ground. All fungi, it may be noted, suffer from 'swelled head.' The top curves like a trumpet. It needs to be very carefully washed, as its shape readily permits sand and dirt to gather about it. Stewed in stock with pepper, salt, and parsley, it is delicious. Its correct name is *Craterellus cornucopioides*.

The 'puff-ball' is an urban mushroom, for it will grow on building land and in London suburbs. Of old it was considered poisonous, and was used—so dry and powdery was it—in lighting fires. An old rhyme runs:

The aged puff-balls shall help us to cheat
The dainty bees of their luscious meat;

While others shall turn to give us light,
And scare from our dell the dreary night.

The 'puff-ball' is often large and loaf-like in appearance. An appreciative American calls it the 'South Down of mushrooms,' and considers it more delicious than any omelet.

Nature study has become more popular in late years, and we note with pleasure that some teachers now take their children for nature walks, and when near a suitable spot send them on fungi forays. This is helping them to acquire knowledge suitable for both boys and girls, and embryo cooks would do well to study the properties of these and other curious foods.

In the woods round London—Wimbledon Common and Epping Forest—we find the winter fungi in their glory. It is one of the compensations of nature that the useless fungi are the more decorative. A bank of moss with red and gold and brown fungi in it makes a unique decoration.

THE HEIR TO SUNNINGHALL.

CHAPTER IV.

GREGORY LE FEVRE was reclining in a hammock-chair one sultry afternoon, smoking as usual. He now habitually smoked much more than he had been accustomed to—more, his aunt told him, than was good for him. Perhaps this accounted to some extent for a noticeable change in the almost remarkably healthy look he had carried with him to England. But he was reluctant to knock off this solace of what he sometimes secretly found rather tedious hours. Something, he knew not what, was vaguely oppressing him; the climate, soft, warm, and relaxing, tried his appetite and vigour; he felt, as he expressed it, 'off colour,' and his usual zest for life was perceptibly lessened. His open forehead was slightly contracted with thought; there was a certain perplexity in his boyish look—something of the expression of a clever child trying to puzzle out the problems of its life. He turned his head to see Margaret Emerson coming slowly up the terrace-steps laden with a mass of long-stemmed roses. She looked cool and handsome in her white linen dress, open slightly at the smooth, creamy throat; but there was something grave, and troubled too, in her look which responded to his, though that brightened at her approach till a gleam of its usual sunny cordiality greeted her. 'Come here; come and sit by me. I want to talk to you,' he said, putting his hand on the garden seat beside him. 'I am tired of my own thoughts.'

She took the seat at once, and let the roses lie between them. 'And I want to talk to you too,' she said, not looking at him, but at the ground before her. She spoke in a low, resolute voice that seemed to be an effort.

'Well, talk,' he said, lazily stretching his

arms behind his head and watching her. 'I had rather listen to you.'

'Ah, but I want to ask questions. You will have to answer, and answer quite truly.'

'Don't I always speak the truth?'

'I don't know. Sometimes I think *not*. You are too afraid of hurting people. Mr Le Fevre, you are too kind.'

'Dear me! I did not know you thought so well or so ill of me. Give instances.'

'I will. Were you speaking the exact truth this morning at breakfast when you told Aunt Lyddy you were perfectly satisfied with things as they are? You know, when something was said about the servants. Mr Le Fevre, you know perfectly well that this state of things ought not to go on.'

'What do you mean? What state of things?'

'You know,' she returned, frowning and plucking at the trimming of her dress. 'I don't want to tell you, yet I feel I must. Mrs Guthrie has been very good to me; she saved me from poverty, and she is good and generous to many people. I ought not to say what I am obliged to. Mr Le Fevre, make a stand. Sunninghall is yours in law; it is not yours in fact. Let them—let us all go, and take possession yourself.'

He stared at her in surprise. She was very pale, and her lips, her whole body, trembled. She had wound herself up with a great effort to say this.

'Let you all go?' he repeated.

'Yes, yes. I said I would ask you questions, and that you must answer them truly. Indeed you must. Mr Le Fevre, are you content with being as you are, no master, no real owner, put

quietly on one side, sacrificed to an uncontrollable passion.'

'Margaret!' In his shaken and disturbed mood her Christian name escaped him. 'Margaret, what can you mean? "An uncontrollable passion." Whose?'

'Can't you guess?' she said in a slow whisper, her head dropping lower. 'Whom can I mean?'

'My aunt Lyddy's?'

'Yes. If ever woman had a passion, an obsession, she has. Are you so little observant? Has she entirely blinded you? Haven't you found out yet that Sunninghall is the dearest thing in life to her, dearer than her husband, as dear as the child might be that she never had? Do you *really* believe that your aunt is the characterless, sweet, yielding woman you thought her at first? I have lived with her ten years, and I know her. You force me to speak; you force me to a seeming ingratitude; but I see you letting your life be spoilt. You are not well, not contented. I say again, for your own sake, and—yes, for *hers*, for everybody's—let us all go!'

She spoke with concentrated but subdued passion; then, as if she dared say no more, she rose abruptly.

He caught her hand and held it with more force than he knew. 'Margaret, you are saying this against your will. I see that. Why?'

She did not answer; she struggled to release her hand, but his grip was too strong.

He repeated, 'Why? Because—because you like me? You are my friend? Reserved as you have been, I have felt you my friend. Is it so?'

She tried to laugh. 'Now *you* are asking questions, and that was what I came to do!'

'But answer mine, and I will answer yours. You *are* my friend?'

'Yes, Mr Le Fevre, I am,' she said under her breath. 'And now *my* questions. You are *not* satisfied with things as they are going?'

'Well, perhaps I feel a little sometimes as if I wanted more freedom to live my own life, as if a cobweb of gentle coercion surrounded me; but I blame no one.'

'*Do something!*' she said vehemently. 'Assert yourself! Don't delay.' Then, almost angrily, she tore her fingers from his grasp, gathered up her flowers, and hurried to the house.

He sat thinking, puzzling over her words and looks. It plagued his direct mind, simple as regards plots and motives, to have any problem to digest. What was the matter? Why did Margaret do violence to her own inclinations, to her own feelings of gratitude, to warn him? Ay, and he had been warned before; that was the odd part of it. What had that lawyer fellow told him as he repeated his dead uncle's message? 'Tell him not to keep the Guthries here. Warn him from me. I have my reasons. God help me! I

have my reasons.' No doubt it was the delusion of a man whose mind was changed by illness, by age. But was Margaret also deluded? Did she not seem the very incarnation of clear, unprejudiced sense? Had it not been a strong motive that had torn that warning from her? Was she not sad indeed to have to give it? 'But what can I do?' he said, half-aloud in his perplexity. 'Aunt Lyddy has been sweet to me. I own she has taken the reins completely, but that is my fault. I have just let things drift, and she is too old to change. She cares very much for my comfort; she is always kindness and consideration itself. I *can't* be brutal to her! Hasn't she always said it would break her heart to leave Sunninghall? Shall I go? Shall I travel, and leave her in possession? Margaret would scorn that as a weakness; and I don't want to leave Margaret, that's the truth.' He moved restlessly about. His ease and comfort of mind and body were disturbed; he could decide on nothing. The cobweb held him; he felt curiously powerless. 'At any rate, I need do nothing in a hurry. I'll think it over. Meantime I'll get the motor and have a spin. The wind may blow the fog out of my brain.'

He went into the house, and in the hall found his aunt arranging some of Margaret's roses. She looked up at him and smiled just as she always did, the little, sweet, mechanical smile.

'Well, Greg dear, where are you off to?'

'I'm going in the motor. Will you come, Aunt Lyddy?'

'No, thank you, dear. I'm not so *very* fond of it, you know, and I've things to do. Going across the park or out the other way?'

'Through the park and Sunninghall village, I think. Can I do anything for you?'

'No, thank you, Greg.'

'Will Miss Emerson go? She is indoors, isn't she? I'll ask her.'

For the first time he heard the soft voice raised almost, it seemed, in anger, almost vehemently, 'No, I don't wish it. I am old-fashioned. I don't wish Margaret Emerson to be careering about the country alone with you.'

He stared at her in surprise; then, turning, said rather coldly, 'All right, Aunt Lyddy. It seemed perfectly simple to me. I'm used to life abroad and free and easy ways.'

His aunt laid a stroking hand on his arm. 'Don't be vexed, dear. I did not mean to be cross. Do you know, I believe we have all had a touch of that nasty influenza that poor Daniel had. I feel irritable and tired, and you don't look really well. I shall have to take care of you. Your uncle or Dr Bastin will have to prescribe for you.'

'Well, don't let it be Dr Bastin at any rate,' he said, reverting to his usual manner. 'I believe I haven't unbounded faith in him. Meanwhile I'll try what fresh air and a good spin will do for me.'

'Now, don't go your reckless speed. Be careful, Greg.'

He laughed, a gay, careless laugh. 'But I like speed, auntie; and if I'm smashed, remember it's your gain.'

'My gain! Greg, how can you talk so?'

'Well, your material gain. I did make that will, you know.'

'Greg, don't!'

'There, there, little Aunt Lyddy! don't be shocked; I'm not going to be smashed. Good-bye till dinner-time.'

He buttoned on his dust-coat, nodded to her, and left the small frail figure standing on the top step of the circular stone sweep that led to the great nail-studded oak door. As he caught the rather curious pinched expression it crossed his mind unwillingly that perhaps there was something in what Margaret said. Aunt Lyddy did not always look quite the meek, gentle soul he had esteemed her.

He went a rather wildly rapid spin, enjoying the rush of the air, the sensation of speed, the liberty. As he came through the small park (which hardly deserved so stately a name) he very nearly had the accident he had spoken of so lightly. The car suddenly, at top speed, jarred against an impediment, and, swerving, threw him on to the bank—fortunately a mossy bank—and his head just escaped the stem of a fir-tree. A large bough had fallen across the track. This was odd, as there was no wind. It must have been rotten, and had chosen the moment to fall when it might have meant disaster. Naturally, he was bruised and considerably jarred and shaken; but soon he was sure that there was no serious damage either to himself or the car. 'There must be a sweet little cherub up aloft,' he said to himself, 'to look after my safety. It's a marvel I'm not smashed. 'Tisn't the first time I've had a narrow squeak. Aunt Lyddy will say, "That dreadful car!" and scold me for overdriving her. Well, a miss is as good as a mile. I've got off with an infernal headache and a tidy lot of bruises; but Aunt Lyddy has lost her chance this time.'

He saw some one coming running towards him from the house, a figure in white, hatless, with a white face and wild eyes. It was Margaret. As he reached her he halted, and, jumping out, caught her as she almost fell.

'Margaret, has anything happened? What's the matter?'

She broke out into sobs, 'You're safe! you're safe! Nothing's happened.'

'My dear, my dear, don't cry. What's frightened you? You see I'm safe. Why did you suppose I was not? Did you guess? Have you the second sight?'

'Guess! Then there *was* something. Tell me quick, are you hurt?'

'Hush! Be quiet, darling!' He was holding

her against him. They were quite unconscious what they were doing or saying. 'I'm all right; believe me, I am. There was a slight accident; it might have been a bad one; but, on my solemn oath, there's nothing to fret about. Bless you for caring! The car bumped up against a fallen bough, and I was thrown out; but it did me no harm, thank God! There, there now, don't sob; don't shake so. Tell me what made you think I had had a spill.'

'I don't know; I can't tell you. Something came over me. Oh, let me go, Mr Le Fevre! I am all right now. I was foolish. I am not often upset.'

'Don't let us frighten my aunt. Is she at home?'

'No; she took the pony-carriage and drove out an hour ago. She said she had to see the vicar's wife.'

'Get into the car, for you are still all shaking.'

She turned, however, with a movement of her head. 'No; go on round to the garage. I am going up to my room. I can't get over my fright just all at once.' Indeed, her whole expression and manner was entirely changed. Her reserved, almost cold, exterior seemed broken down by vehement emotion. There was at once terror and tenderness about her.

Gregory was moved to his very soul, as no woman had moved him yet. Margaret cared for him. That conviction seized upon and held him, and he would never rest till she was his own. Her elusive womanhood, reserved, yet with a hidden fire, guessed at, not betrayed, allured him while it half-resisted. He longed for the time when nothing in her, soul or body, should resist him.

He did not see his aunt for an hour. When she returned, and had evidently been told of his escape, she came hurrying in, her whole fragile little person quivering, white as death, a strange expression in her eyes which half-frightened him. Everybody seemed behaving strangely. What did that look in her eyes mean? After all, he was perfectly sound; he had escaped. What was there to call for that extraordinary agitation?

'You—you had an accident, Greg?' Her voice was strained and stammering, its usual soft note harshened. 'Say, are you—are you sure you are not hurt? What happened?'

'Well, nothing really, Aunt Lyddy,' he answered with even exaggerated coolness to counteract her foolish emotion. 'A bough had broken off and fallen across the road. The car was thrown on her side, and I was jerked out, but fortunately neither she nor I was hurt.'

'She?'

'The car. Don't you know they are always female? I suppose it is because they run us into danger. By the bye, if you drove that way it was lucky you had not a jar, though old Robin's pretty safe.'

'It—it wasn't down when I passed.'

'No? Well, it's all perfectly right now.'

She sat down suddenly, as if the trembling of her limbs forbade her standing; but he could see she was making immense efforts to resume her usual gentle calm. She passed her small, smooth, but wrinkled hands over her face, closed her eyes a moment, then forced a smile. 'Ah, naughty boy! You and your car have made my heart go. So it all ended in nothing. Well, well! you have much to be thankful for. And how are you, dear? Has it shaken you too?'

He laughed. 'Well, Aunt Lyddy, it takes more than that to shake an old campaigner. I'm perfectly all right.'

She shook her head. 'You don't look it. You have had "flu" you know, and it has pulled you down. I must give you some of my special tonic. Uncle will make it up, since my bad boy has taken a prejudice against poor Dr Bastin.' She got up slowly, smiling, though it still seemed a forced smile, and she remained white and shaky, passed her hand down his arm, patted his hand, and went out.

'I wish,' he said, with a sudden distaste he was really ashamed of—'I wish Aunt Lyddy was not so fond of patting and stroking; it's rather a tiresome habit. One is not always in the humour to be pawed.'

Just before dinner she brought him a glass of her 'tonic.' He protested he did not want it, but at her soft, persistent persuasion he was raising it to his lips, when, turning at Margaret's entrance, he was surprised to see her, behind Mrs Guthrie's back, violently shake her head, her lips forming a 'No.' He put the glass down, and some instinct made him, as he did so, spill the contents. His aunt was busy at the sideboard, and did not see him.

It was a curiously silent meal, or, rather, it was a monologue on the part of Dr Guthrie, who kept up a monotonous dissertation on some new scientific discovery which entirely failed to interest the three others, though his wife threw in occasional soft and not very appropriate comments. Margaret pretended to eat, but Gregory noticed that her plate was carried away full. His aunt had always the smallest capacity for food. He often wondered how even so slight a frame could be supported by such meagre sustenance. Altogether it was a curious meal.

Mrs Guthrie suddenly pushed back her chair and declared there must be thunder in the air; she always felt it strangely. Indeed, she was very pale and tremulous.

'You want a change, Aunt Lyddy,' he said half-carelessly, half with intention.

'Change!' she echoed, for her almost fiercely. 'I never want change from Sunninghall.' She tried to laugh. 'It's you, Greg, I suspect, who want a change from your tiresome old aunt. Is that it?'

'I'm quite happy, if you are,' he returned, and poured himself out a glass of wine. His eyes fell on the reflection of the table in the sideboard opposite, and he had a strange shock. He saw, or seemed to see, so wild and sinister a look on Mrs Guthrie's small, neat-featured face—a look, it appeared to him in that startling moment, of some other soul looking through the calm, kind, familiar visage, which at that curious moment struck him as no real face, but a mask. But the next impression was of the normal once more. She said some little thing in her gentle, ordinary way, and her eyes met his with their usual smile.

(Continued on page 410.)

ONE OF NAPOLEON'S SPIES.

By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

SINCE the war began we have heard a good deal about German spies in Britain and in France; and there seems to be in Germany another crop of stories current about the doings of British, French, and Russian secret agents. There is no doubt a great deal of exaggeration about these accounts of espionage, and some of the narratives that have been published in the Press contain more fiction than fact. But all Governments make use more or less of this means of obtaining information. It is so in the present, as it was in the past. One of the interesting bypaths of military history has for its somewhat fragmentary materials the records of espionage in the wars of other days. Fragmentary these records necessarily are, because the real spy during his lifetime seldom gives away his employers by telling his story, and

the truth about what he has done dies with him.

Here and there, however, one is able to reconstruct the life-story of a spy. In the mass of material that has been published about the campaigns of the great Napoleon one finds some interesting details as to one of his chief secret agents, one of the most successful spies that ever lived. As is the way with spies, he went by many names. He was known at various times as Captain Charles, Monsieur de Charles, Monsieur de Meinau, Sulmestra, and Schulmeister. This last was his real name. He was a native of the borderland of France and Germany, near Strasburg; a French subject, but, like most of the Alsations, German in his native language. He was the grandson of a Hungarian, who, apparently for political reasons,

left his native country about 1730, and settled in Baden. He opened a school near Strasburg, dropped his Hungarian name, and took the German name of Schulmeister from his new occupation. His son was a Lutheran pastor of a village near Strasburg, where, on 5th August 1770, Charles Schulmeister, Napoleon's master-spy, was born.

The register of the Lutheran church at Markirch shows that at the age of twenty-two he married a girl of eighteen named Unger. He was described in the register as an iron-monger in the village. Five years later he moved into Strasburg, where he opened a shop as a grocer and tobacconist. In the years that followed Schulmeister was evidently making money, ostensibly from his shop, really from a more profitable business, for which the grocery and tobacco shop served as a mask. He was one of the chiefs in an extensive system of smuggling carried on across the Rhine frontier between France and south Germany. The secret relations he thus formed with unscrupulous and adventurous men in the border districts of both countries were of the utmost use to him in later years, when he became a spy.

It appears that he had made some first experiments in this new business the year before he moved to Strasburg. A French army under General Rapp was operating in 1796 near Schulmeister's village, and he was able to obtain some useful information for the Republican General by means of the agents who were already working for him in his contraband trade. Through Rapp he was put in touch with Moreau, and thus he became known to the French War Office as a useful secret agent. He seems to have been one of the spies who kept watch on the luckless young Duc d'Enghien, and thus one of the minor accomplices in the tragedy that ended in the ditch at Vincennes.

In 1805, the year of the great campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz, he was in the pay of Napoleon. The Grand Army had been encamped for more than a year about Boulogne, waiting for the opportunity to invade England. When, in 1805, Napoleon received the news that his admirals had failed to secure a safe passage across the Channel, and Austria and Russia were on the point of declaring war against him, the Grand Army was rapidly moved to the Rhine, and its first exploit was the destruction of the Austrian army under General Mack, which had moved forward to Ulm. Napoleon's plan of campaign was to lead Mack to believe that the French were advancing across the Upper Rhine and through the Black Forest, as they had done in earlier campaigns. But while a mere screen of cavalry was pushed forward in this direction, the Grand Army had swept round to the north of Ulm, crossed the Danube below it, and thus cut off Mack from Vienna, and compelled his surrender. Schulmeister had obtained for Napoleon very complete

information as to the numbers and movements of the Austrians. But he was apparently playing a double game, for during this campaign of Ulm he was receiving pay both from Mack and from the French Emperor. Mack, however, had no idea that the German-speaking agent who came and went from his headquarters was in Napoleon's pay; but the Emperor was perfectly well aware that Schulmeister was in touch with the Austrians, and had in fact himself suggested the arrangement. Schulmeister's business was to give the unfortunate Austrian General just enough true information to gain his confidence, and then to mislead him with false reports prepared by Savary, the chief of Napoleon's secret service—the soldier of whom it was said that, though he was described as a General, he was really a detective.

Schulmeister, at Mack's headquarters in Ulm, was thus deluding the General with reports that would confirm him in his idea that the French were coming through Baden and the Black Forest, and with false news as to the situation in France. He produced for Mack what looked like authenticated information that a British army was landing in the north of France, and that revolutionary disorders had broken out in Paris. In fact, he persuaded the Austrian that Napoleon was in a desperate situation, and the French invasion of Germany on the point of collapse. But Schulmeister knew better than to wait in Ulm until the position of Mack became hopeless. When the Archduke Ferdinand marched out to the north-east with part of the army, Schulmeister accompanied him, taking with him a letter from Mack, in which he was described as his faithful 'confidential agent.' A few days after Mack was a prisoner, while Schulmeister was at the Austrian headquarters, whence he sent to Napoleon information as to all the movements of the Austrian and Russian armies. He obtained this largely from a staff officer, whom he had known at an earlier date in south Germany, and whom he was able to pay handsomely out of the money placed at his disposal by Savary. 'He was the more open with me,' wrote Schulmeister to Savary, 'because your generosity to me made it possible for me to be open-handed with him.'

Schulmeister's reports showed a wonderful grasp of the situation, and both military and political insight. He had many other agents in his pay besides the staff officer. He was carrying his life in his hands, because at any moment one of these might have betrayed him. There is a story, indeed, that he was discovered and arrested, but made his escape. This, however, fits in neither with what we know of his career nor with the events of the campaign. He kept with the Russo-Austrian headquarters up to the eve of Austerlitz; then, on the pretext of a journey to secure information, he

slipped away, and appeared at Vienna, where Savary employed him at the headquarters of the French police of the captured Austrian capital.

The French evacuated Vienna on the conclusion of peace, and Schulmeister paid a visit to Paris. Then, in a moment of rashness, and for what purpose we know not, he went to Vienna. Perhaps he hoped to renew his relations with the Austrian staff with a view to future betrayals. But on 31st March 1806 he was arrested with one of his agents, the Austrian army surgeon Rippmann. They were tried for treason in communicating information from Mack's headquarters to Napoleon the year before. Schulmeister boldly urged as his defence that he had done so by Mack's orders to mislead the enemy. Mack denied this, and the two spies were found guilty and condemned to death. The French Embassy secured life and liberty for Schulmeister, pleading that he was not an Austrian, but a French subject, and that, though he might have been hanged as a spy if arrested during the war, he should not have been arrested and put on trial when it was all over. Schulmeister returned to France. Rippmann was hanged.

Schulmeister bought the estate of Le Meinau, near Strasburg, out of his ill-gotten gains, built a splendid château, and posed as one of the local notabilities. He was with Savary in the autumn in the Jena campaign, figuring as 'Captain Charles,' one of his staff officers. Schulmeister's business was in the intelligence department. He was now a director of the Emperor's spies. At Friedland he was in action, and a bullet tore across his forehead. The wound was not serious, but it left a scar of which he was proud.

He was at Napoleon's headquarters once more in the campaign of Wagram. After the victory he and Savary had a narrow escape in the suburbs of Vienna. They were attacked by a mob of some hundreds. Savary reported to Napoleon that he owed his life to the determined action of his aide-de-camp, who blew out the brains of one of the mob leaders.

After the war Schulmeister bought another château, near Paris, once the home of Marshal Saxe. He had amassed a fortune, and had a large official income as one of the secret police of the Empire. But at last the evil days of 1814 arrived. His two châteaux were plundered by the Allies in their march on Paris, and with the fall of the Empire he had to live upon his savings for a while. During the Restoration he was involved in an abortive conspiracy against the Bourbons, and escaped arrest by a timely flight. When Napoleon returned from Elba he was back in Paris, hoping that the old, busy, prosperous days had come again. But Waterloo ended that dream, and he found himself a prisoner in Prussian hands, locked up in the fortress of Wesel. But many of his old friends

had made their peace with the new régime, and by their good offices he regained his liberty.

He survived till May 1853. Of his later life we know little. It is very likely that he was a party to some of the Bonapartist conspiracies, for he used to go away from home on mysterious journeys under assumed names. He had to sell his château near Paris in 1818; and, after some unlucky speculations, Le Meinau was sold a few years later. His fortune melted away, and at last he found himself so impoverished that he was glad to be licensed to open a tobacconist's shop in Strasburg. The wheel had turned full circle, and he was back behind the counter, where he had started on his career. He was over eighty when Napoleon the Third restored the Empire. Perhaps the old spy had lost the enterprising spirit of his earlier days. When friends suggested that he should go to Paris to worship the new risen sun, he replied that he would not force himself on the great Emperor's nephew. 'He knows I live in Strasburg,' he said. 'If he wants me, he can send for me.' But no message came from the Tuileries; and five months after the proclamation of the Second Empire Charles Schulmeister died in his house over the tobacco-shop, and was buried beside his wife in the cemetery of Saint Urbain.

If in those dull years at Strasburg, when he was weighing out ounces of tobacco and selling stamps at the 'Bureau de Tabac,' he had written his story, he might have made another fortune. But he was a secret, silent man, and never even talked of the days when he played his hidden part in world-famous wars. Amongst the furniture sold after his death was a curious bureau, with secret drawers and sliding panels all over it. But there were no papers left in the hidden recesses. Schulmeister's secrets died with him. We know only some episodes of his career. Other stories there are of his exploits which are obvious fictions—tales of his having travelled about Germany disguised as a pedlar; of his being arrested and ordered for execution, but escaping by drugging his escort; and melodramatic legends of the same type. This we know, Schulmeister was a man of iron nerve, polished address, with a soldier's knowledge of war and a practised politician's grasp of current affairs. He played the spy in the guise of a staff officer who could impress Austrian Generals like Mack and Kienmayer and the old Russian Kutusoff with his knowledge and judgment, and make them eager to listen to his fairy-tales, while he was quietly collecting the information he wanted, and using his old experiences as a successful organiser of smuggling on the Rhine border to get his reports to Savary and Napoleon.

He had no patriotism and no scruples. He worked for Napoleon because he had insight enough to see that the Emperor was the man who would win, and whose pay was the most liberal and the most secure. One can respect

a spy who risks his life for his country's cause. Schulmeister, a man of the debatable borderland along the Rhine, belonged to no country, and held, like the old mercenary soldiers, that 'the best of causes is the best of pay.' There was a just retribution in his downfall. One is

not sorry that, though he escaped hanging at Vienna, the grocer and tobacconist of 1797, after being the master of Le Meinau and the fine château outside Paris, ended his years as the old tobacconist of a little shop in a Strasburg lane.

SLANEY'S NIGHT OF GLORY.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

CORPORAL SLANEY sat under a furze-bush rubbing a bruised ankle. In the valley below lay the camp he was leaving; an isolated light, winking from the window of a white-washed building which until half-an-hour ago had been his abiding-place, marked the guard-house.

Corporal Slaney had been in the army five years; and the second-lieutenant, who had called him an unmannerly hog, had held his commission rather less than four months. The fault had been the lieutenant's, and Corporal Slaney had a temper. There had been a certain amount of plain and personal language. The face of the lieutenant changed from pink to purple, and he had reported the matter to the colonel. Slaney, for the first time in his career, found himself a prisoner, sentence postponed for consideration.

That it would involve the loss of his stripes he had no doubt whatever. His wrath smouldered fiercely. The guard was being changed, and the Fates ordained that only M'Vane, standing sentry in the doorway, should be in sight. M'Vane and Slaney had terminated a long friendship with a quarrel, and M'Vane had commented freely on his prisoner's prospects. Corporal Slaney, deciding that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, had knocked M'Vane's helmet over his head with one terrific punch, and, realising that the British army was no longer the place for a man of proper spirit, stepped over his plunging body into darkness and freedom.

He had no plan. He was as much the sport of Chance and Destiny as any swaggering soldier of fortune of ten generations earlier. Of the country around he was profoundly ignorant. He knew that he would have various sentries to evade, and that after evading them he might come into contact with an enemy that had hitherto proved singularly chary of attack. All of which should have made him pause. But he was too grimly exasperated to pause at all.

He continued his journey, at right angles to the camp, under a moon hidden by rolling banks of cloud. The country looked vaguely spacious, and beyond the lines of tents utterly deserted. The gentle hill-slope he was climbing might lead to anywhere. It was as though a benevolent Providence had placed the whole continent of Europe at his disposal.

He passed, in all, five sentries, only one of

whom gave him any real anxiety. There were bushes here and there behind which a slight, khaki-clad figure crouching on all-fours was practically invisible. His thoughts were chiefly on the guardhouse and the time it would take for M'Vane to give the alarm.

He reached the crest of the hill, found that the ground on the farther side rose and fell in a succession of smaller hillocks, and pushed on. He had gone a mile in the profoundest silence and solitude, when he noticed two lights on his left. They shone like the eyes of some big animal. Since the General commanding does not confide his more intimate plans to his corporals, Slaney had no idea as to whether the lights belonged to an advanced outpost of the Allies or to the Germans. With excessive caution, he edged near enough to see that the lights came from the high windows of a dilapidated shed. He could not look in, but he could hear the mutter of voices. Acute and consuming curiosity possessed him. He had crawled round three sides of the shed in search of a door, and had begun the fourth, when something hit him an excruciating blow on the temple, and he dropped backwards into black unconsciousness.

From this he emerged slowly, to discover that he had been carried or dragged into the shed, and was now lying propped with his back against the wall.

At a table in the centre three men were seated, talking in undertones. A lamp with a tin reservoir stood in the centre, revealing the remains of a hasty meal, together with various scattered plans and documents. The rest of the place was in comparative darkness. None of the men took the slightest notice of Slaney. His head still swam. Investigating gingerly, he found a large and contused wound over his right eye.

A fattish man, vaguely suggestive of Mr Pickwick, got up from the table and came forward. 'Better?' he inquired.

'Still groggy,' said Corporal Slaney. 'Fell down a bloomin' well, didn't I?'

The fattish man laughed. 'On the contrary, you came into contact with a brass knuckleduster wielded by myself. It is a pity that so useful a weapon should have gone out of fashion. We are an intimate party which does not desire uninvited guests.'

Corporal Slaney's gaze wandered dully to the

others. One was a tall officer, with an upstanding gray moustache and fierce eyes; the other a young man of about thirty, with a thin, pale face, a retreating chin, and an air of intense impatience. All three were in uniform. Corporal Slaney realised that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy. It seemed a tame and stupid ending to the night of enterprise and glory which had begun so promisingly.

The Pickwick-like person spoke again. His accent left nothing to be desired. 'You come from the English lines?'

'That's so, sir.'

'And being a spy'—

'Spy?' Slaney's indignation was too immense to be anything but genuine. 'Not me! Silly blighter of an officer got me shoved into the guardroom, and I 'looked it, same as you'd 'a done.'

'Doubtless. You have been for some time in the army?'

'Five years.'

'Then you may be useful to us. There are certain particulars which'—

'Meanin' that I'm to turn traitor?'

'My good imbecile'—it was the elderly officer who spoke, and his voice had a flat, metallic note which jarred on Slaney's nerves and made him shiver—'believe me, you will either tell us the things we wish to know this evening, or you will be given no opportunities of telling anything at all.'

The young man with the retreating chin intervened. He addressed the others in German, waving his hands imperiously. He made Slaney feel that he was accustomed to be obeyed implicitly, and in a hurry.

'So!' apologised the fattish man when the young man ceased. He turned to the prisoner again. 'You are still dazed—ill. I forgot.' He took a flask from his pocket, uncorked it, and pushed it into Slaney's hands.

Slaney swallowed a generous mouthful. It was heady stuff, that stung his throat and brought tears into his eyes; but it made him his own man again. 'Thanks!' he said, returning the flask.

'You are hungry?'

'I could do with a bit,' said Slaney graciously.

The fattish man glanced at the pale young man, who nodded. 'Come to the table, then, and eat.'

'And when you come'—the voice of the gray-moustached officer cut like a whiplash—'salute. You understand? *Salute!*'

Slaney stumbled stiffly to his feet, and crossed to the table. He saluted and sat down on the packing-case that the fattish man dragged forward. The other pushed a plate, bread, and the remains of some sort of pasty towards him. Slaney settled down to an excellent meal. He did not hurry. He wanted to think the position over as well as the buzzing in his head would let him.

Also, he was hungry. The others watched him with rising impatience.

'And now,' said the fattish man, 'you will tell us the things we desire to know.'

'Right-o!' said Slaney.

The man with the gray moustache—his name appeared to be Colonel von Blum—began a series of questions. They dealt with nothing that could not have been gleaned from the first stray prisoner or a decent ordnance-map, and it was plain to Slaney that they merely wished to discover how much he knew, and whether he were lying. His answers were conscientious and exact. Glances of approval flashed from the pale-faced young man to the colonel.

'To continue'—said the fattish man.

Slaney wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

'Talkin's dry work, gents.'

'You forget your position!' began Von Blum angrily.

The pale-faced young man leapt to his feet. 'Give the fool enough wine to flood Paris; it will loosen his tongue!' he said impatiently.

From a wicker basket at his feet the fattish man took two square stoneware bottles.

'Let us,' commanded the pale young man, 'drink to the eternal confusion of the enemies of Europe!' He filled four glasses.

'Ear! 'ear!' said Corporal Slaney. But his hand shook, and a good deal of the wine found its way to the floor.

'To the day when her fleets may be a legend, her army the laughing-stock of the world!'

'Ear! 'ear!' said Corporal Slaney.

Again they all drank heartily, all but Slaney. 'To the day when the half-fed, white-faced rabble she breeds may be swept back to their hovels!'

'Ah,' said Slaney, 'now you're talkin'! I'm rabble, right enough; a bloomin' conscript.' The memory of his wrongs burned in his eyes.

'Let him speak,' said the young man. 'Let him tell us from the beginning—the very beginning.'

The gray-moustached colonel growled objections. He was silenced with a gesture. Corporal Slaney found himself with a flushed, attentive audience.

'It's this way,' he said confidently. 'In the blighted 'ole of a country I come from things ain't nothing like what they're made out to be. Kitchener says, "I want men—three million of 'em;" but what 'e *don't* explain is that if the men don't come of their own free-will 'e'll make 'em. Consequently'—Slaney sawed the air to give his words emphasis—'when the response ain't up to expectations, there's armed parties go out of a dark night, and when mornin' comes the barracks is full, and 'ole streets of 'ouses is empty.'

The pale young man glanced at the others with bright, eager eyes.

'I am not surprised. Go on.'

'Bout a mile off Margit,' pursued Slaney, warming to his work, 'you'll see a row o' penny steamers, same as used to potter up an' down the Thames before you fellows sowed it with mines an' 'ung up navigation. In them steamers is the recruits, guarded by a Japanese contingent. They daren't trust white men, for fear they'd—they'd'—

'Fraternise?' suggested the fattish man.

'Fratterise is the word, sir, with the prisoners as 'ave been carried off from their 'omes to learn their drill. When they know enough to avoid killin' one another, they're transhipped in what merchantmen we can rake together.'

'I understand,' said the young man. 'It is plain—quite plain—why we have been able to advance so far with so little opposition. And now'—

'Concerning the range of those field-guns on your right?' said the colonel.

But Corporal Slaney did not appear to hear him. His eyes had grown dreamy and reminiscent.

'There was me, makin' two quid a week, drivin' a motor-bus'—

'But—but you said you had been in the army five years.'

'Beg pardon, sir. Territorial called up for service.' Slaney thanked Heaven that the colonel did not look at his shoulder-strap, and went on quickly, 'Now we're 'arf-starved, 'arf-clothed, an' knocked about by drunken swines that ain't fit to take a bullock-wagon into action. Lor', the things I could tell you!' He nodded his head with the solemnity of one anxious to prove that he was entirely sober.

'Give him more wine,' said the pale young man. His voice was high and eager. 'This—this scum interests me. I suspected a good deal, but not so much as this.'

Slaney, his glass refilled, rose to his feet. The movement showed him that both the elder men carried revolvers. The pale-faced young man had only a sword.

'Ere's luck!' said Slaney; 'best o' luck! Grand German army; may it get all the vict'ries it deserves!'

Again they all drank solemnly, all except Corporal Slaney.

'Now for the guns!' said Von Blum.

'Explanations concernin' artillery,' Slaney said sententiously, 'is like matrimony, not to be entered upon lightly. If you've pencil an' paper'—

They gave him both. Three heads bent forward. Slaney put his hand on the nearest stoneware bottle.

'This,' he said, 'stands for the main German army; this'—he took up the second bottle—'for a mobile strikin' force.'

Of the three, the pale young man was the only one who had anything like a clear impression of what followed. Even that was momentary.

He saw the bottles rise and fall with two lightning-like blows, one fairly upon the skull of the fattish man, the other upon Von Blum. The fattish man dropped with a faint grunt; Von Blum flung up a protecting arm, and received a second blow on the temple which sent him headlong, and smashed the bottle off short at the neck. Then the pale young man perceived the figure of this mad English corporal leaping at him panther-fashion, and prudently ducked. The table and everything upon it shot over sideways, the lamp providentially went out, and Slaney landed awkwardly on his hands and knees. The only consolation—from the Slaney point of view—was that the pale-faced young man was underneath.

'If you shout,' said Slaney—for his prisoner was making strange, strangled noises—'I'll bash your silly face inside out, so that the tip of your nose'll tickle your tongue. Get up!'

The pale young man, feeling his way uncertainly in the darkness, got up.

'Put up your hands.'

He put them up, and Slaney, gripping him by the collar, steered him outside to where an uncertain moon was climbing above the clouds. There he removed his prisoner's sword and belt—his own belt was in the guardroom—jerked down the rigid arms, and with great efficiency and thoroughness bound the wrists of the pale young man behind him.

'Wait 'ere!' he commanded.

He plunged into the building, and emerged with a handful of papers.

'All quiet and peaceable,' he reported, and secured the door with a convenient iron staple. The papers he bestowed in an inner pocket. The prisoner watched him dazedly.

'Now then,' said Corporal Slaney, 'by the right; quick mar-r-r-ch!'

The words galvanised the other into speech. 'I—I will not go.'

'There,' said Slaney, 'we bloomin' well differ. I've met your 'igh-spirited kind before. Gen'rally they ends with blubberin'.'

'Let me free, I tell you!'

Slaney took a pace forward; the pale young man gave a shout, and tried to run. Five seconds later he was lying breathless, and his head was being systematically and steadily bumped up and down on the sun-baked earth.

'Say when,' said Corporal Slaney invitingly. His arms were beginning to ache.

'I—I die!'

'Not yet! Get up, an' be'ave decent, an' we'll push on. It's a long way to Tipperary.'

He helped the prisoner to his feet. For some moments they walked in silence, Slaney a trifle in the rear. Suddenly the pale-faced young man came to a halt again.

'What will you take to let me go?'

'Alsace, and any old colonies you've got left over,' said the flippant Slaney.

'Tchtt, you are childish! I will give ten thousand marks.'

'An' that's more than I ever got at school!'

'Twenty thousand, and a safe conduct to your own lines!'

'That there fizzy stuff,' said Slaney severely, 'as been an' got into your alleged brain. You'll be offerin' a million next, with a seat in the 'Ouse o' Lords thrown in. An' then I shall lose my temper, an' there'll be an accident.'

'But—but do you know who I am?'

'Not me. Nor don't want to. We're all *incog.* 'ere. Chase yourself—*quick!*'

So they journeyed by stages that seemed endless to where the first of the khaki-clad sentries faced the coming dawn—a lonely little figure on the hill-crest. At the sharp challenge the torpor which had fallen on the prisoner vanished, and he plunged violently and broke away. He and Slaney came to the ground together. The sentry challenged a second time, and then fired. Luckily for the pair of them, the shot went wide.

'Old 'ard!' shouted the exasperated Slaney. 'It's only me an' a young-fool I've been dinin' wiv.—Come up, unless you want me to sit on your 'ead!'

Five minutes later they stood, desperately dusty and dishevelled, in the presence of the sergeant. He listened to Slaney's story with obvious disbelief, and marched the pair of them to the captain, who could speak German with an Oxford accent. The captain gave most of his attention to the pale-faced young man, and fetched the colonel. This, to Slaney, was manifestly absurd. A prisoner was merely a prisoner all the world over. Immediately afterwards the pale-faced young man's wrists were unfastened, and he was escorted to a separate tent. He did not even glance at Slaney as he passed.

'As for you,' said the colonel, blinking at the backslider, 'I gather that you broke out of the guardroom to commit this—this escapade. Taking the full facts of the case into consideration, it had not been my intention to punish you further. Even now, if you were to apologise'—

Slaney fidgeted with his feet and avoided the colonel's eye. He was back among his own people again; already his night of glory had begun to seem a dream, an incredible dream. Indubitably he had behaved like a fool. The second-lieutenant was newly joined and raw. It was the duty of old soldiers to teach the young ones manners.

'I'm sorry, sir.'

'Very good. You will be glad to hear that Private M'Vane is none the worse for his—er—fall. I shall consider the matter closed. Go to your tent, and get what sleep you can.'

Slaney fumbled with his tunic. 'The papers, sir.'

'Ah, thanks. Good-night!'

'Good-night, sir.'

Thereafter for three hours Corporal Slaney slept the sleep of one who has squared accounts with his fellow-men, and whose conscience is clear. He saw nothing more of his prisoner. For two days the machinery of camp life ran as usual.

Then, late in the afternoon, his sergeant appeared. 'You're wanted, Slaney.'

Slaney reluctantly abandoned his tea and stood up. 'Who by?'

'Gen'ral-commandin'. Brush them crumbs off your coat, and look slippy.'

Corporal Slaney looked slippy. He was ushered, somewhat breathless, into the presence of a short, sturdily built, gray-haired man, who regarded him with twinkling eyes.

'So this is the redoubtable corporal? Dear me, but some people are born lucky! Ever occurred to you to qualify for a seat at the sergeants' mess, Slaney?'

'N—no, sir—yessir!' The turf seemed rising and falling under Slaney's feet.

'Because I've asked Colonel Hipwhite to see to the matter. I think you deserve a place there. And that's all.'

Slaney saluted and reeled out into the sunlight again, drunk with unanalysable emotions.

M'Vane overtook him. 'Ere,' said M'Vane, who bore no malice, 'this is something that might int'rest you.'

It was an advance copy of the official news-sheet which circulated among the troops. M'Vane, who had been a compositor, had a hand in its production.

'His Imperial and Royal Highness Prince Albrecht Fritz of Prussia,' read Slaney, 'was, on the 5th instant, making a midnight reconnaissance in company with two members of his staff, when he encountered an unofficial patrol of the Allies. He is at present a prisoner in the British lines.'

The paper slipped from his nerveless fingers. 'Golly!' said Corporal Slaney.

COWSLIP DAYS.

FRESH, in the gorse-filled space, the mountain wind
Blew over fields of daisies. In the shade
Of olden thorn-boughs wild dog-violets laid
Their deep-blue cheeks against the stitchwort. Lined
Were all the dikes with foxglove; and to bind
The whole together, wild herb-robert made
A tangled shelter, and the wild-bees paid
Reverence to that flower-court with music kind.

But, fresher, fairer than the mass, enshrined
In cottage-gardens all the cowslip crew—
Some white, some red, some white and deeply blue—
Wafted their tender incense; and behind
Came trooping children gazing at the sight,
And 'Cowslips! cowslips!' burst in accents light.

W. J. GALLAGHER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

COME the middle of June, and a hundred years will have gone since the star of the great Napoleon fell. What circumstances for such a centenary as this! We remember that a year ago, when pondering upon its coming approach, we had a great apprehension as to how we of Britain might display our enduring thankfulness for the great deliverance of 1815, and at the same time leave uninjured the susceptibilities and proud sentiments of our good friends the French, who at Waterloo were in arms against us. It was a delicate and difficult problem in tact, the solution to which was not quite clear twelve months from now. Kaiser Wilhelm has solved it for us. The main part of the celebrations of the centenary of Waterloo will not consist in the decoration of the Wellington statue at Hyde Park Corner with wreaths of laurel and other emblems of a tremendous conquest. The grand feature will be the crashing of French and British guns along one line of the best of friends, allies in the cause of civilisation, the cause of happiness and the good of the world, the salvation of mankind.

* * *

In a hundred years the historical perspective should come to a full maturity. Napoleon and Waterloo must have reached that stage now. In the main it is to be gathered that time is showing a tendency to be kind to Bonaparte. He was not merely a genius, but a man of towering strength, with some amazing weaknesses. Magnificent in his ambitions, superb in his executions, yet a littleness, which was but a human littleness after all, showed itself upon his surface from time to time, and exerted its influence upon his conduct. It was the littleness of Ajaccio in blunt contrast with the vastness of imperial France. Yet I think it is that littleness, the human quality of it, that has helped Napoleon in later days to a kinder situation in the hearts of those who think upon him and what he did than he occupied during the period when those who directly suffered by him were still living. After all, he had some good human qualities. He was no mere murderous machine. The most appalling crime that was laid against him—and it was a ghastly thing—was the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien; but what was that to the

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massacres of the women and children of Belgium that the Germans have committed and their chieftains have condoned? On the whole, Napoleon was humane. He was no assassin. He regarded the rules of war. Those who were not combatants against him did not unduly suffer. He respected women. He had love for little children. To his friends he was generous without limit; and he was always chivalrous.

* * *

Recently I have found it a most agreeable diversion and study to go back to the beginning again, and see what was written and thought about Napoleon, and what stories were told of him, at the time that he was engaged upon his tremendous work, when he was a living man of Europe, admired and feared, hated, maligned, but wondered at always. We have heard much of what the philosophers have had to do with the present war. Let us look, at the beginning, at some of Napoleon's reflections upon the philosophers. These quotations are taken from the German gazettes of 1807. When Napoleon was in Leipzig in that year, Dr Erhard, the Rector of the University, called upon him, prepared for what he imagined would be a brusque reception, and primed with flattering speeches. But the conqueror was all affability, and proceeded to a keen discussion of educational and philosophical questions. Erhard presented to him Prasse, the Professor Extraordinary of Mathematics, remarking that he was one of the best pupils of Professor Kindeburg. Napoleon immediately entered upon the nature and advantages of Kindeburg's mode of calculation, and appeared much pleased with the manner in which Prasse spoke of it and the freedom with which he answered some of his objections. Then, addressing himself personally to Erhard, he observed that the University of Leipzig enjoyed the honour of having produced the immortal Leibnitz, of whom he spoke with a warmth that suggested to the Rector that he placed him above Newton. Then he asked, 'Does Kant's philosophy reign also at your university?' 'Sire,' answered Erhard, 'we have never granted an exclusive privilege to any sect of philosophy.' 'But,' rejoined Napoleon, 'Kant is already out of fashion. Who is predominant at present?' Erhard answered, 'He has had

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MAY 29, 1915.

several successors who have tried to supplant him, and perhaps the newest system or the newest philosophy is on the point of falling. As for us, we conceive that it is our duty to frame young men for the service of humanity and the State rather than to make them dreamers and simpletons. The sublime mind rises to speculation of itself, and not by poring over the systems of professors who wish to make themselves remarkable. All our efforts are directed against the tyranny of the sectarian spirit.' 'In this,' remarked Napoleon, 'you are very right. I am of the same opinion.' Napoleon then spoke of Gall, and made what seemed to Erhard to be some very just and acute remarks upon his system. 'I question,' he said, 'whether Nature in her works operates so rudely that Gall can be able to penetrate her intentions. I have not been satisfied with his explanations relative to the motion of the brain. I esteem the spirit of observation, but I am not in favour of ambulatory courses of lectures which are incompatible with the dignity of science.' He then discussed the foundation of the university, and praised the system that obtained in the country of converting monasteries into scientific institutions, which, he said, must often produce great men. He was astonished at the great number of German universities and the smallness of their resources. 'I love,' said he, 'grand establishments, which at the same time are grand in their effects. I admire those of Paris, of Bologna, and of Milan, where the muses inhabit palaces into which we enter with emotions of respect. Governments ought publicly to testify their esteem for sciences in order to render them respectable to the people.' Erhard observed that the number of students had been diminished during the war. 'They have been frightened,' Napoleon replied. 'We must restore their confidence.'

* * *

To such a glimpse of a statesman let us add for a quick change a characteristic story of the General with his soldiers as it came from the military headquarters in 1805. A few days after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon reviewed the division of Von Damme, and ordered Soult to inform them that he was satisfied at seeing them so numerous and in such good condition after the great fight, as they had there acquired so much glory and essentially contributed to the success of the day. When he came to the first regiment of the line, who had commenced the battle and lost their standard, the Emperor said, 'Soldiers, what have you done with the Eagle I gave you? You swore it should serve you as a rallying-point, and that you would defend it at the peril of your lives. Why have you not fulfilled your promise?' The major answered that the ensign was killed in a charge when the battle was at its hottest, and that in the midst of the smoke no one noticed the loss;

that a movement was subsequently made to the right; and that it was not until some time after this that the loss of the Eagle was discovered. The officer added that it was proof that the division had stood firm, and not been broken, that very soon after this they overthrew two Russian battalions and took two stands of colours, with which they meant to do homage to the Emperor, hoping by that means to merit another Eagle. The Emperor, after a short pause, said, 'Officers and soldiers! swear that none of you were witnesses to the loss of your Eagle; and that if you had seen it you would have precipitated yourselves upon the enemy and retaken it, or would have perished on the spot; for a soldier who loses his colours loses everything!' Instantly a thousand arms were lifted up. 'We swear it; and we swear also to defend the Eagle you will give us with the same intrepidity with which we captured the enemy's colours which we now present to you.' 'In this case,' said the Emperor, smiling, 'I shall return you your Eagle.' And this is another story of the great Commander-in-Chief, taken from the French papers of 1806. At the beginning of May of that year Napoleon received at St Cloud, on the presentation of the Minister of Marine, Captains Lucas and Infernet, who had recently arrived from England, where they had been taken prisoners after the battle of Trafalgar, in which they had been engaged. Lucas had commanded the *Formidable*, and gave an account of the part his ship had taken in the battle. Addressing the officers at the close of the interview, Napoleon remarked, 'Had all my ships behaved like yours the victory would not have been doubtful. I know there are several who did not follow your example. I have ordered inquiries to be made into their behaviour; but as for you, I have no need of information. I have nominated you captains in the Legion of Honour. Those captains who, instead of boarding the enemy's vessels, kept themselves aloof and out of cannon-shot shall be prosecuted, and if convicted a signal example shall be made of them.' A few days later there were also presented to him the captains of the *Bucentaur* and the *Swiftsure*, to whom he said, 'You are among the number of those who fought valiantly. You shall take your revenge one day.'

* * *

One finds in the French newspapers of 1806 and 1807 many curious and interesting anecdotes of Napoleon when in Poland. Soon after his arrival at Posen, in December 1806, in the course of his advance against the Russians, he received many Polish deputations, to all of whom he made affable replies. To the deputation of the senate he said, 'Illustrious lords, show yourselves worthy of your ancestors. They commanded the princes of Brandenburg. Moscow was in their power. They conquered Widdin, and by that exploit liberated the

Christian world from the yoke of the Turks. I am perfectly satisfied with everything I have seen of you, as well as with the reports of my Generals. I shall proclaim your independence at Warsaw.' Then, when Napoleon was travelling back from Poland to France in 1807, he stayed for a while at Dresden, where the people fawned upon him in the most abjectly servile manner. He was invited to the opera for a performance organised specially in his honour, and duly attended. Before the opera a prologue was given, the scene of which represented a temple beset with altars on which the names of Alexander, Cæsar, Miltiades, Marcellus, Philip, Marius, Achilles, Fabius, Pericles, and Scipio could be read. In the background was a larger altar without a name, and before it stood a genius clothed in a starry robe who wrote with a stylus in front of the altar the name of Napoleon. Then in an instant a transparent sun appeared with a white star in the middle, and all the names of the ancient heroes were extinguished. The people applauded, and then the genius came forward and sang in Italian, 'What compared with thee are Cæsar and Philip's unconquered son? Like drops of dew compared with the waters of the ocean!' Napoleon was very attentive to this prologue. But when the first act of the opera was over, and the curtain dropped, he suddenly rose, and bowing to the royal pair beside him, went away. They, however, and the whole of the Court followed him.

* * *

And mention of Alexander and Cæsar leads one to quote from the papers of 1814 a story of which there are some variations, as to one of which you will remember that Napoleon once said to Bourrienne, 'Well, Bourrienne, you too will be immortal.' 'Why, General?' 'Are you not my secretary?' To which question Bourrienne answered, 'Tell me the name of Alexander's!' But Bourrienne, through printer's ink, has done better than the secretary of Alexander. This other story to which I refer has it that on one occasion Napoleon went with his close friend, the witty Fontanes, to the Théâtre Français to see Talma play. The Emperor considered himself a very good judge of stage matters, and on this occasion he professed himself delighted with the actor, and applauded him warmly. Every time that he did so Fontanes repeated, 'Ah, sire, but if you had seen Le Kain!' At last Napoleon impatiently replied to this observation, 'Why do you esteem him thus? You are ever wasting your regrets on the greatness that is past!' Fontanes was equal to the occasion. 'Your Majesty never hears me regret Alexander or Cæsar!' he said suavely, and the Emperor rose and bowed. In another story it is told that nobody ever enjoyed greater freedom of speech with Napoleon than this lively Fontanes, poet and politician. He

was his intimate and most candid friend. At one time the Emperor was very anxious to know what Fontanes thought of the killing of the Duc d'Enghien, and tried to find out indirectly in various ways, but without success. Consequently, at last he put the question bluntly to him. 'Well, Fontanes,' he said, 'what have you to say of this act?' 'What can I say,' was the reply, 'save that your Majesty, being the strongest, used the argument of the weakest?' Napoleon did not appear displeased with the answer. In these delvings one finds some other good specimens of the witty or otherwise pointed answer. When Napoleon visited Holland he addressed a certain Admiral K., who did not speak French. The Emperor became very much irritated, and exclaimed, 'I suppose you can speak English!' The Admiral again pleaded ignorance. This second admission somewhat pacified him, and he asked the Admiral why he did not learn French. 'The French language is not taught at sea!' was the reply, and Napoleon was vexed again. General Monnet, governor of Walcheren, once applied to be relieved from the command of the place, saying that the climate was so bad that unless he was removed his life would be in danger. Napoleon refused his request in these laconic terms, '*Mon Général, on mourt partout!*' There is no doubt, says the writer of another note, that Napoleon was very deeply affected by the abdication of his brother Louis from the throne of Holland. 'This wretched man,' he said, 'has gone out of his way to justify the public, who look upon my brothers as kinglings.'

* * *

As is known to everybody, Napoleon had a way with women. Often he was a fine gallant; he could be fascinating, but he could be very much otherwise; and one of his principles in his dealings with the enticing sex is that best expressed in the common sentence that he would never allow pleasure to interfere with business. His harsh treatment of the beautiful Queen of Prussia is well remembered. Yet at times, despite the imperiousness that he exerted, he tried to be gracious to Her Majesty, who carried a quiet disdain to its utmost length. Seated at the dinner-table, he begged her to take a rose from him—which she refused. Again he appealed, but she declined again; and thereupon Napoleon came near to losing his temper, and demanded, 'Take it, madame; it is I, Napoleon, who offer it to you.' The Queen then had no option but to accept the flower. Thereupon Napoleon, who would make amends and restore harmony, begged that Her Majesty would make some request of him, to which he would be quick to accede. Once more the Queen was reluctant, declaring that she wished for nothing from the Emperor. He insisted as before; and at last she said that for herself she wished nothing, but would beg for Magdeburg for her

son. Napoleon was quiet for a moment, and then answered, 'You are a very beautiful queen, but Magdeburg is worth a hundred queens!' Now listen to this. When in Milan, in the summer of 1800, Napoleon was one evening dining in the presence of a large company of Italian ladies, and one of them ventured to ask him what he designed to do with Italy. He made no reply. Again the lady asked him the same question, but still he remained silent. Importunately she repeated it a third time; whereupon Napoleon called to one of the attendants to bring him a lemon. When it was brought to him he cut it in two pieces, and, taking one of them, he squeezed the juice from it and threw it away. Then he took the other half, squeezed the juice from that also, and threw it away. Thus was the lady answered. Milan had already been compelled to furnish the French Republic with one million two hundred thousand gold sequins, besides immense quantities of military stores.

* * *

We have been assured that the Kaiser, in the exercise of such sanity as he may possess, considers the world of affairs to have treated him somewhat improperly in not seating him on the throne of Britain, to which position he feels he is by lineage entitled. Now I do not recall in any history or other work dealing with Napoleon any account of a pretty idea or scheme that he had also for becoming crowned at Westminster. It was told by one of the Paris correspondents late in 1807, and is worth repeating now. Upon the death of Cardinal York in 1807, so it is said, an extraordinary and circumstantial story was circulated in Paris of a Napoleonic intrigue which had for its object the acquisition of some other title to the throne of England than that of the meditated future conquest, or one which would at all events support the Emperor's authority when he arrived at Westminster. York, who

had suffered heavily by the Revolution, and had sacrificed all the family jewels, including a priceless ruby which was said to be the most perfect in the world, in order to assist Pius the Sixth in making up the sum required by Bonaparte in 1796, was the brother of the Young Pretender and his next-of-kin. On one occasion he had medals struck with his head upon them, and the legend 'Henricus Nonus, Anglicæ Rex,' his name being Henry. The story was that when, in June 1806, this Cardinal York was very ill, and reported to have no chance of recovery, Napoleon's uncle, Cardinal Fesch, called on him and exhorted him to transfer his right to the throne of Great Britain to Napoleon himself, who in return would provide for all his friends and relatives, with the exception of a certain revolutionary count whose fanaticism he declared himself unable to forgive. Cardinal York consented, and a will in these terms was made and signed, with Cardinals Pamphili, Consalvi, and Fesch as witnesses. When this Pretender died in the following year the will was looked for in vain, but another was found bearing a subsequent date in which the rights to the British throne were transferred to his Sardinian Majesty. When this was made known to Napoleon he became furious, and forbade the masses prepared for the repose of the Cardinal's soul. I should like to continue with these Napoleonic tales, and repeat some more from a selected number that in themselves would make a little history of the amazing man who, one hundred years from now, was forcing Europe through the most thrilling and consequent hundred days it had ever known, at the end of which he lost the tremendous game he played; but my space is gone. Let us remember that there are still good things in the world that Napoleon made, and on the 18th of June we salute our friends the French, who made him great.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—AFTER THE BALL.

THE courtyard was quiet and cool after the ballroom, the only movement the shadows of the dancers passing and repassing on the windows, and two or three couples, their buckles twinkling in the moonlight, pacing to and fro outside, rippling the silence with a tinkle of laughter.

'You left us!' said Mistress Charlotte.

'I ran away because you told me that you would never wed a man who was not a Jacobite.'

'I said so, and I added, I think, "of my own free-will." But there is no time for—for talk. I beg of you to be careful.' She looked round nervously. 'I saw Philip Macdonell come into the ballroom. The instant he saw us—we were dancing—he disappeared; and I am afraid! I shall make excuses to Lady Hewat, and do

you then meet me at the south door. I shall order the chaise to be ready. You must come back to The Garth. Quick! there is not a moment to be lost. We must separate now until you join me. I fear—I know not what. Should any danger overtake you'—

'Give me a talisman,' I said. 'This!' I pointed to a White Cockade she wore.

'Will you wear it?' she asked eagerly, and handed it to me. 'It may save you from harm here among Jacobites.'

'I shall wear it here,' I said, and pinned it over my heart under my coat.

'Do not, I beg of you, lose any time. We must get away from here. The south door, then, as soon as you may!'

She tripped swiftly back to the ballroom, and I made for the musicians' gallery. I was within half-a-dozen yards of it, when two Highland officers turned suddenly and faced me. I recognised the elder one. He was the officer whom I had met in the High Street with Walter Irving.

'I am addressing Mr Edmund Layton?' he said with gravity. Both men were armed.

'At your service,' I answered, and bowed.

'What I have to say is of importance. Do me the favour of coming with me.' His voice was pitched low, but its tone savoured of authority, and I did not relish it. I held my head high, and I think he saw this, for his next words were, 'Ye will understand when I say that I am carrying out his Royal Highness's order. To be plain with ye, a certain report has reached the Prince.' He looked keenly at me.

'Concerning myself?' I asked him, in surprise.

'Yes.'

'I am mystified,' I said.

'Mr Layton! Least said, soonest mended! His Highness leaves for Duddingston soon, and wishes your attendance. Ye'll be good enough to follow me.' He led the way, and I passed out, with his subaltern behind me. We went through a side-door, across a courtyard. The guards at a door saluted, we passed through, and I found myself face to face with Charles Edward. He was seated at a table, two or three officers standing behind him in attendance. I bowed.

The Chevalier was terse but courtly, and I have never heard a more pleasant voice.

'I sent for you, Mr Layton. I believe in seeing friends or foes with my own eyes. I wish certain information. You are aware, of course, of our Proclamation at the Cross of Edinburgh. It is suspected that you came north from England on secret service. It is known that you have visited a certain Whig lawyer; that your family fought for Hanover in the "Fifteen;" but you have been frequently around our camp at Duddingston, and to-night you gained admittance to our Assembly by a subterfuge.'

There was a pause.

'Your Highness, is the accusation that I am a Hanoverian spy?'

'It is. You have been watched.'

'The Laytons have carried swords, it is true, for hundreds of years; but they fought in the open. They do not breed spies.'

I might have answered more humbly, and with worse effect. Charles Edward looked at me, and his eyes were softer.

'Those who frame the rules of war lay no dishonour at a spy's door. Indeed, he is necessary, but his is a dangerous trade. Martial law has but one sentence for him. You know it.'

I had nothing to say.

'Come, Mr Layton, you are young. You

may have had generous enthusiasms, mistaken conceptions of duty that lead young blood into—shall we say?—indiscretions.'

'Your Highness, I claim no favour on the score of youthful indiscretions or on any score. I seek fair-play. It is in all people's mouths that you are just and considerate. I ask a private audience with your Highness. There is such an ingenious mixture of black, deliberate falsehood and truth in these charges that I suspect more than zeal for your Highness's cause and person has brought about my arrest.'

He turned without hesitation to the officers in attendance. 'I shall interview Mr Layton alone;' and in a trice we had the room to ourselves.

I told Charles Edward my story, except my relations with the house of The Garth. I kept these to myself, for they did not concern the charge of espionage, and they touched the private affairs and honour of others. 'I have no information, secret or otherwise, that the whole countryside does not possess. I have broken no law, military or civil—I am not bearing arms. I crave your Highness's pardon for the indiscretion of attending here without an invitation. I plead guilty to this, and to nothing more.'

'You speak frankly enough,' said the Chevalier.

His smile must have won many a recruit.

'You say that you suspect that the charge was made not so much through interest in our cause as for some other reason. What reason?'

'I know not. I can only suspect.'

I hesitated. I dared not tell him of Glenira and the French money. Philip Macdonell, backed up by Innes, would be crafty enough, in that case, to accuse Glenira of dishonesty; and there was always the chance that, in the last resort, he might secretly denounce his hiding-place to the Hanoverians.

'I believe, your Highness, if I say that there are weighty reasons touching the honour and private affairs of others, reasons that have nothing to do with loyalty or disloyalty to you, or with politics in any shape or form, and that I cannot give you those reasons, that you will not press me.'

'Why are you here, and by a—what shall I say?—a ruse unworthy of your name and standing?'

'I have asked your Highness's pardon for this breach of the conventions. Indeed—indeed, your Highness might overlook it were the reason told you.'

'I shall understand it to be in confidence, provided you are innocent of the charge of espionage. You say your family does not wear the White Cockade.' He had risen and was pacing the room. I could not see his face.

'That is true, but'—

He turned suddenly, and came close to me, a smile in his eye. 'Why, sir, do you wear one?' He pulled aside the lapel of my

coat, and there was the little White Cockade pinned over my heart. My courage mounted.

'I got this from the hands of one of the fairest of your supporters. Her name is Mistress Charlotte Macdonell. Your Highness will understand.'

'I do, I think. You have better taste in affairs of the heart than in politics.'

He went to the door, summoned an officer, and said a few words to him in a low tone.

'Who can vouch for you in Edinburgh, Mr Layton?'

'I know no one except my lawyer, whom I came north to see. He is a Whig, but a worthy and kind-hearted man. Through him I met Mr Allan Ramsay, the poet. I know no one, other than these two, in the city.'

Charles Edward looked at me. 'Mr Allan Ramsay! If you are speaking the truth, then you are a very fortunate young man. Do you wait here a moment or two.' He went into the anteroom. Through the closed door I heard voices, and then the Chevalier came back, followed, greatly to my surprise, by Allan Ramsay himself, looking very self-conscious. 'This is the gentleman you met, then?' said the Chevalier to him, after we had exchanged greetings.

'The same, your Highness! And if I may make bold to say so, he is of good stock and'—

'His stock may be like yours, Mr Ramsay, of the best'—the little man beamed—'but it was his errand in Edinburgh we were concerned about.—Mr Layton, Mr Allan Ramsay's information to me—I put weight on his judgment—would have gone far to clear you; but'—he listened to footsteps on the stair—'yes! I have another of your friends here.'

There was a knock at the door. Allan Ramsay, standing near, opened it, and Charlotte, pale but self-possessed, entered. She gave me a quick glance, after her curtsy to the Chevalier.

'There is no time for speeches and why or wherefores,' said he, as she bent over his hand. 'We are due at Duddingston ere this; but I hope we shall all three meet again. I invite you, Mr Layton, to finish your interrupted dancing. Mistress Charlotte Macdonell is so fair a cause that I forgive your little ruse. The band, perhaps, can spare your services.' He turned to Charlotte with a bow—'And perhaps, Mistress Charlotte, by the next time I meet Mr Layton you may have persuaded him to wear the Cockade a trifle less secretly.'

He was standing, smiling, one hand on the anteroom door, and, before I could stammer a word of thanks, he pushed it open and withdrew.

I presented Allan Ramsay to Charlotte; whereupon they had much to say concerning the Chevalier and his cause. The little poet was as

garrulous as a starling; but I read disquiet in Charlotte's eyes, and I contrived to cut short the flow of talk.

'I'll no' be goin' to the ballroom wi' ye,' said Allan; 'I'm no' bidden; but my business here is—ye understand!—between oursel's, ye needna come ower it that ye ever saw me at Holyrood.'

He gave Charlotte a ceremonious farewell, with many kind words. He would have dearly loved, I am sure, to make pointed allusion to 'my mistress wi' her tartan screen,' but I signalled him with a frown. Luckily he desisted, and took his departure, with another whispered injunction to me not to mention his presence with the Chevalier. A 'canny man,' in the phrase of the North, and one who had to look for his living to both 'Whigs' and 'Jacks.'

We came to a stop in the courtyard.

'I had just made my excuses to Lady Hewat when an officer came with the Prince's commands,' said Charlotte. 'He wished to see me. Tell me, what has happened?'

I told her of my meeting with the Chevalier.

'Let us hasten back to The Garth. Behind all the light and the music here there may be danger. Bertrand and Glenira are alone. I risk nothing when Philip Left-Hand is about.'

'I should like to see him, above all things. Let us go back to the ballroom.'

'He has disappeared. The hired chaise is ready waiting for me; but you must not be seen. Take the short cut you know by the fields to the turnpike road. I shall delay starting for half-an-hour, and overtake you. The Prince has gone to Duddingston, and no one will remark your absence. Keep to the main road after you strike it.' And with 'Adieu! Heaven guard you!' she had gone back to the ballroom.

I went by the side-door up the dark stair to the music-gallery, where I borrowed the old cloak, and in a couple of minutes I was out in the moonlight and putting the road behind me at a round pace. I took the short cut from the Lang Dikes, striking the turnpike road in half-an-hour. Allowing time for Charlotte's pre-arranged delay, I was well ahead of her; so I slackened my pace. The sooner the chaise overtook me the longer I should be with her. The night was one of moonlight. I could count the trees' branches in its clear presentment. The air was windless; and I soon heard the rumble of wheels break the silence in the distance. A chaise and pair came round a bend of the road. It drew level, and on my signal stopped. The window framed the fairest picture—Charlotte's face. In a trice I was inside, 'All's well!' on my lips, and a great happiness in my heart.

(Continued on page 422.)



BOLTS FROM THE BLUE.

By Sir LUDOVIC J. GRANT, Bart.

AS Sir Henry Maine has pointed out in an interesting passage in one of the lectures which, as Whewell Professor of International Law, he delivered before the University of Cambridge in 1887, one of the most remarkable features in the history of armament is the regularity with which the appearance of any new engine of destruction has been followed in certain quarters by an outburst of indignation, and by a strenuous effort to ban its employment. When medieval ingenuity devised that highly scientific weapon the cross-bow, the Church was horror-struck, and the Lateran Council in 1139 put an anathema upon *artem illam mortiferam et Deo odibilem*. In a later age the musket was received with scarcely less odium, wrathful commanders seeking to drive it out of use by denying quarter to the soldiers who carried the monstrous machine. Maine recalls how the Chevalier Bayard thanked God that he had caused all musketeers who fell into his hands to be slain without mercy. Similar sanctions were put into operation for the suppression of the rifle and the bayonet when they first came into use; and it seems that the men of our Rifle Brigade were actually clad in green uniforms that they might be less easily seen amidst the olive-trees of Spain and Portugal, and less likely, therefore, to fall into the merciless clutches of the foe.

The uniformity characterising the reception of new warlike weapons to which Maine calls attention has once again been exemplified in the case of aircraft. No sooner was it realised that vessels which navigate the air might be used not only for purposes of observation and communication, but also for the discharge of bolts from the blue, than the attempt was made to have aerial bombardment proclaimed illegal. Even the scouting services of balloons, it should be remarked by the way, have not passed unchallenged. In the Franco-German war (1870) Bismarck was disposed to take a leaf out of the Chevalier Bayard's book in dealing with persons who crossed over the German lines in balloons; and though in the end captured balloonists were never executed, they were treated with great rigour and severity. The opposition, however, to the employment of aircraft as bomb-throwers assumed a much more pronounced form than the opposition to their use as scouts. Indeed, the action of the Lateran Council in anathematising the cross-bow finds its modern counterpart in the attempts of The Hague Conferences to place under a ban the discharge of projectiles from balloons and other aircraft, and these early efforts to interdict aerial warfare by international agreement are deserving of consideration.

Some months before the first Peace Conference

met at The Hague in the summer of 1899, Count Mouravieff, on behalf of the Czar of Russia, who had been the prime mover in convoking the conference, issued a circular summarising the proposals which were to be submitted for discussion, and the third item in the list was in the following terms: 'To restrict the use in military warfare of the formidable explosives already existing, and to prohibit the throwing of projectiles or explosives of any kind from balloons or by any similar means.'

The proposal found plenty of supporters at The Hague, who in the course of the discussions harped strongly on the humanitarian string and on the 'frightfulness' of aerial war. 'Would it not be going beyond all bounds,' asked one of the Dutch delegates, General den Beer Portugael, 'to authorise the use of infernal machines which appear to fall from the sky?' And the gallant soldier proceeded to argue that by the progress of chemical science projectiles might be filled with deleterious or soporific gases, so that if dropped from balloons in the midst of troops they would at once put them out of action—a proceeding which he hinted would approximate closely to perfidy. Others thought that the means of injuring the enemy actually in use were sufficient; but perhaps the argument which carried most weight was that urged by an American delegate, Captain Crozier, who declared that in the existing state of aeronautics it was impossible to tell where projectiles cast from balloons might land, that innocent civilians might be injured equally with combatants, and that a church would be just as liable to destruction as a battery.

It is interesting to note that one of the German delegates pointed out that the words 'or by any similar means' in the Russian proposal might be held to strike at the use of mortars or other cannon which shoot high into the air, and he recommended that it should be made quite clear that the prohibition only related to *new* methods of a nature similar to the use of balloons.

While opinion at the conference was in favour of the prohibition proposed by Russia, there was at the same time a distinct feeling in some quarters that the prohibition should only be for a limited term of years. It was recognised that nothing whatever was known about aerial warfare, and that it was not impossible that by improvements in aeronautics balloons might in time be so brought under control as to be of effective use in war. Accordingly, out of deference to these views, the Declaration which was embodied in the Final Act of the conference was drawn up as follows: 'The contracting Powers agree to prohibit for a term of five years the launching of projectiles and explosives from balloons, or by

other new methods of a similar nature. The present Declaration is only binding on the contracting Powers in case of war between two or more of them. It shall cease to be binding from the time when, in a war between the contracting Powers, one of the belligerents is joined by a non-contracting Power.' This Declaration was subsequently accepted and signed by all the twenty-six Powers who had sent delegates to the conference, with the single exception of Great Britain.

When the second Peace Conference met at The Hague in 1907 the prohibition against bomb-throwing from balloons had been dead for several years; but the programme drawn up by the Russian Government made provision for reconsideration of the matter, and the renewal of the former Declaration for a further term was proposed by the Belgian delegates. In the interval since 1899 no very material improvements had been effected in aircraft, yet the belief in the future of aviation in connection with war exhibited itself much more markedly at the later than at the earlier congress. True, the bulk of the delegates were in sympathy with the view expressed by Lord Reay when he asked, 'Is it not enough to have two elements in which the nations may give free scope to their animosities and settle their quarrels without adding a third?' and they supported the Belgian resolution. But a considerable minority were not opposed to aerial warfare *in principle*, provided it could be regulated, and, as we shall see later, regulations were laid down at the conference.

In the end a majority of the delegates voted for the renewal of the Declaration; but, on the suggestion of a British representative, instead of the former definite time-limit of five years, a more elastic period was substituted—namely, 'to the close of the next Peace Conference.' As finally adjusted, then, in 1907, the Declaration ran: 'The contracting Powers agree to prohibit for a period extending to the close of the third Peace Conference the discharge of projectiles and explosives from balloons or by other new methods of a similar nature;' and then follow two paragraphs in precisely the same terms as the two concluding paragraphs of the 1899 Declaration.

The third Peace Conference has never yet been held; and, therefore, if this Declaration had ever become settled and accepted law, all the air raids in the present war, those directed against naval and military works equally with those against churches and hospitals, would have to be pronounced illegal operations. But it must be clearly understood that the Declaration is not, and never has been, part of authoritative international law. The second Peace Conference tried to interdict aerial war; but its action remained a mere attempt, for no less than seventeen States, including some of the most important, failed to sign the Declaration within

the prescribed period—that is, up to 30th June 1908. As the Declaration expressly provides that it is only binding in the case of a war between States which are signatories, clearly it is wholly inapplicable to the present war; for, while Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Great Britain (a non-signatory in 1899), and Turkey have signed the Declaration, France, Germany, Japan, Montenegro, Russia (the proposer of the 1899 prohibition), and Serbia have not signed.

Such, then, were the attempts to suppress aerial war; and now it may, perhaps, be instructive to compare with the attitude of The Hague Conferences the proceedings of the Institute of International Law in connection with the same matter. Since the beginning of the present century the Institute—which includes all the foremost international lawyers of the day—has on several occasions discussed very fully not only the legality of aerial war, but also the whole question of the nature and extent of the 'atmospheric rights' of States, and of the rules by which the navigation of the air, whether in time of peace or of war, should be regulated. To show the thoroughness with which these topics have been handled, it may be mentioned that several members of the Institute have been at pains to draft for the consideration of their colleagues complete codes of air law, which share this common fault that they are too elaborate and detailed for present requirements. The last occasion on which the Institute applied itself to the consideration of the *Régime Juridique des Aerostats* was in 1911, at the Madrid meeting. By that time remarkable progress had been accomplished in the science of flight, and there was good reason to believe that effective use could at last be made of aerial artillery. Nevertheless, so inveterate is prejudice, a threefold division of opinion on the subject of air warfare manifested itself at the discussions. A small section of jurists took up an extreme position, and were of opinion that no war operations of any kind should be permitted in the air. They were for interdicting observation and the maintenance of communications equally with the launching of projectiles. Indeed, some of them openly deplored the scientific progress which was bidding fair to make a conquest of the air. A second party steered a middle course. Aircraft, in their view, might unquestionably engage in scouting and the like; but in general they should not be used as means of destruction and combat. On the other hand, it was recognised that rival air-scouts could not be prevented from attacking each other, and also that if airmen are liable to be fired upon from the ground, they must have the right to retaliate. Accordingly, the supporters of the second view qualified the general prohibition of aerial warfare by allowing aircraft to use firearms and throw projectiles in self-defence, and in certain other exceptional circumstances. The third view, which found

its chief advocate in M. Fauchille, who from the first has made a special study of the problems relating to the air, was that aerial warfare should be permitted under the restrictions which, as we shall see immediately, had already been approved at The Hague in 1907. The adherents of this view rightly perceived that the true test of the legitimacy of any instrument of warfare is its effectiveness. If it is a really potent engine of destruction, it is mere waste of time to try to interdict its use. Cross-bow, musket, rifle, and bayonet, all became recognised weapons of warfare despite anathemas and threats, just because they satisfied the test indicated; on the other hand, expanding and exploding bullets were successfully banned because they were felt not to be of prime military importance. The third view ultimately gained the majority of the votes, and became the finding of the Institute; but unfortunately the form in which it was finally expressed is vague and unsatisfactory in the extreme. The article adopted by the Institute was in these terms: 'Aerial war is allowed, but only on the condition that it does not present for the persons or property of the pacific population greater danger than land or sea warfare.'

The first clause of the Institute's article is a correct statement of the present position. As international law now stands, bolts may be launched from the blue save in a war between two States which have signed the still extant Declaration of 1907. It remains, then, briefly to explain the law by which aerial warfare is regulated. While, as we have seen, a strong effort was made at the second Peace Conference to procure the prohibition of bomb-throwing by aircraft altogether, the delegates at the same time did not lose sight of the importance of laying down rules for this method of warfare, lest the total prohibition should come to nothing. True, there is only one provision in The Hague legislation of 1907 which directly and unmistakably refers to operations by aircraft; but as aerial bombardment cannot be regarded as a *tertium quid* wholly distinct from bombardment by troops or naval forces, it is clear that the codes drawn up at The Hague for bombardment in land and sea warfare must also have been intended to govern aerial bombardment in so far as they admit of application to the latter.

The direct reference to aircraft is contained in Art. XXV. of the Regulations annexed to Convention No. IV., respecting the Laws and Customs of War on Land, which is in these terms: 'The attack or bombardment, *by any means whatever*, of towns, villages, habitations, or buildings which are not defended is forbidden.' The words 'by any means whatever' were introduced at the instance of the Russian delegates, who, while opposed to the renewal of the Declaration prohibiting the launching of projectiles from balloons, urged that aircraft should

be prohibited from bombarding undefended towns, and the words are meant to cover attacks not only by siege-guns, howitzers, and the like, but also by all kinds of aircraft. By a curious oversight these words 'by any means whatever' are not repeated in The Hague code for bombardment by naval forces (which is contained in Convention No. IX.); but there is no reason whatever to suppose that The Hague Conference intended to legalise the aerial bombardment of undefended towns in sea warfare, while prohibiting it in land warfare. The first great principle, then, regulative of aerial bombardment is that it must not be directed against undefended towns. It is, however, important to realise that an undefended town is not the same thing as an unfortified town. A town may be defended though it is unfortified. Mr Spaight is probably quite right when he suggests in his admirable little volume, *Aircraft in War*, that a town is only to be regarded as undefended 'if it is not occupied by troops or otherwise in a position to offer armed resistance.'

The other Hague rules which, though they do not directly refer to aircraft, may be taken as governing aerial bombardment are contained in the code for naval bombardment, which is somewhat fuller than the code for bombardment by land forces. The relevant provisions may be adapted to aerial war as follows: 'Though it is not permissible for aircraft to raid undefended towns, it is permissible for them to destroy "military works, military or naval establishments, depots of arms or war material, workshops or plant available for the needs of the hostile fleet or army" which happen to be situated in an undefended town; and it is also permissible to destroy ships of war in the harbour. In all cases of bombardment aircraft must do their utmost to spare sacred edifices, buildings used for artistic, scientific, or charitable purposes, historic monuments, hospitals, and places where the sick and wounded are collected, provided they are not used for military purposes.'

One other rule requires to be mentioned which does not occur in any of The Hague conventions, but which is a necessary deduction from existing customary law. It may be unhesitatingly affirmed that it is just as illegal for aircraft to drop bombs on merchantmen at sea as it is for submarines to destroy such vessels by torpedoes.

The present war has furnished striking object-lessons in the matter of obedience and disobedience to the law of aerial bombardment. The raids by the aircraft of the Allies have all been for strictly military ends. Zeppelin sheds and factories, naval stations, submarines and submarine bases, batteries, gun positions, and military headquarters, these have been the targets of the law-abiding French and British airmen. To these examples of correct procedure the escapades of the German airmen present a

painful contrast. It may be that the towns which have been favoured by their attentions are technically defended towns; but no one who has read the story of their raids can have

the faintest doubt that their main desire and purpose have been to attack those very buildings which, even when situated in defended towns, the law seeks to clothe with inviolability.

THE HEIR TO SUNNINGHALL

CHAPTER V.

THE night was hot and oppressive; probably there was thunder in the air, and Gregory Le Fevre found it impossible to sleep. He did not even attempt it. The bed seemed hot and uninviting; so he paced about the room to tire himself, or sat by the open window smoking. A curious sense of unrest, of disaster, almost of fear, was upon him. Had the threatened accident unnerved him, or what was it that caught at his nerves and made them quiver? What was going wrong with his little, calm, new world? Why was Margaret so mysteriously terrified? Why did his aunt suddenly seem changed? Was the old house really haunted with ancient fears, sins, or evils? Was the dense atmosphere charged with an invisible terror? He suspected that the idle, purposeless course of these do-nothing, drifting days was to blame for nervous fears and ridiculous imaginings.

'I must go; I must get away. I want my mind braced, if not my body. This Sunninghall air is relaxing me. But I'm a fool! I can't make up my mind to leave Margaret. If I go, she must come with me.'

He took another restless turn. Really the air seemed to press on him with a tangible weight, and it was still and brooding, as if some indefinite terror were behind it. The clock had struck two. Except for an occasional scurry of mice and the mournful hoot of an owl in the trees near the old house, it was perfectly still. Sunninghall seemed to sleep profoundly. Ah, only *seemed*; some one beside himself was waiting for the passing of these dark hours. A low and hurried knock sounded on the thick panels of his locked door.

'Aunt Lyddy's ill!' was his first thought. 'That would account for her curious look and bearing.' But when he opened the door and found Margaret standing there her first words disabused him of the idea, while they utterly surprised him. She was trembling from head to foot; her eyes pierced him with their agonised appeal. She was clay-white.

'Let me in,' she said in so strange a voice that, without seeing her, he would not have recognised it; 'and quickly. It is my only chance of speaking to you before the day comes; and one day's delay might be too much. Don't mind appearances; let me come in.'

Without a word he opened his door wide, and let her sink, as if her limbs failed her, into an arm-chair. As he began composedly to say or

ask something she put up her hand to silence him.

'Let me speak. Unless I do so at once I may not have courage; for, Mr Le Fevre, I have a dreadful thing to say to you, and it seems to me a traitorous thing, for she has been good to me.'

'She?'

'Yes. Need I say whom I mean? You know. What you don't realise yet is that she is, on one subject, a lunatic, and dangerous. Do you remember that she said herself that if she died "Sunninghall" would be found written on her heart? She has one passion, and one only. For the keeping of Sunninghall *as her own* she would sacrifice her husband even, though to a certain limited degree she loves him, as he is part of her. How much more you and me! I see you do not believe me; you are saying to yourself I am exaggerating, if not inventing; you are calling me hysterical, excited. You may well call me ungrateful. But I cannot—oh, I *cannot*—see you walking blindfolded to a possible doom! Before God, Gregory Le Fevre, I am telling you the truth. *Your life is not safe a day in Sunninghall.*'

'Margaret, are you beside yourself? My life not safe—*my life*!'

'I am perfectly sane. I know. Your uncle found it out before he died. Did he warn you anyhow?'

Gregory started, aghast at the sudden remembrance of certain words, 'Tell him not to keep the Guthries here. I have my reasons. God help me! I have my reasons.' He had put these words out of his mind with easy nonchalance as the ravings of a clouded reason, where disease caused a warped vision of those about him.

'Yes,' he answered through his teeth, 'he did. He left me a message. But he was ill; he was not himself.'

'The lawyer who made his will did not say so, nor the doctor he called in. The lawyer and the doctor here are Mrs Guthrie's sworn allies, her tools. Dr Bastin took her word exactly in his treatment of your uncle; she gave her advice as from her husband, of whom Dr Bastin has a great opinion. Dr Edwards, I know, entirely altered the treatment; but he was called in too late. But listen—it is horrible to me to tell you all this, but I must—that bough that your car stumbled over was not blown down. Mrs Guthrie threw it there.'

'Margaret!'

'It is true. After you had started she ordered the pony-carriage. I offered to go with her, but she would not have me; and she would not take the boy; she would drive herself, though she does not often do that. I was watching her very closely. I will tell you why directly. There was something in her face—she did not know any one saw it—which brought out all the terrors that were hidden in me, terrors I hardly knew were there. You could not believe how that mild mask of a face can change! Something told me I must follow her. I slipped along amongst the trees by the side of the road through the park. She never looked round, but drove slowly, so that I could keep her in sight. Suddenly she stopped the pony—you know how quietly he stands—and she stood up on the seat under the boughs of that great beech that hangs down. She reached up and pulled at a bough, and it must have been loose, for at last it came down. She threw it across the road behind her, and drove on. She must have made the round to the back of the house, for I watched a long time, and she did not come back. Then I ventured out, and drew the bough away. But—her voice sank into a terrified panting whisper—'she must have left *another* behind her, for I had not saved you from an accident! Oh my God! what I suffered!' She moaned and put out her hands blindly.

He caught and held them.

'Is it possible? Is it true? Margaret, how can I believe even you when you tell me such a horror?'

'Stop!' she gasped; 'there's more. Do you remember she said you looked pale, and that you wanted some of her "*tonic*"? *Her tonic*! I could not bear to let her out of my sight. Last night I could not find her; she was not in her room, the drawing-room, the library. I went to Dr Guthrie's laboratory. I opened the door very softly—the baize door, you know—and the one within was open. She had her back to me; she was filling a bottle which she had taken from the shelf. She did not hear me, and I went away; but afterwards, when she and Dr Guthrie were out, I found the place where the bottle was, and it contained cyanide of potassium! No, I know you cannot believe me. I could not believe my own eyes if I were not sure it is madness, the great desire of her soul working secretly that has driven out reason and affection and every natural feeling.'

'Margaret! Margaret!' he said helplessly, still clinging to her hands as if he were the weaker of the two, 'tell me, what can I do—what can I do?'

She bent towards him, and the horror of her face slowly grew transfigured to sad but tender motherhood, the best love for lasting, the best good women feel when their men suffer and need help.

'Listen, dear,' she said gently; 'you must face it, terrible as it is; and you must harden your heart. You must run no more risks. To-morrow, if she asks you to take anything, you must make it plain to her that you *know*, and that she must go. You must never be with her any more.'

'And you? You will stay; you won't leave me, Margaret? Margaret, I love you—I love you. I need you.'

'How can I stay? I shall have to go somewhere to cover my head. I can never be with her any more.'

'You must stay for ever. Darling, you must be my wife.'

'Oh!' she cried, almost fiercely drawing her hand from his, 'is this a time for love-making? Let me go!—let me go! I have done what seems a dreadful thing—for your sake! Let me go now.'

'But not for always; you are part of my life now. Haven't you saved it?'

She shuddered. 'Oh, death seems just now nearer than life! Gregory, I cannot think—it may be that we shall be free and happy some day; but now, this dreadful night, I cannot think of that.'

He tried to hold her, to kiss her, but she slipped out of his grasp, and the next moment he was alone in a whirl of frightful thoughts. He did not attempt to go to bed; he sat stricken, trying to shape into definite ideas the new and terrible vision of the woman he had trusted and loved. Could it indeed be true that while welcoming him with soft caressing voice and little gentle phrases she was deliberately planning his death—she, an old woman, or nearly old, whose tenure on life and on the house she loved so exclusively was short at best? Surely, surely it was not so hideous as that. He must believe her mad or alter his whole outlook on human nature, his frank, boyish trust in the kindness and faith of friends. Hark! was that a footfall in the passage? Was Margaret returning to tell him some new horror, or was it—*Who was it?* For it sounded again. He opened his door, and stood aghast; for Mrs Guthrie, in her dressing-gown and slippers, was walking quietly along. Her pale eyes were wide open, but she was evidently walking in her sleep. She looked past him, unseeing, and words came in her usual soft, even tones, 'You don't need to show me a light, my dear; don't I know every turn, every step, every plank? Dear home; dear, dear home, you shall be mine—mine—mine!'

As he stood, as if turned to stone, uncertain what to do, Dr Guthrie came swiftly after her and took her by the arm. He looked terrified as he caught Gregory's stony stare. 'She does this at times,' he said in a hurried, nervous voice, 'after she has been upset. She wasn't well to-night. Don't trouble, Greg. I'll see to her. It will be all right.' And, Dr Guthrie gently propelling her onward, the two strange figures

turned the corner and went to their own room. Gregory slept no moment through the rest of the long and fearful night.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was a terrible ordeal for Gregory Le Fevre to face the household in the morning. They were all there when he came in, Mrs Guthrie at her post at the head of the table, very white, but otherwise seeming and speaking much as usual. Dr Guthrie, buried in some medical treatise, barely looked up, and only grunted out an unintelligible greeting; but his wife spoke with no apparent effort. Margaret was quiet, ghastly pale, watchful.

Mrs Guthrie babbled on, breaking the tense silence with little inconsequent remarks. 'You're not yourself, Greg; you're eating nothing. I'm afraid yesterday has upset us all. You must let me dose you. You must take my tonic after breakfast.'

The farce of a meal—farce or tragedy—over, they rose. Mrs Guthrie bustled out of the room, still with the resolute cheerfulness which defied and mocked the strange silence of the others, which she must have felt. She returned with a bottle of transparent liquid and a measuring-glass. Dr Guthrie had left the room, casting uneasy glances around him.

'Here, my dear,' she said, in the strained, feverish way in which she had spoken before; and suddenly, as he met her eyes, Gregory saw plainly in them the wild greed of insanity. 'I must measure it, for all good tonics have a touch of poison in them, you know; but I will be careful. You must take only a little after every meal.'

She approached him smiling. The sudden strength which a great energy brings to men who have lived through dangers took the shrinking fear away from Gregory's soul. He took the glass in one hand and fixed his eyes steadily on his aunt. Still holding it, with his other hand he grasped her arm. 'I think I will not take this, Aunt Lyddy,' he said, 'nor anything else from your hand till I am sure of its being harmless. I have something to say. I do not want to put into words the thing I know. Aunt Lyddy, Sunninghall will not hold us both any longer. I *know*.'

She gave a strange shriek, and her arm twisted

to escape him. All the gentleness, the strange soft subdued manner, was gone in a flash. She stood revealed in the nakedness of her mad desire.

'You know—you know—you wretch! How dare you? You know *what*?'

Her screaming voice brought her husband. He gave one strange, dour look of hatred at Gregory, then took hold of his wife, speaking soothingly, 'My dear, my dear, you're not yourself. I told you you should have kept quiet. You are overwrought. He has been plaguing you. Come away with me—come away; you need a change. We will leave this place—together. I'll take care of you.'

'Leave!' she screamed, struggling in his hold. 'Leave my home—my own home—Sunninghall! I won't! I won't! Didn't my cruel brother cheat me of it? After his promise, haven't I the right to it, not this—this'—she pointed wildly at Gregory—'this interloper standing in my way, keeping me from my own—my own—I say, *my own*?'

Her voice rose shriller and fiercer. Her husband, in a frenzy of fear and distress, put his hand before her mouth. He spoke over his shoulder to Gregory. 'Go. I'll manage her. She has had these attacks before—epileptiform. I can manage. I know what to do. You need not fear that we shall stay. I will take her away to-day. We shall return no more.'

Gregory obeyed him in silence. Why should he prolong the hateful scene?

He never saw his aunt again. Dr Guthrie spirited her away that same day without a word of confession or excuse. Whether he was a party to her intentions or merely shielding her with silence Gregory never knew. A year after, when Margaret had been his wife some months, and the horrible memory of that last night and day was fading from his mind in the sunshine of a happy love, a black-edged envelope lay on his table. It contained a card also heavily edged with black. It had these words printed on it: 'In everlasting memory of my beloved wife, Lydia Janet Guthrie, who left me 1st August 19—. At Rest.'

So, mad or sane, but saved from the crime of murder, the hungry heart of Lydia Guthrie was still. Her nephew had no hatred for the woman he had once loved.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HANDY WALLET FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

A SUPPLY of writing materials is one of the urgent needs of soldiers on active service. Pencil, paper, and envelopes appear to be a small and insignificant addition to the kit, but they

are frequently omitted. In order to provide this need an ingenious wallet has been introduced, which is designed for the use of officers as well as the rank and file, and is suitable for both services. It contains a small pad of thin and tough note-paper, a supply of envelopes, a calendar,

a pencil, and a tablet for the inscription of the owner's regimental number and the unit or ship to which he is attached ; the whole being enclosed in a stout cover of waterproof material. The wallet is inexpensive, so that it is within the means of every man. The style prepared for officers' use has a cover of waterproofed suedette, the general appearance and finish of the article being superior to the cheaper one. A wallet, which is made up in a similar manner, containing about one hundred sheets of thin, strong paper for shaving purposes, will also be appreciated. The difficulty of keeping a razor clean and in perfect condition while a soldier is on active service is extreme, and he appreciates a shave when he is able to snatch a few minutes for the purpose. These wallets have been tested under service conditions, and are highly appreciated by the users.

CONCRETE HOUSES.

One of the economical problems to which Edison has devoted his energies is the construction of houses in concrete. The process has been perfected, and is now being exploited commercially, especially in Australia, where the opportunities for such a process are appreciated, owing to the difficulty of securing brick and other permanent constructional material, and the shortage of labour. The process might also be adopted in other colonies very profitably, inasmuch as erection is simple and speedy ; and, further, it has the advantage of being cheaper than the use of either brick or wood in construction. The chimneys and walls are monolithic—that is, they are in one piece ; while the floors, roofs, and intermediate partitions are of strong concrete construction, reinforced with steel bars and steel wire-netting if desired. The moulds are made of wood faced with iron, and are carried to the full height of the wall. The concrete is prepared in a dry state upon the ground, and then lifted to the top of the building, where it is combined with water to the required consistency, and run into the moulds. Then the moulds are removed, and the internal surface of the walls is raked with a steel comb to provide a key or hold for the skin of plaster which is subsequently applied to facilitate the internal scheme of decoration. The external surface may be similarly raked if desired, so as to take on a finishing in rough-cast, or it may be left in the raw condition. A six-roomed house built in this manner can be completed in ten days. The sections of the moulds are standardised, so that they may be used over and over again, and for any type of building. The acquisition of the moulds constitutes the heaviest outlay ; but the fact that they are virtually indestructible is a compensation. Houses built upon this system are not only waterproof and fireproof, but are also hygienic. They are immune against the attacks of such pests as

rats and mice, and in tropical climates they defy the white ant.

MANUFACTURING RADIUM IN SCOTLAND.

Hitherto the production of radium has been largely an Austrian monopoly. The Government mines are at Joachimsthal ; while large quantities of crude uranium ore were purchased from England, the bulk coming from the dump-heaps of the Cornish tin-mines. The final reduction, however, was carried out both in Germany and France as well as in Austria. Some time ago Great Britain embarked upon the industry, and has refined a certain quantity of the precious mineral. The war has virtually cut off supplies of foreign radium from this country, and we are now dependent on our own resources. The Scottish venture is due to the enterprise and energy of a Glasgow metallurgical chemist, Mr John S. MacArthur, who has established his factory within easy reach of Loch Lomond. The founder of this latest industry, who has familiarised himself with the problems of his task, has been carrying out experiments with a small plant, and has trained a small staff of men for the work. The extraction and refining of radium from the crude ore is a prolonged and delicate operation, the material having to pass through about fifty processes. The proportion of radium per ton of the finest ore is about ten milligrammes, so that the yield cannot be described as heavy ; but as the world's annual production of this rare radioactive agent is only about thirty grammes, it will be seen that there are great possibilities for the new industry. It is anticipated that the Scottish plant will be able to turn out about six grammes per year. It is also intended to work upon the production of radium fertiliser as well as the by-products, uranium and vanadium, since these articles are in demand, the last-named more especially, as the market for vanadium steel, of which vanadium forms a component, is increasing rapidly.

THE COMPLETION OF A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

The demarcation of the Alaskan-Canadian boundary line along the one hundred and forty-first meridian has now been brought to a successful conclusion. This task was commenced in 1907. The period of working in the field, however, has been somewhat restricted, inasmuch as movement in that country during the winter is almost impossible. The boundary runs along a great mountain chain, the slopes of which are covered with dense forests and scarred by glaciers, snow-slides, rock-slides, tumbling torrents, and steep precipices. The work is remarkable for the fact that it is the first of its kind to be carried out in such a high latitude, and few boundaries in the world are so straight, swamps, forests, glaciers, and mountains being traversed by the boundary irrespective of the obstacles they offered. Where the line runs through the

dense forests a swathe twenty feet in width has been cut and cleared, and down this cleavage monuments have been planted at an average distance of from three to four miles. The monuments themselves are somewhat formidable, each comprising a bronze aluminium shaft five feet in height, and weighing three hundred pounds, planted in a solid block of concrete weighing one ton. In the course of a few years the luxuriant undergrowth will obliterate the trail which has been cut if it is not periodically cleared—which is not likely, unless settlement takes place; but the monuments are imperishable, and will always be easy to discover. The boundary line decided in this manner is about six hundred miles in length, and is indicated by about two hundred of the monuments described.

GERMANY'S MACHINE-GUN ARMY.

This is an artillery war, as we have been told time after time. At first the Germans made powerful use of their heavy artillery, ranging up to the fearsome forty-two centimetre, or sixteen-and-a-half inch, howitzer, and for a time held sway until the Allies were able to bring up guns which ensured the artillery ascendancy. But the mammoth gun is only one feature of the operations. At the other end of the scale is the machine-gun—the David of the artillery world. Here, as in the opposite extreme, the Germans held a superiority, owing to the confidence they placed in this gun, which was so complete that it was decided as a golden rule to give each company of one hundred men two weapons of this type. Recently it has been said that the machine-gun force of the Teuton army numbers no less than fifty thousand weapons. This practice in German military circles affords a fairly reliable index to the strength of the German army at the outbreak of war—two and a half million men. Allowing for a certain proportion as a reserve, it may be safely asserted that Germany, when she commenced hostilities, had a force numbering two million soldiers. The Germans have contrived an ingenious mounting which forms a sledge or stretcher-carriage to be hauled along the ground or to be carried by two men, according to conditions. It is this stretcher-mounting which prompted the story that under the disguise of ambulance-stretchers the German infantry approached and secured strong machine-gun positions. However, as events have proved, nothing was farther from the truth. The Germans adopted the stretcher type of carriage merely because it offered to them the best means of rendering the gun mobile. The machine-gun has achieved such a large measure of success in the forces of our enemy simply because it was appraised at its true military worth. It is a killing instrument *par excellence*. Machine-gun fire has wrought more havoc than any other unit of artillery. Assuming an average of five hundred shots per

gun per minute, it is evident that on the sector attacked by the British forces at Neuve Chapelle, where the stationing of machine-guns in the German trenches was one gun every fifty feet, no fewer than seven thousand five hundred shots per minute were poured into the advancing British ranks over a distance of two hundred and fifty yards. The menace of the machine-gun has, more than any other factor, been responsible for the adoption of the open formation by our troops. In the German advances in massed formation, which were so characteristic of the early days of the war, and which are practised upon the eastern frontier to this moment, it is stated that the direction of machine-gun fire was revealed by open swathes through the dense ranks of men, who were simply mown down in the manner of a scythe cutting hay. The heavy shell has been responsible for the digging-in tactics which are now practised by the protagonists; the machine-gun has caused the development of a natural hesitancy to attack in force in close formation upon a strongly entrenched position.

A PROTECTOR AGAINST GUN-DEAFNESS.

In these days of high-velocity projectiles, heavy powder pressures, and quick-firing weapons, troubles of the ear are to be expected. The change of air-pressure on the drum of the ear is so enormous and rapid, owing to the tremendous vibrations of the air that are set up, that injury to such a delicate organ as the ear is to be expected. In the old days of the muzzle-loader a cotton-wool plug in the ears, or the placing of the hands over the ears at the moment of discharge, proved an adequate protection; but nowadays these expedients are insufficient. The percentage of men working our guns, both on land and sea, who are thus affected is high, and many are permanently deaf owing to the destruction of the tympanic membrane. But gun-deafness can be prevented by using the ear-defender devised by Messrs A. Mallock, F.R.S., and Armstrong. The defender comprises a small apparatus made of highly finished ebonite, with gold-plated and non-corrodible metallic protection gauzes. A defender three-quarters of an inch in length is placed in each ear. The inner or smaller end is bulbous in shape, the tip of the bulb being pushed gently into the ear with a slight rotary movement for about half-an-inch, so that the tender part of the ear is not touched, while the enlarged base containing the protective 'drum' prevents the protector being driven too far into the ear, no matter how severe the explosion and resultant concussion may be. When the defender is adjusted properly the outer gauze lies approximately flush with the ear, and is scarcely visible from the front. Although the defender ensures protection against injury to the drum of the ear by gun-fire, it does not interfere with normal listening or the using of a telephone,

and conversation may be easily and distinctly followed. Owing to the materials used, and the principle of construction, the defender is proof against damage by water. The device, together with a cleaner, is packed in a small pocket-case which does not occupy appreciable space.

THE INFLUENCE OF WAR ON FORESTRY.

There is one effect of the war which has escaped general observation—the destruction of forests. It will be observed that the most sanguinary and strenuous engagements are taking place in the most thickly timbered stretches of country, particularly on the western battle-front, such as the Vosges and the Ardennes. In modern military strategy the occupation of thickly timbered territory is a frequent occurrence. The reason is obvious. Densely wooded country offers the greatest obstruction to an enemy. The roads and trails are few, and may be easily blocked. When these highways are rendered impassable artillery cannot be moved quickly and strategically. If highways have to be blazed and cleared to permit the movement of troops and guns time is lost, as such work is necessarily slow. At the same time forests offer excellent cover and an ideal protection, as is natural. In the Vosges and the Ardennes the destruction of timber has attained alarming proportions. Large stretches of magnificent timber are being sacrificed to the exigencies of war—the construction of barricades, the erection of temporary trestles, defensive positions, ‘corduroying’ of roads, and so forth. The trees are of paramount value to the surrounding country, because of their influence on the rainfall and the deposit of moisture. Consequently, on the conclusion of the war some interesting problems will arise. Unless this wastage is made good by a liberal policy of afforestation the agricultural land in the vicinity will become sterile.

RE STOCKING OF THE NORTH SEA.

For many years past the depletion of the fishing-grounds of the North Sea has been a matter of great importance. The multiplicity of fishing-vessels and the widespread use of the steam-trawler have tended to exhaust the fisheries of the North Sea, the fishermen of to-day being compelled to go much farther afield to secure remunerative catches. Now that this expanse of salt water is virtually closed to peaceful pursuits, the fish have the opportunity to multiply; and one may rest assured that Nature will take full advantage of the lull in the work—so far as she is concerned—of destruction as represented by fishing activity. Sufficient evidences of this are already forthcoming. The herring-run has been one of unprecedented magnitude, but it has proceeded practically unmolested. The mackerel-run will share a similar experience. As what might be termed

the annual or migratory fish-runs escape decimation, it is only natural to assume that the ground fish, such as the plaice, sole, &c., will profit from a spell of trawling inactivity. Should the war be of long duration, and the North Sea consequently be a prohibited area for two or three seasons, it is obvious that the present exhaustion which is so manifest will be made good. While men are seeking to destroy their kind, Nature will seize the chance to restock a zone which has been threatened with denudation. On the conclusion of the war, it is believed in circles competent to judge that the North Sea will be a richer fishing-ground than before.

DEVICE FOR SINKING SUBMARINE MINES.

The following comes as an addition to the information already given in the article on ‘Submarine Mines’ in our May part, and in that on ‘The Mine-Sweepers’ in this issue: When laying submarine mines over an uneven sea-bottom it would take far too long to measure the depth of water for each one, and to adjust its cable to suit; consequently apparatus is used which automatically lengthens or shortens the wire rope between the mine and its sinker. The last-named contains the cable wound on a reel, and beneath it is a supplementary sinker, also with a reel of wire measuring exactly ten feet or whatever depth below the surface the mine is intended to remain. One end of this wire is fixed to a spring trigger which locks the main cable reel. When the mine is launched the supplementary reel unwinds until all its wire is paid out and the weight of the sinker pulls the trigger off the main cable reel. The result is that the main sinker comes down, paying out cable on the way, until the supplementary sinker touches the bottom, when the trigger, relieved of any weight, is pulled back by its spring and again locks the cable. We now have the mine on the surface and the main sinker ten feet above the bottom. Through a small hole the main sinker gradually fills with water and pulls down the mine to the correct depth.

COLLECTING ROCK HONEY.

A writer in *New India* mentions that amongst the various items of minor forest products collected in the Satyamangalam Hills, Madras Presidency, by no means the least important are honey and wax. Rock honey is produced by very large bees, and found in holes and under ledges of rocks. This honey is coarse and dark, and the wax very dark-coloured. The first season’s products are collected in August, when the rocks are dry, and the products of the second season as soon as the hot dry weather sets in, and there is less chance of slipping. It is very dangerous work, involving risk to life. In the Satyamangalam Hills the collection is done only by Kurumbars. A party of

fourteen to fifteen starts on the expedition in the proper season. Of these, only two (Kurumbars) are collectors; the rest are employed to carry goods and chattels, erect sheds, light fires, and to do odd jobs for the two collecting Kurumbars. The two Kurumbars, who alone climb up the rocks and collect the honey, are invariably brothers-in-law—that is to say, each man's wife is the sister of the other man—and each is responsible for the life and safety of the other. For instance, if the rope were not held firmly, or were allowed to slip, the man on the ladder would be dashed to pieces against the rock, and his wife would become a widow, to the lasting shame of her brother, who was the cause of the catastrophe. The expedition always starts on a Monday, which these hill-tribes regard as a very auspicious day. When starting off, the party take with them coconuts, plantains, camphor, and other offerings to their family deity; also their implements of collection, which consist of a long ladder made of *koracha* fibre, with a stout rope of the same material attached to it; a bowl made of basket-work smeared over with clay, with a long handle, in shape much resembling a soup-ladle; a sharp-pointed stick; and a bundle of torches composed of green and dry grass mixed. The rope attached to the ladder is fastened firmly to a tree, and the ladder is thrown off the top of the rock. One of the Kurumbars holds on to it while the other climbs down the ladder until he finds himself on a level with the honeycombs which are on the slippery sides of the rocks. Arrived there, he plants his right foot firmly on one rung of the ladder and leans his left knee on the rung above. Being firmly fixed, he swings himself backward and forward, having in one hand a burning torch and in the other the pointed stick; and as he swings in towards the rock he applies the torch to the combs, and drives away the bees and collects the comb. At the end of each day's work the Kurumbar climbs up to the top of the rock. The operations go on for several days. On the last

day, when all the honey and wax has been collected, the rope is untied and the ladder dropped down to the bottom.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

FOREVERMORE.

WHEN summer all the landscape fills,
And sunset flames along the hills,
I see thy face before me rise,
And add fresh beauty to the skies.

When west winds blow from ocean's rim,
And Nature chants her evening hymn,
I hear thee singing in the breeze
The songs of the Hesperides.

When Mars, the warrior star, shines red,
And slow the Bear wheels overhead,
Thy luminous eyes look from above,
In their clear depths an infinite love.

When, white and green along the strand,
The waves run in and churn the sand,
Thy hair, like brown seaweed unrolled,
Glistens with streaks of tawny gold.

Flame, sunset, through thy golden bars!
Blow softly, winds! shine out, fair stars!
Beat gently, billows, on the shore!
My Love is mine forevermore.

J. SCOTT.

*. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible. ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.*
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

In the JULY issue of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL will appear the first instalments of a New Novel, entitled—

BETTY GRIER,

By JOSEPH LAING WAUGH.

In his 'Robbie Doo' and 'Cracks wi' Robbie Doo,' Mr Waugh has already proved himself a keen and sympathetic observer, and a gifted recorder of Lowland Scots country life. In 'Betty Grier' he takes us back to Thornhill, the little Dumfriesshire village whose homely characters and winsome scenery his pen delights to depict. Here in a beautiful setting he unfolds a romantic love story, and reproduces, often in the simple, pithy Doric, of which he has so sure a command, a series of scenes full of humour, and deep, true, and tender pathos. Betty Grier and her husband, Nathan Hebron, are fine types, finely portrayed, whom the reader, be he Scots or not, cannot fail to take to his heart for good.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

BETTY GRIER.

By JOSEPH LAING WAUGH,

Author of *Robbie Doo*, *Cracks wi' Robbie Doo*, *Thornhill and its Worthies*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I look round my little bedroom and note the various familiar items that make up its furnishings, when my eye lights on much that I associate with the days o' Auld Langsyne, I am conscious of a feeling of homeliness, a sense of chumship with my surroundings, and I can scarcely realise that fourteen years have come and gone since last I laid my head on the pillow of this small truckle-bed.

So far as I can recall the arrangement of its old-fashioned, ordinary-looking plenishings, everything remains exactly as I left it. My trout and salmon rods, all tied together—each cased in its own particular-coloured canvas—stand there in the corner beside an old out-of-date gaff and a capacious landing-net which that king of fishers, Clogger Eskdale, gifted to me when the 'rheumatics' prevented his ever again participating in his favourite sport. My worn leather school-bag, filled with the last batch of books I used, is still suspended from a four-inch nail driven into a 'dook' at the cheek of the mantelpiece. It is a long time ago, but it seems only yesterday since I stood in the middle of this room, unstrapping that bag from my shoulders for the last time. My school-days were over; with eager, anxious feet I was standing on the threshold of a new life, and to satchel and lesson-book I was bidding farewell.

I well remember Deacon Webster, at my mother's request, inserting that dook and driving home that nail; and he laughed unfeelingly when she explained to him the purpose it was to serve. The deacon could not understand the sentiment which prompted her to assign the bag a place upon the wall; and when, after the nail was secure, he made to hang my 'boy's burden' upon it in much the same callous spirit in which he would screw the last nail in a coffin-lid, my mother stepped forward.

'One moment, Webster,' she said. 'Allow me.' With her own hands she placed the bag where it hangs now. My old nurse, Betty Grier, straightened it and wiped it with her duster; and the deacon took a pinch of snuff, blew his nose in a big spotted handkerchief, and muttered *sotto voce*, as his nostrils quivered, 'Well, I'm d——!'

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Against the back wall, in the centre, between the door and the corner, stands the old black oak chest of drawers which for sixteen years held the whole outfit of my boyhood's days; while the mahogany looking-glass, with the grooved square standards and the swivel mirror, monopolises still, as it always has done, the whole top shelf thereof.

To the left is a framed photograph of my father and mother, and to the right a rosewood-framed sampler, worked long ago by my grandmother, on which, in faded green, against a dull drab background, are still decipherable the words of Our Lord's Prayer. And there, between the fireplace and the window, is my book-rack, and from its shelves old friends look down upon me. The gilt titles are tarnished and worn, but I know each book by the place it occupies, and I feel that, even after the long, long years that have separated us, *Tom Brown*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *David Copperfield* will speak to me again, laugh with me, cry with me, as they did in days of yore.

Often has Betty, I know, swept and tidied this little room. Every article has been lifted, dusted, and carefully returned to its place. I know with what feelings of reverence the dear old soul has fingered every ornament. I am conscious of the loving care she has exercised on all my old belongings, and somehow I feel consoled and comforted, my physical weakness depresses me less, my mother's presence seems nearer me, and unbidden tears of thankfulness come to my eyes and trickle from my cheek to my pillow.

This has been to me a day of great events. I have travelled by rail from Edinburgh to Elvanfoot, thence by horse-carriage to Thornhill, during the last stage driven by Charlie Walker (the 'bus Jehu I envied in my schoolboy years) and tended by my fail-me-never Betty. To her also this has been a memorable day, for when we were driving down the Dalveen Pass she told me that never before had she seen a Caledonian train, and that her last memory of Traloss dated back to a Sabbath-school trip about the year 1868. Such a long ride in a well-sprung, well-upholstered carriage was also a novelty to her,

a new experience which only with great difficulty I could persuade her to enjoy to the full. She insisted on sitting forward on the extreme edge of the seat, and it was only after I told her that her uncomfortable-looking position made me uneasy and unhappy that she sat well back, till her shoulders rested on the cushion behind.

Contrary to my expectations, I am suffering neither pain nor inconvenience from my long journey; and as I lie here in my little bed, looking through the curtained window to the long, low range of the Lowther Hills, and listening to the familiar sounds in the village street below, a blissful peace which I cannot express in words possesses me, my physical and my mental organisation seem to have undergone a change, my experience of city life is blotted out and forgotten, and, strangely enough, I feel myself, as of old, a unit of the village community. Queerer still, this placid acceptance of altered circumstances, this dovetailing into a different condition of life and living, seems to me so natural as to be hardly worth noting; and without a pang of regret I leave behind me urban pleasures and duties, and contemplate with equanimity retirement to this rural retreat, a twelvemonth's sojourn midst scenes to me for ever dear.

Nor does the fact that this rustication is compulsory distress or annoy me. My physical weakness has reduced me to a state of indifference towards former pursuits. A long illness, following a deplorable accident, has impaired my appetite for social joys; so much so, indeed, that when my doctors—rather apologetically, I thought—informed me that if ever I wished to be well again I must give up my profession and town residence for twelve months at least, and live quietly somewhere in the country, I hailed their verdict with delight, and my yearning heart at once went out to my native village and the home of my old nurse, Betty Grier.

Dear old Betty! To whom else could I turn? She is all—of the human element at least—I have left to me of my home life of long ago. My memories of my father are vague and hazy. I was only five when he died; and, through the misty veil of long-gone years, two pictures only of him are impressed upon my mind. In one I see him standing in the narrow whitewashed pantry, his head 'screeving' the ceiling, and his broad shoulders almost excluding the waning western light that glimmered through the small four-paned window. Betty, white-capped and white-aproned, is there also, with a large ashet in her hands, on which lies a long, thick silver fish—a salmon, as I afterwards learned—one of the many he lured from the depths of Mattha's Pool. My mother's arm is lovingly linked in his, and there is a pleased and happy expression on her face, which somehow is transmitted to me, because, with her, I feel proud of the great big man I call my daddy, who has battled so

successfully with the strong-looking monster now lying so quiet, with gaping mouth, on Betty's ashet.

Then there is a long, dark blank before the next picture appears, and I see him sitting in a big arm-chair at the dining-room fire. His back is cushioned, and a shepherd-tartan plaid is round his shoulders, the ends folded across his knees. My mother is writing letters to his dictation on a small bureau, which has been placed near his chair. I am playing with a Noah's Ark, marshalling the animals in pairs on the rug; and when my mother goes out of the room to the little office adjoining, I leave my toys and stand at his knee, looking up to a face which to me seems very white and pinched. A long thin hand is placed on my curly head, and with difficulty he bends down and kisses me. I wonder who has been unkind to him, for I see a tear trickling down his cheek, and it falls unheeded on his plaid.

I cannot focus him in my mind's eye in any subsequent event, though I remember perfectly the old doctor with the foxskin cap and the clattering clogs, and the smell of 'Kendal brown' he always left behind. Then a day came when the window-blinds were pulled down and all the rooms were darkened; when Betty's voice was, even to my childish ears, low and husky; when my mother cuddled me in a tight embrace, and a wet, wet cheek was laid against mine. Oh, how she trembled and sobbed! I felt bewildered and unhappy, and I remember putting my wee, helpless arms round her neck and asking her why she was crying. She told me that daddy had gone away—away to heaven; and when I asked if he wouldn't come back to us again, she said, 'No, no,' and her embrace tightened, and she wept afresh. In a short time the door was hesitatingly opened, and Betty came noiselessly in with a book in her hand which I had often seen her read. She stood behind my mother's chair with her tear-stained face turned away, and her red hand on my mother's shoulder; but she didn't speak. Then she came round, and, 'hunkering' down beside us, opened her book and in a low voice began to read.

I often think it is strange how indelibly imprinted on some childish minds are little incidents of long ago—little glimpses of landscape, snatches of songs, details here and there of passing events. Not that I consider the foregoing a little incident. To me it was at the time of outstanding moment, and even yet in my retrospect of life it looms large and prominent; but, though I have often endeavoured to recall Betty's ministrations on this occasion, all I can remember is that when she came to the verse, 'I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you,' she spoke the words without referring to her Bible, and she repeated them, the while looking with big, hopeful eyes up to my mother's face. And my mother smiled through her tears; and, stroking Betty's

strong brown hair, she called her 'Betty the Comforter.'

A time came in the short after years when she was, by the same dear lips, again called 'Betty the Comforter.' It was when my saintly mother was passing into the spiritland, and, without fear or trepidation, lay calmly awaiting her call. But of this I cannot speak; it is a subject sacred to Betty and to me.

To-night, when I had undressed and was settling myself down for the night, Betty came upstairs, carrying that self-same Bible in her hand. She stood on the threshold for a minute, wiping its covers with the corners of her apron, though well she knew that from frequent use the Book required no dusting.

'Maister Weelum,' she began, 'eh!—I'—

"William," Betty, please, without the "Mister," I said smilingly.

'Yes! yes! so be it—imphm! Eh, this type is clear and big; and I was thinking that maybe ye might want to read a verse or twae. I'll lay it doon here;' and she reverently placed the precious volume on the top of the chest of drawers.

'Are ye a' richt noo? Ye said ye wanted to speak to me when ye got settled doon. Is there ocht else I can do for ye?'

'I'm feeling fine, Betty,' I said cheerily, 'and not a bit the worse for my long journey, not too tired to have a quiet chat with you. So sit down, please, in the basket chair there, and give me ten minutes of your valuable time.'

'Ten meenits! Certie, hear him noo! Ten meenits, an' the soo's no' suppered yet, an' I've the morn's broth to prepare, an' wi' me bein' oot o' the hoose a' day there's a hunner an' ten things starin' me in the face to be dune. But what want ye to speak aboot? I daursay the soo, puir thing, will ha'e to wait, noo that you're here. Daylight, too, is haudin' lang, an' I'll sune mak' up the ten meenits. What want ye noo?' And she sat down, with a query in her eye, into the basket chair.

'Well, Betty,' I began, 'you and I have gone over all the old times pretty thoroughly since we met to-day, and we've taken a peep into the future as well; but there's one subject we haven't touched upon, and before I go to sleep to-night I wish to come to some understanding with you regarding my board and lodgings.'

'Board an' lodgings?' Betty queried. 'Board an'— What d'ye mean, Maister Weelum?' and her lip trembled.

'Well, Betty, by board and lodgings I mean the price of my food and the rent of my room here, and whatever sum you'—

'Weelum, stop at once noo; I'll no' ha'e that mentioned;' and she rose excitedly to her feet. 'I'll no' hear o't! The very idea o' speakin' to me—to me, abune a' fouk—o' board an' lodgings! A bonny-like subject that to discuss atween us! Dod, man, yin wad think that ye were a Moniaive mason workin' journeyman in Thornhill. Megstie

me! Lovanenty! heard ye ever the like?—imphm! Mair than that, whae's the owner o' this hoose? Whae has refused rent for it a' these years, eh?'

'Betty, Betty,' I feebly protested, 'that's not fair, and you know it. Did you and I not settle that matter long, long ago, and agree that it would never be referred to again?'

Betty had suddenly assumed both the defensive and the aggressive. She had pulled her black-beaded muffettes up over her wrists, and flung her mutch-strings over her shoulders. I knew of old what these actions meant. She came up to my bedside, and in the fading light I saw a tear coursing down her cheek. 'Maister Weelum,' she said earnestly, 'I'm safe in sayin' that ye canna look back on a single phase o' your early life in which I didna tak' a pairt. Lang before this world was only reality to ye, I nursed ye, fed ye, an' clad ye. In thae early days the greatest pleasure to me on earth was to cuddle an' care for ye. But I needna to tell ye o' that, ye ken yoursel'. Ye mind hoo much my presence meant to you; that I'm sure o'. As for your mother—well, I never had any ither mistress. She took me, a young lass, oot o' a most unhappy hame. It was a pleasure—ay, a privilege—to serve her. Weel, on that day that she was ta'en frae you an' me, she said in your hearin' an' mine, "Betty, this has been the only home you ever knew—never leave it. Promise me you'll accept it.—Willie, my son, you agree?" An' we baith knelt doon at her bedside, an' she went hame happy, kennin' I was provided for. I didna forget that on the nicht o' the funeral day you an' me talked it ower, that I promised to stay here, that it was arranged between us that rent wad never be spoken o', an' that my occupancy wad never be referred to. An', Maister Weelum, it wadna ha'e been noo, had you yoursel' no' talked to me aboot board an' lodgings. My he'rt will break, that will it, if ye persiat'—

For a time we were both silent, both busy with many sacred thoughts and memories. Then Betty, without looking into my face, 'stapped' the sheets round my shoulders and well round my sides. 'There, noo,' she said at length, 'you're weel happit an' comfortable-lookin', an' sairly, I'm thinkin', in need o' the sleep an' rest which I trust this nicht will be yours. Guid-nicht noo;' and she patted me on the shoulder, as she used to do in the old days when she had put me to bed and was taking my candle away.

'One moment, Betty,' I said promptly. 'Sit down here on the bed beside me, like the good soul you are, and listen to me. Yes, you may raise my pillow a little. There now, that's better. Are you listening now?'

She nodded and reseated herself, as I had requested.

'I admit all you say, Betty, about your tenancy

of the house, and I am sorry if what I have said has reopened a question which was settled so long ago to our mutual satisfaction. When this rest-cure was prescribed—when I was told that it was absolutely necessary I should take up my abode in the country—it was to you and to this room that my thoughts were at once directed. I wrote you I was coming—didn't even say by your leave—and planted myself, as it were, down on you, without inquiring whether or not it was agreeable and convenient to you. Now, believe me, Betty, I acted thus without a thought of your free tenancy of this my old home.'

'I ken that fine, Weelum,' she quickly said, and she looked thoughtfully towards me.

'Well, you see, Betty, if you won't allow me to contribute to my living here, you give me reason to assume that you consider you are in your own way working off an obligation; else why should I live on your—forgive the word, Betty—on your charity?'

'But then, Maister Weelum, you forget that I'm sittin' here rent free.'

'Now, Betty, there you go again. Was not that my mother's request?'

'Yes.'

'Well, she imposed no obligation on you?'

'No.'

'Then, Betty, none exists between us; and, in that case, if I remain here I must be allowed to contribute to the family expenses. Besides, Betty, it is not as if I were a poor man. Thank goodness! I can well afford it; for, between you and me and that bedpost against which you are leaning, I've made over a thousand pounds a year for these last four years.'

'Lovanenty, Weelum, a—a thoosan' pounds!' and she held up her hands in astonishment. 'Bless my life, is that possible? I hope ye made it honestly, my boy?'

'I certainly did,' I said glibly. 'I assure you, Betty, I made it honestly.'

'Imphm, and you a lawyer!' said she dryly. She smiled, and after some reflection began to laugh heartily.

'Oh, come now, Betty, don't round on an old friend like that.' But Betty heard me not, for she was holding her sides and hotching with convulsive laughter.

'Oh, Weelum! oh, my boy!' she said, between her kinks, 'it's no' you—it's no' you I'm lauchin' at. It's something that happened at the weekly prayer-meetin' in Mrs Shankland's last Wednesday night. D' ye mind o' Dauvid Tamson the draper?'

I nodded in the affirmative.

'Weel, as ye dootless ken, Dauvid has been a' his days a conceited, fussy, arguin' man, aye desperate honest and well-meanin', but terr'ble unreasonable and heidstrong, and he's never dune takin' to the law or consultin' his agent, as he ca's it. Weel, he was at the prayer-meetin' last Wednesday night, and, as it happened, it was

his turn to officiate. After we had sung a psalm and engaged in a word o' prayer, he began to read the last pairt o' the fifth chapter o' Mattha, and when he cam' to the fortieth verse: "And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also," Dauvid hovered a blink. Then he re-read it very slowly, and says he, "Freens, I've aye prided mysel' in my knowledge o' the Bible; but I'm forced to admit that this is the first time I ever noticed that there was evidence in Scripture o' oor Saviour havin' been ployin' wi' litigations and in the lawyers' hauna. I dinna ken hoo far He carrit His case, but if my experience was His, He need not have said *let him have thy cloak*, for the hungry deevils wad ha'e ta'en it whether or no'."

I wonder, did Betty imagine that the recital of that story would divert my mind from the subject of our conversation and the purpose I had in view? Somehow I think, as an inspiration, the means to this end had suddenly occurred to her; but, if such was her aim, the hastily conceived plot failed.

By a good deal of argument and a modicum of cajolery, I gained my point. What the terms are which we have arranged is Betty's concern and mine only. All I may say here is that the weekly amount has to be paid to Nathan, of whom more anon, and that the subject of pounds, shillings, and pence has never to be broached in her hearing again.

She said 'Good-night' to me an hour ago. The impatient sounds of remonstrance from the soo-cruive at the head of the garden subsided shortly after she left me, from which I argued that the inner wants of the occupant had been attended to. The chop-chopping of vegetables on the kitchen table below ceased half-an-hour ago, and I know that a little at least of tomorrow's dinner has ceased to trouble Betty's anxious mind.

The shades of night are gathering round me. A soft breeze stirs the branches of the lime-trees, and through my open window it fans my face where I lie. Somewhere away Rashbrigward, I hear the quivering yammer of a startled whaup, and the crooning lullaby of the whispering Nith falls like music on my ear. In the ryegrass field at the top of the Gallowsflat a wandering land-rail, elusive and challenging, craiks his homeward way; while from Cample Strath or Closeburn Heights is fitfully wafted to me the warning bark of a farmer's dog. The clamp-clamp of a tired-out cadger's horse and the rattle of an empty cart sound loud and long in the deserted street. Hurrying footsteps echo and re-echo, and gradually die away into silence. Then evening's wings are folded o'er me, a blissful peace and a quiet contentment fill my heart, and under the glamour and spell of nature's benediction I turn my head on my grateful pillow.

(Continued on page 428.)

BILLOWS IN THE BAY.

By Mrs EVA WILLIAMSON.

THE Bay can be compared to a woman—winsome and smiling, or petulant and wayward. She showed a smiling, dimpled face when we crossed her in the *Moultan*, going east. She put on her darkest frown and vented her temper on us as we returned in the *Ceylon*. True, the seasons were against us. We went out in April, and returned in November. The ship was what is termed an intermediate, and only took a limited number of passengers. But we were the gayest, happiest crowd a captain ever brought to England's shores. In the warm, sunny seas we laughed and played and sang the whole day through. At each port of call we made up parties and went on land; then in the evening, over dinner, told each other our experiences. Between ports the officers off duty or the ship's doctor would amuse us with anecdotes, and we knew nothing of rough weather until we reached the Bay. Our first experience came when a steward rapped on our cabin doors and hurriedly entered. 'Shut your port,' he said, and closed both the outer and inner one. At breakfast the 'fiddles' were on the tables, and the captain was drinking tea out of a tall glass set in a strong wooden base.

'Why have you a glass? Where's your teapot?' I asked.

'It's cooler this way,' he said with a smile, and ordered me the same. I almost countermanded the order, but just as I was about to do so a cry from the doctor's table made me look across. A man was holding a cup in his hand, and looking sadly at his shirt-front and waistcoat, which were deluged with tea. Everybody laughed, and asked for tall glasses, and dispensed with teapots. Drinking became a fine art. You took a drink when the ship gave a toss; if you tried when she pitched you got a bath instead.

'Isn't it a little rough?' I asked.

'Rough?' growled the chief officer. 'The sea is like a mill-pond.'

'Yes, so smooth that we are going to get out and skate,' said a man.

We found the morning slow, as we could not have our usual games on deck. The men retired to the smoke-room; the ladies tried to sew, but stuck the needles into their fingers, so they chatted instead.

'I don't mind the pitch and toss, but I object to a corkscrew,' said a man at tiffin.

'What is a corkscrew?' asked a young lady.

Then we all gave a shout, as with a bound the water-bottle shot from the stand and careered madly down the table and landed upside-down on the captain's knees.

'That's a corkscrew, young lady,' answered the man when our laughter had subsided.

'The doors will be closed this afternoon, and no one will be allowed on deck,' said the captain as he left the table. Just as he got to the companion a heavy sea splashed on the deck, and the water came tumbling down the steps.

'You were born to be drowned, captain; you will never be hanged,' said a lanky youth.

'True, my friend; we shall not meet on the gallows,' was the witty reply.

We amused ourselves that afternoon by trying who could cross the saloon without upsetting our equilibrium. We commenced by propping ourselves against the back of a chair; then, when the vessel paused in her mad career, we went jauntily forward, to find ourselves the next minute embracing a pillar closer than a brother.

At dinner the wise refrained from soup, the foolish took it—generally in their laps or down their backs. A steward came across the saloon with a plate of mulligatawny in one hand, and mutton broth in the other, and a sweet smile on his face, implying, 'See how clever I am!' Another moment it had vanished, for soup and steward found a resting-place on the carpet.

'No more soup at present,' said the captain.

'No, sir,' answered the chief officer.

Two nights we were in the Bay, and they were long ones, though full of excitement. Lights were, of course, out in our cabins, but we got gleams from the saloon or 'sallyway,' as a passenger called the port side where the ladies' cabins were. Every time the ship gave a very heavy lurch there would come the cry of a woman or a shout from a man as she or he landed on the floor of a cabin. No top berth was allowed to be occupied. I was fortunate in having a cabin to myself, as my companion had left the ship at Marseilles, so I purloined the pillows belonging to the vacant berth and wedged myself in safely. The next morning, when I took my place at the breakfast-table, I found only the captain and chief officer.

'Good!' said the captain, and turned my chair for me.

'Lost!' growled the officer.

I looked from one to the other.

'I bet the captain a half-crown you would not put in an appearance this morning. You are a plucky little woman,' said the officer, as he rolled the coin across to his superior. I looked round the saloon. I was the only woman, and several men's places were vacant.

'I tumbled out of my berth during the night,' said the captain.

'I never tumbled into mine,' said the chief officer sadly.

'Why not have your mattress on deck?' I asked the captain.

'Good idea! I will to-night,' said he as he rose.

'Any going outside?' asked a man, coming up to the chief officer. Before he could answer there came a crash and a shout, and we all scrambled up the companion to find that the piano had waltzed out of the music-room, and three sailors were marching it back again.

Little Peggy Green (aged three), in an unguarded moment, followed a sailor on deck. The ship pitched, Peggy gave a shrill cry, and the sailor had just time to seize her frock as a wave dashed her down and carried her like a cork to the taffrail. Poor little Peggy was brought back, with streaming eyes and clothes, a sadder and a wiser maiden. I foolishly tried to cross the saloon without dodging from pillar to chair, when the ship took a mean advantage of me, and gave an extra corkscrew. I swung round and round like a teetotum, and was flung against a cabin door. Luckily the door was locked, and I escaped with only a few bruises. The second and last night was the most thrilling; it was as if the Bay knew she would soon lose us, so she put forth all her power to give us a royal farewell. We went to our cabins early, as there was nothing to sit up for; we could not play games or dance, and singing was out of the question; so we went to bed, the first time during the whole journey a little tired of each other. It was a battle-royal between the good ship and the elements. Like a live thing, she shivered and trembled as she sank in the trough of the sea. Then, as though she cried, 'I will not be beaten!' she rose majestically on a wave, to be the next minute plunged into the depths

again. I heard every bell go, and stealthy footsteps all night long on the deck above me. I sank into a doze about 4 A.M., feeling sorry for the anxious ones on the bridge watching over our safety. How long I slept I cannot say, but I was awakened by a deafening crash of water and a great shout. Then we seemed to be going down, down, down, and every light went out. The ship shook and trembled like some sentient being, flung herself forward, then pitched back, then rose once more on the crest of a wave. I raised myself on my elbow to listen if the engines were going, and lay back reassured when I heard their familiar throbbing. But it was an hour before the lights came on again. We heard next morning that the sea had come right over the vessel and penetrated the engine-room, putting all the lights out. But we laughed at breakfast as usual, and recounted to each other the incidents of the night. The officers still declared there was scarcely a swell on, and told us we were safer at sea than in crossing Piccadilly.

The captain looked ruefully at me. He had taken my advice, and when the sea broke over the vessel he was drenched, and his sea-boots were filled with salt water.

'Teach you not to take cheap advice another time, sir,' said the chief officer, with a twinkle in his eye at me. He professed that I had been the means of his losing the only half-crown he had saved to take home to his wife and bairns.

The chief engineer had not been seen for two days; but he came in to dinner that evening, and promised us a good night.

We were out of the Bay of Biscay.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *On Old Speyside*, *The Bernardine*, *The Ship of Shadows*, &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—continued.

NOTHING had happened at Holyrood, she told me. Cousin Philip had not shown face again. She had danced for half-an-hour, had then made excuses to Lady Jean Hewat, and had come away quietly, without adieux. So, for a little, we talked, and all the time her gentle, innocent neighbourhood laid its spell on me. She was rallying me on my shabby bandsman's cloak, and I had taken it off, nothing loath to appear in my fine feathers, when the chaise suddenly pulled up. I heard the coachman tell some one on the road, 'Ye are far fra' hame. It's the best pairt o' a mile'—and he pointed with his whip behind him—'straucht in front o' ye.' I slipped out, and went round behind the chaise. The coachman was gathering up his reins, the man standing with his back towards me.

I was in no mood for waiting, and was at his back before he was aware.

'This is an untimely hour to stop a carriage. What do you want?'

He spun round and backed away from me warily. The movement set my suspicions in a blaze.

'What do you want?' I repeated.

'Your honour's pardon! I was wondering if your honour's coachman would do me the kindness. I am walking to Haddington. It is a long way, and a seat on the box would be welcome. I am footsore.'

Something in the voice drew me swiftly nearer.

'Let me see you.'

Off his guard, 'It is the Englishman!' burst from him. He backed a yard and I saw his face.

He was the man who had run from The Garth the first day I had been there, and who had tried to knife me.

I closed with him on the instant, but I was in ballroom finery, and had no weapon.

He gave his arm a wrench and got free, but not before I got my left heavily on the point of his jaw. I was at the right distance for it. He went down like a bullock at the shambles.

A cry of terror came from the chaise. I ran back, sick with apprehension. A tall figure stood by the open door, his grasp on the girl's wrist. The moon rode clear of a scarf of clouds at the moment, and sight of the man's face struck me like a blow. It was Walter Irving! Walter Irving without his smile, without his rough Borderer's clothes, in the dress of a gentleman! His looks were satanic, and in a flash I knew that Walter Irving was a masquerader and worse, and that Philip Macdonell at last was about to face me.

'Come,' I heard him say; and Charlotte's despairing cry, 'Edmund!' I threw myself on him. He turned swiftly, for a moment surprised out of his readiness, but only for a moment. One hand grasped my lace cravat, and kept me from closing with him. I struggled hard, using every device I knew of to come to grips, but to no purpose. Once I made a sudden feint, but he was on the alert.

'No, Layton,' came grimly through his teeth; 'not this time! I'll do anything but wrestle with you.' He shot the words out suddenly, released his grip, and sprang back as quick as a cat. I should have fallen, and this tale come to a bloody end then and there, had not Charlotte caught my arm.

He came on again, but I was ready, and for a minute we circled round each other, husbanding our strength.

'Layton, I wish no quarrel with you,' he said, but without stopping his wary movements.

'Unfortunately I have a few scores to settle with you, Walter Irving or Philip Macdonell, or whatever name you blacken by using.'

'Macdonell is my name, a better one than yours,' he said hotly.

'You take little pains to keep it clean. The Laytons have never been within an inch of the rope!'

'The rope!' His voice was suddenly hoarse and old.

'The hangman!' Watching him, I played a bold stroke. 'Forgery, theft, and attempted murder! How sounds the indictment?'

'Fool, you babble! I hold his Highness's commission in the secret service.'

'And use it for your own black ends. Glenira has told us the whole vile story.'

Never did a random shaft find its mark more swiftly.

'You lie!' he snarled. But the words stuck in his throat, and the moonlight showed me his livid face. 'I warned you—curse you!—to go home to England.'

'And I asked him to remain,' said Charlotte, coming to my side.

He backed a step, and gave her a quick glance. 'So that's the way of it!' he said softly, breathing hard, looking from her to me. 'Ye made a short courtship, cousin;' and he threw up his hands in a light gesture. The movement put me off my guard.

'The knife! See!' cried Charlotte.

The warning came an instant too late. The crafty devil sprang and crouched as I closed with him. I saw Charlotte throw my cloak at him as he stooped. Something like a hot cinder seared my side. I fell.

(Continued on page 434.)

THE PASSING OF GERMANY'S COLONIES IN THE PACIFIC.

SAMOA AND NEW GUINEA.

By NEVILLE BOSWORTH.

THE German possessions in the Pacific included German New Guinea, German Samoa, the Bismarck Archipelago, the Marshall Islands, and the Caroline Islands. Of these, the Caroline Islands are probably the most desirable from a commercial point of view; but, from the viewpoint of British interests, German New Guinea (which lies near to the Australian coast and adjoins British New Guinea) and German Samoa (which is on the route from Australia to Panamá) have a strategical importance which rendered their possession almost indispensable to the safety of this portion of the British Empire.

Soon after the outbreak of war an expeditionary force of fifteen hundred men, escorted

by British cruisers, sailed from New Zealand under sealed orders. Nothing further was heard of them until their arrival at Nouméa, in the French colony of New Caledonia, where they were received with great rejoicings. New Zealanders and French fraternised, and the flags of both nations floated from public edifices and private buildings. After a brief stay, the expedition sailed from Nouméa, still under sealed orders; but it was rightly conjectured that the object was to attack some of the German colonies in the Pacific. In a few days all doubts were set at rest by the official announcement that German Samoa had been captured by the New Zealand force without resistance. It was an event

of historic importance, and presaged the conquest of all German possessions within Australasian waters.

The surrender of the Germans without bloodshed goes to show that the German Government did not anticipate a rupture with the British Empire. It is an amazing fact that of the three great European Powers which have interests in these seas, not one was prepared to take the offensive. The German colonies are young, and there are not many Germans in any part of the Pacific; but the German authorities do not appear to have taken any measures for the defence of their oversea possessions. Nor can it be said that the French were in a better position.

The success of the British descent upon Samoa was not due to Imperial prevision, but to the policy of compulsory military training adopted by the Dominion of New Zealand. The departure of the Dominion expedition was followed shortly afterwards by that of an Australian expedition of one thousand men, under the escort of the Australian fleet. The object, it is said, was to capture coaling stations in the Pacific. The expedition called at the Bismarck Archipelago, and the forces afterwards captured German New Guinea.

There are nine islands in the Samoan group, and of these the large islands of Savaii and Upolu were under the German flag. Savaii, the largest of the group, is about forty miles in length by twenty in breadth, with an area of over seven hundred square miles. Upolu has an area of nearly six hundred square miles. On the northern shore of Upolu are situated the harbour and settlement of Apia, the centre of the political and social life of Samoa. The island of Tutuila, with the fine harbour of Pango Pango, is under the American flag. In addition to the two large islands, several small islands, of no great importance, were within the German sphere of influence.

The Samoan natives, of whom there are a considerable number, are a fine race, and akin to the Maoris of New Zealand. The Samoans, after a little desultory fighting in the early days of German occupation, seem to have settled down contentedly under German rule, and appear to have been well treated by the authorities.

The staple product of Samoa, as of other Pacific Islands, is the coco-nut, in the form of copra, an industry which is yearly becoming more profitable. As well as fostering the cultivation of the coco-nut, the Germans were very successful in establishing plantations for the production of cocoa. The islands, in fact, are exceedingly fertile; all tropical products grow to perfection, and their productive power, added to their position on the highway to Panamá, makes them a very desirable possession.

The Samoan Islands, formerly known as the Navigator Islands, are situated to the north-east of Fiji, which since 1874 has been in British occupa-

tion. Captain Cook called at the Samoan group. The great French navigator, La Pérouse, also called at the islands for water; but the natives, who had appeared to be friendly, attacked the party, killed Commander L'Angle and twelve of his men, and wounded many others.

German relations with Samoa antedate the Franco-German war of 1870; and fifty years ago a German mercantile firm, Godeffroy & Company, acquired land in the islands, with the object of encouraging German immigration. In the year 1877 the native chiefs petitioned Britain to establish a protectorate over the islands; but the petition was disregarded. In 1879 Germany made a treaty with the natives to secure certain privileges, and similar treaties were entered into by Great Britain and the United States. In the 'eighties New Zealand suggested the annexation of the islands; but Lord Derby, unwilling to create friction with Germany, refused to sanction annexation. Thereafter there was trouble in the islands, where the authority of King Malietoa was disputed by the great chief Mataafa, the former being supported by the British and the Americans, and the latter by the Germans. Feeling ran very high between the rival parties, and British, American, and German warships arrived on the scene to watch over national interests. It was at this time that a dreadful hurricane burst over the harbour of Apia. It was quite unexpected, and H.M.S. *Calliope*, burning Westport coal, and steaming slowly out to the safety of the open sea, was the only vessel to escape disaster—a memorable feat of British seamanship. The German and American gunboats, lashed by the fury of the storm, were driven ashore and totally wrecked. After this event a tripartite arrangement was entered into, which guaranteed the independence of the islands. But, finally, in the year 1899, when Britain was at war with the Boers, Lord Salisbury, who was anxious to propitiate Germany, agreed to the withdrawal of British claims in Samoa, and the islands were divided between Germany and the United States. Since then their history has been uneventful.

Samoa is endeared to British memory by the fact that it was the last home and final resting-place of the great Scotsman, Robert Louis Stevenson, whose mastery of English prose has delighted so many readers. In his home, Vailima, on the hills behind Apia, beloved of the Samoans, Stevenson passed his last days; and his bones lie buried in that sunny southern land over which the flag of his country now flies.

The Dutch have held a portion of New Guinea for many years, but the larger part remained in the hands of the natives until a comparatively recent date. It is strange that so large an area of fertile and well-watered country, lying so close to the northern shores of Australia, should have escaped attention for

so long; but it is only within the last thirty years that the possibilities of the unannexed portion of the great island received the serious consideration of European Powers. It was in the 'eighties that the Government of Queensland, whose northernmost point lies quite close to New Guinea, alarmed at German activity in the Pacific, annexed the whole of the island not in Dutch occupation. The British Government, however, anxious not to offend Germany, refused to confirm the annexation. But the abortive action of Queensland, and the keen interest manifested by the people of Australia, had aroused public attention. It was felt that something definite should be done, and finally the independent portion of the island was divided between Great Britain and Germany. Lying under the tropics, and subject to malaria, it was not a desirable place of residence for white men; but under the wise administration of Sir William MacGregor the British territory began to make progress, and the discovery of gold at Woodlark Island and other places, followed by the advent of hardy miners, gave further assurance of prosperous development. The history of the settlement was uneventful; and after the federation of the Australian states the British Government handed the territory over to the Commonwealth, and British New Guinea became an Australian dependency. The work of development proceeded, settlers began to take up land, the bush was cleared and planted by means of native labour, and preparation was made for permanent settlement. The natives have not given serious trouble, and it may be noted that the relations with German settlers have always been amicable.

In their part of the island the Germans also made fair progress in the development of the territory. There may have been less enterprise in mining matters, but the work of settlement proceeded apace. Friedrich Wilhelmshafen and Eitape are important stations. At the latter place, gardens, with limes, pawpaws, bananas, pine-apples, shrubs, and flowers, flourish where the bush has been cleared; and there are acres of sago and tapioca, sugar-cane, and coconuts cultivated for commercial purposes. A fresh-water creek winds through the cultivations, the air is redolent with the perfume of many flowers, beautiful butterflies flit from flower to flower, and everywhere landscape and seascape

are rich with the gorgeous colour of the tropics. But there are abominations as well as beauty; for insect pests abound, and sandflies and mosquitoes torment the white man almost beyond endurance.

New Guinea, German and British, is a land of great promise. It is a well-watered country, where drought is unknown. The Kaiserin Augusta River, in German New Guinea, navigable for nearly two hundred miles, is one of the finest rivers in Australasia; but there are many fine rivers and creeks in New Guinea. It is a beautiful country, a fertile land, a land of hill and valley, of heat and moisture and spontaneous growth. The white man may supervise, but coloured labour must carry out the work of development. Already the native supply of labour has been almost absorbed; for it is the policy of the administration not to make slaves of the natives, and not to take too many of the able-bodied men away from their own villages and food plantations. The New Guinean native is often a cannibal, and blood-thirsty in his ways; but he is tractable and amenable to discipline, and it is hoped that he will gradually adapt himself to the conditions of civilised life.

The German possessions in the Pacific have fallen almost without a struggle. It was at first reported that a strong German force was posted on the Kaiserin Augusta River, in German New Guinea, a hundred miles from the coast; but investigation proved that the rumour was without foundation. If it had been true it might have delayed the conquest of the territory, for a small, well-equipped force, entrenched in the dense jungle, could have held the invaders at bay for months. These possessions, it should be understood, have not been annexed; they are merely in military occupation until the close of the war, when their disposal will be decided upon.

The capture of German New Guinea by the Australian forces will go far towards allaying in the Australian mind the uneasiness produced by the proximity of a possession held by a powerful Empire, and with a base within easy striking distance of the Commonwealth. The last of the German possessions in the Pacific has fallen, and for the time being, at least, the menace of European aggression is removed from Australasian waters.

EL CHATO INTERVENES.

By H. ROBERT BUCHAN.

PART I.

IT had been a day of intense heat, unusual even for Mexico, and a three days' ride over rough mountain trails, beneath the blistering rays of a tropical sun, had utterly wearied me. It may

have been the proximity of the camp I was approaching in a leisurely manner, probably it was also the dejection associated with an unsuccessful mission, that caused me to relax the

customary vigilance so essential in that lawless district; but I rode with a slack rein, and permitted the mule to pick its way at will over the narrow and precipitous track.

Whee—oo! whistled a bullet so uncomfortably close to my head that it made me hastily abandon the animal I was astride, take cover behind a friendly boulder on the mountain-side, and, rifle in hand, await further developments. My servant Juan, who was riding some paces in the rear, immediately hurried forward, and hailed the unseen marksman with a curiously prolonged note, evidently some form of signal. 'Tis well, *señor*; 'tis but El Chato!' he ejaculated in a relieved tone, as a similar cry echoed along the rocky defile in response to his hail; and a few minutes later a veritable giant of a man, Winchester rifle in hand, rounded an angle of the trail in front, and came toward us.

Nobody likes to be made a target of, accidentally or otherwise; therefore, as no explanation appeared to be forthcoming from the new arrival, I at once angrily demanded the reasons for his shot. He was, of course, profuse in his apologies, and swore by all the saints in the Mexican calendar that he was innocent of all evil intentions; that he had merely been hunting a deer in the mountains, and was quite unaware of our proximity.

'*Soy un arriero pobre, señor*' ('I am but a poor muleteer, sir'), 'and I would never have forgiven myself if even one single hair of the head of your excellency had been injured by my carelessness!' he expostulated in a rapid fire of Spanish, with all the extravagant gestures he deemed appropriate to the occasion. It was obvious that the man was lying; but to have asked him to exercise more care in future would have been merely to appeal to his mistaken sense of humour, so I contented myself with a scathing remark about his very inferior marksmanship, and rode on toward the camp, leaving him to follow in company with Juan.

Such was the form of my introduction to El Chato, or Pug Nose, as I afterwards came to know him; and this incident, as well as several unexplained absences on his part during the subsequent period of our association, confirmed my opinion that the rascal was a bandit, although ostensibly he followed the more prosaic occupation of an *arriero*, or muleteer. Ramon Quevedo, I learned, had been the name conferred on him in his infancy by the silver-haired little padre of the old mission church at Guadalupe de los Reyes; but one glance at his whimsically ugly countenance was sufficient to convince me of the aptness of the shorter and more descriptive cognomen of Chato applied to him by his countrymen. A magnificent figure of a man—such as one seldom sees in Mexico, where the men are usually of stunted growth—he stood six feet six inches in his rawhide sandals, had a tremendous spread of shoulders, and appeared to possess the strength

and activity of one of his own mules. A huge black beard obscured the lower half of his swarthy features, and a scarcely healed scar crossing nose and cheek seemed to indicate a recent controversy, in which some opponent had driven home his point in the approved Mexican fashion with a knife. Inquiry failed to elicit the fate of the other party to the argument, for Chato evinced a strong disinclination to discuss the matter, and dismissed the whole affair with the terse remark that 'a closed mouth catches no flies.' An immense, silver-embroidered, gray felt sombrero, which at one time must have cost many *pesos*, surmounted his shaggy head; but the rest of his costume, including a much-faded and tattered red blanket, could probably have been purchased for a few *centavos*.

'Glad to see you again, old scout!' was my partner's greeting as I dismounted at the old familiar camp. 'What luck up in God's country? Raise any more dough for the mine?'

'Sorry, old man,' I replied, 'but I might as well have remained here for all the good I was able to accomplish. However, I did manage to raise a few *pesos*, enough to carry us on for a month or two longer; but when that is gone we have come to the end of our rope.'

'Well, I guessed you were up against a tough proposition,' said Jim. 'We all know that those guys back east are a lot of tight-wads; but every man in New York who can sport a clean shirt, and has the price of a drink in his jeans, has also a mining scheme in Mexico that he wants to palm off on some easy mark. The old town simply overflows with the get-rich-quick stuff, and the fellows who handle the long green must be getting a bit wise by now.'

At that time we were toiling laboriously by day, and dreaming roseate dreams by night, in connection with an old silver-mine in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Durango, from which, as soon as the vein that had been lost many years previously was relocated, we fondly hoped to extract untold wealth. Our mining instincts convinced us that the vein was there, and only wanted uncovering to make us both rich men. Of late we had been having rather a rough time of it, for funds were low; and, situated as we were in a most inaccessible part of the country, our commissariat was of the most meagre description. My partner Jim, who was an American, was as a rule the cheeriest of companions; but a prolonged diet of dried beef and beans had been fast converting him into a confirmed pessimist.

'By the Great Horn Spoon!' he would growl; '*carne seca* and *frijoles* again! 'Pon my soul, I would swop the whole shebang—the mine and all—for the chance of sinking my grinders into a good juicy porter-house steak once more!' Then, to our servant Juan, 'Can't you rustle around, you coffee-coloured dub, and dig up something fit for a white man to eat, instead of

resurrecting this blamed mummified cow and parboiled beans every blessed day in the week !'

The inoffensive Juan, to whom the latter part of this tirade would be addressed in English, would understand not a word of it ; but he would grin happily and mutter, '*Si, señor !*' in a non-committal tone, and Jim would subside with a grunt.

Seated in front of our quarters one evening some weeks after my return, we smoked our pipes in silence and gazed out at the wonderful panorama unfolded before us. Their harsh outlines mellowed by the soft radiance of a brilliant tropical moon, the lofty mountain-peaks imperceptibly faded away toward the far-distant shores of the Pacific. Cleaving the rocky slopes at intervals were deep patches of sombre darkness—the yawning cañons into whose depths no rays of sun or moon ever penetrated ; and beneath all, in the misty shadows of the valley below, gleamed the cooking-fires of our tiny village on the banks of the *arroyo*. It was such a scene as may only be found in those glorious Southern lands where Nature gives most bounteously of her store, and the exquisite beauty of it all had gradually lulled me into a drowsy content, in which I idly watched a figure slowly ascending the trail toward us from the village below, when Jim's voice broke rudely into my reverie.

'Looks like your ugly friend Chato come to stick us up,' said he with a laugh. 'There's nobody else around this camp looms up quite so large as that guy down there.'

Slowly the visitor disappeared behind the tail of the dump, and shortly afterwards our night watchman came to announce that a man wished to see *el doctor*. This title, I may mention, had been gratuitously conferred on me by the natives on account of sundry simple remedies administered to them in times of sickness out of our own small store ; and a sublime faith in the virtues of the white man's *medicina* had in some cases effected such marvellous cures that it had been the means of earning for me an undeserved reputation as a healer ; which, especially when attending the somewhat confiding female patients, very often proved a source of considerable embarrassment.

'Two strong cathartics, with a stiff tot of engine-oil as a chaser, will be about his ticket, I guess !' scoffed my unsympathetic partner as I went off to interview the prospective patient, who proved to be the gigantic Chato, with an ugly-looking bullet-hole in his shoulder. Fortunately the bullet had passed clean through, and the wound only required the usual cleansing and dressing ; but, strive as I might, I could glean no details from the sufferer himself as to the cause of it.

'Tis but a mere scratch, *señor*,' he vaguely muttered ; 'an accident with my own rifle. That is all.'

'Accidents appear to be a habit with that gun

of yours,' I retorted, remembering my own recent experience at his hands.

'*Si, señor*, I fear the trigger-spring has become a trifle loose,' was the unabashed response.

'Well, that wing of yours is badly enough crippled to restrain your energies for some time to come at any rate ;' and I dismissed him with a caution not to use the injured arm.

News travels slowly in the mountains, and it was not until the wounded man had completely recovered that the report filtered through to us of the successful robbery of a distant *hacienda* at Cienfuegos. It appeared that the *rurales*, who are the mounted police of Mexico, had been despatched on the trail of the bandits ; and, the band having been overtaken before they reached the mountains, a fierce fight had ensued between the troopers and the robbers, in which several men on both sides had been severely wounded. This, of course, explained the origin of our friend Chato's wound, and we immediately cross-questioned that individual on the matter.

'How should I know aught of the affair, *señores !*' he questioned. 'I am but a poor muleteer, and mingle not in the concerns of others. Besides, it is known that I was on a visit to my betrothed at the time you mention.'

'Your what ?' roared Jim. 'For the love of Mike, listen to him, Doc ! Can you imagine any sweet young thing wanting to kiss a dial like that ?'

'Why laugh, *señor* ?' remonstrated the indignant Chato. 'I speak but the truth ; and, like others, some day I hope to wed.' This was the first intimation we had received of any woman in the case, and the idea of the ugly ruffian making love was so ludicrous that we both chaffed him unmercifully.

It was too much for Jim to swallow without a protest, however ; and, much to Chato's disgust, with an elaborate gesture he said, 'I take my hat off to you, you villain. When it comes to lying, you are in a class by yourself ; but, in spite of your accomplishment, you will get your neck stretched by a rope one of these days.'

The rascal strenuously denied all knowledge of the robbery, but he did condescend so far as to admit that he thought it was justified. His was a curious code of morality ; and, strangely enough, it was quite obvious that he was absolutely sincere in his belief.

'It is no sin to rob the rich, *señor*,' he would say, 'for they have more than they can possibly use. With the poor man it is another matter ; when you rob him you take his all ! But Don Felix of Cienfuegos has many *pesos* ; his cattle also are numbered by the thousands ; and he has numbers of *peons* to do his work for him. He is a hard man and an unjust one, and poor people love not his haughty ways.'

It was very evident that Chato was a bad egg ; but as he was worth four ordinary men on our work we continued to employ him ; and, from

some obscure sense of gratitude, I suppose, he constituted himself my personal follower and right-hand man. It was an open secret that he robbed us in many petty ways, for he considered all white men to be the legitimate prey of his countrymen. We, however, appeared to be regarded as his own particular spoil, and all other aspirants were warned off by him accordingly. It is better to be robbed by one man knowingly than to be robbed by half-a-dozen or more in secret, so we submitted cheerfully enough to his impositions and absurd airs of importance. Altogether, the man was a queer mixture. He could neither read nor write, but in one way or another he had picked up a useful knowledge of English during his somewhat chequered career, and both spoke and understood the language fairly well.

Jim, however, was never very enthusiastic about him. 'Better keep an eye on that pugnosed joker,' he would repeat on several occasions. 'I know the breed well, and he will do us dirt some day if he ever gets the chance.'

Jim was in charge of operations underground, while I looked after the crushing and washing process at our little mill on the *arroyo*; but one day he burst into the mill, seized me round the waist, and forcibly waltzed me round the crusher-platform, to the imminent danger of both our lives, accompanying the idiotic performance with a series of shrill whoops and yells.

'Let up, you bally lunatic!' I gasped, hastily despatching a man for our medicine-chest, preparatory to administering a stiff dose of bromide to my suddenly demented partner, and signalling to Chato to help me to restrain the struggling man. The speedy arrival of the medicine-chest in the hands of a wondering native seemed to have the desired effect.

'Oh, feed your poisonous dope to the crusher, Doc,' said the now sobered man. 'Hurroo, Jude; we've found the vein!' he yelled. 'Found the lost vein, do you hear? She's a bird, Doc! Shake, old pal; we've got the goods at last!'

Solemnly we shook hands over the announcement, and then adjourned to our quarters to broach a bottle of champagne that for many weary months had been saved for just such an occasion.

The discovery was, of course, the cause of general rejoicings in camp, for we had been on the eve of a shut-down for lack of capital; in fact, we had reached the end of our resources, and could not have held on for many days longer. The imperturbable Chato, however, appeared quite unconcerned at our good fortune, and went about his duties in his usual leisurely manner. These he continued to perform faithfully for the

next two or three months, until one morning it was discovered that he had disappeared without warning during the night, no one knew where. Without hesitation we decided that mischief was brewing somewhere, and that he was somehow concerned in it; for our experience of the man had shown us that a restless spirit, which caused him to chafe at restraint in any form, completely dominated him.

That same evening a party of *rurales*, in their picturesque gray-and-silver uniforms, rode into our camp, and the mystery of Chato's sudden disappearance was explained. Our hopes that he was gradually being converted into a law-abiding member of society had almost been realised; but from some source unknown to us he must have received warning of the vicinity of the police, and he had again taken to the hills. As was the custom of the country, we invited the troopers to dismount and put up for the night, an invitation which they gladly accepted; and during a talk with them that evening we learned for the first time the details of the robbery at Cienfuegos, and the subsequent fight with the bandits. In this it appeared that Chato, on account of his unusual height, had been a marked man, and they had ultimately succeeded in tracing him to our distant camp in the mountains.

'He is one of the worst rascals in the country,' declared the spokesman of the party of *rurales*. 'For many months we have hunted the dog, and when we catch him'— A significant gesture completed the sentence.

These *rurales* were, we knew, recruited from the most desperate class of men in Mexico; indeed, many of them had at some conveniently forgotten period of their careers been bandits themselves, so that the fate of the fugitive, if ever he fell into their blood-stained hands, was a foregone conclusion. They openly boasted that several of the bandits had already been captured; and I, innocently enough, inquired when and where the trial would take place.

'There will be no trial, *señor*,' said one of the party with an eloquent shrug of his shoulders. 'They foolishly attempted to escape, and were shot. What would you have? It is the easiest solution of the matter, and avoids all expense.'

'Bad lookout for the big chap if they nail him,' said Jim to me at this point. 'I guess they will also give him a run for his money!'

However, apart from the fact that the man had worked for us, we could offer these picturesque ruffians no further information; and the following morning they took their departure, much to the relief of the inhabitants of the village, who were bandit sympathisers to a man.

(Continued on page 448).



A JOURNEY FROM BASSORAH TO BAGHDAD.

By J. NIVEN.

SO strong is the current of the Tigris, as it comes sweeping down from the distant hills, that the journey up-river from Bassorah (Basreh) to Baghdad takes from five to seven days, whereas the return journey can usually be made in three. Two companies, a British and a Turkish, have steamers which run once a week to and from Baghdad. The European traveller invariably, and the better-class native usually, travel by the British steamers, and the merchant who wishes his goods to arrive at their destination within reasonable time despatches them by the British line. These steamers are of the shallow-draught type, covered in with thick awnings, and each has one or two barges alongside, on which are piled great heaps of cargo. The captain and officers are British, but the crew consists mainly of Tal-Kefis, a race of sailors who take their name from a town situated on the bank of the Tigris above Baghdad, are the descendants of the ancient Chaldeans, and have been Christians from very early times. They are a comparatively fair-skinned race, of great size; but they incline to an unwieldy stoutness as they reach middle age. The Turks do not allow them to carry arms, so that they are by no means a warlike people.

The best time to make the journey to Baghdad is in early spring or late autumn, for the cold of winter or the tropical heat of summer has given place to a genial warmth, which makes it possible to sit on deck for hours, and enjoy the vivid brightness of sky and water, the clearness of the atmosphere, and the slow, steady motion of the boat. We travelled once to Baghdad in June, and are not likely ever to forget the torrid heat of the sun, which made it impossible for us to leave our cabin until evening, and which turned all the metal-work into an almost molten condition, and raised great blisters on the varnish of the wood-work. The shade temperature rose to one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit, and walls and curtains were covered with thousands of small flying cockroaches and crawling insects. And yet, in spite of such heat, the officers seem to be quite as healthy as the residents on shore—if not more so—who can to a certain extent protect themselves from the appalling heat of the five hottest summer months.

For some hours before starting-time the river at Basreh presents a scene of vivid colour, of swarming life, and of discordant noises. The steamer lies in mid-stream, and *bellums* filled with crowds of excited passengers arrive in a seemingly endless procession. Five or six different nationalities are represented—Arabs in flowing cloaks and picturesque headgear, Jews in long straight robes, Chaldeans in blue

cotton tunics, Persians in tight-fitting *kaftans* and brimless felt hats, Turks in European suits and the red fez, Armenians, Greeks, Levantines—and all push and jostle one another in their eager haste to get on board and secure the space on deck allotted to them for the period of the journey. Even the wealthier natives travel, as a rule, on deck, preferring the simplicity and freedom of this open-air existence to the closed-in quarters below. They bring their servants and their belongings, and resign themselves with Oriental stoicism to bear the discomforts entailed by a journey of five or six days spent in a very cramped space, and without anything to vary the monotony save sleeping, eating, or story-telling.

For about half-an-hour after the boat gets under way there is a scene of wild confusion; boxes, bales, beds, and bedding are all dumped down in motley heaps, while every man runs around shouting and gesticulating in search of a sheltered corner in which to make his temporary home. However, it is wonderful how quickly peace is restored and order brought out of chaos, as the ship's officer walks round and allots a certain amount of space to each party; and before the Europeans have arranged their belongings in their respective cabins the excited crowds on deck have formed themselves into little family groups, have so placed their boxes and bedding that they form a sort of rampart round their temporary homes, and have made curtains of their shawls and carpets to ensure privacy to the women of the party. Each man has brought his charcoal-brazier, his cooking-utensils, his water-bottle, his food, and his bedding, and attends to his own wants while he is on board. The wealthier travellers show great kindness to the poorer ones, sharing with them their daintier meals, and giving them presents of fruit or spices.

As the anchor is lifted we take our deck-chairs to the after-deck, which is kept free for the use of cabin passengers. Slowly the ship, with its heavy-laden barge, steams up past the outlying houses, the barracks, the entrance to Basreh creek, and the custom-house, and for five or six miles the right bank is rich in vegetation and clothed with palms and a thick tangle of undergrowth. As we near the end of the cultivated land a little village comes into view. Here is a dry dock belonging to the Euphrates and Tigris Steam Navigation Company; and, where one of the steamers is laid up for repairs, there is a crowd of busy workmen in their blue cotton tunics clustered on the shore. At one time the British consul lived here, and the ruins of a fine house still stand in

a luxuriant, tangled garden, in which the writer spent many happy hours.

A little farther on we reach the outskirts of the vilayet of Basreh, and on both banks a vast expanse of desert stretches out in an unbroken plain reaching to the far horizon. Sailing-vessels, with brown or white sails wide-spread to catch the breeze, and great carved wooden bows towering high out of the water, come sweeping past on the swelling current, the steersman in Arab cloak and floating head-dress silhouetted against the blue of the sky, which is fast paling into a soft amethyst in the fading light of the afternoon. On we sail, until, about thirty miles above Basreh, we reach the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates, and the yellowish soil of the desert gives place to the bright green of fertile gardens.

In the early spring, when the snows melt on the distant hills, both rivers become broad and overflow the land. The rich soil absorbs the moisture, and the desert becomes a verdant plain. At the apex of the triangle formed by the junction of the two great rivers lies a little town called Kurnah, on which the British flag was planted not many weeks ago. It is the fabled site of the Garden of Eden. The Biblical description of it as the place where four rivers meet points to a time in the long-distant past, for two of the rivers now flow underground and are no longer to be seen. The town itself has little save an historic interest, for it consists of only a few reed huts and mud-brick houses, but it is situated at the most fertile part of the delta formed by the Tigris and Euphrates. This great triangle of waving trees and verdant undergrowth is in strong contrast to the arid plain which stretches out to meet the horizon on the opposite bank, and may have suggested to the mind of the ancient Hebrew poet all the delights of a perfect Eden, where God's precious gifts were poured in prodigal abundance at the feet of man.

Mesopotamia, 'the land between the rivers,' stretches from here far beyond Baghdad. It is the very cradle of the Jewish race, and everywhere are to be found landmarks of their ancient history. Far away on the right bank lie the ruins of Babylonia, where one civilisation after another has had its day and ceased to be. Its cities have fallen to ruin and been buried deep in the sands of the desert, and over them have been built by later generations new cities which were governed by a later dynasty. The excavators have found the palace of Nebuchadnezzar far below the desert soil, and deeper yet are traces of a still older city. Remains are still to be found of the old canals which irrigated the land in the days of Babylon's prosperity, and which explain the ancient splendour and beauty of that city of the plains. It is essentially a land of the dead—of dead glory, of dead kings, of dead memories, of a dead and arid soil. But the

power of man can bring new life to it all, can make its desert places 'rejoice and blossom as the rose,' can rouse its people to activity and to hope, and bring its ancient glory to life again. With a new prosperity it would lose much of its present charm. The vast solitudes of the desert, the silence of wide spaces, the absence of the unrest and ambition, of the pushing, hurrying struggle for existence, would all become things of the past. The great rivers which flow in majestic dignity under the cloudless blue of an unsullied ether, bearing on their bosom great Viking ships, would lose their mystery if they became merely the highways of commerce, and the indefinable charm of this land of the Arabs would be but a memory and an inspiration.

We make but a short stay at Kurnah, and as night creeps on we sit on deck and watch the stars come out in the cloudless sky. So clear is the atmosphere that the starlight shines with a brilliance which reminds us of moonlight at home. A stillness seems to fall on all nature, and every sound reaches us softened and harmonised by the atmosphere of peace around. The soft wash of the waves as they sweep along the banks mingles with the musical cry of the boatmen as they take soundings and call out the depth of the water on either side of the steamer. The voices and laughter of the deck-passengers come in softened cadence through the silence of the night, and we feel lulled into a restfulness of mind and body which is seldom attained amid the turmoil and bustle of Western life. Things seem to assume new proportions. The vast solitudes around; the vast canopy above, with its myriads of worlds, and suns and moons; the mysterious silence of the desert, where we seem to hear only 'the great heart of Nature beat,' all recall the words of the Psalmist, which found utterance as he stood, a lonely shepherd, among just such scenes as these: 'When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?' For the moment the weariness, the fever, and the fret are blotted out of existence, and a great peace falls on soul and body alike.

When we rise to go below we are confronted by a wonderful picture in chiaroscuro as we look along the deck. The little families of passengers are grouped round their charcoal-braziers, now burning with a deep crimson glow which lights up here a swarthy face with piercing black eyes, there a bright turban gleaming scarlet and golden in the lurid light, or falls upon the dark-veiled figure of some Persian woman, of whom only the great brown eyes are visible. Bursts of laughter come from the groups where a professional storyteller amuses some wealthy Arab trader; the monotonous wail of a native violin rises from a distant corner; and down below on the barge

some Beluchis are dancing to the clapping of hands of an admiring audience.

Once or twice in the night we are abruptly awakened and nearly thrown out of bed by a sudden shock which makes the ship quiver from stem to stern. The shifting sand of the river-bed has piled itself into a bank in mid-stream, and we have run right into it. There is a great deal of shouting, taking of soundings, and reversing of machinery, and then we have found the passage again, and move steadily on our way.

The next morning we find that the river has become much narrower than in the lower reaches, and it seems as if we might almost jump on to the bank on either side. Everywhere stretches the desert, its monotony broken every now and again by Arab encampments. These consist of groups of square black tents made of camel-hair. They are quite watertight, and afford great protection from the sun. Here the Bedouins live with their families and flocks, moving on from time to time in search of pasture, or towards the larger towns, where they trade in cattle and horses. They are a stalwart and happy race, these wandering Arabs, simple as children in many ways, easily amused, and ready to see the humorous side of things. Their women lead a much freer and happier life than the townswomen, who are cooped up in stuffy rooms all day long, and are so entirely enveloped in cloaks and veils when they do go out that no breath of pure air can reach them. As the steamer passes, crowds of Arab children, mostly naked, and all the picture of health and vitality, come running along the bank. Oranges, bread, and coins are thrown to them, and they all rush amid eager shouts and in wild confusion to seize the spoil.

Our next stopping-place is Amara, a pretty town on the left bank of the river. Reed huts and flat-roofed houses, painted in bright blues and greens and yellows, gleam among the palms and acacias; and a fleet of fishing-boats with sails set ready for departure are dotted on the river. No Europeans live here, though the town is visited at times by French Roman Catholic priests, and we determine to explore it. A crowd of excited natives gathers to watch us, and as we go along the rough unmade streets of the town this crowd assumes such proportions that we begin to realise to some extent the excitement of a royal progress. Soon the crowd becomes so great and the people press upon us so threateningly, shouting and gesticulating vehemently the while, that we can scarcely walk. Our servant explains that it is the sight of a European woman unveiled and walking with men in open day which has aroused this indignation, and he advises us to go back to the ship as quickly as possible. As we had once before been stoned by just such a crowd, we decide that discretion is certainly the better part of valour; so we beat a hasty retreat to the shelter of the steamer, and soon after we are once more under way.

That afternoon, as we sit idly on deck, we amuse ourselves by watching a Persian boy of twelve at his midday meal. With great gusto he devours three or four raw cucumbers, then helps himself to several handfuls of boiled rice from the common bowl, which he washes down with copious draughts of water. And now he settles himself to the enjoyment of the *pièce de résistance*. Choosing a cosy corner amongst the rolled-up bedding of his party, he produces a very large water-melon, which he cuts into wedges and eats with every sign of unimpaired appetite. Having finished the last morsel, he rises with a sigh, goes down on to the barge, throws the rind overboard, draws some water from the river and washes his hands; after which he returns to his corner and settles himself to sleep. We could not imagine a more indigestible meal, and yet he seems to suffer no inconvenience from it.

Our next stopping-place is on the right bank of the river; and as we approach it most of the Jewish passengers begin to pack up their belongings and prepare to land; for it is Ezra's tomb, and a place of pilgrimage for the Jews. The tomb is a large square building rather like a mosque in shape, with a rounded dome on top. The legend tells that Ezra the Scribe was returning to his native land after visiting Jerusalem, and, feeling that death was near, he gave orders that after he died his body should be tied on the back of a camel, and buried at whatever spot the animal should choose as a resting-place. We can picture the camel carrying its holy burden over the long desert tracks, never halting till it reached the river, with its promise of pasture and of water.

On the third day's journey up-river the long line of desert is broken by a range of high hills, which become visible on the far horizon. These are the famous Persian Bakhtiari Hills, which breed the fine race of Highlanders among whom Layard lived for so many years, and of whom he speaks so highly. They seem to have escaped the decadence of the other Persian peoples; and they are to a great extent independent of Persian State control. These hills are distant many days' journey, and yet we see them clearly in the smokeless atmosphere. Every day we have had cloudless blue skies overhead, and have been blown upon by the 'winds austere and pure' which sweep over the wide spaces of the earth, bringing with them the very joy of life, of its vastness and its promise.

As we sail on we pass one or two small fishing-villages and innumerable encampments, but see nothing of outstanding interest till we are within a day's journey of Baghdad. Then, as we turn one of the numerous bends of the river, which twists here so much that we are inevitably reminded of the Links of Forth, a great mass of masonry looms into view, apparently on the right bank of the stream. It seems to be quite

near, and yet it takes five hours of twisting and turning with the course of the river before we reach it, when we find that it is really on the left bank. It is the famous Arch of Ctesiphon, the only remains of Ctesiphon, the town built by Alexander the Great on his conquering march from Babylon. It is probably the roof of the large banqueting-hall of a great palace, and has withstood the ravages of time and weather through all the centuries, when the rest of the building has fallen to pieces. Eight years ago this arch was still quite perfect, but since then a part of it has fallen away.

Not far from Ctesiphon, and on the same bank of the river, is a spot dear to the hearts of the Mohammedans, to which they make frequent pilgrimages—the tombs of the chief barber and gardener of Mohammed. They are dome-shaped, enclosed by thick walls, and surrounded by palm-groves. On our last day's journey we hear the creaking of water-wheels, and see the patient oxen or horses, as they go back and forward drawing up or letting down the buckets which bring the water used to irrigate the land. Signs of cultivation appear, and here and there in the early morning we see the ploughman on his way to the fields, carrying a primitive ploughshare over his shoulder, with which he is going to cut up the dry but fertile soil. Date-palms fringe the river-banks, and these become date-groves as we near Baghdad. The gray-green fronds quiver in the hot air, and all the luxuriant undergrowth of vines, cucumbers, melons, pomegranates, and fig-trees makes a veritable fairyland of tender green, through which the golden rays of the tropic sun shed a softened and life-giving heat. Here and there are orange-groves which fill the air with fragrance in the spring, and present a picture of vivid colour in the autumn, when the golden fruit burns through the brilliant green of the leaves.

At last, on turning a bend of the river, Baghdad, the ancient City of the Caliphs, the home of Eastern legend and romance, rises suddenly into view. It is in the early evening that we first see it, and the golden domes and minarets flash and gleam as they catch the slanting rays of the setting sun. It is a city of the plains, and stretches out far on either side of the river, to stop abruptly on the empty spaces of the desert. Its flat roofs seem almost to meet, so closely are the houses built; and above them tower palms and olives, cupolas and minarets, with a blue stretch of cloudless heaven overarching all. The town is built on both banks of the river, and the two parts are connected by the famous bridge of boats, which gives with the current and so withstands the overwhelming force of the river when in spate. On the left bank is the more modern part of the town. A quarter of a mile below the city itself we pass the British Residency, an imposing building, which was built some nine years

ago; it is fireproof throughout, and has a little village of official buildings in the compound. Farther on we come to the military barracks, the military hospital, the custom-house, and large municipal storehouses. The river-bank is protected by brickwork, which forms a high wall; but at intervals the line of the wall is broken, and paths or *sherias* lead down to the water's edge. Down these come an almost constant procession of *bheesties*, who drive their donkeys to the river to replenish the greasy goatskins in which they carry water to those inhabitants of the town who are too far from the river to go for it themselves. *Dhobies*, or washermen, stand ankle-deep in the water, beating the clothes against wooden planks or hammering them with huge stones; and women drag their trailing skirts in the river as they stoop to fill their water-pitchers. As the steamer casts anchor it is at once surrounded by a swarm of *gouffahs* or coracles, the native boats, which are still built to the pattern of the 'basket' in which Moses was laid when hidden among the bulrushes. They are circular in shape, and are made of closely woven reeds, plastered inside and out with bitumen. The *gouffahgee* propels his boat by means of a short, broad oar, with which he hastily sculls now on one side of the boat, now on the other, as the current tends to make it spin round. The natives crowd into these *gouffahs* in such numbers that it is not an uncommon thing to see one overturned and the passengers sent spinning into the water. However, they can all swim like fish, and either clamber back into the *gouffah* or swim ashore, seeming none the worse for their experience, and do not lose their temper over it.

Gradually the passengers disperse, the shouting dies away, and as night falls the winches cease to whirl, and only the distant sounds of the city are heard. The smoke of hundreds of fires has risen to heaven, and the acrid smell lingers on the air. The bark of a pariah dog, the distant yelp of a wandering jackal, the shout of a night-watchman, these are the only sounds which break the stillness as night draws her gray curtain, and the city becomes a city of sleep.

THE KINGFISHERS.

THAT sudden cry I know. Oh, moment rare!
 Swift as a fancy in a gorgeous dream
 Two azure-emerald arrows skim the stream,
 This way and that threading the sunlit air.
 I hold my breath as if a prince had passed.
 'Tis well, 'tis well, in democratic days,
 To see earth's old nobility ablaze,
 By not a breath of envy overcast.
 Here with your splendour shy and princely dress,
 Your crystal larder and your silvery food,
 Your green pavilions high where none intrude,
 Your whispering groves with sedgy pennons gay,
 Long may ye reign, ye halcyons, and possess
 All that from human kings hath passed away.

H. R. PYATT.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

TAHITI.

IN view of the prominence which this island in the far Pacific has obtained through the shelling of its capital, Papeete, by the German cruisers *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst*, a few first-hand impressions from one who knows and loves this exquisite jewel of the South Seas may be of interest to those who have not had the good fortune to see for themselves.

France is the fortunate possessor of the Society Islands, of which Tahiti is the principal island, and it would be impossible to find in all the wide South Seas anything more charming, or having a greater wealth of wondrous beauty, than this 'pearl of the Pacific.' The town of Papeete lies nestling in thick woods of luxuriant scarlet-flowered trees, like a vision from fairyland, and, seen from the sea, it is a picture not soon to be forgotten. Opposite the town, perched on a small island, is the quaintest little lazaretto which the world has to show, so beautiful as to appear unreal, with its white walls gleaming in the tropical sunlight, enshrouded by palms, and all around the blue Pacific breaking with a low, long-drawn-out murmur which only the coral isles of the South Seas can give forth. One forgets for a while, in gazing upon such a scene, that one is an inhabitant of this terrestrial sphere, and it is only on getting back to earth that one asks one's self what a paradise like this wants a lazaretto for, because one thing is certain—it is rarely used in such a capacity. The climate is good, and though the temperature is high, it is pleasant on account of its equability, and people live to considerably beyond the allotted span; but here, as in most countries, longevity depends largely on temperate living.

The hottest month of the year is January, when the maximum day temperature in the shade seldom touches ninety degrees; and the coolest month is June, when eighty degrees is about what one may expect. It is a fact that Europeans are quite immune from the diseases which afflict them in other tropical lands, which is a feather in the climatic cap of Tahiti. Although there is no regular rainy season, the island does not suffer from droughts; but experience proves that December and January are the wettest months. Night temperature varies between sixty and eighty degrees approximately, according to the season.

The island is of distinctly volcanic formation,

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enclosed by a beautiful coral reef of some thirty miles in circumference; in which connection it is interesting to know that passages through the reef are made by the many small fresh-water streams which prevent the coral insect from building. Darting in and out from under the reef one can see swarms of curious fish, many of the most startlingly vivid hues, among which is to be seen that maritime curiosity the ribbon-fish, for all the world like a yard of gaudy-coloured ribbon waving in the clear water.

Inland, the island is mountainous and grandly impressive, the double-peaked Orohena, the highest of the range, nearly eight thousand feet, being so precipitous that no one has yet succeeded in scaling it. Nature produces a superabundance of tropical fruits and products; among the latter vanilla holds first place, and there are some fine plantations to be seen in the neighbourhood of Papeete. The Sunday morning market at Papeete is an interesting scene, and the early riser is well repaid in what he sees there; for the natives are so happy, and laugh, sing, and talk in their sweet Tahitian tongue while selling and buying goes on apace, so different from our Western ways! The stalls groan under their loads of fruit, flowers, fish, meat, &c., and the hot pancakes wrapped in great green leaves and the joints of bamboo filled with native sauces find ready and appreciative purchasers. The market-place is the axis around which Papeetean life revolves, and after sunset all sorts and conditions of men and women—Tahitians, French, British, Americans, Chinese—are to be seen walking and talking in the stillness of the tropical evening.

Papeete itself, as is to be expected, presents decided contrasts, although the French character predominates, and it might well be called the Paris of the Pacific, with its well-kept and pretty boulevards and other distinctive French features. The natives are a most interesting race, and up to the present are less spoiled by contact with civilised life than those of other Pacific islands; although it is to be feared that, as Tahiti has become an important calling-place in the direct route between Australasia and western America, the Tahitians will deteriorate to the extent of losing some of their charm, as experience has shown that the brown-skinned peoples of the islands do not improve when the ways and manners of Western civilisation are thrust upon them.

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It seems to be conclusively proved that Tahiti in far-back ages formed part of what is now a submerged continent, and proof is given of this in the fact that the derivation of the word Tahiti, in the Maori language, is literally 'transplanted from the East,' and one is able to deduce from this that the Tahitians had their origin there, the general opinion being that Malaysia was probably the part from which they came.

The Tahitians, like the majority of South Sea Islanders, are sweet singers, and their singing-parties—or *himenes*, as they term them—amply repay the listener in the treat they afford. An experience which should not be missed is a visit to the forenoon service in the little white church on the outskirts of Papeete, built as near to the

beach as safety permits. There one can listen to the sweet harmonious singing of the natives; and at the same time the break of the sea on the reef, and the continuous rustling and soothing effect of the waving palms, lend an atmosphere which seems not of this earth. The windows and doors of the church are all wide open, and the worshipper's eyes can wander at sweet will from the preacher, or the wonderfully picturesque, brown-skinned, large-eyed, and handsome Tahitians in the pews—all dressed in white, the girls with scarlet flowers in their dark hair—to the far stretch of blue sea. Above is the eternal vault of heaven (so blue in fair Tahiti), and, all around, the wondrous tropical vegetation. It is a picture, once seen, never forgotten.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CAPTAIN ANTHONY BRANDER.

MACDONELL bent over me. 'This comes of meddling, Layton!' he said, and deliberately wiped his blade on the grass. 'I liked ye, in a way, though ye could never see an inch beyond your nose; but ye stood in my way, and would take no warning. There was only one end to it!—And now, my dear cousin, it is time we took the road. Our last *tête-à-tête* was cut short. But I fancy Mr Layton's meddling days are done.'

Unable to speak or move, I felt Charlotte's hand clasp mine. It was roughly snatched away; there was a stifled cry, and I was alone, in the blackest moment of my life. A merciful oblivion shut out the sky. This was the end, I thought, until I awoke to find—the miracle of it!—my Charlotte's wet cheek close to mine, her arms around me, and her voice saying over and over again between her tearing sobs, 'You shall not die, Edmund!'

In the imminence of death, never had life been half so sweet. I had much to say, and little time, as I thought, to say it in. I summoned all my strength, and told her, 'I love you, my dear.'

'And I you, my Edmund! You shall not die. Philip has gone. Come! Can you stand? We have a chance!'

She helped me to stagger to my feet. The chaise was half off the road; the driver nowhere to be seen; the horses cropping the grass contentedly. Leaning on her, I made a great effort, reached the chaise, and half clambered, half fell forward on to the box. Next moment Charlotte was beside me, the reins in her hands, lashing the startled horses into a gallop on the moonlit road to The Garth. . . .

Bertrand met us at the door of the house. 'Dieu!' said he, as he looked at the steaming horses. 'You travel hastily. What has happened?'

'Charlotte is safe. . . . I am knifed.' I contrived to get the words out, reeling where I stood. I remember nothing more until I came to myself in bed, Bertrand standing beside me.

'A near shave! I have a greater regard for *Virgil* than ever! See!'

He held up the book toward me. The edge of the leaves and the cover of the book were crimson. The knife had gone clean through the book. I had slipped it into my pocket when I set out for Holyrood; and but for its honest binding I should have been lying stark on the highway, and Charlotte kidnapped. The thought chilled me.

'She is safe?' I asked, in a very thin and far-away voice.

'Safe and sound, Edmund. She has told me.' He took my hand.

'I love her.'

'And she loves you.'

'It is wonderful!'

He laughed. 'Just what she said. You lovers have not much of originality. But you must not speak, and when you have slept I shall tell you my great news. I think we have Cousin Philip in a cleft stick. You must lie still. I shall send to the "White Horse" for your belongings. Your only clothes are these.' He pointed to my finery that lay on a couch in a horribly suggestive blood-stained huddle. 'You will ruffle it no more in that plumage.'

Indeed, I must have lost enough blood for two men, for I was scarce able to lift a hand from the coverlet.

What had happened after Philip had knifed me, I learned, was this. He made no concealment from Charlotte that he intended to carry her off; but his plans must have miscarried, for the fellow whom I had knocked senseless had no sooner recovered than he and Philip had a hurried whispered exchange of a few words, and

the two made off without a look behind them, and dived into the wood. The thing puzzled me, and it was long before I discovered the cause of their alarm and sudden flight.

Bertrand's news was that he had high hopes of getting from Glenira a clue to the *cache* of the French money. His mind was so darkened that he rarely uttered a word; but, sitting beside him one night, Bertrand heard the blind man talk in his sleep. 'The money is his Majesty's,' he called in a loud, clear voice; 'if a man moves a yard I'll shoot him like a dog! Take my last word on it. The ship must be sailed, too, or you follow the master.'

Bertrand listened breathlessly; but after repeating that the money was his Majesty's, Glenira awoke. Bertrand spoke to him, and, to his great joy, the blind man appeared to recognise his voice, called to him by name, and when he took his hand, stroked it as he would a child's, and ran his hands over his face.

'Bertrand, it is dark—dark. Where am I?' and he fell into a passion of tears, dreadful to see in one who was once a great, strong, resolute man. When the fit was over Bertrand tried to make him understand his situation, but failed.

'He listened, pacing the room and repeating my words after me, though without understanding; but his mind is stirring. He walks up and down the room constantly, and his look and carriage improve. The surgeon was here in the afternoon, and saw a marvellous change; and just before you arrived he said in a clear, deliberate voice, "Morven—the Fountain Reef—above high-water."'

I pulled my *Virgil* from under the pillow, and looked at my writing. 'Some words of the secret paper,' I said. 'I must hasten to get well, and help you to square accounts with Philip of the Left Hand.'

My recovery was slower than I had hoped. I had lost too much blood, and lay for days. When I was able, though weak and dizzy, to crawl out into the blessed sunlight, the October days were shortening. Charlotte nursed me back to life. I see you now, my dear, as I write; hear your voice across the leagues of land and sea; feel your little hand in mine as in those hours under the beeches, where together we dreamed young dreams.

Now I come to an evening that made many dark things clear, and sent Bertrand and myself to the North Sea.

It was near the end of October. He and I had been walking on the sands, and on our return Charlotte met us, two bright spots of colour in her cheeks, her eyes glowing. She had been sitting with Glenira, she told us, when he suddenly sat up and said, 'Charlotte! It is you!' She had tried to soothe him, but he was puzzled. 'I remember—I remember—the wreck, and then—darkness!' he said.

'Tell me the story of the wreck,' she had

asked him, as one would coax a child. 'What happened after Stonehaven?' He showed a sudden interest, and Charlotte had written down as much as she could of what he said. It was easy, for he repeated himself, and spoke slowly and with long pauses. What she had written down was but a few words, but they were of tremendous importance to us:

'After Stonehaven we made for the Moray Firth. There the master tried to lay hands on his Majesty's money. Therefore I shot him, and afterwards quelled some of the others, and compelled them to sail the ship where I wanted. But a great storm came. The ship was driven into shoal water at high tide, and I alone was saved. I came ashore on some wreckage, at night. Next day the wreck was left by the tide near the Fountain Reef, and I went out to her, and hid his Majesty's money in the sand near her.' More he would not, or rather could not, say; but what he had said was enough to hasten our plans.

Bertrand was daily expecting a message from Captain Brander of the *Gannet*. Once the little smuggler came anywhere near Leith Roads we were to board her with all speed, for her cargo would be contraband, and although her master knew 'the ropes,' manifestly he could not run risks through hanging about indefinitely.

There remained the problem of the safety of Charlotte and Glenira. But for her duty and her love for the blind man, I believe my brave-hearted girl would have insisted on going north with us. I thought at first of sending them to my empty house of Darehope among the quiet hills, where they would be safe and assured of loyal service from my excellent steward, but the journey presented difficulties.

Matters hung in the wind for a day, and weighed on me intolerably. To leave her—and for unknown dangers—was bad enough; but to leave her and Glenira at The Garth alone was a thing not to be considered. Heaven bless all good friends! The matter was straightened out in an hour by the aid of Lady Jean Hewat, the outspoken dowager of the snuff-box, whom I had met at the ball at Holyrood House. Charlotte went to her, and made her a confidante, telling her the whole story. Lady Jean was a fierce old Jacobite, under her brusque speech and redoubtable visage concealing a lode of human kindness. She had known Glenira long ago, and I am sure that our strange and stormy courtship kindled her old heart. 'True love,' quoth she to my Charlotte, 'disna run smooth, so they say; but ye've had enough o' rough roads, my dear! Poor Glenira and you shall come to me till this ploy i' the North is over, for well or ill!'

So it came about that in the early gloaming of a November day Glenira and Charlotte, escorted by a kinsman and some retainers of Lady Jean, drove off to her house near the Leader Water, and for the first time I tasted

the bitterness of a good-bye. Few words passed between my betrothed and myself; speech was impossible. I rode a part of the way beside her. 'You must go, Edmund; I would not have it otherwise,' she said at our last farewell. So we parted, and I rode back in the darkening, sorrowful, but with her words of duty and courage in my heart, and resolved for what the future might hold.

We closed The Garth; and Bertrand and I, dressed in plain rough clothes, put up at the Baltic Inn on Leith Shore, where we saw many men of the sea and heard strange tongues. The inn was an exchange for the frequenters of the port; and we were not a day there when Bertrand, who had been down among the ships, came back, much to my joy, with Anthony Brander himself, the master of the *Gannet*.

The three of us went to my room. The captain was a man of forty-five or near it, his face and hands, after thirty years of wind, sun, and rain, of the colour of peat. He was short and broad, and had lost an eye long ago in a brush with the preventive men on the south coast. The remaining one was as alert as a bird's.

'As I was saying to monsher, the business is as easy as kiss-my-hand,' said he. 'I'm a Morayshire man; I went as ship's boy out o' Garmouth langsyne, and I ken the Firth better than my Catechism.' He took a greasy chart from his pocket and unrolled it. 'I've run more "crops" o' brandy atween France and the nor'-east than any man alive.' He peered over the chart and put a big index-finger on it. 'There's west o' the Firth, and there's Morven, and Morven I tak' to be the cone on your bit paper. As for a Fountain Reef, I've never heard o't. Looks like a made-up name. But about here'—again the big brown finger stabbed the chart—'I reckon we'll get news o', if we dinna find, your wreck. I can come close inshore at high-water. There's ten feet o' water there. I've run some stuff no' twa mile awa' on this very coast. It's plain sailing; barring revenue cutters and nor'-easters, we'll be in Spey Bay in three days.'

'The sooner the better, captain,' said Bertrand, his eyes alight. 'Now, *les affaires sont les affaires*. About what profit do you hope for out of this run?'

'Giff-gaff mak's guid friends! I've got a good cargo o' brandy and lace. I've a quarter share

o' profits and a matter o' twenty pounds for the hire o' the buckkar. I'll make seventy, maybe eighty, pounds this trip, if all goes well.'

'We add fifty guineas to that, and if we find what we are looking for you shall have a couple of hundred to yourself.'

He looked up, his head moving from side to side, his eye like a gimlet veering from Bertrand to me and back again. 'A couple o' hunder! I'm your man. But, sirs, what name can I put to this business?'

'Smuggling, if you like. You smuggle stuff into Scotland. Every one to his own fancy. Ours is to smuggle something out. Captain Brander, when the time comes you shall be told, and be free to land us and cut sail or wait and help us, as you please. What weighs on us, man, is that others may be before us. Haste, haste, and still haste is the very heart of the affair. 'Tis a race, and I know that the *Gannet* can sail like a witch. Is it not so?'

Bertrand struck the exact chord in Anthony's heart, the one that appeals to every man who knows his work; his professional pride was touched, for he was a fine seaman.

'The *Gannet* can show heels to any craft of her size—ay, and a guid mony more.'

He rolled up the chart, and the table got a resounding smack from his big fist.

'If it is a race,' he said, his eye alight, 'I'm your man! Fifty guineas, and a couple o' hunder if you win!'

He shook hands with us on the bargain. I called for rum and a bottle of claret, and in a few minutes everything was arranged.

The *Gannet*, with her contraband, was in hiding in a creek in the Firth, and Anthony told us, with a wink, that the preventive officers on shore duty were 'decent men and friends o' mine.'

We were to meet him near Gullane in East Lothian by six o'clock next morning, ready to start. 'I maun hasten back. I have a sail-boat waiting for me, and I'll be off, for I maun see—no' that it's likely—that the crew are a' sober, an' everything shipshape for the morn.'

He drained his glass of raw rum without a blink, and the three of us went out into the dusk to the head of Quality Street, where he left us to find his boat at the harbour.

(Continued on page 459.)

THE SNAKES OF NATAL

By R. T. PATERSON.

IT is to be presumed that had St Patrick been able to include Natal in the scheme of his itinerary, the chapter on the snakes of that member of the South African Union would have rivalled in brevity the famous one dealing with Eden's curse as affecting the 'distressful country.'

To show that the garden of the subcontinent is not so blessed is the object of these few lines. There, in the lush tropical growth, the reptile order flourishes abundantly, and the widely branched snake family is represented by at least seven species.

Where all are deadly it is not easy to apportion pride of place, but it is generally conceded that this baleful prominence belongs to the black mamba. This terrible snake, which often attains a length of over six feet, shares with the hamadryad of British Guiana the reputation of chasing man, even although quite unprovoked. It is on record that, on one occasion at least, a horseman at full gallop was pursued for a considerable distance by a large reptile of this species. Death from its bite usually takes place in about twenty minutes, and the virulence of its poison may be realised when it is stated that an English officer, while walking through the bush in Zululand, was bitten right through his puttees by a black mamba, and died in dreadful agony, despite all efforts to save him.

The green mamba, or boom-slang, adopts different tactics, as indeed its Dutch name suggests. This species frequents trees, and, suspended from the branches, strikes at the passer-by. Its bite is almost as fatal as that of the black variety. It has an uncomfortable habit of taking up its abode among the rafters of a house; but so long as it confines its attentions to rats and mice its presence is not considered of much consequence.

The yellow cobra does not reach the size of the foregoing, three or four feet being its limit, but it is quite as venomous; and it is characteristic that it will attack with astonishing ferocity any one coming between it and its hole. This species endeavours, whenever possible, to render its opponents *hors de combat* by spitting venom into the eyes, thus producing at least temporary blindness, accompanied by maddening pain.

Perhaps the most loathsome of the snakes of Natal is the dreaded puff-adder. This bloated, greenish-brown creature is seldom longer than three and a half feet, but makes up for that in girth, being often as thick as a man's wrist. Death from its bite is terribly swift, as it has been known to supervene in a quarter of an hour. When angered, and before it strikes, the puff-adder emits a loud *puff-f-f*!—hence its name. A peculiarity of this snake is that it is most dangerous if approached from the rear, as it can throw itself violently backward upon its victim, and strike with its long fangs as it alights. One, to the writer's knowledge, when overtaken on the road, threw itself clear over the off-wheel of a dog-cart in an endeavour to strike at the driver!

The partiality—almost amounting to a passion—of snakes for milk is well known, and the facts concerning the following case in point are vouched for. The output of a cow in South Africa is appraised at the number of quart bottles it can fill per day, and the animal is referred to as a twelve-bottle or sixteen-bottle yielder, and so on, as the case may be. A farmer in the Transvaal had a specially prolific milker in his herd; and, being very proud of it, he zealously noted its performances. Suddenly, although to all appearance in its usual fine condition, this

cow began to show a marked falling off in its yield of milk, and for some time perplexity obsessed the farmer's mind. One night, when the moon was shining as only the African moon can shine, it occurred to him to go out and see if his disappointing favourite was grazing properly. The mystery was quickly solved. Pulling himself up in time, what was his horror to observe the cow, chewing the cud, it is true, but otherwise rigidly immovable, while round one of its hind-legs was coiled a huge puff-adder busily gorging itself direct from the udder! There was nothing for it but to wait until his snakeship was satisfied; but if, in the subsequent proceedings, that puff-adder had time to see stars, it was certainly another kind of Milky Way.

The night-adder, as its name implies, is most in evidence after sundown, and woe to the pedestrian who tramples on what seems a branch of a tree stretched across the path! Sharp fangs will swiftly be embedded in shin or ankle, and unless help is as efficient as it is speedy there is little hope of recovery.

The ring-hals, a blackish snake, whose neck is adorned with one or two white rings, is generally found near water, preying on the frogs that it keeps so lively that they have no time for preying of any kind! This is another species which invades houses on occasion; and while recovery from its bite is possible if taken in time, drastic measures are certainly wise treatment.

The schaap-sticker—so called from the belief that it attacks sheep—is a short, silvery snake about the thickness of a man's finger, and is beautifully marked. That it is venomous is an accepted opinion; but, as compared with the others mentioned, it occupies a humble position in this respect.

The hoop and whip snakes are the most attenuated of their order; and, while the origin of the latter's name is obvious, as regards the former one must accept with the proverbial 'grain' the statement that it is so named from its habit of taking its tail in its mouth and trundling downhill!

The pythons—which of course are not venomous, but depend for sustenance and defence on their great constricting powers—are to be found in the rocky fastnesses bordering the rivers, where specimens measuring over twenty feet have been discovered. Their gentle methods are analogous to those of the boa-constrictor of other lands, and once they have obtained a purchase with their tails round tree-stump or root their pressing attentions are something to be avoided—if possible!

It will be admitted that, for a tropical country, Natal has at least her share of the alleged lineal descendant of the primal curse. Nevertheless, one records with satisfaction that the annual death-roll from snake-bite compares very favourably with the grim distinction of the land of the cobra da capello and the krait.

BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER II.

NATHAN HEBRON is Betty Grier's husband ; or, rather, I should say, Betty Grier is Nathan Hebron's wife. This may possibly be considered a distinction without a difference ; but when you have been introduced into the inner courts of these two worthies' acquaintance, you will somehow feel that the latter assertion is the more correct and appropriate.

Nathan is a tall, loosely built man, with a fresh, healthy complexion, two mild blue eyes, and a slightly hanging under-lip. For some considerable time he has been employed on what is locally known as 'the Duke's wark,' but in what particular capacity I cannot very well say. When first I knew him he was one of Archie Maxwell's employés in the nursery, and when our garden required professional attention it was always Nathan who was sent to do the necessary digging and titivating.

Three or maybe four times a year he spent a few days at a stretch among our vegetables and fruit-trees ; and I remember with what eager interest I used to anticipate his visits, for, though he was a man of few words, and from a story-telling standpoint had little to commend him to a boy, he carried a quiet, companionable atmosphere with him, and, as a more dominating recommendation, he was the possessor of one of the sharpest and most formidable-looking 'gullies' I had ever seen.

How I envied him at pruning-time, when, with his easy, indifferent gait, he moved about among our rose-bushes with his keen hooked blade, and in one deft cut lopped off twigs and branches as if they were potato-suckers. Sometimes at my request he would lay his long gleaming weapon in the palm of my little hand, but he usually retained possession of it by a slight finger-and-thumb grip ; and I always heaved a sigh of satisfaction, not unmixed with relief, when he lifted it, closed the blade with a click, and returned it to his sleeved-vest pocket.

When Nathan was thus employed in our garden he always had dinner with Betty in the kitchen. Betty's forte in the culinary department was broth-making, and my mother used to say, with a smile, that when Nathan was her guest Betty always put her best foot foremost. Betty, with a blushing cheek, mildly repudiated the charge ; and once, when in my presence my mother told Nathan of this, he blushed too, and to hide his confusion bent his head and tightened the trousers-straps under his knees.

Broth, with boiled beef and potatoes to follow, as a rule constituted Betty's menu on these occasions, and there was always a 'word' between them when the beef was served, as Nathan insisted on retaining his soup-plate

from which to eat it, and to this Betty strenuously objected. She declared 'it wasna the thing ;' but he retorted that 'that was possible, but it was aye ae plate less to wash, and he liked the broth brae wi' the barley piles in it, as it moistened the tatties.'

Immediately after his repast he retired to the stick-house ; and there, seated on the chopping-log, he smoked his pipe in silence and meditation till the Auld Kirk clock chimed the hour of one.

Betty was no vocalist ; but on those days when Nathan worked in our garden she indulged much in what, out of gallantry towards her, I may call sweet sounds. She had only one song—it is her sole musical possession still—and during the years I spent far from the friends and scenes of my boyhood, as often as I heard the familiar strains of 'The Farmer's Boy,' Betty's timmer rendering came homely-like to my ear, and I saw a print-gowned, pensive-faced young woman subjecting newly washed delf to a vigorous rubbing, and watching through the kitchen window a big eident gardener turning over with gleaming spade the rich loamy garden soil.

My mind harks back on these little scraps of memory as I sit here in my bedroom listening to Betty's ceaseless prattle and Nathan's monosyllabic responses. He is the same gaunt, silent Nathan, only much grayer, and his short beard, fringe-like, now covers a chin which once was clean-shaven and ruddy. He still wears leather straps on his work-a-day trousers ; and, though I haven't seen it, I am confident the keen-bladed gully is somewhere about the recesses of his ample pockets. And he is Betty's 'man,' and Betty is his busy, careful wife, and as such they sit together in that kitchen taking their meals off that self-same table, and looking out on that same garden which long ago was the scene of his periodical labours.

Sometimes of a morning I waken about five o'clock, and even thus early I hear Betty downstairs making preparations for Nathan's breakfast. I know full well from the different sounds how she is employed ; and, in rotation, I note the 'ripein' oot' of the previous evening's fire, the filling of the kettle from the kitchen tap, the opening and closing of the corner cupboard door, and the clatter of cups, plates, and cutlery. Then the merry song of the boiling kettle, the clink of the frying-pan on the crooks, the sizzling of frying ham, the splutter of gravy-steeped eggs, and the drawing forward of white, well-scrubbed kitchen chairs.

I know, too, when Nathan has finished his meal, as he always puts his empty cup and saucer with a 'clank' into his bread-plate, gives

a hard throat 'hoast,' backs his chair away from the table, and says 'Imphm! just so!' very contentedly and cheerily. Soon the appetising aroma of fried ham and eggs, which has been all the time in my nostrils, gives place to the more pungent smell of strong brown twist smoked through a clean clay pipe. This, however, is merely a whiff in passing, because Nathan 'stands not upon the order of his going,' and in clean-smelling corduroys and a cloud of fragrant pipe-reek he goes out into the early morning sunshine, closing the door with a lingering, hesitating turn of the handle which, though gentle, seems loud and grating in the hush of the dawning day.

How I wish I could walk with him these beautiful fresh sunny mornings along the Carronbrig road! I follow him, alas! in imagination only; and as he leaves the empty echoing street and passes under the leafy canopy of the Cundy Wood I feel the pure caller air on my brow, I listen to the hum of the bees in the limes, the sportive chatter of the sparrows in the bushes, the rich, full-throated melody of the blackbird and mavis from the wooded recesses of the Gillfoot—each feathered minstrel piping his own song in his own way, and all in unison singing their pæans of praise in their leafy, sun-kissed bowers. Gossamer-webs, silvered with countless pearls of dew, stretch their glistening threads from leaf to leaf, and cover the shady side of the hawthorn hedgerows as with a gray-meshed silken veil. From rank, dewy grass humble blue-bells raise their heads, and nod good-morning to white and blue-red stately foxgloves standing sentinel o'er scarred red-earth banks and tangled bramble thickets. Lowing cows, knee-deep in meadow grass and buttercups, with swishing tails and pawing forelegs, impatiently await the opening gate. And over all, on field and wood and hill and dale, lie the glorious rays of God's own sunshine, diffusing warmth and gladness, and filling nature anew with pulsing life.

The road lies broad and white before me, and I see Nathan's tall, gaunt figure passing Longmire Mains, and I know the smell of the sweet American gean is in his nostrils, and his gardener's eye is on the fronded hart's-tongue ferns which here and there peep from the crevices of the lichen-covered dike; past Meadow Bank, where the purple bloom still crowns the spiked leaf branch of the rhododendron; on between the hollies and silver birches at Dabton; through the sleepy village of Carronbrig, where he is joined by moleskin-clad fellow-workers.

Staff in hand and pipe in mouth, at that regulation pace which is well known as 'the Duke's step,' each wends his way through the green turf holm, across the Nith by the stepping-stones, under the shadow of the ruin-crowned Tibbers mound. As they near the scene of their daily darg, tobacco 'dottles' are paper-padded and made secure, pipes are deposited

in sleeved-vest pockets, and where the white iron wicket clicks and admits them to the low-lying stretch of fairy garden plots and multi-coloured perfumed bowers I take my leave of them. God grant I may soon be able to see with the living eye, and feel with the nature-loving heart, the beauties and joys which now in imagination only are mine!

By degrees, and at rare intervals, Betty has relieved her mind to me regarding Nathan. When I say 'relieved her mind,' I do not imply that there is anything in Nathan's conduct or any remissness in his mode of living which burdens Betty's thoughts. Far from it. Nathan is the best of husbands—appreciative, kind, steady, and considerate. His wages—to the uttermost farthing—are regularly given up to Betty's safe keeping. All his spare hours are devoted to the large garden, whose produce from January till December makes Betty's daily dinner of the bienest. Her slightest wish is a command which he obeys with cheerfulness and alacrity, and the quiet and composure of his presence is, I know, her secret pride and mainstay. Yet she seems to be ever apologising for his being about, and in speaking of him to me she invariably refers to him as 'Nathan, puir falla,' with just the slightest suggestion of commiseration in her tone.

I wonder why this should be, and it is beginning to dawn upon me that Betty somehow imagines—wrongly, needless to say—that I look upon him as an intruder, something foreign to the element of our home-life of long ago; and, stranger still, I am conscious of that feeling in Nathan also. Though I have been resident here for over two weeks, and though he has cried upstairs to me every evening, he has only twice been in my room; and on both occasions he stood awkwardly at the door, holding on by the handle, and answering my questions with his head turned toward the landing. During the past week I have managed to limp my way downstairs, and on passing through the kitchen have stayed my steps to ca' the crack with him. But 'Yes, sir,' 'No, sir,' 'Ay, ay; imphm!' have so far been the sum-total of his contribution to the conversation. Some day, however, I know Nathan will thaw; some day soon they will both know the high esteem in which I hold him. In due season he will rid himself of his backwardness and shyness, and I shall be glad, for his honest blue eye and his pleasing serenity appeal to me, and I feel I want a friend like Nathan Hebron.

To-night, after she had cleared away the remains of my homely supper, Betty sat down with her knitting at my little attic window. I have two pots of flowering musk and a lovely pelargonium in full bloom on my sill, and under pretence of procuring Nathan's advice as to their culture and well-being I inquired of Betty if she would ask him to come upstairs.

'Most certainly, Maister Weelum,' said she, with a pleasant nod; and she went out, returning a minute later with Nathan in her wake. I know he had been sitting in his easy-chair smoking in silence, with his stem-bonnet on and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, inactive, yet alert and ready to fulfil any of Betty's little behests; but at Betty's summons he had hastily donned a coat, and his head was bare.

After leisurely examining my plants and drawing out a few disjointed directions, he turned to go downstairs; but I motioned him to a seat, and, rather reluctantly, I thought, he sat down. I urged him to join me in a smoke, and offered him a fill of my Edinburgh mixture; but he declined my pouch; and, taking out a deerskin spleuchan, he nipped a full inch of brown twist, teased it, rolled it in the palm of his rough, horny hand, and meditatively filled the bowl of his clay cutty.

Betty noticed my little act of civility; but she plied her needles in silence till Nathan had struck a light and begun smoking.

'Ay, Maister Weelum,' she said, as Nathan fitted the glowing bowl of his pipe with a perforated metal cover, 'thae fancy ready-cut tobaccos are no' much in the line o' oor Nathan, puir falla.'

'Is that so? Well, every man to his own taste; but, Betty, excuse my asking so personal a question, why do you always refer to your good-man here as "Nathan, puir falla"?'

Nathan looked surprisedly from me to Betty, and, after fumbling with his match-box, struck another light when there was no necessity to do so; while Betty laid out her knitting on the table and thoughtfully pressed it out lengthwise with the palm of her open hand.

'When ye mention it, noo, I daursay I div say "puir falla,"' she answered; 'but, though I say that, I dinna mean it in any temporal sense, Maister Weelum. So far as this world is concerned, I've got the very best man that ever lived; but'—and she looked at Nathan as if in doubt how to proceed.

Nathan blew pipe-reek most vigorously; then he turned round to me with a faint smile on his sober face, and he actually winked. 'She's—she's sterted again, Maister Weelum,' he said with a side-nod toward Betty.

'Started what, Nathan?'

'Oh, the auld subject—imphm!'

'Ay,' chimed in Betty, now sure of her opening, 'it's an auld subject, but it's ever a new yin, a' the same. "'Tis old, yet ever new," as the hymn-book has it. Ay, an' that *is* true. As I said before, Maister Weelum, I've nae concern regairdin' Nathan's welfare in this world. We're promised only bread an' water, an' look hoo often he gets tea an' chops, an' on what we ha'e saved there's every chance o' that diet bein' continued as lang as he has teeth to chew wi'. But what o' the next world? As Tammas

Fraser since said when he was takin' the Book, "Ah, that's where the rub comes in!"' and she shook her head dolefully as much as to say, 'Nathan, you're a gone corbie!'

I looked from husband to wife in blank astonishment, not knowing what to say. I had always looked upon Betty as a deeply religious woman, a true disciple of the Great Master, but partaking more of the loving John than the assertive Peter; and, often as I had heard her say a word in season, I could not remember having listened to her expressing so pointedly her fears and convictions.

She interpreted my thoughts aright; and after Nathan had, without necessity, sparked another match, and almost succeeded in turning toward us the full length and breadth of his long tankard back, she resumed.

'Your mother was a guid woman, Maister Weelum, an' I ken that often, often, you were the burden o' her prayers. I never talked much on this subject to you, kennin' that you were her ain particular chairge, an' that her prayers, without my interference, wad be answered. But it's different in the case o' Nathan here. He belongs to me, an' me to him. My calling an' election's sure, an' I juist canna bide the thocht o' us bein' separated at the lang hinner-en'. It's no' that he's a bad man—far from it. Or it's no' that he's careless. I gi'e him credit for bein' concerned in his ain wey; but he juist saunters on through life, trustin' that things will somewey work oot a' richt, an' lettin' the want, if there's ony, come in at the wab's end. Ay, an' for a man like him, that's sae fond o' flo'ers an' dogs an' ither folks' weans, it simply passes my comprehension hoo it is that he's sae indifferent to the greatest o' a' love an' the things that so closely concern his immortal soul's salvation. Nae wonder I say, "Nathan, puir falla."'

Notwithstanding the gravity of the charge she had laid at Nathan's door, I felt relieved to know that my surmises regarding the cause of his attitude toward me were unfounded; and, with a note of encouragement in my voice, I hinted to Betty that, after all, it was possible she was unnecessarily worrying herself, as with two advocates like her and my mother it would surely be well with both Nathan and me.

'Ah, Maister Weelum,' she said impressively, 'I ken fine that the prayers o' the just availeth much; but aye bear in mind—Nathan, are ye listenin'?—Ay—weel, bear in mind that every herrin' maun hing by its ain heid. Mind that, the twae o' ye noo.'

This direct personal appeal rather discomposed me, and I didn't know what to say. As for Nathan, he rose slowly from his chair, and, turning round, he solemnly winked to me again. That wink somehow sealed a compact between us. It placed us on a common platform, and established a feeling of camaraderie which it would be hard for me to define.

'Ay, Betty,' he said, as he raised himself to his full height, 'you're a wonderfu' woman—a wonderfu' woman!' and he yawned audibly; 'an' when it comes to gab wark on sic a subject as ye've ta'en in haun', John Clerk the colporteur canna haud a cannel to ye. When ye stert on me like this I aye gi'e ye plenty o' rope, an' I never gi'e it a tug; but ye've gi'en me a gey tatterin' afore Maister Weelum here, an' I wad just like to put in my yelp noo.'

Betty gave him a surprised look, and I nodded and smiled encouragingly toward him.

'I don't misdoot,' he continued, after he had loosened his cravat at his throat, 'that there's some truth in a few o' your remarks; but, dod, lass, dinna forget that I'm tryin' my best.'

'In what wey, Nathan?' she promptly asked.

'Well, let me consider noo. Ay, I don't think I ha'e missed a day at the kirk since we were mairret. That's ae thing, onywey. Then we tak' the Beuk regularly; an' forby that, Betty,' he said impressively, 'I was five times at the prayer-meetin's wi' ye last year, and'—

'Prayer-meetin's!' said Betty; 'prayer-meetin's!' and she raised her voice. 'Nathan Hebron, I'm astonished ye ha'e the audacity to mention prayer-meetin's to me!'

'Hoo that, Betty?' he gravely asked.

'Hoo that? As if ye didna ken! My word, but that's yin an' a half!—Do you know this, Maister Weelum; I had to stop takin' him to the prayer-meetin's, for he aye fell asleep. The last yin I took him to was at Mrs Kennedy's. Not only did he sleep, but he snored wi' his heid lyin' back an' his face to the ceilin'; an' when he waukened it was in the middle o' a silent prayer, an' he glimmered an' blinked at the gaslicht, an' said he, wi' his een half-shut, "Betty, that's rank wastery burnin' the gas when we're in oor sleeping bed." Ashamed? I was black affronted, Maister Weelum, an' among sae mony earnest folk, too.'

Goodness knows, I hold no brief for Nathan, but I ventured to say on his behalf that, as he had been working in the open all day, and the room was quiet and warm, he was, in a way, to be excused if he unconsciously dovered.

'Ay, that's a' very weel; but I notice he never dovers, as ye ca' it, at an Oddfellows' soiree.'

Nathan had quietly slipped downstairs before

she reached the end of her story, and in his absence she became confidential and communicative.

'I somewey think he means weel, but the road to hell is paved wi' guid intentions. He's maybe the best specimen of the natural man that I ken o'; but, wae's me, that's no' sufficient. The seeds o' carelessness were sown lang before I kenned him; an' tho' I maun alloo he has improved on my haun', I see wee bit touches noo an' than o' the he'rt at enmity which sometimes mak' me despair. For instance, the ither Sabbath-day nae faurer gane, he sat doon after his denner wi' a book, an' he looked neither to left nor richt, but read on and on. "Nathan," says I, "what's the book you're sae intent on?" "Oh, Betty," says he glibly, weel kennin' that I dinna gi'e in wi' orra readin' on the Lord's Day, "I've faun in wi' a splendid book the day. It's caed Baxter's—eh—Baxter's *Saunts' Everlastin' Rest*, an' it's the kind o' readin' I like." "Ay," says I, weel pleased wi' the soond o' the title, "read on at that, Nathan. Baxter's fu' o' rich refreshin' truths. Read slow noo, Nathan, an' tak' it a' in." Weel, he never put it oot o' his haun' till bedtime, except when he was at his tea, an' then he slipped it in his coat-pocket; an' the next day, when he was away at his wark, I cam' on it stappit doon behin' the cushion o' his easy-chair; an' what think ye it was, Maister Weelum? Guess noo what it was.'

'Baxter's *Saunts' Everlasting Rest*, of course,' I said.

'Weel,' said Betty, 'that was printed on the loose covers that had aince been the boards o' the holy volume o' that name; but the paper-covered book that was inside was *The Experiences o' an Edinburgh Detective*, by James MacGovan; an', d'ye ken this, Maister Weelum, I juist sat doon in the middle o' my wark an' grat my he'rt-fill.'

Poor, dear Betty, she wept anew at the remembrance of Nathan's lapse, then rolled her knitting into her apron, and went downstairs into the kitchen. Ten minutes later, when I was having my last pipe for the night, I heard her voice raised in the Beuk, and she was reading, with a point and emphasis which I am sure Nathan could not misunderstand, the story from the Acts of Ananias and his wife Sapphira.

(Continued on page 452.)

THE HUNS AND THE MAN OF GOLD.

By Rev. JOHN ROSS, D.D.

WHEN first China had a separate national existence, the Huns, or their ancestors under one of their various names, crowded her west and northern borders. The Chinese historians concluded that the heaven-given nature of the Huns was that of fighting. They deserved

the title. From the earliest dawn of history the Huns were nomads, occupying great spaces where they could find water and grass, dwelling in tents, and remaining in one locality while water flowed or grass grew for their flocks. Their horses were always famous for size, strength, and

speed. These were constantly used in their inter-tribal wars, or on plundering expeditions against the diligent Chinese farmer. The Emperor Chin, whose kingdom had grown up among them, by agricultural habits gradually acquired a predominating superiority, and finally compelled them to retire westward and northward, and then built the Long Wall for protection against them. When he died, the Han dynasty, whose hands were full in the work of establishing their authority over China, were overwhelmed by the hordes which recrossed the Yellow River and repossessed themselves of the lands in Shensi which their forefathers had occupied from unknown ages. After suffering for scores of years from the brutal incursions of armies which burnt and plundered and murdered, the Emperor Wu, whose reign was long and warlike, was able again to drive them across the river and north of the Wall. These battles were fought on the plains and among the mountains of Shensi and Kansu. In 122 B.C. a large army pursued the Huns into the west of Kansu. That region was then under two Hun princes, both of whom meditated secretly on the advantages of revolt to Han. One slew the other and revolted to Han with the combined army. In his land was seized the man of gold, which had long been an object of worship by the Huns.

The ancestors of the Huns had from time immemorial dwelt among the mountains and in the valleys of rich grass in the provinces now called Shensi and Kansu. There they had always worshipped heaven. In the time of the Chow dynasty they had adopted the worship of

a personified Earth and of their ancestors from the Chinese. They congregated in three great assemblies in the year, when the numerous tribes gathered together at a meeting-place called Lung Cheng, or Dragon City. They worshipped the Lung, or dragon god, as representing heaven. Their chief assembly was in the autumn, when their horses were fat. Then they indulged in ceremonial worship, in feasts, and games. The place for this gathering was in the boundless forests of Dai-lin, in the depths of the Lung Mountains, so called to this day. When worshipping heaven they produced a man of gold which was used to represent heaven. When this image was made history saith not. It was centuries before Buddhism was heard of. The Chin had ultimately succeeded in amalgamating their nomadic neighbours to a considerable extent. Those who insisted on following their old customs and habits were driven farther west. These took with them their man of gold. Six-score years before the Christian era the Han emperor defeated them in their new home, and seized and brought back the man of gold to its former sanctuary, which continued a centre for the worship of heaven. Several centuries thereafter Buddhism entered China, and found a domicile in the capital Changan, now Si-an-fu. It is stated in later books that the gold man became the model after whose fashion Buddhist images were made. From the unsatisfactory description of this gold man it appears to have been the full figure of a man. Buddha is always represented in an attitude of meditation, seated on a lotus flower. The flower is of Indian extraction.

EL CHATO INTERVENES.

PART II.

SOME weeks later we were again seated in front of our dwelling, and on this occasion were discussing the advisability of sending a consignment of silver to the coast.

'Better not delay too long,' said Jim. 'True, we haven't got a great wad of it on hand; but I don't like the idea of that silver being on the premises. Your pug-nosed friend may come down on us any day with his pals, and relieve us of the whole blessed lot.'

'Oh, time enough yet,' I replied. 'Besides, we have nothing to fear from him now; he is straight enough with us, however crooked he may be otherwise.'

'Straight, is it? Yes, he's just about as straight as a dog's hindleg! I tell you I wouldn't trust that ugly joker as far as I could throw a bull by the tail. Look at that Cienfuegos business! We can't have him hanging around here after that. Not only is the man a real bad egg himself, but he will get us into bad odour with the authorities if we keep him too near us.'

'Well, we won't quarrel about the beggar,' I answered with a yawn. 'Come on, old man, it's time we went to roost. I will confess, however, that I should sleep sounder if those confounded bars of silver were safe in the strong-room at the Banco Nacional.'

We both rose, and were about to enter the house, when, 'Hullo!' exclaimed Jim; 'talk about the devil! Here comes one of his chief angels, or I'm badly mistaken.'

Hurrying up the trail in the darkness we could dimly discern the hulking figure of the late fugitive from justice, and in a few minutes Chato himself stood before us, and doffed his sombrero with a polite, '*Buenas-noches, señores!*' as if he had parted from us no later than yesterday.

'What devilment are you up to now?' inquired Jim severely. 'Don't you know that the police are on your track, and that your name is M.U.D. if you are found around these diggings?'

'*Sí, señor,*' replied the big fellow, with an expansive grin. 'They have an ill-will against

me, those dogs, for what reason I know not; but I fear them not, for they cannot catch El Chato. Even now they are carousing at a village inn not five leagues distant from here.'

He seemed to be well informed as to their movements, so we let it go at that.

'But, *señores*,' he continued, 'I have ridden far this day to impart to you news of grave importance. It appears that during my absence these sons of she-asses in the village have been permitting their heads to rattle, and it is said on the other side of the mountains that there is much silver stored in this house. There are many men of evil character in these mountains, and I have learned—no matter by what means—that some of them have planned to attack and rob your camp.'

This was serious indeed; and, although we had always expected that something of the sort would happen sooner or later, the suddenness of the announcement came as rather a shock.

Eagerly we awaited further details, but these were not forthcoming; instead, with the usual '*Con su permiso, señores*,' our visitor lighted the inevitable cigarette and puffed thoughtfully for a few moments.

'Now,' he announced suddenly, rising to his feet, 'we must act, and not talk; for we have to make preparations to receive these rascals in such a manner that they will be glad to seek their holes once more. The *señores* will understand, of course, that I am with them in this affair, for I have eaten of their salt, and must always aid their cause to the death.'

Here, indeed, was a refutation of all Jim's suspicions against him, unmitigated rascal though he was; and I saw that Jim had the grace to appear thoroughly ashamed of his former insinuations. But it was no time for regrets, and we hurriedly proceeded to make preparations for defence. The single door of our adobe dwelling was closed and barricaded, and the open windows piled breast-high with packing-cases filled with loose rock from the mine-dump close at hand; rifles and ammunition were placed in readiness on the floor; and we were prepared for the attack. The watchman of the mill, a man in whom we reposed every confidence, was summoned to keep a lookout, and given strict instructions to rouse us at the first sign of any one approaching the buildings during the night. Jim and I then lay down on our cots to snatch a hurried sleep; but Chato announced his intention of remaining outside, and, wrapped in his tattered old blanket, was soon curled up in a corner of the veranda.

I awoke with a dreadful choking sensation, to find myself struggling in the grasp of two armed men, who had evidently entered over the top of the breastwork at one of the windows; and a tremendous uproar from Jim's corner of the room informed me that he was in a similar predicament.

In my struggles the ruffians had dragged me to the floor, and one evil-smelling brute had a strangle-hold on my throat with both hands, while his companion eagerly sought an opening between our struggling bodies in order to thrust a knife between my ribs. I am not a small man, but they had so nearly succeeded in strangling me before I awoke to a realisation of their attack that my efforts at resistance were practically unavailing.

'Quick, Pedro; despatch the swine with thy knife!' gasped the villain who had me by the throat; and I once more renewed my struggles to interpose his body between the threatening blade and myself. The place seemed filled with armed men; but shooting in such a confined space was out of the question, and my partner and I were gradually being overcome by weight of numbers alone, when a huge figure leaped through a window, and with the deep-throated bellow of an enraged bull charged into the struggling mass of men. Chato—for it was he—had seized a spare piston-rod of our mill-engine lying in a corner of the veranda—a huge steel rod, weighing at least forty pounds—and with this terrible weapon he dealt smashing blows right and left in the press of bodies.

'By Santiago!' he roared; 'begone to your dens, you wolves! To your kennels, you dogs!' and he punctuated each pause with a tremendous sweep of the murderous bar of steel. 'You dare to snarl at El Chato, you whelps!' he menaced, the heavy rod a mere plaything in his powerful hands, and death and destruction in his path. 'Ha! there will be souls in purgatory this night!' he mocked in a terrible voice, as with sickening thuds his weapon descended on the heads of two of the marauders in rapid succession, crumpling in their skulls like egg-shells.

No mortal man could withstand such an onslaught, and the remainder of the villains, utterly panic-stricken at the unexpected attack of this evil spirit of the darkness, and terrified at the destruction wrought by his strange weapon, fled in a disordered rout.

'Hurt anywhere, Jim?' I inquired with anxiety, as we sat up and surveyed the wreck around us.

'Glory be! I saw a good fight before I died!' groaned that irrepressible individual. 'But it's slow music and flowers for me, sure enough. Put a rose in my hand when I breathe my last, friend of my youth!'

'In the meantime the *señor* had better take this in his hand,' spoke up the more practical Chato, as he thrust forward a loaded rifle. 'Those whipped dogs have not yet learned manners, and may require a second lesson.'

The bandits, however, were unwilling to come to grips with us again, and contented themselves with taking up positions amongst the rocks on the hillside, within close range of the house, so that even the appearance of a head at one of our

windows was the signal for a regular fusillade from their rifles.

'With your permission, *señores*, this carrion will feed the buzzards at dawn,' continued Chato, contemptuously indicating the bodies of the two men who had met death at his hands; and, in spite of our protests at thus needlessly exposing himself, he deliberately removed the barricade from the door, carried out the two bodies one at a time, and hurled them down into the *arroyo* below. We covered his progress as well as we could with our rifles. Nevertheless, his appearance in the open was greeted with a hail of bullets; and, although in the darkness the shooting was somewhat inaccurate, the big fellow was twice hit. He made light of his wounds, however, as he joined us, and immediately took up a position at one of the windows.

'Looks as if we were up against it, sure enough,' said Jim, as he took a careful sighting-shot at a puff of smoke on the hillside. 'It's pretty near daylight now, and I guess we can keep those devils off through the day; but they will be sure to rush us to-morrow night in the darkness, and then three of us won't stand much show against that crowd. What licks me,' he continued, 'is how those skunks managed to slip up on us so quietly.'

'That is easily explained, *señor*,' replied Chato. 'That dog of a watchman was a confederate of these men, and towards morning, when he thought I slept, I saw him steal away in the direction of the village. I suspected there was evil afoot, and followed. During my absence those sons of thieves must have come down from the hill above; but it was my good fortune to return in time to be of some assistance, and I think they will remember El Chato.'

'But what happened to the watchman? Where did he go?' we both inquired at this point.

'He is now in hell, *señores*!' was the terse reply; and, in imagination, we could picture his fate at the hands of this giant, utterly merciless because the man had betrayed a trust.

Our rescuer had indeed arrived at an opportune moment; and that we were alive to be sufficiently grateful for our deliverance was due to him alone, as otherwise we should both undoubtedly have been murdered.

'Chato,' said Jim, going up to him with outstretched hand, 'if you will shake hands with

me I shall be proud to take the hand of a real man! I'll stick by you now through thick and thin; and whatever you want, by Ginger! you've only got to ask for it.'

It was evident that the big fellow was painfully embarrassed by our thanks; and, as he would not hear another word on the subject, we determined to await a more favourable opportunity to prove our gratitude in a more tangible form.

Soon afterwards the dawn came stealing over the mountain-tops, miraculously dispersing the bandits, who suddenly abandoned their positions and disappeared into the mountains; and, while Jim and I were endeavouring to restore some semblance of order to our scattered possessions, Chato also mysteriously vanished into space.

'Gee whiz! Goliath has scooted again!' exclaimed Jim, who was the first to notice his absence. 'Must be dodging the vote of thanks business, I guess.'

However, the reason for this double disappearance was soon made apparent by the reappearance of the party of *rurales* on the scene. They explained that they had learned of our plight during the night while at a neighbouring village, and had hastily ridden to the rescue. Had it not been for Chato they would have arrived too late; but, as we had no desire to reveal that individual's whereabouts to these men, who would have shot him on sight, we made no mention of his participation in the affair, and instead led them to believe that we had successfully resisted the attack quite unaided. Fortunately we were enabled to avail ourselves of their services in another direction, and despatched the consignment of silver, the cause of all the trouble, under their escort to the coast.

'What gets my goat,' inelegantly remarked Jim, as we were discussing the whole thing next day, 'is why that big devil took a hand in the deal at all. Those bandits must have been pals of his own, and he could easily have stood out of the game altogether; yet he butts in and plays our hand like a white man. The first time you encountered him he undoubtedly tried to plug you from ambush, and he also knows that I never had very much use for him; still, he risks his own life against big odds to save ours. Never again will I say that I know the breed! They are a strange race, and the longer you mix with 'em the less you understand 'em!'

THE END.

A LOST CONTINENT—ATLANTIS.

MANY people will imagine that in modern times anything in the nature of a lost continent or an unnavigable sea would be the merest fiction originating in the fertile brain of some inventive author worthy of the laurels of Jules Verne. In the latter case, that it is not imagina-

tion, but an indisputable fact, has been fully proved in connection with the treacherous Sargasso Sea, where Columbus and his ships were first held unwilling prisoners for nearly three weeks. A great many other incidents since that time have been forthcoming, almost the latest of which is the case

of the steamer *Thistledor*, plying between the United States and Rio, which was caught by the weed-fields, and was unable to free itself for more than a week. Regarding the former case, there is no absolute proof of the one-time existence of Atlantis, the supposed submerged land in the Atlantic Ocean. It has frequently been adopted by novelists as the scene of submarine exploration and adventure, in which there are the usual search for and discovery of treasure. Dealing as these tales do with a topic little known to the general public, it is regrettable that few writers trouble to give adequate information regarding the continent, and (although perhaps mythical) its position and history. They generally content themselves with describing an ingenious submarine vessel by which their heroes reach the theatre of operations; and, having brought them there after many thrilling adventures, they depict in glowing terms the superb architecture of the buildings that have been met with.

Atlantis is first mentioned by Plato, the great Greek philosopher, in his dialogue *Timæus*, in which he dissertates on the construction of the universe. In this book Atlantis is reputed to be a huge island continent, equal in extent to the Libyan Desert of Africa and Asia Minor combined. Its geographical position was described as somewhere beyond the Pillars of Hercules—that is, Gibraltar and Ceuta—and it is supposed to have included the Azores, Madeira, and the Canaries. The Phœnicians were recorded as having carried on a great trade with it; and when at the zenith of its power Atlantis is stated to have been overwhelmed by a tremendous volcanic disturbance, and completely engulfed in the sea.

Not even the most learned professors of archaeological subjects can, however, vouch for the truth of the report; whilst many are of the opinion that the Phœnicians were in reality driven across the Atlantic to the shores of the New World. Should this be the case, the discovery by Columbus would seem to have been forestalled. The scientific 'dragging' that has been carried on in recent times in the Atlantic Ocean serves to strengthen this theory, for the deep-sea life and vegetation that have been obtained appear to have originated in ages far earlier than those of ancient Greece. Further, we are told by scientists that the British Isles were in prehistoric periods a part of northern Europe, and that land stretched farther westward than the present west coast of Ireland.

There is yet another aspect which has many supporters. It is the belief that the whole idea of a lost continent is legendary. Plato is stated to be unequalled in the fabrication of a 'noble lie,' and the story he relates may quite possibly be the result of his imagination. Perhaps in the future, when the hoped-for Utopian state of affairs prevails, and the sword is fashioned into a ploughshare, some resourceful inventor will direct his genius to a less warlike purpose, and construct a submarine whose efficiency will not consist of torpedo-tubes and collapsible machine-guns, but an outside shell strong enough to withstand successfully the tremendous strain which would be entailed by deep-sea exploration. Then may the truth of the tale be ascertained. Man has achieved many wonderful things. He has conquered the seemingly impregnable air; therefore, why should success not await him in this direction?

BARHAM'S BOW.

By Captain VERE D. SHORTT, Author of *Lost Sheep*.

ON a September evening, in an upper room of his great house in Antwerp town, old Richard Barham lay dying. Propped up on a pile of pillows, he lay on his great bed, and round it stood his sons and their sons. Farther back stood the womenkind of the household, and behind them again the servants of the house—almost a score of them, for in that year of 1465 there was no richer merchant in Antwerp (where all the merchants were rich) than Richard Barham the Englishman. Now he was going where his wealth could not follow him, and so before the time came to say farewell to it he had busied himself in seeing that it was fairly and equably divided among his family. All was disposed of. The rich stuffs from Genoa, the jewels, the gold, and the ships at sea, all had been fairly and justly apportioned, and old Richard Barham

leaned back on his pillows well content, and ready to start on his last journey.

On the foot of the bed was lying a pile of rich stuffs, the robes of a merchant prince of Antwerp; and lying on these were other objects which looked oddly incongruous in the bed-chamber of a peaceful burgess—a dented steel cap, a worn brigandine, and on top of these a great black yew bow.

The old man was very near his end; but for all his eighty years and the approach of death, his eyes were still bright and his clean-shaven jaw firmly set. Merchants of Antwerp then, as now, attended to their business and let the tumult of a stormy age pass them by; but an observant man watching Richard Barham on his deathbed would perhaps have thought that this was not the first time that he had looked death in the face, and that now, when at long last he

found the cold hand on his throat, he was taking it as a man does who at one time or another has felt it touch his flesh before.

The old man turned his head and spoke to his eldest son, a grave and bearded man, who stood beside his pillows; and Richard Barham the younger picked up the great bow and handed it to his father.

It almost seemed as if the touch of the wood gave new life to the dying man. He held it out for a moment at the full stretch of his left arm, and for that one moment the old arm seemed to grow stiff and strong again. But only for a moment. It wavered and shook, and the old man drew it back and placed the bow in front of him on the bed, and, with the interest of the dying in inanimate things, patted and stroked it.

Then old Richard Barham spoke again. 'Listen, all of you,' he said. 'I have divided the goods and gear, and none of you will be poor; but *this*'—and he half-lifted the black bow—'this is what brought the wealth which I have made, and which you are going to enjoy.'

'You—my sons and their sons—have always known me as Richard Barham the merchant of Antwerp, as I have been these fifty years past; for fifty years it is since I marched through the west gate of Canterbury town with *this* on my back'—and again he patted the bow—'in the train of Sir Thomas Brockman, when the king—*my* king—Harry the Fifth, went across to Normandy. Since I left the quayside at Hythe never a foot have I set on English ground, and never an eye have I laid on Barham Village—Barham Village, under Barham Down, in Kent. No word have I to say against the folk of this country, never a one; they have treated me fairly, and like one of themselves—me, Dick Barham, King Harry's old bowman; but there's many a time I've been fain to hear the sound of Kentish speech, and to feel the Kentish chalk and flint under my feet. I hoped that some day—— But I'm past hoping now.'

'Well, we crossed the sea, thirty thousand of us, and took Harfleur; and then came the October rains, and with them the sickness. King Harry was as brave a king as ever wore basinet; but he knew, and we knew too, that unless we could get back to England we were no better than dead men. Out of our host of thirty thousand the French swords and the sickness had left us half, and it was an army of less than fifteen thousand sick and starving men that started on the march to Calais and England.'

'I was at the crossing of the Somme River when for two days and nights we searched for a ford, and crossed it breast-deep when at last we found one; and even now I remember as if it were not a day gone that night of rain and wind when we saw the camp-fires of the French host on the ridge of Agincourt, in Picardy.'

'That was a battle!' The old man's eyes flashed for a moment. 'Fifteen thousand half-starved English against a hundred thousand French! I remember how the bows twanged as the French knights rode down on us, and how the long shafts bit through mail and flesh and bone, and piled the Frenchmen and their horses in heaps and swaths there in front of us! It was after we had broken our line and charged down on the French that I saw the king. He was there in the thick of the press, with his golden crown on his basinet, and his handsome face bare under it, fighting at hand-strokes with three Frenchmen. Near beaten from the saddle by their maces he was, but his sword was up, and he was giving blow for blow, as a king should. Twice I bent my bow, and twice a Frenchier went down with a shaft through the jointing of his harness; and then a mace fell on my head, and I was down on my face in the bloody mud.'

'But King Harry was no king to take help from a man, even one of his archers, and then leave him. Off his horse he got, they told me afterwards, into the thick of the press, and carried me out of it across his own saddle. Ha! he was a king worth fighting and dying for! We get no kings like him now!'

'With the army I went in a litter to Calais, and there they left me for my head to heal. But King Harry did not forget me. Across the sea by a sure hand he sent me—Richard Barham the archer—a thousand golden nobles as "ransom" for his life. Ah, well, King Harry's dead these forty years, and I'm dying to-night.'

'North to the Flemish country I came when my head was well healed, and there I met my wife, your mother, my sons. Her father was a burgher of Antwerp, and under his direction I put out King Harry's ransom to profit.'

The old man's voice was growing very weak, and he stopped for a moment, and then continued:

'And now, this I lay on you as a charge. While a Barham lives, let the bow which gave me my fortune be kept and guarded by him as it has been kept and cared for by me. They say the dying can see the future. Fifty years ago it saved a king, and I say that one day it will save something worth more to a Barham than fifty kings—his life and his honour.'

Richard Barham ceased, and turned his eyes to the window as if he would look across the Scheldt mud-flats and the gray waves of the North Sea toward England. He had been speaking Flemish, but now he said very slowly and distinctly in the broad speech of his native Kent, almost as if he could see what he spoke of: 'Barham Down, and the sun setting over Stone Street.' Then he spoke no more for ever.

On a September evening, four hundred and

fifty years afterwards, in the year 1914, Richard van Baarm, of Thulin, in Belgium, was standing in his garden with his young wife. The evening was fine and clear; but away to the south and west was a continuous heavy mutter like distant thunder, punctuated now and again by a deeper and louder sound. It was the second day of the battle, and the sound came from the German cannon where the Kaiser's army was at death-grips with the Allies. The road outside the garden railings was full of people of all ages and sexes moving in one direction and with one common thought: to put as great a distance as possible between themselves and the oncoming Germans. Uhlans had been seen that afternoon not five miles away; therefore hurry, *hurry* anywhere out of the reach of those brute beasts of the Kaiser. The stories of what had happened at Aershot, at Termonde, and half-a-score of other places were fresh in men's and women's minds that evening, and their only thought was flight—flight *anywhere*, so long as it was away from the *Bosches*. Houses? Property? Let them look after themselves. All that he has of gold and gear a man will give for his bare life or the honour of his womenkind; and, with the dreaded Uhlans last seen only five miles away, every moment might show a flat-topped *schapka* and a black-and-white pennon appearing round the corner of the narrow street. Therefore, leave all that until this evening has made life worth living, and *hurry, hurry!*

Richard van Baarm turned to his wife. 'Marie,' he said in his slow way, 'we ought to be going too; this will be no place for women in an hour or two's time.'

Marie van Baarm gulped. 'You best know, *mon mari*,' she said; 'but, oh, our house! our little house! Not three months married, and to leave it all to these savages!'

Richard nodded gravely. 'Better lose the house than our lives,' he said. 'Come; we must go. They may ride in at any moment.' And he turned toward the house, walking slowly and heavily, and with his broad shoulders bowed like an old man's. And he had cause for his heaviness of heart. Richard van Baarm's folk were not rich, and had strained their resources to give him a good education. After his course at the University of Louvain—now a heap of smoking ruins which hid things which were better hidden for the sake of humanity—he had taken his degree, and had started as an *avocat* in the little town of Thulin. He had prospered in a modest way, and three months ago had married Marie Gontier, the daughter of a Brussels doctor.

Life had seemed very pleasant to Richard, and had seemingly stretched out before his wife and himself in a long, pleasant vista of peaceful work and quiet, dignified ease. Then had come rumours from the south and east, especially from the east. If these rumours were to be believed,

Frenchmen and Germans were going to put their old quarrel to the arbitrament of fire and steel again. Richard van Baarm took very little notice of them. The papers were a little more interesting to read than usual, that was all; but the frenzied haste with which the rest of Europe was rushing to arms passed Thulin by.

There was no danger of war coming to Belgium. Was not its neutrality guaranteed by the solemn word of the very Powers which were crouching for the dash at each other's throat? No, the days were past when Belgium had been the battleground where nations repaired to settle their quarrels; and if the two great nations to the south and east chose to swim in blood, at least there would be law and peace in Belgium.

Then events had begun to move. First of all had come the insolent demand from Germany to Belgium that she should stand aside and let the German troops march through her land to the sack of France, and the Belgians' answer flung into the Kaiser's face at Liège.

Now for three days and nights the folk of Thulin had listened to the growl and mutter of the guns growing louder and louder, and on this September evening it was time for men with womenfolk to take them away, for already the Uhlans were in the country around.

Richard van Baarm went to his desk and took out a roll of notes, which he placed in his breast-pocket. If he had to begin life again, better do so with a full pocket than an empty one.

Marie was making up a bundle of clothing. She looked up helplessly. 'Richard,' she said, 'I have got some clothes here, but I have nothing to tie them with. What shall I do?'

Richard stepped over to a drawer, and, taking out a length of cord bought two days ago for the venetian blinds, handed it to her. 'That will do to tie them with,' he said; 'but, *ma mie*, don't take more than we can carry comfortably. We may have far to walk to-night.'

Marie tied the cord round the bundle, and Richard passed his arm through it and stood up. Then he went into the dining-room, and returned in a moment carrying what appeared to be a stout staff, and a leather case, black and wrinkled with age, with a bristle of coloured feathers protruding from it.

Marie looked at him, and raised her eyebrows.

Richard answered the unspoken question. 'It is the old bow,' he said—'the old bow that my father left me. He said that it had brought luck to our family, and would bring luck again. Who knows?' and he laughed mirthlessly. 'We have need of luck these days, and at least it will help you to walk. Now we must go; *they* may be here at any moment.'

He handed the old bow to his wife, and, heaving the untidy bundle on to his shoulder, turned towards the door without a glance behind at the home he was leaving; and Marie followed.

The road outside was clear. The Van Baarms were the last to leave Thulin, and they turned their faces westward, Marie using the great bow as a staff, and Richard carrying the bundle. For an hour or so they walked steadily, with few words exchanged. Folk who have left their home and the life to which they have been used behind them are apt to be too occupied with their own thoughts for conversation.

Then from the direction in which they had come rose a rhythmic clatter and jingle which, once heard, can never be mistaken—the sound of cavalry on the march—and Richard groaned.

'The Uhlans!' he whispered to Marie. 'We ought to have got away before. Ah, there they are;' and he pointed away over the fields to the left. In the moonlight they could see the glitter of bit and scabbard, and could make out the long lances and flat-topped helmets; and Richard gripped Marie by the arm and hurried her along, both of them bent almost double.

Then came a shout, and half-a-dozen horsemen detached themselves from the main body, and came over the fields toward the road at a smart trot.

Marie van Baarm gave a little whimpering cry, and tried to run, but collapsed. She had twisted her ankle on one of the smoothly polished cobblestones of the *chaussée*. Richard looked up at the sky, and his lips moved. Well he knew what to expect: for himself, a bullet or lance-thrust; for Marie—well, that did not bear thinking about.

Then quite suddenly Richard van Baarm's face changed to that of another man. The jaw came forward and outward, and the eyes seemed to retreat under the brows and to become narrow and very keen. He stooped and picked up the bow from where Marie had dropped it. Then, without haste, but still swiftly, he took the thick cord from the bundle, measured it against the bow in his hand, and tied two loops in it. Then he slipped one loop into its nock, and, placing the great bow against his foot, with one swift easy movement bent it, and slipped the other end of the cord over it.

The old bow stood the strain nobly. For all its five hundred years it had been oiled and cared for by generations of Van Baarms, and was still as stiff and sound as when the knife of Wat Denton the Canterbury armourer had lopped it from the old yew-tree in Barham churchyard.

Richard emptied the quiver. Six arrows there were in it—three-foot shafts with vicious steel-pointed heads. Then, with the same ordered swiftness as if he were doing something to which he was well accustomed, he stuck them in the ground close to his right hand, and peered forward.

The Uhlans were not more than a hundred and fifty yards off—six of them. The rest of the squadron had passed away over the fields, and were already out of sight.

The six men came on at a trot, laughing together. One man and a woman to deal with! Very good. They would have some fun with both of them—especially with the woman—before they rejoined their troop. They had their captain's orders: 'Let those swine of Belgians see what it means to resist the Kaiser's soldiers,' and they were going to obey them.

The Uhlans were not more than a hundred yards away now, and Richard van Baarm raised the old bow at the full extent of his left arm. As a boy he had indulged in the national sport of shooting at the popinjay, but he had never stood beneath the pole with the bird on top as he stood now. His left arm was stiff as a bar of iron, and his feet set wide apart for the utmost amount of purchase, and he was muttering to himself. Richard van Baarm spoke no word of any but his native language, yet the words he was using were not French. As he took an arrow from the ground beside him the words grew more distinct. They were the old orders of the master-bowmen of the English archers: 'Draw your arrow, nock your arrow, draw your bow—loose!'

At the last word the bow twanged, and that sound was the last one ever heard by the foremost of the Uhlans. The shaft took him full in the face, and he went backward off his horse with a rattle of lance and accoutrements.

Down came five lances with their black-and-white pennons to the 'engage,' and five tired horses were kicked into a gallop.

Twang! twang! twang! Three men were rolling on the ground. *Twang!* a shaft was through another one; and the sixth Uhlan swung his horse round and rode for his life from the silent flying death which had stricken his comrades down.

Richard van Baarm watched him go, with a set smile on his lips but none in his eyes. Then slowly the old bow went up, creaking to the strain on it, and the last shaft sped. In the back of the neck it struck the flying man, and he plunged forward, leaving his horse to gallop on alone.

There was a clatter of hoofs on the *chaussée* behind, and Richard van Baarm spun round. The road was full of mounted men, but one glance at their yellowish uniform and peaked caps showed him that they were not Germans.

The squadron commander rode forward and spoke in English. 'I say,' he said, 'we saw the whole affair. I must congratulate you, sir, on a very smart piece of work. Six men with a bow—a bit medieval—what? Never mind; great point is that you've scuppered them.'

But Richard van Baarm did not hear him. He was down on his knees beside his wife on the ground. The old bow lay beside him. Richard Barham's bow had sped its last shaft, and had saved a Barham's life and honour, as its first owner had foretold that long-past evening in Antwerp town.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

FROM THE TRENCHES.

By NIMROD.

WELL may the present war be characterised as the greatest the world has ever seen, not only from the extent of the area over which it is raging, but also from the number and variety of the engines of destruction which the ingenuity of modern science has evolved to deal out death and devastation on a vast scale. It is from its aspect of trench warfare, and the unique position obtaining on the western front, that it commands the greatest interest.

The writer has endeavoured in the course of this article to present to the reader some account of this war of the trenches, as the French have aptly styled it, the notes in question having been written in the firing-line during last May.

In order to appreciate the nature and extent of the struggle now in progress on the western front, one must picture a fortified line five hundred and ninety miles in length, a solid line of trenches extending from the Channel to the Swiss frontier. In rear of the main or fire trench are others for supports and reserves, all connected by communication trenches. At intervals along the main fire trench, and leading off therefrom, are dug-outs and bomb-proof shelters, protected by layers of earth and sand-bags against the high-explosive shells which are in constant evidence. Linking up this network of field fortifications are telephone wires concealed in the ground so that the component parts of the force acting over this immense battlefield are in touch with one another. Here and there are observation points in special bomb-proof shelters from which the artillery can be switched on to any given spot, and shot and shell poured in from batteries secreted away somewhere in rear of the fighting-line itself.

Separated by a distance varying from one to four hundred yards is another line of trenches, a similar labyrinth, where the Hun has taken up his position, where he has literally dug himself in, and from which it is assumed he will only be evicted after desperate fighting. The outstanding feature of this line of trenches is the fact that it extends for close on six hundred miles, and that for a period of several months forces totalling possibly three million men have been facing each other without either side having as yet been able to attain decisive advantages.

All along the front of both the opposing forces obstacles of various kinds have been brought into play, prominent amongst them being the barbed wire. This displays its sinister lines in front of parapet and breastwork to trap the attacker and bring him under the deadly fire of machine-gun and rifle, aided at close quarters by that latest instrument of death, the hand grenade and bomb. Months of practice have rendered both sides expert shots, and a man has but to show himself for an instant above the parapet for a dozen bullets to whistle around as if to remind him that death is lurking ever ready to claim its victim.

All work at improving existing trenches and fortifications has to be carried out at night, for nothing could live under the hail of fire which would be brought to bear during the hours of daylight. It is a task demanding the greatest care and circumspection; the ground is swept by rifle-fire, the enemy plays upon one with his machine-guns, whilst the continual boom of artillery and the responsive crashes from the German lines fill the night with a roll of thunder. As soon as darkness has fallen and the prevailing gloom has partially hidden the hostile front, the working-party quits the cover of its own trenches and moves out into the zone between the British and German lines. It is no light task this, for one must wend one's way through barbed-wire entanglements, avoid deep holes which have been ploughed by high-explosive projectiles, and gain the place where work is to be done without noise and without detection by an uncommonly vigilant foe. At intervals brilliant flares shoot forth from the German lines, travelling well into the skies and illuminating the countryside with their glare, the signal for all to lie low, to prostrate themselves motionless on the sodden earth until the light has died away and the rattle of the machine-guns has ceased to harass the silent workers. Above and around is the ping of bullets; from the line of trenches less than two hundred yards away a stream of fire proceeds, spitting death in our direction; whilst all through the night the flares and rockets never cease, ever on the lookout for a tell-tale figure or movement which will reveal a target to be taken full advantage of. The task of the working-party accom-

plished, there is the friendly shelter of one's own lines to be regained through the hail of lead which the ubiquitous blue flares direct on to them. The coming of spring, with its warmth of sunshine, has hastened the growth of crops and grass, and in parts of the hostile zone the ground is covered with a waving green carpet concealing numbers of German dead which have been lying out there many weeks exposed to the elements, with resultant effects which are best left to the imagination. They dot the ground at intervals, silent witnesses to the horrors of war. Hard by the German parapet on the glacis of a disused trench is the body of a German 'Jäger' crouching on hands and knees half-way up the slope, with the head slightly forward, in the act of scaling the crest. Expert opinion says he was probably killed by the concussion of a bursting shell, and the absence of any apparent wound goes far to support this theory.

Every night the rattle of rifle and machine-gun continues, the main object on either side being to prevent work going on and positions being improved. Should fire from the British front cease or be slackened off, the Hun immediately becomes suspicious and assumes that work is in full swing, with the result that the line is swept by fire, a searching sheet of lead which seems to hunt out every nook and corner. It is, therefore, often essential to maintain a certain amount of fire from one's own trenches to dissipate this idea and give the Huns the impression that work is in abeyance.

In the matter of machine-guns the Germans have been very successful in the war. They possess a marked preponderance of these weapons, and have placed them so as to command every line of approach to their positions. The value of these guns cannot be overestimated, for each is capable of a stream of bullets per minute equal in volume to forty rifles. The German gunner has recognised to the full that the machine-gun is a weapon of opportunity, and he certainly allows very few chances to escape him. He uses it largely for sniping, the gun being trained on a part of our parapet where movements have been detected in the daytime, and then at night a burst of fire will be opened at intervals on the spot marked down. During the day a sniper will watch patiently with field-glasses, the gun already trained, and the instant a figure is spotted he presses the button. It is no easy task to locate these guns, for their position is being constantly changed in order to reduce the risk of detection, and consequent shelling by the British artillery, to a minimum. A few days ago the writer's company was harassed by a more than usually persistent gunner, and careful observation through powerful telescopic binoculars showed it to be within the shelter of a ruined house forming part of the German line. The spot was duly marked down, and in the after-

noon three lyddite shells were sent crashing into the house, the second of which set it on fire, and the third completely demolished it, with the result that peace and quiet were secured. Exasperated at the turn affairs had taken, the Germans retaliated by shelling a house in rear of our line, presumably under the impression that it had been used as an observation point. Their marksmanship in this instance was uncommonly good, for they placed three out of five shells clean through a broken front window of the upper storey of the house.

As has been remarked, the greatest activity is at night, when both sides take advantage of the darkness to consolidate and still further strengthen their positions. Dawn breaks at last, and finds each standing to arms; and as the sun rises higher in the heavens the opposing lines are dotted with little clouds of smoke from the many fires where are prepared the frugal meals available to the garrison of the trenches. During the day there is usually a lull, as if both were wearied with the night's exertions, and tired nature to some extent asserts itself. But it is by no means a period of uninterrupted quiet. Every now and again a wailing scream is heard overhead as a high-explosive shell flies past on its deadly mission. Should it have proved a good shot, this can sometimes be told, for there will be a sudden and vicious outburst from that most deadly of all the German guns, known to the Britisher as a 'whiz-bang.' The special feature of this weapon is its high velocity, which must be something almost incredible. Unlike other shells, its coming cannot be detected; all one hears is a terrific 'whiz' and an instantaneous 'bang' calculated to rouse even the mummies of ancient Egypt. The projectile apparently weighs about fifteen pounds, and is composed of the highest explosive.

As the day wanes and night comes on apace, so does the activity on each side increase, and by dusk rifles and machine-guns have assumed their rôle again, each parapet belches fire anew, and thus the grim jest goes on until the dawn of another day shall bring a short period of rest and repose to the combatants.

With the advent of spring the country has to a large extent dried up, and the mud, which during the winter months clogged the trenches and made all movement a matter of the utmost difficulty, has now been cleared away, and the roads are becoming passable for the large amount of motor transport which forms so integral a part of modern armies. The morning of the 1st of May broke clear in a cloudless sky, such a morn as one associates with the garlands and the village green. For some reason known only to themselves, the Germans seemed to have been under the impression that the British were about to attack, and with a view to forestalling them opened a violent bombardment at half-past four, a cannonade which lasted an hour and a quarter.

It is impossible in mere words to convey an adequate idea of what a bombardment by modern artillery really means. The air was filled with the roar and shriek of huge shells, bursting shrapnel, and deadly lyddite. Six-inch guns from concealed pits in rear of the British lines, 'nine-point two's' with their three hundred and eighty pound shells joined in the thunder, until it seemed as if hell had been let loose. A shell from a German battery strikes a tree, blowing it to atoms, a large part of the trunk being sent flying into the air. Huge gaping holes are torn in the ground; a house, partially wrecked, standing a hundred yards behind the line, is hit by a shell and collapses like a house of cards. The trenches have been manned by a living wall armed to the teeth, extra ammunition has been served out, and preparations completed to combat the asphyxiating gases which our enemy now employs in defiance of all the laws of humanity and the provisions of the Hague Convention. An hour of this din and duelling seems to convince the Germans that they have aroused a sleeping lion, for the British artillery in its turn is concentrating a deadly fire on the Hun lines, and so they gradually slacken until only an occasional shot is exchanged, a muffled roar, a whiz, and a crash in the opposing lines.

The saddest part of the conflict is the appalling desolation and ruin that war has brought in its wake. Here was a land of peace and plenty but a few short months ago, a land of green fields, of quaint thatched cottages, quiet farms nestling within orchards of apple and pear, and avenues of waving trees. The ravages of war have brought a sweeping change in the aspect of this erstwhile Garden of Eden. Villages have been wrecked, farms are naught but heaps of ruins, whilst gaping holes in the roads indicate where shells have exploded. Even the churches are wrecked; and in the village of —, just in rear of our lines, the old Norman tower has fallen in, whilst the very tombstones have been torn up, and one reads fragments of inscriptions carved in marble and stone lying scattered about the hallowed acre. The church at another village is but a mere shell, and the inhabitants tell one that it suffered heavily in the bombardment which marked the German arrival some months ago. They also tell one that when the British forces appeared on the scene, and the enemy were driven out, an English colonel, reputed to be both rich and generous, comforted the villagers to some extent for the loss of their ancient place of worship, dating back to the middle ages, by a promise that should he come

safe and sound through the war he would restore their church at his own expense. Let us hope the pious vow may be redeemed. Whilst on this subject, a somewhat unusually interesting event is worthy of mention. In the village of —, which was recently subjected to a terrific bombardment by both British and German artillery, and has for some weeks past been a constant target for the guns of the Germans, stands a model of the Cross of Calvary erected in the front of the village in full view of the hostile lines. Despite the rain of shot and shell which has fallen around, above, and below it, the crucifix remains untouched, although every house and building in the village has been smashed to atoms.

Life in the trenches cannot be characterised as dull, for there is always something to occupy the attention, albeit the constant strain exerts adverse effects in some cases, more particularly under the stress of the violent bombardments with all their accompaniments of howitzer and shrapnel shell, of hand grenades and bombs, of burning liquid and asphyxiating gases. That latest addition to the art of modern war, the aeroplane, passes overhead from time to time seeking out the hostile lines, endeavouring to locate his batteries and detect any movements which may indicate the offensive. Both sides possess anti-aircraft guns, and it is a fascinating sight to watch aeroplanes coming up in the distance. The advent of the British airmen over the German lines is always heralded by a wild fusillade of rifles and machine-guns all along the line, whilst the sky in the vicinity of the daring fliers is soon dotted with puffs of white smoke from the bursting air-gun shells. A British monoplane which passed over the German lines whilst these notes were being written had no less than eighty shells fired at it in addition to a tornado of bullets, but happily suffered no injury. This bold exponent of the art of flying may truly be said to have been under fire!

In conclusion, reference may be made to the splendid spirit—the *élan*, as the French term it—pervading the British forces. The writer recently watched some battalions of London Territorials *en route* for the trenches. Despite the fact that they had been in the field since last November and had experienced warfare under the worst possible climatic conditions, their cheeriness was amazing, their whole air and bearing such as could not fail to impress the most phlegmatic. Relentless though this war is, and heavy as are the sacrifices yet to be made, with such a spirit prevailing there can be no doubt as to the ultimate issue.



BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER III.

I AM as yet only on the threshold of my stay in Thornhill, and I am beginning my long vacation as I intend to end it. Dr Balfour's orders were short and to the point; and, in bidding a temporary farewell to professional work and preparing for a long holiday, I know I am following his instructions and furthering my own interests and future well-being. Time was when this enforced inaction would have been irksome indeed. I have always been alert mentally and physically; but since my accident I have been incapable of any prolonged mental effort, and I have welcomed the languor of this quiet retreat, which has possessed me and claimed me as its own. Betty's ministrations I feel I stand in need of; and Nathan's company, unresponsive and grudging though it be, is all I desire. Betty has no patience with useless, idling folks, for she is herself a hustler, and she talks contemptuously of the hangers-on who daily and nightly support our village corners. Once she told me they were troubled with a complaint called the 'guyfaul.' I had never heard the queer word before, and asked its meaning. 'An inclination for meat, but nane for wark,' she promptly replied; and as I lie abed these beautiful sunny forenoons I wonder if Betty considers that I also am afflicted with the 'guyfaul.'

Correspondence of an official character is tabooed; but a day or two ago I received a long newsey letter from my partner, Murray Monteith, not one line of which had any reference to business. This morning I had a further communication, almost equally free from 'shop;' but in a footnote he remarks as follows: 'We had a call yesterday from our client the Hon. Mrs Stuart, and in course of conversation she informed me that she had leased a house in the vicinity of Thornhill, and that her niece, the late General Stuart's daughter, was staying with her over the autumn. I was strongly tempted to tell her you were at present resident in that village, but refrained, knowing it would be unwise of you in the present circumstances to occupy yourself with her affairs. Our inability to find a will or to trace the record of the General's marriage troubles her very much.'

This postscript set me a-thinking, and I lay long pondering obscure points in a case which had worried and perplexed every one concerned. Not only was the good name of the Stuart family involved; but, in the absence of proof, the General's daughter must be—well, nameless, and the estate must pass to another branch of the family.

So absorbed was I in my train of reflection that I failed to note Betty's entrance with my breakfast-tray. A short cough and the clatter

of china recalled my wandering thoughts, and I began a rather disjointed apology. Holding up my firm's letter with the familiar light-blue envelope, I laughingly said, 'Blame this, Betty, and forgive my inattention.'

'Hoots, ay,' said Betty, 'it's a' richt; but ye maunna pucker your broo an' worry your brain. Deil tak' thae lang blue letters, onywey! Nane o' them that ever I got spelt weel to me; an' when Milligan the postman handed this yin in this mornin', an' when I thoct o' taxes an' sic fash, I was sairly tempted to back the fire wi' it. Imphm! that's so, noo. Eh! by the by, the doctor's Mary looked in on the bygaun, an' she tells me Dr Grierson will likely be doon to see ye the day. He has had a letter frae a Dr Balfour o' Edinbro, tellin' him a' aboot ye, an' askin' him to keep his eye on ye. Imphm! Ay, an' Maister Weelum, ye didna tell me that ye lay a week in the infirmary insensible.'

'No, Betty,' I said, 'I dare say I didn't; but—well, the fact is I didn't wish to worry you with details or'—

'Ay, an' naether did ye tell me it was to save your wee dog's life ye gaed back into the burnin' hoose,' she said in the same inquisitive tone. I stirred my coffee vigorously, but said nothing. 'An' is it the case that the stair fell in when ye were on the middle o't, an' that the wee dog was foun' deid in your airms?'

'That is so, Betty,' I said sadly.

Betty was silent for a minute, and she fumbled aimlessly with the corner of her apron. 'Lovan,' she said at length, 'it has been a mair terrible affair than I had ony thoct o'. The heid an' the spine are kittle to get hurt, but it's a guid's blessin' ye werena burnt beyond recognition. Efter siccan an experience it's a wonder ye didna relieve your mind to me regairdin' it lang ere noo. Naeboddy in this world wad ha'e been mair interested or sympathetic. What wey did ye no'?'

Her concern and loving interest were unmistakable; but from the tone of her questionings I opined she was smarting under the sense of a slight, real or imagined, and I hastened to reassure her. 'My dear Betty,' I said, 'believe me I had no motive in withholding such news, other than that of saving your feelings. At one time I was minded to tell you all about it; but when you met me at Elvanfoot I noted at a glance the pained, surprised look on your face, and I at once decided not to say more than was absolutely necessary. Besides, Betty, everything happened so quickly that I can scarcely remember the details.' In a few words I described what had taken place. 'And now, Betty,' I concluded, 'let us change the

subject. Even now the recollection of my experience is like a nightmare, and I would rather not speak of it.'

'Imphm!' said Betty abstractedly; 'that I daursay is not to be wondered at. I'm sorry if my curiosity has been the means o' bringin' it a' back again; but, oh man, Maister Weelum, it gaed sair against the grain to hear o' a' this frae fremit lips. The doctor's Mary has a' the particulars at her tongue-tap, an' she gaed through it this mornin' like A B C. I could see she was under the impression that I kened a' aboot it, an' I didna seek to disabuse her mind on that, but juist said, "Imphm! that is so, Mary—what ye say is true;" and she left my doorstep thinkin' I was farer ben in your confidences than I am. But that's a' richt, Maister Weelum. I respect your motives, an' I understaun exactly hoo ye were placed. But, oh, my boy! in ocht that may in the future distress ye dinna leave Betty oot, an' dinna forget that her he'rt is big enouch to haud your sorrows as weel as her ain. Wheesht! Is that the ooter door openin'? It is; an', dod, that's Dr Grierson's cheepin' buits on the lobby-flaer, an' me no' snodit yet. He's an awfu' dingle-doozie in the mornin', is the doctor.'

Moistening the tips of her fingers on her lip and keeking into my little oval looking-glass, she deftly arranged a stray lock of gray-black hair under the neatly goffered border of her white morning-mutch. 'Juist a word wi' ye, Maister Weelum, before I gang doon. Are ye quite agreeable that Dr Grierson should veesit ye? He's an auld freen o' your Edinbro doctor, an' that's hoo he cam' to be written to, so the doctor's Mary tells me.'

'Oh, I'm quite agreeable, Betty—delighted, indeed,' I replied.

'Eh—ay—imphm! An' ye've nae feelin' on that point?'

'Most assuredly not,' I said. 'But why do you ask?'

She tiptoed across the floor and half-closed the door.

'That's him rappin' wi' his stick on the kitchen flaer,' she said in a whisper. 'An' tell me this; did the mistress—your mother, I mean—ever say ocht to ye aboot the doctor an'—an' ony o' her ain folks?'

'Not that I remember of.'

'Ay, aweel, that's a' richt. When he comes up, dinna refer to my speirin' ye this;' and she hurriedly left me and went downstairs.

Thornhill has never been without its Gideon Gray. Had Dr John Brown been acquainted with its record in this particular respect he could have added to that remarkable chapter of his *Horæ Subsecivæ* the names of not a few medical benefactors, the memory of whose services is yet fragrant in our midst. Scattered here and there in many a quiet country kirkyard are the graves of heroes of science who in their day

ungrudgingly gave of their very best, faithfully ministering to the wants of the poor and needy without thought of fee or reward, men of ability, intellect, tact, and courage of heart, whose life-work lay in the sequestered bypaths, and whose names were unknown outside the glen they called their home. Of such was Dr Grierson; and, as he stood by my bedside, the thought momentarily flashed through my mind, would that he had been limned by Scott or by the creator of Rab and Ailie!

A little over medium height; wiry, spare, and alert; broad shoulders slightly stooped; long dark hair streaked with gray, without a parting, brushed straight back from his forehead and hanging in clustering locks above his stock; his face serious almost, yet not void of humour, and lit up by two kindly, blue, thoughtful eyes; a presence cheering and reassuring, and a bearing which bespoke the scholar and the gentleman. His clothes were of rough gray homespun, badly fitted and carelessly worn. A thin shepherd-tartan plaid, arranged herdwise, hung from his shoulder, and he held in his hand a round soft hat, gray-green from exposure to summer sun and winter rains. Such was the man who stood by my bedside—a Gideon Gray indeed—strong of purpose, keenly observant; shy, yet not suspicious; revelling in his power of doing good; inured to cold and privation; buoyant and hopeful in the face of difficulties; daily in close and loving communion with all nature around him; and girt about with truthfulness and integrity as with a cloak. Though I had never before been in his presence, I hailed him within my heart as a true and honoured friend.

He shook hands without saying good-morning, and seated himself on a chair at the foot of my bed. Betty, who had preceded him upstairs, and announced him, walked across the room, took up a position at the gable window, and feigned an interest in our grocer neighbour's backyard. He looked at me pointedly and earnestly, the while stroking his long straggling beard, and then, half-turning his head toward Betty, he said with a low, little laugh, and with a pronounced yet euphonious 'burr,' 'Our young friend, Betty, is more of a Kennedy than a Russell.'

'Ay, doctor, that he is,' said Betty, without taking her eyes from the window. 'He aye took after his mither's folk. When he was a bairn o' three he was the very spit o' his Aunt Marget. Not that I ha'e ony recollection o' her, but that's what I mind the mistress used to say.'

'He's like her yet,' the doctor promptly added.—'And in saying so, I can pay no higher compliment to you, my young man.'

'I've heard it said, doctor, that ye kened the Kennedies aince on a time,' said Betty, and she changed the position of a pot of musk on the window-sill.

He looked quickly and questioningly at Betty; but she was busying herself with the flowers,

the while humming, timmer-tuned as usual, the opening lines of 'The Farmer's Boy.'

Then he looked from her to me, slowly and deliberately crossed his legs, and, putting his long thin hands lengthwise on his knee, he said, more to himself than to Betty, 'Yes, yes, I, as you say, once knew them well.'

'Ye wad ken Miss Marget, then?' asked Betty after a pause.

To me Betty's questioning was an enigma; but I wasn't slow to notice it was distinctly disconcerting to the doctor, who quickly changed his position and sat with his back to the light.

'Miss Marget and I were very, very dear friends,' he said, 'very dear friends, a long, long time ago;' and he abstractedly traced with the tip of his finger an irregular circle round the brim of his old soft hat.

Betty with a fleck of her apron removed imaginary dust from the window-sill, and then, coming up to the doctor, she laid her hand on the back of his chair. 'In that case, then, doctor,' she earnestly said, 'for her sake, for Miss Marget's sake, ye'll do your best for her nephew, for it breaks my he'rt to see him lyin' there amaist as helpless as a bairn.' And she hurriedly left the room, and I don't know for certain, but I think she was crying.

The doctor rose, quietly closed the door, and resumed his seat.

'Betty has undoubtedly your welfare at heart, Mr Russell,' he said. 'Unconsciously, or maybe consciously, she has awakened many memories of the long ago—memories of times and people that are with me now only in dreams. Ay, ay;' and he passed his hand slowly adown his face. 'But this is not getting on with my work,' he said, after a pause.

Putting his hand in his coat pocket, he brought out, not a handkerchief, as he had intended or as I expected, but a rather sickly-looking hart's-tongue fern, the root of which was carefully wrapped in a piece of newspaper and tied with a bootlace.

'Well, well!' he said reproachfully, turning it over in his hand, 'that is indeed stupid of me. I ought to have planted this immediately on my arrival this morning; but fortunately I was careful to take sufficient soil with it, and maybe it is not yet too late.'

'Have you been from home, doctor?' I asked.

'Oh, only for twelve hours,' he said, returning the plant to his pocket. 'I was on the point of going to bed last night, when the Benthead shepherd called me out to attend his wife. He was driving an old nag I knew well, a Mitchell-slacks pensioner—willing enough, you may be sure, or he wouldn't have been owned by a Harkness, but long past his best; so, in order to be as soon as possible beside my patient, I quickly saddled my own mare, and was trotting down the Gashouse Brae when the kirk clock was striking eleven. I passed the equine relic near Laught; but unfortunately at Camplemill

Daisy cast a shoe; so, rather than command the smith's services at such an untimely hour, I put her into his stable, the door of which was unlocked, waited the upcoming of the shepherd, and drove the rest of the journey with him in his spring-cart. After sitting for an hour or two at a smoky peat fire, reading by the aid of a guttering tallow-candle a back-number of the *Agricultural Gazette*, I was called to work, and very soon added another arrow—the tenth—to the shepherd's quiver. When everything was "a' bye," as we say locally, Benthead kindly offered to drive me down to the mill; but, as the early morning was so delightfully fine, and nature outside so pleading and inviting, I took to the moor on "Shanks' naigie." Ah, the delight of that moorland walk! the exhilarating air of the uplands! Why, man, it was like quaffing wine, and the cobwebs—warp and woof of the sleepless hours—were charmed away as if by magic. The sun was just peeping over the crest of Bellybucht, and his rays were lying lovingly athwart the budding heather and the silver mist-wreathed bents. Bracken and juniper, blaeberry and crowberry, dewdrops here, dewdrops there, sparkling and shimmering, tiny springs of crystal water oozing out from whinstone chinks, gurgling and trickling down pebbled ruts, seen awhile, then unseen, lost in spongy moss and tangled seggs. Overhead the morning song of the gladsome lark; to my right the *whEEP* of the snipe and the quack of a startled duck; to my left the *yittering* of the curlew and the *chirrup* of the fitting, restless cheeper; and over all the spirit of the wild which isolates and draws within her mantlefolds all those who cuddle close to Nature's breast. Ah, what a morning! what a scene! Hat in hand I walked, with my head bared to the throbbing air and the glorious sunshine. "Surely, surely," I said to myself, "it is good for me to be here;" and with a sense of thankfulness in my heart, and turning my face to the shadowy Lowthers, I sang with the Psalmist, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes."

'I struck the Crichtope about six o'clock; wandered leisurely down the linn; pulled this hart's-tongue fern, and a few more which I must have lost; picked up this fossil—part of a frog, I think—which will make a welcome addition to my collection.' He hesitated for a moment, with half-closed eyes and his chin resting on his folded stock. Then he suddenly looked toward me and asked, 'Have you ever walked down Crichtope alone?'

'No, not alone,' I replied.

'Then Crichtope has never spoken to you. You have never heard its message. To me, this morning, it was the mouthpiece of the Creator—the great Architect; for *I was alone*. With those who love and admire His handiwork He is ever in communion, and He speaks in the rustle of the leaf, the tinkle of the stream, the whisper of the grass, and the echo of the linn. But you

must be alone, humble, reverent, stripped to the pelt, as it were, of everything sordid, boastful, and vainglorious; and then that old ravine will be a sanctuary where in its solitude you will find solace, comfort in its caverns, food for reflection in its story and traditions.'

Again he paused, and I lay with eager eyes fixed on his animated face. Betty's cat, with arched back and long tail, brushed slowly past his knee. With an ingratiating 'Pussy, puss,' he stroked her fur.

'About half-past seven,' he continued, 'I reached the smithy, had a cup of tea with Smith Martin and his wife, got Daisy's shoe made siccar, and was mounting for home, when news was brought from Dresserland that a farm-worker had fallen from his cart and broken his leg. Off Daisy and I trotted up the brae. But, tut! tut! why should I waste my precious time, and weary and fatigue you to boot, by detailing all my morning round?'

'Oh, doctor, don't stop!' I pleaded. 'I know and love that whole countryside, and a talk with you is like a walk in the open. Indeed, my limbs twitched as you strode along, and I felt as if I were keeping step with you.'

'Ay, your limbs twitched, did they? That's a good sign.'

'A sign of my appreciation of your love of nature and poetry of language, doctor?' I asked.

'No, no; something far more important than appreciation. But this is not business. I know you will be anxious to learn in how far Dr Balfour and I agree, so let me have a look at that damaged spine of yours.'

Betty tells me that she's 'feart the doctor's a careless, godless man, for he never enters a kirk door.' I could have told her that he had attended church that morning, and that he had had communion with God and a glimpse of heaven which would have been an unknown experience and an unfamiliar sight to many who occupy a church pew every Sunday; but Betty wouldn't have understood—nay, wouldn't have believed me—and I was silent.

His visit has cheered and encouraged me, and his conversation has made me proud of his acquaintance. He is to call on me again in a few days; and meanwhile I have to take more exercise, so with the aid of a friendly hazel I shall have a daily 'daunder' and an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with Douglas the barber in his wee back-room, John Sterling the shoemaker at his souter's stool, and Deacon Webster at his tool-laden bench.

(Continued on page 467.)

THE GERMAN CHARACTER.

A RETROSPECT.

By Professor E. H. PARKER.

PART I.

IN my early youth I knew a German cotton-broker who had married, and seemed submissive to, a pretty English wife; and I also often met a fat German cotton-importer who smoked cigars from morning to night, even when at work. Neither of these two by overt act disclosed any aggressive or 'hate' proclivities. My first real German experiences were fifty years ago, when I used to pass week-ends with a Beckenham family living close to the great Charles Darwin's house. My friend's mother was a charming English blonde, who was married a second time to a Bremen or Hamburg merchant. They had no children. He was a tall, dark, handsome man, with a slightly Jewish cast of countenance, and apparently allowed, or had to allow, his wife and stepson a completely free hand. Both the latter had money, and the former had evidently dropped into a good thing, and had made himself quite tame and snug in England. A typical guzzling German office-clerk occasionally came down from town to join the week-end or Christmas parties. I remember one occasion on which the unimpassioned German husband unexpectedly flared up at table on some one suggesting that 'no Englishman cared in the least what people thought of him.' He

reddened with anger, and asserted that in his opinion the English were the most conceited and self-complacent people in the world. His wife apologised, and said, 'He is a German, you know.' The clerk also on one occasion made some contemptuous remarks about English *Gefühlsduselei*, and the singing in the London streets that year of 'We've got no work to do' by the out o' works.

In the summer of 1867 my brother and I had to take a relative to a lady's school in Bremen. We went by German steamer from Blackwall to Bremerhaven, and our fellow-passenger was a second young German office-clerk going home for his summer holiday. The chief topics of conversation between this clerk, the German captain, and ourselves were the shortcomings of England in general, and London in particular: the evils of drink, want of organised work and household economy, absence of education (then not compulsory), toleration of strikes, drunken females, barefooted children, and so on. Bremerhaven (Hotel Twietmeyer) and Bremen were at that time both insignificant places compared with what they are now; in no way Prussian, not yet even in the Zollverein. The school-mistress's father was a snuffy, bespectacled, and

bealippered professor or 'doctor' of the usual type, as caricatured; and we were obsequiously received, as coming from rich and powerful England, much as wealthy uncles are welcomed by impecunious relations. However, we were struck with the neatness and order of town arrangements as compared with home. At the same time, these early experiences left upon me the impression that Germans were an envious and jealous people.

Passing on *viâ* Minden to Cologne, we inspected the cathedral, town-hall, and ramparts. Even Cologne was a comparatively somnolent place of perhaps fifty thousand inhabitants in those days; the site of the present Hotel Dom was then occupied by a white-plastered and rather low-built structure bearing the same name; near it were a few eau-de-Cologne shops and a spacious countrified market square. If my recollection be not at fault, a minute or two's stroll brought you at once into semi-country lanes. All men of the 'lower orders,' even when at work building, ditching, or cultivating, seemed to have long china pipes dangling from the mouth from morning to night; they looked stupid and depressed, lifeless and unenterprising. Those were the days of the 'seven stenchies of Cologne,' and certainly it was an unsavoury place that lived well up to that reputation, especially with regard to street conveniences and accommodations. The trains were all dreadfully slow; the gruff officials were apparently mostly soldiers, and passengers were kept herded in waiting-rooms; but I remarked no hostile feeling against foreigners, not to say Englishmen; only a sort of grinning envy at our luck in being English. At Bonn, then but a small market-town, we stayed at the 'Schwann,' which hostelry has now either entirely disappeared or has sunk to the status of cabaret or pot-house; and so on (as Pepys would say) down the Rhine to Mainz (then newly Prussianised), and by rail to Strasburg, then in French occupation. So far as I remember, we either walked or drove to Strasburg across the dusty bridge from Kehl, the last village on the German side. The French officials, then imperial, seemed to assume rather a high and superior tone with the Germans, whose general bearing appeared subdued, discontented, and a trifle sullen. I well recollect a German conversation between a French soldier and an Alsatian maid in the train, and his saying how *bequem* it was to know both languages.

The next Germans I came across in those early days (Baron Stein, &c.) were passengers in steamers between Hong-kong and north China; in each case they left the sense of a censorious, bragging, unfair, and mendacious temperament behind them, above all rather contemptuous of American and English shortcomings and purple-pride. Baron Stein related as personal experiences some old 'chestnuts' on American ways which we all remembered to have read in some

pocket *Joe Miller*. Germany had then (1869) no influence whatever in China, and no shipping beyond a few sailing-vessels on the coasts. With the courteous assistance of the French, the Prussians had succeeded in getting their treaty through in 1862. According to Chinese historical accounts, it had had to be explained to incredulous China that Prussia was really quite recognised by France as an 'equal' state; and now the twenty-two Deutsch countries—that is, the Bund or Zollverein—were to be represented in China by Prussia; but Li Hung-chang kept the envoy at Shanghai, and Prussia was not allowed to send a Minister to reside in Peking until 1867. When I arrived there in 1869, the Prussian staff was still housed in an obscure hole-and-corner sort of courtyard, the whole of which was two years afterwards made an extension of the adjoining British Legation stables. Their best man was a really good fellow, an ex-photographer and a good Chinese speaker, named Bismarck (no relation). Of course Prussia had no men-of-war out there in the China seas; but Prussia, Japan, and many other countries had plenty of midshipmen both there and all over the world in the British navy, a practice now discarded. German traders in British colonies were as privileged as British traders; in short, the British treatment of everybody in the Far East was, as it still is, disinterested and open-handed in the extreme. In fact, the great Bismarck's general instructions were to follow the British lead in all matters, and where there were no German consuls the British consul acted in German interests. Fifteen years after this date, I myself received Prince Bismarck's special thanks for having 'acted' officially without even being asked to do so by my own superiors, not to mention by Germany. I dined several times at the Peking French hotel with the celebrated Baron F. von Richthofen—rather aggressive—who was then travelling gentleman for the British Chamber of Commerce, and on his best behaviour. Prince Alfred (the Duke of Edinburgh and Saxe-Coburg) came to Peking that year (1870).

After the war with France in 1870-71, the Prussian Minister became 'Deutsch' Minister; Germany, under this new Chinese name, built herself fine legations, consulates, &c., in a few places; but still, for many years, she followed the lead of, and could always depend upon the kindness of, Britain. She sent out a very able and pushing Minister named Von Brandt in 1875, and from this date the touting or 'bag-man' commercial policy in China began. British officials had never touted, though, of course, they 'protected' trade when assailed, perhaps not always as energetically as traders would have liked, but according to standing instructions and to the honourable traditional practices generally approved at home. During the eighteen years of Von Brandt's *gérance*, however, active touting for orders gradually became the rule rather than

the exception with several legations, and the idea inevitably spread to the officials of other Powers, if only as an attempt at self-protection. In those early days of German trade, people used to sneer a little at its 'muck and truck' quality, and at the 'snivey' German dodges. ('Snivey' is a China coast word corresponding to the Cape Dutch 'slim.') At one port, long after that (1890), a British consul requested his own Minister to hand in his (the consul's) immediate resignation as German consul, as he did not consider German ways fair. At the same port an English merchant, who had trained up and been 'done' by a German, to his dying day absolutely refused either to speak to or to meet at hospitalities the German in question. I saw him die.

In 1876 I saw a good deal of Germany, including Heligoland, then a quiet, charming place under the calm and dignified British rule—everything was *Königlich Englisch*. The garrison under Governor Maxse consisted of fewer than a dozen jack-tars, who during the summer season received steamer-loads of noisy beer-swilling Germans only too glad to breathe the air of perfect freedom. We had already then definitely decided that fortifications were wasted money, and that command of the sea alone could perpetuate its value as a base. (Some fourteen years later—see *Punch*—Lord Salisbury 'threw it in with a pound of tea' to the ambitious young *Reichsmehrer*.) The old Emperor being at the autumn manœuvres, I had an opportunity later on, in 1876, of going through all his private apartments and learning most of the details of his simple life from a faithful old flunkey of his. The Kaiser did not live in the huge Schloss, but in a modest palace, still called the *Kaiserpalais*, opposite the University. There was his little iron bed, and there the corner of the bookcase where he took his coffee and roll every morning; there also were the little knick-knacks and keepsakes from relatives and fellow-rulers. The next evening (15th September) I happened to take the night-train for Leipzig just at the instant when the royal train steamed in from that direction. Out stepped the *greise Kaiser*, the (afterwards so-called) *weise Kaiser* Frederick, Bismarck, and Moltke, walking in that order. I never quite understood how it came to pass that in a land where it is said 'most things are *verboten*' I happened to be left absolutely alone there. I saluted the Emperor, who bowed politely and saluted in return, the others keeping their eyes straight ahead, with a slight kink in my direction to the left. Not a word was spoken; no officials were visible; but two landaus, dimly discernible at the wicket, having been beckoned to, whisked the party off in silence. Germany, especially Hamburg, had gone ahead considerably since 1867, but Berlin newspapers were still asking *Wann soll Berlin Weltstadt werden?* I noticed

no hostility or even ungraciousness towards Englishmen at that time; in fact, we were not on particularly good terms with either France or Russia, so that it was comfortable in any case for Germans to be friendly. Germany's voracious 'appetite' was scarcely yet roused, though Russia and Britain had, a year or two before that, successfully 'warned' Bismarck not to be too aggressive towards France. Meanwhile, in the Far East, Germany was beginning to 'act' on her own, and on one occasion even precipitately landed marines to take possession of contested property; but this immature obtrusion of the 'mailed fist' was at once sensibly repudiated by Bismarck, whose ideas of colonies rather lay in feints to draw away French attention from Europe. German traders began, however, to establish clubs of their own in the Far East, and to grow 'cliquy' and exclusive; they did not like to forgo billiards on Sunday just because Englishmen wanted—at least as a matter of principle or 'old custom'—to go to church. Yet, on the whole, all foreigners, being fellow-Christians (of a sort) *in partibus*, have always associated together on fairly companionable terms in China and the British colonies of the Far East; and this apart from the fact that the home-bullied Germans have a sneaking love for British liberty and liberality, as compared with the ways of their own stiff, meddling, priggish officers.

In 1880 Prince Henry visited Canton, and I had the pleasure of meeting him, by personal invitation, at lunch in the German Consulate (8th May). He was then a modest, gentlemanly young man, no doubt owing to the fact that his illustrious mother was still 'in charge,' and that his traditions were based on those of the British navy, which are as far removed as possible from those of the Prussian *Mensur* and 'military honour' type. In the same way the Duke of Albany (now fighting against us) was a nice, modest lad until he underwent the typical Prussian stiffening on acceding to the dukedom of Saxe-Coburg. I went through his Gotha palace eight years ago.

In 1882–83 I had considerable further experiences of Germany, including Schleswig, German Austria, Bohemia, Courland, Luxembourg, Switzerland, &c., and found things had gone ahead considerably in the Fatherland as concerns railways, development of towns, commerce, industry, and so on. Austria was, and is, nowhere by comparison. Hamburg had been, Vienna and Frankfort were being, rebuilt and vastly extended; but Nürnberg and Munich had not yet assumed anything like their present startling dimensions. Money was circulating; tourists were on the war-path; Germans no longer made toothpicks of their forks or supped peas and gravy from their knives, and were beginning to dress and to some extent to behave 'as gentlemen;' long china pipes were at a decided

discount in the streets; and the minds of even the great unwashed (especially in democratic Saxony) seemed to be 'lustling considerable,' as our American cousins would say. Certainly I never saw anywhere the slightest hostility towards or *unreasonable* envy—that is, jealousy—of Britain, though I think our *Gefühlshuselei* still qualified us for the status of 'canting humbugs.' In the Far East Von Brandt was meanwhile forging ahead; the old ramshackle legation staff of Baron Rephues in 1870 had proved insufficient. There was a wayward Prussian named Paulus von Moellendorff in the Imperial Chinese Customs employ. He had long been a great friend of mine; in fact, he taught me correct German in exchange for (I hope) correct English. An aggressive brother, named Otto, of the Prussian *Mensur* type, with the orthodox slashed nose (who had gained a doctorship by his immortal 'thesis' on the *Beetles of Bosnia*), had come out in 1872 to join the legation, and Paulus therefore soon threw over the Customs in favour of the Tientsin Consulate, where, knowing Chinese, he became friendly with Li Hung-chang and rival of an American confidant named Pethick. Paulus (taken over by Holleben during Brandt's temporary absence) had already seen too much of British liberty to stomach the Von Brandt discipline for long, especially as his Chinese knowledge threatened to keep him 'down' as an interpreter; so he soon 'chucked,' without even asking permission to resign, and snapped his fingers at 'demnition' Germany altogether. Li Hung-chang sent him, nominally as Chief Commissioner of Customs, to Corea (1882–83), but really to 'keep an eye open,' and to correct the suspicious attitude of the weak king and the intriguing Powers. Meanwhile Von Brandt did nothing, as no doubt he hoped to jump in and claim a share in the profits if Paulus succeeded. The energetic Paulus soon practically 'chucked' Li Hung-chang too, and had the imprudence to set up in 1884 as a sort of super-minister (literally a super-'dreadnought' was he), wearing Corean dress, going about in a one-wheeled sedan, practically dictator over both king and country. I found him thus when I went there as a junior officer in 1885, and after lunch played a game of lawn-tennis with him in his extemporised 'palace.' The Prime Minister, Kim, happened to call in 'on urgent matters of the king's affairs' during our game, and I offered to retire; but Von Moellendorff (still wearing his baggy Corean white trousers, but stripped otherwise to a foreign singlet) actually kept his Excellency standing on the lawn watching us, with a sickly smile on his ministerial face, until we had finished our score. Moellendorff had *de facto* possession of the Customs at the Corean ports, and had raked together quite a little 'jumble' staff of British, German, French, Italian, and even Japanese officials of all kinds.

Of course, diplomatically he was an 'enemy' of all foreign officials, including his own and my self; but in the Far East, as Kipling says, 'the best are like the worst,' and friends, enemies, police, and criminals all have the fellowship of Christianity and a common 'thirst.' I well remember writing to him *before* I went to Corea: 'All right, blaze away; but beware of treading on *British* toes!' Moellendorff, in the end, overdid the business; his custom-house at Chemulpho was burnt down, and he had to go. His faithful gang, or bodyguard, of shady toadying Germans at Seoul (the capital) did not even see him off to the port and the steamer, and he took his last Corean meal in my house; afterwards, for a living, quietly and manfully rejoining the foreign Customs in a comparatively subordinate capacity under the magnanimous leadership of his old chief, Sir Robert Hart. Von Brandt left his post for good in 1893, and Von Moellendorff served as Commissioner of Customs at Ningpo from 1898 to his death in 1901, corresponding with me to the last. I must add that he was a truthful, honest, and just man by inclination (or possibly through his numerous long British friendships), and there was nothing whatever despicable about him, even when 'Dictator.' He neither bullied when up nor whined when down; he had no *feigherzige* 'Kaiser-Kultur.'

I had another run through Germany in 1895, things having in the interval gone ahead marvellously, and many large cities been transmogrified so as to be scarcely recognisable. Express trains were everywhere now the rule rather than the exception; Krupp had become a monster; steamer companies had developed extraordinarily; and I never saw a single china pipe being smoked, at least in the large towns. But Bismarck's successors had not been so successful as himself; the master-hand was then sulking in impotence; he himself had in his re-insurance disclosures exposed, or was about to expose, the low cunning of Prussian policy, of which it seems the sturdy but slow-minded old Kaiser had momentarily been heartily ashamed. Yet he also was but a Prussian, and in the end he had meanly yielded, thus playing false to his nephew the Czar. The Japanese war with China had now taken place. China had discovered foreigners' weakness for orders (decorations); and Li Hung-chang, on his visit to toadying Germany in 1896, found that, besides these, orders of another kind were what the Germans really wanted—orders for guns, ammunition, and ships. Germany had from the first engineered the Three Power interference with Japan; France and Russia had duly received their reward; but China up to then had hardly yet credited Germany with a first-class status, or with the capacity to hit her hard. The young Kaiser, at an interview with the young Czar (who already had with China treaty rights, or at least options, over Kiao-chow), seems to have deceived

the latter at a personal interview in some bamboozling three-card-trick way. At all events, Germany seized the first available opportunity, as Prince Henry voiced it, to 'preach at Kiao-chow the gospel of your Majesty's sacred person,' and incontinently to apply the 'mailed fist' to the seizure of that region (1897); since which her policy in the Far East has apparently been to dodge Britain, to sow discord, to disintegrate; in short, to be restlessly aggressive. The murder of her envoy, Von Kettler, in 1900 gave her the right—especially as Great Britain's hands were full with the Boer war—to a certain pre-eminence in the rôle of the avenging Hun—the Kaiser's own word; and since then her underground borings have been steadily and unscrupulously

conducted with the object of stirring up mud and fishing in the cloudy waters, of disintegrating China as she has disintegrated Turkey, and of ousting British influence. But I left China for good in 1894; *ergo, ne sutor supra crepidam*—most people say *ultra*, but *supra*, I am told, is what Pliny says. I may remark that, however the war ends, Japan will never tolerate a German military foothold again either in Kiao-chow or elsewhere in China; the Allies may be certain of this.

This brings me round indirectly to the question of Kuno Meyer, whom I have known fairly intimately for twenty years. But that is another story, and the Editor says I must reserve it for Part II.

(Continued on page 470.)

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXX.—ON BOARD THE 'GANNET.'

WE got our seagoing rig-out—sea-boots and such like—at a chandler's, and Bertrand and I rode home to The Garth in the darkening, to get together the other necessities for our venture. We took as little as possible: warm clothing for November in the Moray Firth, pistols and ammunition, three spades, and a number of odds and ends. We had four hours' sleep, and very early in the dark morning we tumbled our belongings into a cart and drove off, our teeth clicking in our heads in the raw air. We met not a soul, and on the stroke of six pulled up at the door of a little inn. We were expected, for the door opened instantly. Anthony was finishing his breakfast, his eye agleam in the candlelight.

'All's well,' quoth he, 'a fair wind, and my men ready.'

The landlord helping us, we carried our belongings for about half a mile, the captain picking his way in front with a lanthorn. Soon we came through a little wood, when I smelled the sea. A small boat, her nose in the ooze, waited us, some 'lingtowmen' whom Anthony had engaged on board her. We loaded her with speed, got in, and the men bent to the muffled oars, Anthony, lanthorn in hand, peering over the bows and giving directions in a hoarse whisper. Soon the water plowtered noisily round the bows, and the boat began to rock, at first gently, then with lurches that made me feel the pit of my stomach. We were for about half-an-hour in the thin sea-fog, when a light blinked suddenly once, twice, and vanished. Anthony waved the lanthorn in answering signal, and something like a huge gray moth flickered ahead of us. It was the *Gannet*, tossing uneasily at her anchor, her spars and sails showing above the surface mist. We ran alongside, and in a trice we had scrambled on board, our gear was bundled in after us, and the lugger got under way.

I remember a beacon light, a guide to mariners, burning on the Isle of May, but with a strong wind, and the *Gannet* running free before it, it soon dwindled to a pin-point and disappeared. The morning light came slowly in little dabs of red, until the sun, bursting the morning banks of cloud, discovered a sky of steel-blue, with here and there a paling star over the great gray wheel of the North Sea.

As I had never set foot on shipboard before, the novelty and the sense of sheer isolation of it engaged me like a play. The voices of the streets, men and their doings, politics, things that the landsman comes to regard as necessary as daylight, dwindled to naught in the midst of the sea that had heaved unchanging since the beginning of time. The mysterious orders shouted by the master, the nimble sailors at the ropes, their tanned visages, their rough yet buoyant voices; the sight of them—every man knowing that the contraband in the hold might mean, in the master's phrase, 'swinging for it,' yet toiling away at their rude duties with cheerfulness and alacrity, often with a song—filled me with curiosity and admiration. I had been in some dangers, and had emerged so far (as I told myself) with some credit; and there were more adventures ahead of me. But the spectacle of these men knocked something of complacency out of me. Granted that they were smugglers, yet every day saw them facing toil and peril of the sea, with the risk, on land, of a shameful death, or at the best banishment to the 'plantations.' Yet there they were, hauling away at this and that as if a ransom instead of a pittance awaited them at the end of the cruise. Something primeval in the blood of these adventurers challenged me. Man for man, I asked myself, had they much to learn from me?—and I have not answered the question yet.

The master had scarcely exaggerated when

he boasted about the *Gannet's* sailing qualities.

'I havena made a smarter run since the year I outailed the revenue cutter off the Goodwins, and that is no' yesterday. I mind'—

We were sitting down to breakfast, and he broke off his story of cheating the revenue to 'ask a blessing' on the meal.

'Can we make the Firth by to-morrow?' asked Bertrand.

'With this wind we may; but, fair wind or none, I'll get every inch out o' her. And now, sirs, a word o' advice. Ye can tak' it or leave it. Whatever you have in hand, ower much thinking on it will help ye little. Ye didna sleep last night, did ye?'

This was true, for neither of us was used to cramped quarters and the hundred voices on shipboard.

'Mphm! I thought no', he continued, as he saw us glance at each other. 'Ye're both lookin' like speldrins, an' ye've picked at the breakfast like mice. Tak' a turn wi' the crew! Keep movin' an' workin'! Cast this ploy o' yours out o' your mind, an' ye'll be different men an' fitter for your job. I have carried passengers to France, some o' them with a price on their heads, and the farther from Scotland they got the better pleased they looked. Wi' you twa gentlemen it's the other way roun'. Your faces are mair drawn the nearer to port we get. Talkin' o' prices on passengers' heads, I mind—Lord! it's an auld story now—at the "Fifteen" carryin' Glenira.'

'Glenira!' we both exclaimed.

'Ay! I was a hand on board the brig the *James and Mary* o' Garmouth. Glenira was a fine, upstandin' young gentleman. But ye ken the name, surely?'

'I am his kinsman,' said Bertrand. 'This voyage concerns him.'

'I'm a Speyside man, gentlemen, and my mother was one o' Glenira's people. Many's the time I dreamed in my wanderin's o' the glen, and rued leavin' it.' He looked at us earnestly. 'Ye could have had the *Gannet* for nothing if I had kent this. Glenira!'

There was a new ring in his voice; the clansman in him, hidden for years under his smuggler's oilskins, survived. Drums and bugles could not have stirred him more than the single word 'Glenira.' My heart warmed to him.

'Is he alive?' he asked.

'We left him alive, captain; and it is to keep his honour unstained that we are here.'

There was a moment's silence.

'Ye'll tell me the story now,' said he; and at a word from Bertrand I gave him a summary of the whole affair, down to Glenira's statement. He rose and shook hands with us.

'I'll see ye through it, sirs; and proud I am to offer ye my services. I ken every yard o' the coast, and I'll gang wi' ye blithely on shore or at sea.'

'And do you think, Anthony Brander, that I would have sailed with any skipper other than yourself?' said Bertrand. 'Your name is known among the Scots in France.'

'That's handsomely said, and pleasant hearing to an auld tarry fair-trader. How long a start d'ye think Master Left Hand has from us?'

'We are not certain whether he has started or not.'

'Deed, it matters little. We maun just push on wi' all the speed we can make.'

He rose, took his greasy chart from his locker, unrolled it, and peered over it closely. Then he read my copy of Glenira's paper, and peered over it again. We were on tenter-hooks, but the captain sat silent, with corrugated brow, staring at the paper, his single eye burning.

Suddenly he smote the table a blow with a leg-of-mutton fist, making the breakfast-dishes dance.

'Dolt! Gomerall!' he cried. 'A bonny sailor-man I am! The thing is fairly starin' me atween the een! See!' He pointed to the cone in the drawing. 'I told ye I thought that this was meant for Morven, the hill in Caithness across the Firth. It's a kent landfall. Glenira has ta'en it as a guide.' He drew a line on his own chart at right angles from a point on the Caithness coast.

'The wreck, I'll wager, is well up the Firth, but the plan is a bit agee. Glenira made it for his own guidance belike, an' it's no' to lippen to. He made a landsman's job o't. Look ye!'

We leaned over the chart and paper in great excitement, and the captain pointed out that if Glenira had taken Morven as a landmark there was a manifest error in the chart, for the words 'Here is high water' on the sketch would indicate a place so far west as to exclude the seaboard.

'Glenira wouldna have a compass. Like enough, the slant o' the coast deceived him, for it's a kittle business guessin' at your bearin's. But it's plain that Morven across the Firth looked to him to be on his right, and the Fountain Reef in a line wi' it, on his left.'

'But if we get the Fountain Reef it ought to be plain sailing,' I ventured.

'True! But the Fountain Reef beats me. I never heard o't, an' it's no' on any chart I ever saw. The name, as I said to ye, looks to me to be made up. But we are on the track. The wreck is well up the Firth, on the Moray or Nairn coast, like enough.' He rolled up the chart, with 'Now fall to your breakfast, an' I'll try to get another half-knot out the yard;' and went on deck, leaving us wonderfully elated.

Even if the two scoundrels had the advantage of the start, it was unlikely that they could locate the wreck before us; and, even granting them the luck of the start, it was still almost impossible that they would hit on the clue of the number '15' on the sketch, and find the French money. Yet chance plays strange tricks with life's cards,

and when the wind fell we were both consumed with anxiety. A day's delay—nay, an hour's—might wreck our hopes. To Philip Macdonell honour was a meaningless phrase, an empty shibboleth; but he was clever and cunning. The thought of the treacherous, ruthless coward on the track of the *Marie des Anges* fairly haunted us.

Bertrand suggested the offer of a reward to the crew. 'As ye like, monsher!' said Anthony. 'They'll spend it on rum, of course; but they're as fine seamen as ever I shipped. Your siller might be waur wared, though! I maun spin them a yarn. It's ane o' them lies that doesna coont!'

He called the crew aft.

'My lads,' quoth he, 'there's another ship comin' through the Pentlands, an' we are racin' her to Spey Bay. She's fast, and she's weel handled; but I have just been tellin' these gentlemen about the time when we left the revenue cutter standin' still. To get to Spey Bay afore her means something to these gentlemen, an' if we do ye'll have leave ashore an' something handsome in your hand.'

The pleased grins on their hard-bitten faces spoke volumes.

'The notion o' the other ship will set them on their mettle as much as the bawbees, or I'm a Dutchman,' he said, as the men went forward again.

He was right. They worked as though they knew the ins and outs of our story. Every order was done 'on the run,' the *Gannet* sailing like a bird. The wind, that had threatened to fall, held all day, and freshened. 'Himself'—as the crew called the skipper among themselves—was at the tiller. I knew little or nothing of seamanship; but the veriest ignoramus must have noticed and admired the master-hand and the lugger's answer as she heeled to the wind.

'Steering's a gift,' said the captain, after a remark by Bertrand, 'like playin' the fiddle; if it's no' in a man's bones he'll never learn, and for one man that can coax a ship, though I'm sayin' it myself, there's a hunder that scunner her. She's fairly flyin', the sweet lass.'

We took the captain's advice, and worked with a will among the crew, sweating, drenched

with spray, tasting hard physical labour. Great seas, green in their depths, topped with foam of dazzling white that broke glittering in the sun into jewels, chased each other unceasingly round the little craft. To me, at sea for the first time, the sight of them, their crunch on our bows, the screaming seagulls lurching round us in the wind, the tang of the keen salt air, brought an exhilaration, a sense of speed and freedom and expectancy as the *Gannet* raced along, every curtsey of her bowsprit bringing us nearer the Moray Firth and (if we could only find it) the last berth of the *Marie des Anges*.

Bertrand and I spoke little about our venture, and nothing at all of the events that had lately befallen us. These had done our nerves no good. Tacit avoidance of them was best; wherefore we toiled on, sweating and pulling mightily; punctual at meals; lying down at night with tired muscles in a grateful oblivion of sleep. The rough physical toil held a tonic quality; and by the time we rounded Kinnaird's Head, and the *Gannet* spread her wings for the Firth, I felt as strong as I was before my wound, and Bertrand was clear-eyed and alert.

We entered the great sea-arm running free before a north-easter. The glass had fallen. It was blowing hard; and the *Gannet*, getting what Anthony called 'the rug o' the tide,' fairly raced along. The captain's eye scoured the Firth warily for the revenue cutter; but the only sail we saw was a bluff-bowed old carrick, showing the Dutch flag, that lumbered past us, her timbers groaning in the heavy sea.

We held a council of three that afternoon. The skipper thought we would make Spey Bay by nightfall. There he would sink his 'crop' of brandy if the signals were clear. Bertrand and I were to go ashore in a boat the receivers would bring alongside the lugger to take off the lace. The *Gannet* would 'stand off' until morning, when the 'crop' would have been sunk, and would then come into the port of Garmouth at the mouth of the Spey. There the captain would join us at the 'Norway Lass,' an inn which he commended to us heartily.

'I'm a kent man there,' he said, 'and I'll warrant I'll get some news o' the wreck for ye!'

(Continued on page 473.)

AN OCEAN TRAGEDY.

A REMINISCENCE OF CAPTAIN A. PHILLPOTTS, R.N., A SURVIVOR.

By PERCY CROSS STANDING.

IF it be a first condition of high tragedy that it should bear upon it the impress of its reality to truth and life, then the present writer has listened to few more thrilling stories than that unfolded to him by Captain Arthur Phillpotts, R.N., almost the last survivor of a notable but long-forgotten ocean tragedy of the 'sixties.

It is merely a plain, unvarnished tale of the heroism, devotion, and unconquerable discipline displayed by British seamen when confronted by a peril which was rendered all the deadlier by reason of its utter unexpectedness.

It was on a fine December morning in 1864, on a bright and beautiful sea, that H.M.S.

Bombay left her anchorage off Monte Video under easy sail. She was the flagship of Rear-Admiral C. G. Elliot, commanding on the South American station, though he was not on board at the time. Her commander was Captain Colin Campbell, and she carried sixty-four guns and a crew of six hundred and fifty all told. The *Bombay* was built of teak, and had originally been an eighty-four-gun ship, but was at a subsequent date lengthened and fitted with steam-power.

She was still leisurely cruising off the mouth of the Rio de la Plata—in fact, the ship had lately been engaged in a harmless, necessary target-practice at ‘general quarters’—when suddenly the dread alarm of ‘Fire!’ rang out on the warm, still air. ‘I was then a sub-lieutenant,’ Captain Phillpotts told me, ‘and my station was that of mate of the main-deck. At the conclusion of the general exercise, after seeing my deck cleared up, I went below to the gun-room, but had hardly got there when I heard the fire-bell calling all hands to their stations.’

Although the fire had only been discovered a few moments previously, the old teak-built man-of-war was already beginning to be a mass of roaring, crackling flames. Great quantities of water were used as soon as the pumps could be manned, but it was all of no avail. The thick black smoke grew denser and yet more dense, the lurid flames shot up higher and higher, but the heroic crew stuck to their posts in face of the direst peril. The old *Bombay* was doomed! It was now that Lieutenant Phillpotts received instructions to see ‘all hands off the main-deck.’ Whilst carrying out this order he found a gallant youngster named Stephenson, a naval cadet, busily engaged in throwing overboard the thirty-two-pounder live shells which were stowed between the beams overhead. He said he had been told that if the ship ever caught fire it was ‘the proper thing to do.’

‘I sent this plucky youngster up on deck’—again I quote the veteran Captain Phillpotts’s own words—‘and I am happy to say that he was amongst those who escaped. When the main-deck was clear I went up the fore-hatchway, where I met Smallhorn, our assistant-surgeon. He had been attending to the sick, who were passed into the first boats that were lowered. If he had gone on deck with them he might have been saved, but he evidently remained by the sick bay, and died a hero’s death. Anyway, I never saw him again.’

The boats were now hoisted out. As Phillpotts had no station on deck, he went up independently, and had just reached the fore-yard when he heard a loud roaring, and saw a column of smoke and flame coming up the main hatchway and spreading rapidly along the gangways. The tragedy was almost consummated. Many men were already in the sea. A petty-officer in the stern-sheets of the launch was

caught by the flames and burnt to death. Those on the fore-castle were now cut off completely from the after-part of the vessel.

Unfortunately many of the poor bluejackets struggling in the waves were unable to swim, a circumstance which sadly swelled the heavy death-roll. The boats picked up as many as possible. Lieutenant Phillpotts eventually jumped overboard, and was in the water for a considerable time—about three-quarters of an hour—before being rescued. He vividly recollects seeing one of the ship’s petty officers swimming near him, and, hailing the man, Phillpotts asked how he was getting on. ‘Pretty well, sir,’ cheerfully replied that dauntless hero. ‘I think I can keep afloat for another ten minutes!’ Happily this brave fellow was among the rescued.

Eventually young Phillpotts was himself picked up by the *Bombay’s* gig, of which he promptly took command and proceeded with the work of rescue. It was a risky enough business, as well as a fearsome sight—the dying still struggling between fire above and water below; shells bursting ‘tween-decks as the conflagration neared the magazine; men drowning, burning, or being killed by the ponderous anchors falling upon them as the anchor-ropes burnt through; and over and above all

The bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

It is noteworthy that the doomed vessel did not blow up until several hours after she first took fire, this being attributable to the care with which the gunner and his mates had flooded the magazines. There were many individual acts of coolness, heroism, and self-surrender. As the foremast fell over the side the grim remark came from a seaman, ‘Well, she’s out of commission at last!’

But the end was not until after eight o’clock at night, when the *Bombay* blew up with a terrific detonation and a blaze of flame like a thousand rockets going off—a beautiful but withal a terrible sight. By this time the sea was getting up, and the wind increasing.

None too quickly did various vessels that had been in the offing at the time of the calamity come up and take the lost ship’s boats in tow. These rescuers included the United States pilot-boat *West Point*, the mail-steamer *Rio de la Plata*, the brig *Water Lily*, the German brig *Anna*, and a French cruiser, the *Fénélon*. Many of the rescued mariners were nearly naked. Mr Phillpotts’s attire consisted of a shirt and a pair of socks, and the shirt he sacrificed to make bandages, receiving an old coat in exchange. In common with others, he had discarded most of his clothing when he was forced to take to the water.

Mustering the ship’s company was a doleful and depressing function. In all, six officers and one hundred and seventeen men failed to answer the roll-call; though a few of these, it turned out;

had been saved by two boats which took a longer time than the others to reach Monte Video.

On the following day H.M.S. *Triton* and *Spider* arrived, bringing these two boats in tow, together with four officers and twenty-nine men, leaving the total number of those who had perished at ninety-two. Captain Phillpotts was good enough to diarise for me, in nautical fashion, the course of the tragedy as follows :

3.35 P.M.—Fire broke out in the after-hold.

3.52 P.M.—Fire gaining. Quarter-boats ordered to be lowered, and sick passed in.

3.55 P.M.—Men forced from below by smoke and flames.

4 P.M.—All boats out except second launch. Fire coming up after-hatchways, burning awnings and sails, and forcing all hands over the side, many getting into the boats, which pushed off as they were filled ; others clinging to the sides.

4.15 P.M.—Mainmast went over the side, falling on the starboard quarter.

4.40 P.M.—Mizzenmast similarly fell over the side. Boats picking up and taking off men from the blazing ship.

5.5 P.M.—Foremast fell over the side, the ship a mass of flames fore and aft.

8.25 P.M.—After-magazine exploded and ship went down.

Naturally a very Happy Christmas could not be spent ; but Captain Phillpotts pays a warm tribute to the kindness received by the survivors of all ranks. This was especially marked in the case of the French Admiral Chagneau and his officers and the crews of the cruisers *Fénélon* and *Astrée*, which, after 'standing by,' took off nearly two hundred of the men and officers who were endeavouring to save themselves. Later the remaining crew of the ill-fated *Bombay* reached Old England in a specially chartered steamship.

The usual court of inquiry was held, taking place on board the old *Victory* at Portsmouth, when the captain, officers, and crew of the lost man-of-war were formally exonerated from all blame.

I may add, as a point of interest, that another of the dwindling band of survivors of the *Bombay* disaster is Admiral H. J. Carr, who in the 'sixties was, like Captain Phillpotts, a young lieutenant. The latter passes the autumn of his life in the delightful quietude of a South Devon watering-place.

R A M P U R.

By G. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW.

THERE is a little native state in Rohilkhand under the United Provinces of India, partially enclosed in a bamboo hedge seven miles long, and so thick and strong that it can defy a cavalry charge. Doubtless the hedge in its time has often been a first line of defence to the state and its rulers. But the little state is now drowsily content to remain the background of a passing pageant of splendour, whilst rulers have come and gone, and men and manners have changed, and even India itself is not quite the India of its younger days ! Very likely Rampur is still charming, and is becoming more modern with every passing year ; but when I first saw it it was very interesting, and well worth the few days I spent there.

The Nawab was a young man, the rather decadent descendant of a fierce and warlike ancestry, one of whom rendered important services to the British during the Mutiny ; and the chief interest of his life seemed to centre in his jewels, more especially in the emeralds and pearls which he showed us with fingers literally trembling with eagerness. He had portmanteaux of pearls all set in Paris, an epaulet of emeralds, a sash of pearls terminating on the hip in tassels of pearls, and splendid necklaces and pendants, from which hung pear-shaped emeralds the size of chandelier-drops. He really knew the value of the jewels, and had bought several himself at tremendous prices. I

believe he paid a lac of rupees for five pearls ; and an ill-timed jest about the key of the strong-room made him stammer with horror and dismay. With these rare and beautiful stones there were a silver tea-set for twelve persons, a gold tea-set for six, and also enormous chests full of gold *mohurs*, for his revenue was paid in gold coins on his birthday—and he had two birthdays in the year. Apparently no money was invested, and no bank was trusted ; but the rivers of gold flowed into those capacious chests, and when they ran low the timely birthdays refilled them.

At dinner he wore the uniform of an officer of the Royal Artillery, with a star of diamonds blazing on his breast ; and when he was tired of sitting at the table with his guests he retired into a sort of crystal sentry-box in a corner of the dining-room, with crimson velvet curtains as a background, and one very bright electric light falling from its dazzling roof on to his rather saturnine face and wonderful star.

The table was a beautiful sight, with its old cut-glass reflecting the lights everywhere ; and amongst the sixty guests was a young French girl, in wonderful garments, the wife of one of the Nawab's uncles. She was his third European wife, and when he tired of them he just cast them adrift light-heartedly, and 'married' again. There was something so tragic in this girl's looks that it was not difficult to guess that another

crisis was impending, and another 'marriage' on the *tapis*; and yet, if girls—with no knowledge of the laws which rule the native marriages, and no safeguards proposed or assured—are allowed to marry Mohammedans, this is almost certain to be the end. With a Mohammedan woman a large dowry is paid; and, though her husband may divorce her at any time for the most trifling reason, he cannot send her away without paying back her dowry in full; so that, whatever happens, she is not, and cannot be, destitute. But these unfortunate European girls have generally no money at all, or, if they have, it is given to the husband unconditionally as a gift, not as a *dot*, with the result that when he tires of them they go out from his harem absolutely hopeless and penniless.

The prison was undergoing a process of transformation at the hands of a capable and very energetic English Commissioner of Police! He found the jail a luxurious hotbed of vice and a nest of intrigue. Once every week the gardens were thronged with palanquins, from which emerged veiled wives and mothers and sweethearts, who sat with the prisoners in the cool shadows, and spent a light-hearted and happy holiday, coming and going as they pleased. One man who had, I think, been in jail for seven years boasted that he had never eaten a prison meal. And it must be remembered that many of these men were murderers, and wore the scarlet uniform of the 'lifers.' Amongst them were the convicted murderers of General Azim-din, who were certainly not entitled to the amenities and privileges of a merely nominal punishment. So it was not long before there was a great change in the discipline of the place, and the light-hearted Thursday holiday departed with the palanquins, whilst the prisoners returned to the usual monotonous employment of the jails—the making of carpets and a certain rough unglazed blue pottery of picturesque designs.

The Zoo was really worth more than a hasty visit; but during our whole stay we had the doubtful pleasure of being awakened every morning by the yawning of the tigers, who lived the simple life outside their cages, chained to little wooden bedsteads, which they could move with apparently great ease and in a rather alarming manner. I refused a pressing invitation to be photographed as 'the Lady and the Tiger,' sitting on the charpoy between the two terrible wild beasts; but a more valiant countrywoman volunteered in my place. Unfortunately the film was so blurred that only the tigers came out and not the lady—which was painfully suggestive.

The keeper of the animals let out the black puma once by accident, and if there is one animal more unsuitable than another for roaming about at large in an inhabited district, it is a black puma! It killed several people, and

pursued three unfortunate coolies to the roof of a house, where it was bravely captured by the keeper, who received an adequate reward from the Nawab. After that, however, the puma made a tiresome habit of escaping and eating somebody whenever funds were low with the guardian of the Zoo, until the Nawab grew suspicious, and ordered that whenever an animal escaped the keeper should be hung up by his thumbs until it was recaptured, and announced that no further rewards would be paid. The puma did not escape again, and all was peace.

The last place of interest we saw was the library, full of precious books and coloured prints, evidently the pride and joy of their guardian, who was delighted to show them and exhibit their beauties. And they were beautiful, folded in their numerous little brocade wrappers of oriental colouring, and tied with delicate gold tissue. The most precious of all were two small copies of the Koran, one transcribed by Baba, and one by Akbar's own royal hands; not unworthy offerings from those who scorned to offer to Allah of that which cost them nothing!

So we come again, by a circuitous route, to the entrance of the little state and its enclosing bamboo hedge. The deep-blue mist is travelling slowly across the Maidan outside, and creeping about the old walls and narrow roadways, making it look like a beautiful enchanted city of which some fairy prince has found the key.

A FORGOTTEN SHRINE.

THE sun was slowly setting when I found
The church wherein lay all my father's line,
And as a stranger came I to the land—
A pilgrim to a shrine.

The soft September twilight was a veil,
Half-fallen from the iv'ry bar of night;
The scattered leaves were incense; in the west
There glowed a holy light.

It seemed a shrine unvisited by man—
Long lost, forgotten in the busy day—
And yet I felt a priest still lingered there
Lest one should come to pray.

A wilderness of grass and sweet wild flowers
Across the broken tombstones waved and met,
Crude monuments of love in mem'ry raised
To those whose suns are set.

And yet not set; for the eternal sun
Seems lost when it has vanished from our eyes,
But in the west we only watch it sink
To dawn in other skies.

And so with those o'er whom we watched and wept,
In that dread even when we heard their breath
Grow faint and fainter: they have but passed hence—
For, lo! there is no death.

MADGE M. ELDER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

WE read this in a German newspaper: 'They call us barbarians; let them.' Then, at the time that the great *Lusitania* sank, the leading journal of Cologne, speaking for Germany as authoritatively as any other, murmured: 'The English, of course, will make a terrible cry about this so-called barbarous method of warfare by the Germans.' There is nothing surprising in these sentences; but, properly considered, they may lead to some sound thought and wise conclusions. You will perceive that the grossness of the Germans is not so thick that they are not fully conscious of its own existence. The common reptile and the wild boar are not conscious of evil that they do, and are not blameworthy. But the Germans are a new product of a world that has somehow gone astray, for they combine as never before the capacity and the desire for inflicting the most inhuman barbarities and sufferings upon their fellow-creatures, while at the same time they possess a very high and keen intelligence which renders them entirely and completely conscious of the harm they do and the suffering they cause. In this they differ from any other race that has ever aspired to conquest or dominion. Previous barbarians have had no such complete understanding and appreciation of their own inhumanity. The Germans have considered their own case for forty years; they have calculated and decided; they have adopted barbarianism with deliberation, precision, and system, because they regard it as a sound military expedient for the futherance of their political designs. In one thing the Germans are sincere; they look upon their own form of civilisation, their own system of life and advancement, as being the best; and they therefore consider they are justified, for the good of the world, in imposing it on the rest of humanity. It is a peculiar obsession, for which the world, is paying the most appalling price; but there it is. They destroy happy Belgium; they slay women and children; finding their shot and shell not sufficiently effectual, they use asphyxiating gases with which to poison their enemy to the death; and they send to the bottom of the sea, with its innocent human freight, the finest emblem of the conquest of man over the difficulties set him by Nature for the test of his

capacity, the magnificent *Lusitania*, which sailed the ocean as a sign of the will of man to work and achieve by the most peaceful means. She was a shuttle that in this ocean frame was constantly weaving the close texture of understanding. The Germans sank her.

* * *

Twice I crossed the Atlantic Sea on the *Lusitania* that is lost; and all who know anything of travelling between the Old World and the New feel with me a peculiar sense of the immense pathos of this disaster in the matter of the ship herself, and with no reference in this particular thought to the enormous sadness of the human tragedy involved. There was nothing like her. She was such a happy ship! Perhaps when leaving England for the other side of the sea the sentiments we associated with the *Lusitania* were not by any means so keenly felt. When one is at home interest in the ship that is to carry one away is comparatively small. Unless there is business, and it is urgent, you may be indifferent, indeed, as to whether she is fast or slow. Almost any ship will do for this emigration. But when one is coming home—returning home, you understand—it is another matter. That sense of coming home across the Atlantic is a tremendous thing; the feelings of love of land and kindred well up hotly in the heart, one yearns for the oncoming happiness, and a beautiful and happy ship is in consonance with the spirit of the returning voyager as nothing else could be. These feelings may only infrequently have been discovered in themselves by Atlantic passengers; but I know that they exist in the hearts of nearly all of them. When in New York nothing but such a ship as this, or her sister, would ever satisfy me for the home-coming. For us of England she would give her heels to Nantucket and Fire Island, and away, with happiness aboard, she would speed for the green slopes of the south of Ireland, the next to be seen. You would make friends with the *Lusitania* soon; quickly she passed the mere acquaintance stage of being simply a ship. Having once been with her for five days and nights, you would to others of equal knowledge and friendship always call her 'Lucy' afterwards. It is an Atlantic way. Her sister, *Mauretania*, is called 'Maury,' and the difference

of names of itself nearly suggests the only one that there is in the ships save that they were reared in different docks. Does not the *Lusitania* of itself suggest the light, a certain delicacy, a feminine softness, a sweet lady? And so was the *Lusitania* that the Germans sank. Indeed, she was a lady among the ships, a queen of all. In the name of the *Mauretania* there is a somewhat more sombre touch, a trifle less of delicacy perhaps. Like the ship that now lies at the bottom of the sea near to the Head of old Kinsale, the *Mauretania* is fine and very beautiful, and the difference between her and her departed sister is that her appointments are of a darker kind, the brown of wood on walls, oak and mahogany, rich and warm. The *Lusitania* was all lightness, white in the saloons, with pale blues and delicate pinks and gentle flowery upholstery, all daintiness. She was the blonde, and her sister the brunette.

* * *

A number of remembrances rise now in a ship-lover's mind. We hear many things of the luxury of the *Lusitania*, of the 'palace,' the 'floating hotel,' and the like; but while it is good to be clean and comfortable, and have the satisfaction of cultivated life around, it was not mere luxury in the sense in which that term is generally used that made this vessel so much beloved by voyagers. It was just the supreme comfort that she afforded, the fine sense of home. I remember, when sailing homewards on the ship rather more than a year ago, I made one day a great exploration with the officers of every nook and cranny in her, and what a wonder-ship she was! We calculated that perhaps she lost a yard or two of her proper mileage for the hour because one who writes with ink must needs try a mightier job among the furnaces and cast a shovelful of coal not half far enough to the back of the roaring flames. But with ink a landsman could still make good, and upon a night he gave poor Mc'Cubbin—drowned with the others—half a rest, and produced for the next morning the *Cunard Daily Bulletin*, which is printed daily on the ship at sea. Of the many interesting experiences that fall into every writer's life, this was one of the most novel, and perhaps exhilarating, when, with our sailing town asleep for the night, and the ship as silent as she could ever be, lights in the halls and corridors low, the news was flung out to us by wireless from the American side or from Poldhu in Cornwall, telling all that was happening from the landed world—news direct from London, Paris, Rome, and many other places, and also from Berlin. As she slipped along the water to meet the rising sun, we, editorially, would have some newspaper kind of talk, in an old-fashioned way, with our old ally the printer; and as the first streak of light spread before the bows would steal with our moist copy of the morning's paper along the street with the crimson

carpet to our own home at the end, with a quaint, artificial sense of duty done while the people slept. Poor printer who fixed up the headlines with me then! He too was drowned! And there is remembrance how on that voyage they took me once into the clammy chamber aft and low where the tremendous rods of steel reached out into the water and turned the screws at the end of them. In the whole of a ship that is the most impressive place.

* * *

But there is another recollection of a very different but equally vivid kind of a voyage on this ship a year before. We were a happy party who were given seats at the captain's table; but there was one dark spot, and it was made by a young German man of business who had all the worst characteristics of his people, and not a shred of intelligence or good taste to prompt him to hide or suppress them on such an occasion as this. Rather did he, like most other modern travelling Germans, aggressively assert his vulgarities, his unreadiness to conform to the social ways of civilised Europe. That has certainly been characteristic of these rough, arrogant apostles of 'Kultur.' Any world they ruled would surely have a very piggy, dirty look. Well do we remember how the Germans behaved when first they determined, in their copying of the English travelling ways, to begin to winter on the French Riviera. I was there, at Nice and Cannes and Monte Carlo, when the first Germans came, and the season afterwards when there were more of them, and in the third season when they were everywhere; and some of the hotel proprietors, with too much and too stupid cupidity, changed the titles of their establishments to Kaiserhof and the like. If there is a place in the world where nice manners and ways count for more than they do elsewhere, it is here in the sunlight of winter on this strip of the Mediterranean shore, where nearly all the visitors have some real cultivation of mind and thought and feeling, and in a proper way of unselfishness would please each other for the good and happiness of the community that is established hereabouts for some weeks. But the coarse Germans who went there delighted boorishly to trample on this excellent social system. It pleased them to walk into drawing-rooms in the evening with dirty brown boots and stained clothing that reeked of wear in Hamburg and Munich, and to wear their hats and smoke their cigars as though there were nothing living to which need ever be extended any gallantry or consideration. At the dinner-tables it was the same—dirty hands, dirty linen, ugly manners. One thing was certain, that if there had been no war the season of southern France in the winter-time was ruined for ever by reason of the German incursions. Why, it became notorious that most of the sly thefts that were made from the tables in the casino at Monte Carlo were made by these Ger-

man raiders. This was the German in times of peace when he went abroad to spend his marks among the people of 'inferior' civilisation to his own! Of this type was the young German who got for himself, by some means which were mysterious to us, at the beginning a seat at the captain's table, and in a highly Germanic way made the most of it. For the first two days he contented himself with coming to the table in deepening stages of sartorial neglect, and in the matter of conversation with contradicting most things that were politely said to him by others. Then, when fearing to be avoided, he indelicately raised questions of the superiority of Germany and particularly of her quality in arms, the burden of his argument being that Germany did not wish for any war, but that if she went into one it was woe to the rest of the world! This on the *Lusitania*! You may almost imagine the rest. It was not to be tolerated on a British ship, and in a good English gentlemanly way the fellow had this idea properly conveyed to him, with the consequence of his subsequent silence. One day early in the voyage, when he was ingenuously revealing on deck some of his own bad manners and ways, we asked him how he came by his seat at the best table in the ship, and he answered that he had come aboard many hours before sailing, and bribed a servant to mark him for it, the mistake being afterwards

overlooked. If this was a bad specimen of the German in some ways, yet in his simple candour he was better than his brethren in many others, and for a little while on the open sea he was taught humility, for which he hated us.

* * *

The British people, on the whole, bore the murder of the *Lusitania* with a splendid dignity. It could not have been better. There was weeping for the slain, and a show of strong feeling which took the form of rioting in some places. By this time we understand, and we know that the Germans know we do. One does not accuse the wild boar of being a beast. The man does not talk to the maddened beast, or regard him in any other way than contemptuously and as a pest to be destroyed. If need be we and our allied friends will do this world's work with no other assistance. We are strong in heart and cause, and not yet shall we call to the unwilling for help. It is a good thing in these days to take a walk through Trafalgar Square. Nelson's Monument, they say, is poor stuff in art, but it is tremendous in meaning and inspiration. But it is of Landseer's lions that I think, and not the column, when I say it does one good to walk at present through Trafalgar Square. Here is dignity! Nothing better has ever been modelled. Here are strength and mighty simplicity! This is the British lion, silent, stern, and purposeful. Remember that.

BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER IV.

TOM JARDINE the grocer—Betty's next-door neighbour—will be thirty-four years old on the 23rd of January next. He is to a day exactly four years my senior. I remember it was when his mother and Betty were putting out clothes together in the back-green that I, a boy of five, heard for the first time that we had a birthday in common.

To me the fact vested Tom with a special interest. I looked upon him in more than a mere neighbourly spirit. Though we were rarely associated in our boys' games, we often casually met about the doors or had disjointed conversations through the garden hedge; and on these occasions the desire was always strong within me to talk of our birthday, and to ask if he wasn't wearying for the 23rd to come round. And when that auspicious date was ushered in, and my birthday-cake, in all its white-iced glory, was ceremoniously placed before me at table, I used to wonder if Tom had one also, and if he, like me, had the honour of cutting and distributing it.

On looking back, I cannot remember when the Jardines were not our neighbours. Long ago Robert Jardine, Tom's father, was a tenant of ours, and twice a year, at the Martinmas and

Whitsunday terms, he called upon us; and when the rent had been paid and sundry repairs and alterations agreed upon, he and my father drank a glass of wine together. It had, however, long been the height of Robert's ambition to be the owner of his own roof-tree. Times then being good, he soon saved the amount necessary to effect a purchase; and after many calls and conferences, terms were ultimately arranged to the satisfaction of both vendor and buyer.

Tom was the youngest of a large family, the other members of which had all emigrated; and when Robert Jardine died—his wife had predeceased him by a few years—there was no one else to look after affairs. Tom at once gave up a responsible position in a wholesale grocery establishment in Glasgow, came south with a wife and three young children, and took over what I now understand every Thornhill villager believed to be a dying, if not an altogether dead, concern.

All these changes had taken place in my absence during these past fourteen years; but it was nevertheless pleasing to me to know from Betty, shortly after my return, that as neighbours the family was still represented, the more so as the representative in question was none other than my old friend Tom.

In describing my attic room I omitted to say that it has a little round gable window through which, from my fireside chair, I can look down upon the Jardines' back-yard. Long ago I used to sit here and watch old Robert grooming his horse, cleaning his harness, and packing his long-bodied spring-cart with bags of flour or meal, and grocery parcels of tea and sugar, for distribution on his long cadger rounds.

During the past few weeks my interest has often been centred on his son similarly employed. Tom sings and whistles cheery tunes as he works, and his iron-shod clogs make a merry clatter on the stone-paved court. His wife and the two eldest children—blue-eyed, curly-haired bairns they are—give him willing help, and standing in his cart or on a chair placed beside the wheel, he cheerily receives and checks off in a weather-beaten note-book the various articles for his country clients.

Like Nathan, Tom is no lie-abed in the morning. Of necessity he must be up betimes, for his journeys are often long and his days are always too short. When Betty is preparing the early breakfast I hear Tom's ringing footstep outside, the turning of the key in the stable-door lock, and the anticipating whinny of the gray mare. Then a horse-pail is filled from the tap at the stable door; a minute later it is returned empty and deposited outside; the lid of the corn-bin, which has been poised on its creaky hinges, descends with a bang, and I know that his faithful dappled friend has her nose buried in countless piles of sweet-smelling corn.

Betty is not an inquisitive woman, nor does she interest herself in a meddling way in her neighbours' concerns; yet her big kindly heart and her never-failing sympathetic nature invite many confidences, and she is therefore more fully versed in what I might call the inward life of those around her than many of a more zealously prying and news-vending disposition.

We were talking one day about the Jardines of a past generation, and our conversation naturally turned to Tom. I commended him for his industry, for his sobriety, and for the undivided attention he gave to his business, and finished up by asking if he was a successful man. Betty made no reply; but she shook her head doubtfully, from which I argued that it was not all sunshine and whistling and singing with our young grocer neighbour; and as she showed no desire to continue the conversation I allowed the matter to drop.

After tea, however, she reverted to the subject, and reopened our chat by asking if it was usual in business for a son to take over his dead father's debts.

In my short professional career I remembered one such case, in which I was interested, but only one, and I told her of it. I didn't go into details, but gave her the bald outstanding points; and after I had finished she said,

'Ay, and that's the only case ye ever heard o'.'

'Yes, that is so, Betty,' I replied.

She was standing at the round gable window, vacantly looking down into our neighbour's garden. Then I saw her eyebrows begin to pucker, and I knew there was something on her mind.

'Maister Weelum,' she said at length, 'I've nae concern in the ongauns o' the folks aboot me, an' I never talk aboot them. But ye asked me regairdin' Tom Jardine, an' I'm no betrayin' my confidences when I tell ye that young Tom took ower his dead faither's debts, so that will be twae cases ye ken o'.'

'Tom Jardine!' I said with surprise. 'Surely Robert Jardine wasn't in debt when he died?'

'That he was, Mr Weelum—the mair's the pity. Ye see, for a lang time—I micht say for at least five years afore he died—he wasna able to gang his roons; in fact, he was barely able to stand ahint the coonter. Younger an' mair active competitors took up the same gr'und; an' what wi' failin' trade, increasin' competition, cuttin' prices, there wasna a livin' in it. Then his wife had a lang, lingerin' illness, an' when she slippit awa' he kind o' lost heart. I was often wae for him, puir man, an' I did a' I could for him in my ain sma' way. Except to yin or twae he keepit a smilin' face, though, aye wrote cheerily to Tom, an' gaed to kirk an' market as lang as he was able wi' his heid in the air; but, losh me! when his time cam' it was nae surprise to me an' yin or twae mair that the whole affair—shop, hoose, an' business—didna show much mair than ten shillin's in the pound. Tom—him that's doon there noo—was in a guid way o' doin' in Glasgow, an' nothing wad ser' him but he bood come hame an' tak' things in haun'. He was strongly advised to have nothing to do wi' it, an' to let the creditors handle what was left as best it was likely to pay them. But Tom said, "No." All he asked frae the creditors was time an' secrecy as far as was possible as to how things stood, an' frae the Almighty health an' strength, an', given these, he promised to clear his dead faither's name an' see every yin get his ain. That's three years ago past the May term, an', honour an' praise to the puir laddie, he's nearly succeeded. But it has been a terrible struggle for him; an' had it no' been for his determination, his sobriety, his pride in his faither's guid name, an' abune a' the help o' a lovin' wife wha's a perfect mother in Israel, he wad ha'e gien it up lang or noo as an impossible, thankless job. Nathan an' me lent his faither sixty pounds. We had nae writin' to speak o', only his signed name. I showed the paper to Tom shortly after he had settled doon here, an' instead o' questionin' it he thanked us for our kindness an' promised to pay it back in the same proportion as the ithers. Up to noo we've got back thirty pounds. I

was in his shop the ither day, an' he said he thocht he wad be able to gie's anither ten pounds at the November term. What think ye o' that noo, Maister Weelum?'

'I think your neighbour is a splendid fellow, Betty, and I would like to shake hands with him. Have you the paper beside you on which his father's name appears for sixty pounds?'

'Ay, that I have,' said Betty. She went downstairs, and returned a minute later with a sheet of notepaper.

I glanced at the unstamped promise, and smiled. 'Betty,' I said seriously, 'are you aware this is not worth the paper it is written on?'

'Ay, perfectly,' she said with unconcern.

'How did you find that out?' I inquired.

'Oh, when I showed it to Tom Jardine he used exactly the same words as you did; but, said he, "My faither signed that. I have every confidence in you an' Nathan. My faither an' mither thocht the world o' ye, an' wi' my assurance that ye'll be paid back, I tender you my best thanks for your kindness in time o' need."'

Betty folded up her worthless document and put it in the breast of her gown. 'An honest man like Tom Jardine makes up for a lot o' worthless yins, Maister Weelum,' she said as she lifted her tea-tray; and I looked through the wee round window to Tom's back-yard with an increased appreciation of the coatless and hatless grocer, who was sitting down there on an empty soap-box with a long needle and a roset-end, mending his old gray mare's collar.

It has rained continuously for three days, and according to Nathan something has gone very far wrong, as St Swithin's Day from early morn to dewy eve was cloudless and fair, and accordingly we had every right to anticipate forty days of dry, fine weather.

Harvest is early with us this year. The corn, which was waving green when Betty and I drove south from Elvanfoot, is already studding the fields in regular rows of yellow stooks, and but for this break in the weather it would even now be on its way to the stackyard in groaning, creaking carts. The Newton pippins on the apple-tree at the foot of the garden are showing a bright red cheek, and the phloxes and gladioli in the plot at the kitchen window are crowned with a mass of bloom so rich and luxuriant that every one of Betty's cooking utensils reflects their colourings and appears to be blushing rosy-red. During these past three days I have missed Tom's cheery song, and I am beginning to wonder if the gloomy weather has chilled his lightsome heart and silenced the chords of his tuneful throat.

Time was when I loved to be abroad on a rainy day, whether as an unprotected boy fishing away up Capel Linns and Cample Cleugh, with the rain dribbling down the neckband of my shirt and oozing through the lace-holes of my

boots, or as a man with waterproof and hazel staff, breasting the scarred side of Caerkettan or the grassy slopes of Allermuir, with the pelting, pitiless raindrops blinding my eyes and stinging my cheek, and the vivid fire of heaven lighting up Halkerside and momentarily showing the short zigzag course of that 'nameless trickle' whose rippling music the Wizard of Swanston loved.

How I enjoyed these Pentland rambles, alone in the rain and the souging winds! Underfoot, the dank, sodden grass and the broken fern; overhead, the sombre sky, the scurrying clouds, and the drifting mist; on every side the grassy mounds of the Dumpy Knowes, with their shivering birks tossing to windward, and a rain-soaked hogg beneath every sheltering crag. Alone, yet not alone; for a Presence was with me, guiding me on, showing me through the gathering gloom the sun-bathed crown of Allermuir, bringing to my ear from out the rage of the storm the wail of the curlew, and summoning to my side the plaided shepherd 'Honest John' and his gray rough-coated collie Swag.

Ah, these are memories only! memories only! for Cample Cleugh and Capel Linn are lost to me with my boyhood. No more am I the strong, able-bodied lover of the open, moving with firm, sure step among scenes which a master's touch has made immortal; but a poor, crippled, pain-racked invalid, as parochial in feeling as in outlook, sitting in an easy-chair by an attic fire, watching through a rain-washed window-pane a scene which fills me with forebodings and touches my heart to the very quick.

Down there in the courtyard, where the water in the imperfect pavement is lying in muddy pools, Tom Jardine, hatless, coatless, and regardless of the splashing rain, is walking to and fro like a lion in his cage. His face is set and white, his finger-tips clenched in the palm of his hand, and there is an anxious, troubled expression in his eye which recalls memories of unfortunate, harassed clients. For a moment he stands with feet apart and eyes dolefully fixed on the wet, sloppy flagstones. A door quietly opens, a tiny, smiling-faced figure darts through the rain, and in an instant two round, bare, chubby arms are encircling his knee and a fair, curly head is nestling against his thigh. But there is no fatherly response to the loving embrace, no reply to the childish prattle. With a jerky wrench Tom frees himself from the wee, cuddling arms, and two wide-opened, surprised blue eyes follow him as again, in thoughtful measured tread, he walks up and down and up and down. Then red dimpled knuckles are pressed into these two blue eyes, a sob breaks from a wounded little heart, and Tom comes to a sudden halt. In an instant his clouded face is wreathed in smiles and beams with loving solicitude. Bending down, he lifts

the sobbing morsel ; and as he disappears through the kitchen doorway with the precious burden in his strong arms and his hungry lips pressed against a soft red cheek, I say to myself, with

a heavy, welling heart, 'Tom, you surely have your troubles, but as surely you have the antidote.'

(Continued on page 490).

THE GERMAN CHARACTER.

PART II.

AS I said at the end of Part I, 'this brings me round to the question of Kuno Meyer.' In fact, so soon as the present war broke out in August last I wrote to him from Russia: 'I wonder what you think of this. It seems to me the divine William has gone stark-mad.' This was on an open post-card addressed (very slightly disguised) to Berlin; but, after long wanderings, it seems to have duly reached him many months later in America. His present condition of mind may be imagined from the fact that he thinks (February) that Liverpool is in danger; that the *Blücher* affair was a 'little skirmish'; that we persist in concealing the loss at the same moment of a cruiser and three destroyers; that newspapers giving us true news are unfortunately kept out of England by the wily Government or the censor; and so on. He adds: '*Das muss sich schwer rächen.*' All this was in answer to a reply post-card saying that his (Kuno's) name stinks in the nostrils of Liverpool people, and that 'I hope we shall soon put the divine William in a strait-waistcoat.' Thus matters stand between us; he does not seem to see the least baseness in his own conduct. Kuno Meyer is well known in many Liverpool circles, and equally well known in Wales and Ireland in connection with his Celtic studies, in which he seems to be *facile princeps*. For many years he was at first Lecturer in and then Professor of German at the Victoria University; but, as English students are usually 'muddled oafs,' and correspondingly perfunctory, no doubt Meyer felt that it was 'cutting up a chicken with a beef-cleaver' to waste his time over stupid and lukewarm beginners. At all events, in later years he got junior German assistants of a much less polished type than himself to do the 'dirty' work, and thus found more time for his *magnum opus* on Celtic; until at last Berlin saw its way to buying a ready-made Celt cheap, possibly even then (1911) with a view to making a renegade of him: nothing seems too dirty for the Kaiser and his myrmidons. I remember Kuno's once showing disgust at so much attention being given by the foolish Victoria University to beggarly Chinese, whilst honest Irish was being left out in the cold amongst other deserving subjects for endowment. He was well known in 'county' circles too, as well as in Lancashire. He never pretended to admire English ways—it is only justice to him to say so—and his special aversion among the English

great was the late Duke of Devonshire, with his casual, 'unlearned,' and devil-may-care style: I suspect Meyer must have thought himself snubbed by his Grace one day. Our local Press (I fancy he rarely saw London papers) he considered contemptible; and as for our local Orange processions, excessive drinking, want of economy, football crowds, public-houses, riverside loafers, barefooted children, Sunday-go-to-meeting ways, university management, and so on, his views were often bitter in the extreme. I must confess I did then and I do now agree with him that our social organisation needs the sweetness and light of Matthew Arnold and the *Sittlichkeit* of Lord Haldane in many respects. He was frankly rancorous and jealous; nor do I censure him for that. I only censure him for being a tactless, shabby, and ungrateful sneak. I do not grudge his patriotism (if genuine), but I now suspect he would at any time sell it for a price. He used for some years frequently to come and sit with me in the evenings, and very excellent company he was. He would say, 'What an extraordinary thing it is! Here are you fellows, a small island, who have grabbed the greater part of the world without any particular qualifications or real military power; you are lacking in science, in education, in everything, and yet you calmly impose yourselves on every other country.' I used to reply, 'Well, we have fought our way up; and, anyhow, all foreigners get every right we ourselves acquire. You forget equally that every "Britisher" is a free man, and used to feuding for himself. I admit that we have drifted into being a *Weltmacht*. We need no Government to teach us what to do. Our pioneers go out, and peg away. If they succeed, the Government comes in and supports them; if not, it lets them rip. The secret of our success is that we let things alone; we apply the brake rather than the whip. I sat successfully, with two captains as assessors, at twenty-four, as a consular judge in a big collision case (1873), without any legal training whatever except what my own constable ("usher" that day) "put me up to;" and I was supported on the appeal. Your painstaking and learned people make splendid colonists for us, but it is a remarkable thing that they are apt to fight shy of your own colonies; they appreciate British liberty, and I admit they now improve upon and develop many of our specialities; but they rarely clear

a new way for themselves; there is an apparent timidity about them, and they only show boldness *en masse*, or when backed up by their officials; the very voice of a German has a timid tremor unless he feels he has power behind him. Probably Bismarck felt it when he said: "Bravery in individuals cannot be rewarded very well. Thank God it is the common heritage of the German soldiers." Those Liverpool loafers you speak of are all handy men with their fists, equal before the law, and an English duke would promptly get his head punched in the streets if he unduly interfered with any one of them; and so on, and so on. (As a matter of fact, these very 'loafers' are at this moment bowling 'my Bavarians' over in the trenches.) In 1877, 1883, and 1894 I had opportunity of studying Germans in America (including their chief haunts, Milwaukee, Chicago, &c.), in Mexico, the West Indies, Australia, New Zealand, &c. Suffice it to say that the *Kultur* madness had not yet caught on, and in each case the *Boches* seemed only too glad to be away from Fatherland hectoring.

In 1903, 1906, 1907, 1912, 1913, I had a good overhaul of the whole of Germany, visiting perhaps a hundred towns, including nearly all I had seen before, and inspecting the new fortifications of Heligoland, Cuxhaven, Metz, &c. The chief feature of novelty in all cities was an unconscionable number of rival statues (1) erected by or at the instance of the municipalities and people in honour of their true idol, Bismarck, and (2) erected under the auspices of the Kaiser to his much-belauded 'Wilhelm der Grosse,' whose spook, if it looks down, must disapprove of the exaggerated puffing so persistently undertaken on his behalf by his theatrical grandson, the *retire* Kaiser. Many of these monuments are aggressive and boastful in conception; scarcely a city or village is without one or two; and the most remarkable thing of all is that there is little or nothing anywhere—I only saw one bust, and I also saw Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick unveil it in 1895 (26th April)—to recall the memory of the Emperor Frederick, under whose English-inspired rule, had he lived, Germany's development would at this moment probably have been a blessing instead of a curse to humanity. Berlin is now a *Weltstadt* of the first order, Munich and Breslau are almost as far advanced, and of course Dresden and Leipzig have proportionally developed; but there is a touch of vulgar display about Berlin's magnificence—as, for instance, in the Siegesallee, in honour of coarse and obscure Electors; in the kulturistic display at Potsdam of the astronomical instruments stolen from Peking; in the magnificent palace near the Schloss dedicated to the Kaiser's horses, which walk up slopes from floor to floor; and the magnificent house-fronts in new Berlin concealing overpacked, miserable, insanitary, and uncomfortable tenements behind their flashy walls. Despite the Song of Hate of to-day, I must

confess, however, that I never discerned the least unfriendliness towards Englishmen—at all events, towards myself and my invariable companion—anywhere in Germany. I should have been clapped into prison as a spy had I done in 1914 (when, however, I only passed through the Kiel Canal) a tithe of what I did quite innocently at Cuxhaven, Heligoland, and Kiel in 1907. The present *Kultur* outburst seems to be an hysterical emotion quite newly generated under the prospects, excitements, and disappointments of war. This is probably the first time in human history that a whole nation has practically gone mad with rage. The curious part of it is that it is not a natural impulse, but one generated under the hypnotic influence of a self-centred half-English monarch, or, as M. Clemenceau puts it, *un souverain odieux et infâme*; and the most remarkable thing of all is that the nation thus demented is the most learned and philosophical in the world, whilst the hypnotiser is both physically and intellectually quite a commonplace man, endowed with an insatiable lust for posing. When the Kaiser was making strange speeches nearly twelve years ago about Khammûrabi of Babylonia, the endless chain of revelation, the final manifestation of divinity in the shape of Wilhelm der Grosse—*Wilhelm der Kleine*, of course, *in petto*—and so on, I happened to be spending an evening with the Meyer family. Kuno's mother, the late Mrs Meyer, was present; a charming, benevolent old lady whose whole stock of 'spite' would not injure a British fly. I remarked, 'Surely it is not possible that sensible Germans can believe this twaddle?' She replied, 'Yes; but, Herr Parker, he is the Kaiser, you know—*er ist der Kaiser!*' Kuno sat silent and smiling sadly. I went on, 'Well, it seems to me that his friends or his Ministers ought to restrain him from uttering such nonsense; it places the whole German people in a ridiculous position. The Kaiser's opinion on history and literature is of no more value than that of any other man, unless he can give adequate reasons and cite authorities for what he says.' As a matter of fact, not so very long after that Prince Bülow did 'strike' at these imperial imprudences a little, and for some time the abashed Kaiser quietly submitted to the muzzle. My impression up to the date of the above conversation (say 1903) was that Kuno Meyer himself (who did not seem particularly well informed in general politics) scarcely took the Kaiser seriously, and, in fact, felt rather ashamed of him. On one occasion ('Boxer' war, 1900) I had remarked, 'It is the Kaiser alone who has started the break-up of China.' He seemed intensely interested, and said, 'No! Do you really think so? Tell me!' He was evidently much in the dark about the Kiao-chow business and the gospel of the sacred person. As an illustration of what Kuno Meyer's historical sentiments were fifteen years ago, I may cite the opening words of his 'sensational' speech

beginning, 'I think *all* history is *horrible*!' This was in connection with other speeches just delivered by Sir Herbert Stephen, Sir Martin Conway, Sir (then Mr) Alfred Jones, and others upon the matter of a lecture I had just delivered about the 'Boxer' war. What Kuno Meyer meant was that all history was a record of national follies, chiefly caused by royal piques and vanity; in short, history was 'war and rebellion,' not 'popular development,' as it ought to be. Is it still his opinion that the history of 1914-15 is horrible? Does he remember that within the past sixty years many of the now abjectly kulturistic and bullied German states have fought against snarling Prussia? As the *Times* of 2nd April suggests: 'What will happen when the plight of Germany can be hidden no more from the population is very difficult to foresee; but when the Government, in spite of its marvellously organised grip on the Press, is no longer able to hide the unfavourable news, the worst side of German character will appear. Then all the hatred against the enemies will be turned against their own leaders, their own Press, for having deceived them, and a collapse will almost certainly follow.'

By the way, Kuno Meyer speaks and writes English perfectly, and has not the harsh voice, ungainly attitudes, and overbearing manner associated with the characteristic Prussian; the 'drawing-room civilisation' which the Kaiser has recently compared unfavourably with *Kultur* had made him agreeable even to ladies. His own brother, the distinguished archaeological oriental historian and successor to Mommsen (this brother Edward came twice to Liverpool), is not quite so 'civilised,' though possibly more primed with *Kultur*; yet I doubt if Edward (who, I believe, is married to an Alsatian lady) would stoop to imitate or even tacitly to approve in spirit his brother's meanness. How Kuno himself has become a 'sneak' is probably explained by the fact that for some years past he has changed the free atmosphere of Liverpool for the bullying priggism and dishonourable intriguing of Berlin military surroundings. But even in the Prussian army I have met fine old gentlemen, many of whom must loathe the ways of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, the Förstner cliques, and all the dastardly anti-*Wacke* horde. I have also experienced great courtesy by letter. For instance, only last year I required certain specific information on a little-known German family point, and wrote direct to an unknown colonel (whose name had been given to me) at the Headquarters Staff, Berlin. I received a painstaking holograph reply direct—which I still have by me—couched in a style reminiscent of the Duke of Wellington, when ingenious collectors foraged for his autographs, although I was a perfect stranger, and—from a Bernhardi point of view—even belonged to an 'enemy' country. What a contrast between

these old-style officers and the civilian-despising automatons of the Zabern barber-slashing type, whose forced conversation and interminable saluting antics we often used to watch in the hotels of Metz and other large garrison towns!

During my later visits to Germany (1906-7) I thrice saw the Kaiser—once rushing through the Berlin streets in his well-known tootling motor, once with Prince Eitel Fritz at the Hanover races, and once motoring in solitary pose from the castle to the station at Hanover (29th August). Of course it would be indecent to reproach the poor man for not being an Adonis or an Antinous of statuesque perfection; but, apart from that, it is manifest that he is thinking of himself every instant quite as much as of Germany. Rigged up in expansive cape and military trappings to combine *suppressio* with *suggestio*, he can look the ideal war-lord; but he is a man of no size, shapeliness, or figure, and does not take to pieces well. He never appears quite the gentleman in mufti. Besides (so far as can be judged by individuals who cannot approach near to the sacred person), he seems to have a harsh voice, the usual pointed 'Hun' head, and rather a coarse, uneasy, gum-showing, and self-conscious laugh when he chooses to be graciously jocular. What a contrast between an *Allerhöchst* of this type and the old Kaiser; or, say, the gentlemanly and distinguished old Swedish King Oscar the Second, whom I met chatting in a democratic way with a mason on his own staircase one day! On another occasion (20th July 1907) we stumbled upon the King of Saxony and his two sons in the crack Bremen restaurant; they were on the way to Sylt (or some such island) for a summer 'blow.' We had the pleasure of studying this equally commonplace-looking man for nearly an hour. He represents a reactionary Catholic dynasty (under Austrian patronage) over a Protestant and democratic people, who make fun of both King and Kaiser. On a third occasion (not long before his death) I was able to study Marschal von Bieberstein close at hand for at least two hours: this was in Turkey. He was supposed to be *en habit civil* for the great occasion; but his 'fair round belly' was aggressively wreathed in a shabby brown or yellow cardigan; and had this been exchanged for a white apron he would have made an ideal knight of the spigot or a *maitre de charcuterie*. Of his diplomatic *Kultur* there can be no question, but his manners struck me as being too free and *goguenard* (he was not a Prussian). I saw Prince Henry again at Brooklands in 1911; he still retained much of his 'figure,' and a good deal of the restraint and gentlemanly bearing of the average English naval officer entrusted with command. When he appeared in China to propagate the new gospel in 1898, I am informed (for I was not there) he still retained 'navy manners,' and was quite ready to be 'toasted'

about his megalomaniac brother's antics. Presumably he, like others in attendance on the war-god, has to sit very tight at home, but he evidently possesses (that rare German quality) tact, and it is inconceivable that he can possibly approve the cowardly naval tactics and prisoner-bullying of Kaiser, Tirpitz, & Co.

Bismarck himself declared the German disposition to be envious and rancorous, so these natural qualities are evidently with justice the bottom rock of the impressions left sporadically upon me fifty years ago. The Germans were originally, if we are to believe Tacitus and other writers, free men like ourselves, but they have 'taken' a lot of bullying at the hands of Swedes, Russians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and others for a thousand years or more, and this usually 'lying down.' Bismarck once said: 'I know hardly another word of which more misuse is made than the word "free." My experience is that every one understands by freedom his own individual freedom, and not the freedom of others.' These bullying experiences seem to have given a craven, if not a cruel, turn to Prussian minds. A century ago they had to beat up for means to circumvent repression; and a universal conscription, veiled in its progressive detail, thus at last enabled Bismarck and Moltke to smash in turn Austria and France. No one can blame them for having asserted their freedom from foreign bullying at least. But there are no greater bullies than men who have been bullied; consequently Prussian bullies have had no difficulty in keeping down the rest of Germany—mostly bullied still, in a civil as in a military sense. From a civil point of view, the Prussians themselves are more bullied by their own *Junkers* and soldiers than is any other German state; but military organisation has developed the 'intensive' organisation generally, and so universal has been this chemical mastery over units, human or otherwise, that some years ago Fili and his Catalinic boon-companions seem to have imagined a convenient kulturistic or military way of getting rid even of the incubus of women. *A propos*, one of the things that astounded me in the arcades of Unter den Linden was the open sale of books which would not have been tolerated

even in imperial Paris or in old Holywell Street, Strand. Hand-in-hand with all this, however, British trade ideas and municipal ideas were wisely developed, and the all-embracing bullying machine here did really good work, for it encouraged in its own interests the original old burgher and Hanse instincts of the people. Municipal government, cleanliness of towns, chemistry, telegraphs, telephones, cab arrangements, education of course, sanitation of markets, control of supplies, certain good points in police effectiveness, suppression of noises, certain good points in railway management—all these have been marvellously developed in the interests alike of rulers and people. In short, as I often said to Meyer, we have much to learn from German organisation, and Germany is in many senses the *best-governed country in the world*. But a prison or a harem might be still better governed; the chief joy of a eunuch is to secure his lord's favour and to gloat over new arrivals of eunuchs. The Germans are governed so well that every one feels 'safe,' always on the understanding that there is obedience. Hence the dazzling prospect of being able to reduce other countries to subjection under the one *Kultur*, not to mention the still more dazzling prospect of robbing the whole world and feeding like superogres upon the liberties and labours of crushed humanity. None but cowards' hearts could conceive the baseness of such a triumph; and if we or any other country submit to such craven slavery without fighting till our last gasp, we or that country deserve our fate. Our only course is to smash the cowards. No one enjoys British or American liberty more than a German; no one is greedier or more clamorous for the 'rights' obtainable under liberty. What galls him is the reflection that whilst Russia, Persia, China, Turkey, the squabbling South American States, &c., have all insisted on more or less 'liberty,' and dashed the ideal of war-godism and despotism to the ground, Germany alone has not had the pluck to stand up for freedom; Germany alone is too craven to be free, and is willing to be the slave of military prigs and dastards, so long (but only so long) as all other men can be forced into that slavery too. Hence these tears.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXXI.—ON THE MORAY SEABOARD.

LATE in the afternoon the *Gannet* shortened sail, the captain spying the coastline, where a long curve of sand fringed by the tide's creaming edge caught the thin winter sun. Darkness came, and the little lugger crept closer inshore. A solitary moving pin-point of light showed for an instant, to be as quickly obscured. This was repeated half-a-dozen times. 'Good lads!' came

from the captain at the tiller; 'all's well!' Soon an innocent-looking flat-bottomed salmon-coble appeared alongside, as if by magic. Bertrand and I followed our belongings on board. The bundles of lace and some silk were covered up in the stern, and in half-an-hour we were standing on the sands of Spey Bay, a mile east of Garmouth. The contraband was taken out. Whether we

aided or abetted its landing concerns not this tale. Doubtless many a decent Morayshire dame rustled into the kirk in its panoply, soothed by the consciousness that she was better-dressed than her neighbours.

One of the crew guided us to the mouth of the Spey, where we waited, shivering in the dark, till the coble came for us, when we crossed the river, now brimming with the tide, to the little port of Garmouth. At the sign of the 'Norway Lass' we got supper, warmth, and comfortable beds, and slept the sweet sleep begot by hard physical toil and the open air.

The little place proved to be a weather-beaten cluster of houses, a warren of quaint, narrow, crooked streets. Here the Spey joined the Moray Firth. East and west of the meeting of sea and river, rescuing the coastline from the commonplace, ran for miles a magnificent arc of gleaming sand, where tireless long rollers—the aftermath of the north-easter—heaved and broke and crumbled in a smother of powdery white spray hovering like smoke over the long zigzag line of their assault.

The *Gannet* had hung about till dawn, and was now in harbour.

There were a great many masts in the little port, and a number of unwieldy-looking rafts made of felled trees roped together crouched like uncouth monsters along both banks of the river. They came from far forests in Strathspey, floated down the river, to be used in shipbuilding.

Anthony's mahogany countenance beamed in high good humour when he met us. Every cask had been sunk safely, the lingtownmen could carry them inland at their leisure, and there was nothing for him to do but interview his merchants.

'A good run—as good as I've made for months,' said the captain, as the three of us were breakfasting excellently well on sea-trout at the 'Norway Lass.' Anthony, as he had told us, was well known in the place. Skippers of coasters, floaters, shaggy-looking giants from up Spey, the very fishwives, made an exchange of cheery greetings with him.

'I'll no' broach the wreck to ony o' them yet,' said he; 'your frien' Master Left Hand may have spies about. We'll be canny; but I'll no' let the business hang in the wind langer than I can help. Ye'll come wi' me till I get a keek at the bay as lang as the tide is at the ebb.'

We went out of the village, and, after an irksome trudge over a wide belt of shingle, came to a ridge of bent-covered sand-dunes, below us the great sands stretching westward. The captain mounted the highest dune, and put a spyglass to his eye.

'There's a wreck at the Bear's Head, but I ken her. That's the *Veronica*. She's been lying there for five year. I lost twa o' my crew in the same gale,' he said, scanning the coast. 'Nuh! there's nothin' there.'

Bertrand and I took a look. The tide was out, and from the rim of the sea to the dunes the sand and foreshore lay clear as a picture. There were no signs of wreckage except the old hulk at the Bear's Head, a poor skeleton, ribs and spine picked clean by the hungry sea.

'It's clear to me, unless the wreck has drifted or been broken to pieces, that she's farther west,' said Anthony, and shut the spyglass. 'There's Morven,' pointing to the cone-shaped hill on the Caithness side of the Firth. 'That's Glenira's landmark in his pictur'. The Fountain Reef is my deeficulty. Where the deil that is fairly founders me; and if I'm foundered by it, there's no' a man on the coast kens it.'

It would have been beyond ordinary chances to tumble over the wreck at our first survey of the coast; but we were silent and uneasy. Every passing hour might mean an advantage to our adversaries. The image of them was constantly in my mind's eye, and the lonely coastline before us, empty, a silent desert but for the boom of the sea and the screaming sea-fowl, gave me an irksome sense of impotence, almost a premonition of disaster.

'Let us get out of this!' Bertrand exclaimed, and turned back without another word. We followed him until the captain, deep in thought, called a halt.

'Do you twa keep out o' sight in the "Norway Lass" when we get back, and I'll take a turn roun' the place. If there's news o' ony wreck this year hereabout, Anthony Brander will get it. If no', then there's only one thing to be done, and that is to tramp every yard o' the coast west until we find what we are seekin'.'

But we learned the whereabouts of the wreck in another and unwelcome way.

Anthony left us at the 'Norway Lass' to forage cautiously for information from his acquaintances among the longshoremen and others of the port. Bertrand and I had talked ourselves to an end regarding our chances, and, to while away the idle hour of waiting for the captain's return, borrowed a greasy pack of cards from the landlady, and sat down to a game of *lansquenet*.

We had scarcely played a quarter of an hour, when the captain passed the window, along with a tall man. He came in alone, closed the door behind him, and shook his head.

'Black news! I misdoot we are forestalled. I got speech with the very man I sought for as soon as I reached the harbour. I told him nothing beyond that you are anxious for news o' a wreck that carried a friend. I'll bring him in, an' you can hear what he says.'

We had risen to our feet in dismay at the word 'forestalled,' and stood unable to speak when the man came in.

'These are the twa gentlemen, Jamie, that I spoke about.'

The captain's friend, a decent-looking, elderly

man in tarpaulins, stood fumbling with his cap. His was a plain statement, truth on its face.

'I own a ship,' he told us, 'and trade atween the westerly ports o' the Firth, Garmouth, Inverness, across to the Black Isle, and sic-like. I mind on the gale in August last. I was oot in it wi' the ship, but I put her back to the port o' Findhorn, and thankfu' I was, for it would have blawn the sticks oot o' her. Next day I heard o' a wreck. She was a French brig. I passed her the day after. Her spars were broken, showin' just abune low water. She was lyin' then two or three mile, or maybe fower or five, east o' Findhorn. One man was washed ashore alive, and I hear that he got a passage fra' Findhorn southward.'

'And her crew?' I asked.

'She'll be the same ship that the gentlemen were speirin' after yesterday?'

'Very likely,' I said, with a dry throat.

'A Dutchman hove-to outside the harbour yesterday mornin', and landed two gentlemen in their small boat. They werena sooner on shore than they were seekin' word o' a wreck, like yersels, sir, and sair ta'en up ower the safety o' a friend on board; so I was sent for. They were neither to haud nor to bin' until I'd gi'e them my story; and when I did, I'se warran' they didna let the grass grow under their feet. They sent the small boat back, and the Dutchman sailed without them.'

'And then?' asked Bertrand eagerly.

'Syne they took the sands east to Lossie just before the darkenin', and that's the last I saw o' them.'

'What were they like?'

'Gentry. Ane o' them a by-ordinar' tall man, and the other an abloch o' a cratur'; but the baith o' them weel-dressed, and rale ceevil-spoken.'

This was the summary of his information. It was disquieting enough, in all conscience; and when he had gone, which he did after marking the wreck on Anthony's chart as exactly as he could, three crestfallen men stared gloomily at each other. However, bitter as our disappointment was, we understood the key to the hiding-place of the *louis d'ors*, and Philip had only guesswork to go on. It was improbable, cunning as he was, that he could have discovered the secret in the short time that had elapsed since he had learned the wreck's bearings. He had little more than a day's start of us in the race. But we had no time to lose.

Unluckily the wind had fallen to a dead-calm. Not a cat's-paw skimmed the ocean.

'We might make Findhorn by the evenin', but I doubt it,' was Anthony's verdict.

To wait until the wind rose meant further delay, a thing not to be considered. We determined to go overland. For a guinea, and dear at the price, the captain borrowed a horse and cart from the 'Norway Lass.' The cart was a clumsy, primitive wheeled box, the extremity of

discomfort, going at a snail's pace; but it was necessary for the carriage of the spades, crowbars, and tackle. These we laid in the bottom of the cart, covered with tarpaulin, and jolted out of the village on the worst road I ever saw. The sands made a welcome change. They were for the greater part hard and dry. But for that deplorable vehicle, which broke down twice, we might have made good progress.

At length, after a long three hours, we reached the town of Elgin, a poor, long, straggling street, and put up, dead-tired, at the sign of the 'Three Mullets.' There we slept soundly till early morning. Anthony Brander was first awake. Indeed, the noise of his trying to waken the landlord awoke me. The hammering at his door might have roused the seven sleepers. Even when he got up he seemed more asleep than awake, but briskened marvellously at my offer of a guinea for a decent post-horse and a guide. Another half-hour was wasted, but at long last we got a guide, a better horse than our Garmouth Rosinante, and panniers with it. We left the horse and cart, with a fee for their return to the 'Norway Lass,' loaded our gear in the panniers, and set out through the long, dark, narrow street, shivering with cold, for the morning air was like a knife.

Nobody was astir except a decrepit old night-watchman, near the west port, calling the hour—'Four o'clock, an' a snell mornin'!' A forest of oaks neighboured the town, the road running through the thick of it. Fortunately the guide knew every step of the way, for the trees made a black arch over us, shutting out the stars. Beyond the orange eye of his lanthorn the darkness was of the Pit. The guide's presence was a check on speech. We trudged slowly enough (nothing is so leisurely as a walking horse), the silence broken only by the man's voice urging his beast forward and the melancholy calls of the owls answering each other from the dark heart of the forest. The open country after it, and a sky glittering with stars, were welcome sights. The road now began to slope downhill, where the guide told us we should be able to 'come mair speed.'

For an hour or more we made a quicker progress, until the road narrowed suddenly to a track. Here the horse was stopped, and the guide suddenly asked us, 'Whaur d'ye want to gang?'

'To the sea. Push on!' said I.

'Na,' quoth he; 'the road is ower coorse for a man in the dark, let alane for a horse;' and, to our disgust, nothing—cajoling, not even bribery—would make him budge. Bertrand and I plied him with blandishments, and, I am afraid, a full measure of curses; but he point-blank refused to go another yard, and relapsed into a sulky silence. The captain held up his lanthorn and came in front of us.

'Look ye hers, my man!' He levelled his

pistol at the lout's head. 'I'll waste neither time nor breath on ye. If ye're no' movin' an' in front o' us before I count ten, I'll splash your brains out where ye stan'!'

The man's teeth rattled in his head as the captain began to count.

'Guid sakes, sirs! I've a wife and bairns.'

'Fower—five.' The pistol clicked.

'Put it doon. I'll gang,' said the guide with a gulp.

'It's as weel,' quoth Anthony grimly, with a swift wink to me. 'If ye hadna'—— He shook the pistol within an inch of the man's white jowl. 'Get for'ard!'

The man took the bridle, got his trembling knees together, and went forward for a minute or two, Anthony close behind him. Then he hesitated and stopped dead again.

'I'm no' fell sure o' the road,' he said.

I held my lanthorn full in his face, and saw that he was sweating with terror, his eyes staring like a man demented.

'Come, my man! You shall arrive at no harm;' and I put a hand on his shoulder. It was shaking. The captain's pistol alone never made this great strong man a lump of cold terror. There was something behind.

'What the devil is the matter with the man?' asked Bertrand.

'Are ye—are ye on a fair trader's ploy?' he asked.

'We are, and have not a moment to lose.'

'I can tak' ye to the sea, then, by anither road. But no' this way.' He crossed himself. 'The warlock of Gordonstown rides here.'

'The what?'

He told us, with many a glance round in the darkness, some old wives' story of ghosts and a soul sold to the devil.

Brander cut him short. 'How far are we from the sea from here?'

'Three mile.'

'Then get hame. I ken where we are.'

The dolt needed no second order. He turned and fled, and I am afraid a lusty kick from the captain sped him on his way.

We left the horse browsing where it stood, and pushed on, each taking a share of its load. The path soon lost itself in a wilderness of whins. Soon we were stumbling through a dense covert of them that clutched and tore at us woefully. I fell half-a-dozen times in as many minutes. Struggling on, smarting with innumerable scratches, we did our best; but the network of whins and undergrowth was as thick, and in some places as high, as a hedge. I saw Bertrand's lanthorn make a wild arc as he crashed into a hole. 'Let us call a halt. 'Tis a useless business this. If Providence, as some folk have it, made the land for the people, of a surety, in His wisdom, He reserved some for the beasts!'

We had not made more than a furlong, and it

was more by good luck than good guidance that we had broken no bones. There was nothing for it but to go back to the fork of the track and explore it toward the west. Here we fared no better, if indeed as well; and, turning our backs on the accursed wilderness, we groped our way to a stone dike, clambered over it, and under its lee Bertrand and I crouched for a moment or two's respite from the biting cold of the morning. Anthony had gone forward, and came back to report that there was a better shelter in front. It proved to be a great dovecot of solid masonry with a pointed roof. The door was barred, but a crow-bar soon opened it. A loud whir of wings greeted us as our lanthorns lit up the interior. It was rude and dirty, but its thick walls kept the wind at bay, and to us wayfarers, tired, bruised, out of temper, and stiff with cold, it was a hospice. We made ourselves as comfortable as might be, and in two minutes my head was nodding.

I remember Bertrand saying, 'I am a living pin-cushion,' picking the thorns gingerly out of his legs; the lanthorns circling round and round, and jerking back to their places; a murmur of my companions' voices very far away, the wind whining at the keyhole; and when I woke with a guilty start I found that both Bertrand and the captain had surrendered to nature, and were sound asleep. It would have been unkind to wake them. I closed my eyes again.

When we awoke the thin gray shafts of the morning were struggling through the cracks in the door. A far-off cockcrow reached us, and the pigeons roosting above us were on the move. We delayed not an instant, but set out, finishing the oatcakes and cheese as we went. Outside, the land lay white and ghostly, a haar blotting out its contour, the trees and bushes vague and amorphous in the half-light.

'The place looks evil, peopled with uneasy ghosts,' said Bertrand, shivering. 'I feel I know not what—a sense of defeat, almost! Bah! begone!' He snapped his fingers at the wreaths of fog, and began to trol out a verse of a song.

The gay lilt of it rang out bravely in the loneliness, but, though I joined in it lustily, I confess that my nerves were on edge, and when a covey of partridges rose with a whir at our feet, the three of us had our pistols up like one man. The sleepy November dawn began to put out the stars, and the landscape to harden into definition. In front of us was the wilderness of whins, a jungle to be fought yard by yard. Great was our relief when we came out on a stretch of moss-land carpeted with springy turf.

'Hark!' said the captain suddenly.

We stopped to listen. The sea! The sound of it was unmistakable, and in that solitary place its voice heartened us like music. The steady break of the great waters on a sounding beach, its great

relentless mechanism inevitable as Fate, always held a fascination for me, but never has its voice sounded more welcome than on that November morning.

We hurried forward, near our journey's end, for the sea-fog had parted like a torn valance, showing us the November sun opening a blood-shot eye over the North Sea.

The moorland ran down in undulations to the edge of a cliff, at its base a rampart of rock bordered by shingle, beyond the shingle a stretch of sand, a tawny zigzag of seaweed at high-water mark. The tide was at the flow, and the hollow voice of its advance sweeping the reverberant sounding-board of the cliffs filled the morning. The sound of it was like a great steady furnace.

Our eyes swept the sands. Here and there were half-tide rocks, a lump of drift-wood flung far up by the storm, the tips of a stake-net; but there was nothing to arrest the eye, not a hint of what we were searching for. The *Marie des Anges* was not there.

'She canna be far away,' said Anthony. 'We are between the Lossie and the Findhorn Rivers, but we are a bit far east, I'm thinkin', accordin' to the Garmouth man's story. She may be covered by the tide; but we'll haud west, and keep a gleg owerlook o' the sands. It's this cursed Fountain Reef that wanders me.'

A little riband of a track curled along the top of the cliffs, and along it we set out westward, scared seafowl circling and screaming below us along the cliff's face. The banks of mist cleared as the sun mounted. Across the Firth the cone of Morven stood out. A ship beating up the Firth caught the sun's eye, to become for the moment a thing of splendour. The Ross and Sutherland bens heaved mighty shoulders above the sea breaking on the beach beneath us into creamy dissolution, a sheer delight in the brightness of the morning.

Anthony was leading, stopping now and again to clap the spyglass to his eye and scan the sands. The line of the cliffs became broken, dipping down to sandhills, rising again beyond them to a higher cliff that thrust its great knuckle into the sea, about a mile west from where we were. Suddenly the captain stopped.

'Down!' he whispered, and the three of us crouched on the instant. 'Something movin' on the sands. They're a lang way off. We'll get forward here and have a look at our leisure.'

We wriggled forward through the bents behind a dune, and, crawling up, lay flat on our faces. Anthony parted the bents cautiously and peered through the spyglass.

'Three men,' he said; 'and, by heavens! by the cut o' the jib o' the first o' them, he might be your man.' He handed Bertrand the spy-glass.

'It is my beloved cousin; with him, if I mistake not, the rat Innes, and a third figure,

judging by the company he is in, the Devil, but I know him not.'

Shaking with excitement, I took the glass. The thing was beyond doubt. The two scoundrels leaped into view, Philip Macdonell and Innes walking slowly in front, and the third man behind. In the direction they were taking a quarter of an hour would bring them close beside us. We held a rapid council of war, and resolved, with good sense, I think, not to challenge them, nor let ourselves be seen.

'Master Left Hand is looking round him most carefully. He is coming straight at us,' Bertrand said, his eye at the glass. 'We'll look to the priming of our pistols.'

Suddenly the two men in front stopped, and the third man came up to them. They stood close together, and always Macdonell's eyes kept coasting round and round the sand and the line of the seaboard. He pointed towards the cliff, and in a little they turned their backs on us and went to the foot of the cliff about a hundred yards from the point where they had first appeared. The third man went first, and the three started to climb up the face of the rock.

'They may see us from the top. I am all for watching them without being seen,' I whispered.

'We'll clear out o' this,' said Anthony. 'I ken the very place for us. Leave the spades where they are.' He rolled down the slope of the hillock, and, crouching, ran from hillock to hillock, we after him as fast as our legs could carry us, until he dived into a clump of junipers, and lay down panting.

We got our breath back, crawled to the edge, and peered out. The neck of the promontory joined the main line of cliffs just in front of us, the lie of the ground sloping gently down to it, giving us a clear view of a V-shaped cliff-top narrowing to the sea. We were in time, but only just in time. We had barely got into hiding when a head appeared above the right edge of the cliff. It was the unknown man. He clambered up, lent a hand to the two others, and the three looked around them. They could not have been more than two hundred yards from us.

I had the spyglass. I saw Philip motion the third man forward, the three of them picking their way along the rough scalp of the rock, the third man in front. Next moment I stifled a cry, for Left Hand took two stealthy steps close behind the unknown man. His hand rose and fell swiftly. The man dropped like a log, and Left Hand bent over him. There was a horrid scream, cut short. It haunts me yet. Macdonell straightened himself, and looked about him with great deliberation. Innes stood stock-still, a cringing figure, his neck craning at something on the ground.

(Continued on page 486.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A WEIGHTS AND MEASURES 'COMPUTER.'

AN ingenious device which should be appreciated by commercial and export houses is the weights and measures computer which has been placed on the market recently. The scope of this contrivance is the accurate conversion by the mere turning of a handle of the value in currency and the measures of the goods of one country into the correlative equivalent of the coinage and measures of another country. We will suppose, for instance, that a French house has sent an order to a British firm for a certain commodity or commodities. Naturally the order is given in metric measurements and the value of the same set forth in francs and centimes per kilogramme, mètre, or litre, as the case may be. Under normal conditions the order is converted by mental effort into British currency, and into pounds, feet, or gallons respectively, which involves considerable possibility of errors being made. But by means of this computer the task is performed mechanically and almost instantaneously. The instrument resembles the familiar indicator in appearance, and is virtually as easy and as simple to operate. By the mere movement of one of two handles the cost in British currency and the measurements may be accurately read off. Seeing that the machine is automatic in its action, the possibility of the slightest error creeping in is entirely eliminated. The range of the instrument, which is designed for use by those whose calculations have to be based on British coinage, is from one farthing to ten shillings per pound, gallon, or foot. The system is extremely flexible, while all values are taken to the fifth place of decimals. The computer is one of the most ingenious and effective time-savers which have yet been evolved for mitigating the worries of business.

TINNED CHEESE.

Preserved comestibles, classed commercially as canned or tinned food-stuffs, are indispensable to this hustling age. During the past few years the science of packing even the most sensitive edibles has made vast strides. Some interesting experiments have been carried out by the food experts of the United States Government Department of Agriculture with a view to the perfection of a commercially practical process for the canning of cheese, which so far has not been placed on the market in this manner. The tinning of cheese presented many difficulties. Several years have been expended on the task, and it is only recently that the process has been perfected. The cheese is pressed into small discs by means of hoops. It is then cut into pieces of the most convenient selling weights—half-pound, pound, and two-pound chunks, for

instance—and packed into the tins, which are then sealed. It has been ascertained that no chemical action takes place between the metal and the constituents of the cheese. The great advantage of the process is cleanliness, the preservation of the essential qualities of the article, absence of loss in weight due to evaporation, and elimination of waste in cutting, as the pieces can be placed directly upon the table. Another point has been discovered. There is no rind, and this represents a distinct economic gain. The cost of putting up the article in this manner is estimated at three-halfpence per tin for labour and packing vessel.

PRIZES FOR INVENTIONS FOR DENATURING SPIRITS.

Cassier's Engineering Monthly draws attention to the fact that the Russian Ministry of Finance is arranging to offer prizes for methods and systems for denaturing spirits, and rendering them more acceptable for commercial purposes. The first series of prizes are of a value of three thousand pounds, fifteen hundred pounds, and five hundred pounds. These competitions are for finding out new denaturing substances or for the improving of existing methods. The substances or improvements should both ensure a general use of the spirit and remove any possibility of using it as a beverage. It is provided that the primary substances from which the denaturing agents are prepared must be obtainable in Russia in suitable quantities. Another competition, with prizes of six thousand pounds, three thousand pounds, and one thousand pounds, is for finding out new ways of applying spirit or its derivatives as fuel for lighting, heating, and producing motive-power for industrial and household purposes. There are four other competitions for invented improvements relating to apparatus for utilising spirit for feeding internal-combustion engines, for utilising spirit as fuel, and for the invention of apparatus for applying spirit to lighting purposes. The competitions are understood to be international in scope, and particulars may be obtained of H.M. Consul, Mr A. W. Woodhouse, in Petrograd.

PAPER CARTRIDGE-CASES.

What is described as a wonderful invention has been perfected by a Swiss engineer. This is a process for depositing metals upon a foreign base by a sprinkling action, a specially designed 'pistol' being used for the purpose. The invention is being exploited both in the land of its origin and in the United States, and it is being submitted to an interesting application at the present moment. This is in connection with cartridge-cases. These are made of compressed paper and are of great strength. The

surface of the cases is then given a brass or copper coating by the spraying method. The metal is first liquefied and then crushed by means of compressed air, finally being inflated into extremely fine particles by any known method. The result is that the metal is distributed in the form of a fine spray upon the substance to be coated. The deposit is of uniform thickness, and can be varied as desired. In the case of cartridge-cases the coating is only a few thousandths of a millimetre in thickness. The advantage of the system is the great saving in metal, the simplicity of application, and the lighter weight of the cartridge, although none of its strength is sacrificed.

AN ELECTRIC SIGN.

Demonstrations with a new type of electric sign have been held in London, and have aroused considerable interest. It differs materially from the prevailing signs of this character which display words and phrases, for the reason that it can be made to show any desired message within the capacity of its letters virtually at a moment's notice; moreover, the message may be read either by day or by night. The elements are of special design, consisting of an array of white circular members, each of which is fitted with two metallic covers resembling eyelids. These are rotated by means of an electric motor in such a way as to uncover the discs. Behind each of these is placed an electric light for illuminating purposes at night. In the sign with which the demonstrations were carried out there are nearly two thousand elements, and these are coupled to a single keyboard which is selectively placed in relation with each monogram. By means of this keyboard the legend of the sign can be changed once a minute; consequently the idea is extremely useful for the flashing of news. The versatility of the sign is its most salient feature, and in its application to recruiting operations it has proved extremely effective.

AN ELECTRIC BELL.

It is somewhat strange that the familiar electric bell which is now virtually indispensable to every house and office has undergone practically no improvement since its introduction. The batteries are still placed away from the bell, necessitating intricate wiring between the battery, bell, and push-button. Now, however, an entirely new type of bell is being used in France, the simplicity of which cannot be overestimated. In this instance the electro-magnet which actuates the hammer of the bell, and which is normally placed in the bell-box, is placed beneath the gong. As by this arrangement the box is left empty, the inventor has utilised the space for housing dry batteries. These are sufficiently powerful for a life of several years under normal conditions. The batteries are small, so that

there is no occasion to increase the size of the bell-box. Wiring is simplified, inasmuch as the two wires are taken direct from the bell-push to the battery within the bell-box, the wires being permanently connected to the electro-magnet by a simple coupling. The bell is thus self-contained and compact.

LARGE AQUEDUCT.

One of the largest aqueducts ever built has recently been completed for an irrigation scheme in Alberta, Canada. The actual trough carrying the water is twenty feet wide by about nine feet deep, and is made of concrete strengthened by iron bars embedded therein. One very interesting feature is the shape of the trough, which is of special form designed to give an equal strain all round. This form is that taken by a canvas trough supported along the edges, and free to alter its shape to suit the weight of the water. The aqueduct is over two miles in length, and the trough is supported by ferro-concrete trestles at every twenty feet. In some parts the height above the ground is over fifty feet; but, unfortunately, where the Canadian Pacific Railway has to be crossed the ground is higher and leaves insufficient headroom for the aqueduct to pass over the track. This difficulty has been overcome by an enormous siphon which dives down under the railway and comes up on the other side. Ferro-concrete is again used for this pipe, which measures on the inside nearly ten feet across. Nine hundred cubic feet of water per second, or fifty-four thousand cubic feet a minute, is carried by this aqueduct, which forms only part of a complete scheme for irrigating some four hundred and fifty thousand acres. During the construction, according to *Engineering*, six hundred and eighty thousand cubic feet of concrete were used, together with nearly two thousand tons of steel bars. The complete irrigation scheme includes an artificial lake nine miles long by four miles broad, over thirty miles of canal, and a dam across the Bow River, which forms the source of supply.

THE TRUTH ABOUT VEGETARIANISM.

In order to obtain some comparative scientific data concerning vegetarianism as opposed to meat-eating, a prolonged series of investigations has been carried out by two well-known scientists, the sum of which is somewhat interesting. For the purposes of the tests twenty-two men and women who are staunch advocates of the vegetable diet were opposed to an equal number of men and women who are meat-eaters. The first experiment was to determine the relative quantities of carbon dioxide produced and the volume of oxygen consumed when the body was in a state of complete repose, twelve hours after the meal had been eaten. The experiments were continued over long periods of consecutive days,

and a special and delicate apparatus was used for obtaining absolutely correct results. When these were compared they were found to be almost exactly identical. The second test was to prove the contention or otherwise that meat-eaters have less powers of endurance than those who subsist on a vegetable diet. The reason given for this assertion is that the minimum amount of protein is eaten, the contention being that protein overstimulates the process of digestion and assimilation. The claim is also advanced that those who depend largely upon carbohydrates are able to store up in their system a greater quantity of glycogen, which is converted into energy during periods of muscular activity. There again, however, the assertions of vegetarians failed to be supported as a result of scientific research, the sum of which showed that vegetable-eaters had no advantage whatever in this respect over meat-eaters.

HOW TO AVOID GUN-DEAFNESS.

In a recent issue we referred to the prevalence of gun-deafness among those fighting at the front, the affliction being attributable to the tremendous din incidental to modern warfare. It has been found, however, that the plastic preparation which is normally sold as a kind of clay medium for modelling by children can be so treated as to render it a perfect panacea against gun-deafness. The material is packed in a strong box which can be carried in the pocket. Small plugs are made from this substance, and slipped into the ears. The nerve-shattering concussions are effectively deadened by these plugs, owing no doubt to the resiliency of the material, while at the same time the faculty of hearing is not impaired. The plastic material is prepared specially, is antiseptic, and is perfectly safe to use.

A NOVEL APPLICATION OF ELECTRIC POWER.

A novel idea which should appeal to those possessing country estates and residences has been exploited at a rural house in the north of England. This is a means of opening and closing the entrance-gates by electric energy without leaving the vehicle. In the instance under description a small motor geared through a clutch is placed in a small recess beneath the gates. The requisite energy is supplied from the installation within the house. The switch is placed in the garage. One movement opens, while the reverse action of the lever closes, the gate. Before the vehicle leaves the garage the gate is opened, and after the gates have been passed a signal is given by the motor-horn. The person in the garage or in the house then reverses the switch and the gate closes. Upon returning, a signal from the motor-horn intimates that the opening of the gate is desired. The switch is moved, the gate swings open, and is closed by another movement of the switch. If desired, a

gate can be opened and closed in this manner by automatic control, or the desired ends may be compassed by the motor itself or any other vehicle through the installation of a means of completing the electrical circuit at a point near the gate. The cost of operating a gate in this manner is trivial, one pennyworth of electrical energy being sufficient to open and close the gate some five hundred times. The idea can be adapted to any desired application, and it would even be possible to control the movements from the hall of the house itself, and in such a manner as to render it impossible to manipulate the gate without the persons in the house being apprised of the fact or controlling the actual operation.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

Mr Atlee Hunt has furnished the Commonwealth of Australia with an interesting memorandum upon Norfolk Island, in which he says the population is now seven hundred and forty-six. The island lies in the Pacific, eight hundred miles off the New South Wales coast, and four hundred miles from New Zealand, and is now annexed to the Commonwealth. Norfolk Island is about five miles long and three broad, and is described as embracing wide areas of well-grassed land, long avenues and small woods of the stately Norfolk Island pine, broken hills, and fertile valleys, with the long Pacific swell breaking everlastingly on the bases of the cliffs surrounding it. The climate is salubrious, with a mean temperature of sixty-eight degrees, and Mr Atlee Hunt prophesies that it may one day become the Madeira of the Pacific. An area of eight thousand five hundred acres is at present either utilised as pasture or dotted with weeds, having gone out of cultivation since the time when gangs of convicts ploughed and hoed all the cleared land. The soil is now only casually cultivated, and offers openings for the cultivation of coffee, fruit, and timber to new settlers there. To the ordinary farmer or labourer there is as yet no opening, but there might be for a limited number of men with a little money and sufficient energy and enterprise to develop its resources.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible. *ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.*
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Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

A MAN OF PEACE.

By H. HALYBURTON ROSS, Author of *The White Feather*, &c.

PART I.

'I AM a man of peace,' said the minister, Robert Meikle. He repeated the sentence laconically a moment later, as no notice was taken of it by the only other occupant of the room, a brown-haired damsel, whose clear-cut, somewhat disdainful profile was obstinately turned to him from her corner of the fireplace. But there was a twinkle in his eyes despite the dryness in his tone. 'I am a man of peace,' he said for the third time.

At this the girl, half-buried in the great leather chair, rose and took an impetuous few paces to the window. 'And I'm for the warriors at a time like this,' she exclaimed in a tone of heart-felt conviction, though without turning round. 'If only I were a man, instead of a woman having to sit at home!' she continued vehemently.

'Yes, the warriors are having their turn,' he agreed sententiously.

At his words the girl at the window came back slowly, deliberately, to the fireplace, picking up her discarded knitting. For some moments she plied her needles in silence. 'I see from the morning papers that seven ministers in the Lothians have enlisted in the new army,' she said at last in a tone of studied irrelevance, bending to count her stitches.

Her companion crossed his arms. 'I too saw that very interesting piece of information,' he conceded. 'All credit to them.'

'They'll be none the worse ministers when the war is over,' she remarked, still intent on her counting.

'Those that come back,' he interpolated.

'And if they don't—if they die out there—what more glorious end could they have?' she flamed, dropping her knitting and raising her eyes suddenly to his face.

'Glorious indeed!' he echoed, meeting her glance imperturbably.

She turned her shoulder on him with a jerky movement.

His shaven lips twitched into a smile. 'It's a grand thing to have the fighting spirit when the cause is a just one,' he began in a low, contemplative tone a moment later, as if addressing an unseen audience. 'But if you haven't got it you'd better leave the fighting to those who

have, and remain at home, as I am doing—as I intend to do.' The hint of inflexibility in the last words was unmistakable.

But the girl appeared oblivious of it. 'Parish work at a time like this must be rather trying to a real man,' she offered a moment later, with a hardly disguised accent of commiseration. 'Perhaps it is as well that there are some content to carry it on; but I should have thought women were quite capable of undertaking it.'

The minister uttered a short laugh. 'Will you preach my sermon for me to-morrow, Miss Kate?' he challenged.

'If it is on recruiting,' was her instant retort.

His lips tightened. 'I don't make use of the pulpit for secular appeals.'

'No,' her eyebrows arched; 'and it would be difficult for you'—She broke off. The significance of the unfinished sentence could not be misunderstood.

But the victim of the satire met it with a smile. 'Or for you, when you come to think of it. After all, your sex debars you from practising what you preach as effectually as my—my cowardice does me.' He rose as he said the last words, holding out his hand.

A wave of crimson had dyed her face at the allegation. 'A coward you are not, I am sure,' she said in a low, intense voice, though with a little ring of shame in it.

He shook his head. 'We do not know till we are tested. I am a "man of peace" shall we say instead, at risk of being reiterative?' And, still smiling, he turned and made his way down the long, firelit room to the door.

The girl remained standing on the hearthrug where he had left her. Already compunction for her uncalled-for attack on her visitor assailed her. True, he had accepted her taunts with the utmost good nature; but his characteristic imperturbability made it difficult to gauge his real feelings. It was just this quality that, since the outset of their acquaintance, had baffled, while it piqued her curiosity. Deep down in her heart she knew that her personality possessed for him an importance second to none in the district. But though their friendship had endured now for eighteen months, he had never been tempted to a display of deeper feeling.

In any other environment she would not have allowed her interest to quicken in a man of his calling, she assured herself by way of exoneration. But men were so scarce in that out-of-the-way Highland parish, and even a minister was better than nobody at all! If only he had been a soldier, like her father! Instinctively her eyes travelled to the oil-painting above the fireplace of a young Highland officer in full regimentals, with many medals on his breast. He had died when she was quite a child, her mother following him to the grave a few months later; and since then she had been brought up by his sisters, the two Misses Thriepland, in their remote east coast home. But it was his blood in her veins that made her so impatient of shirkers at this time, when the greatest war of all history was being waged on the Continent, and the Old Country was in need of every one of her sons.

The entrance of her aunt at this moment put an end to her cogitations.

Miss Thriepland was fully dressed, and carried a laden bag over her arm. 'So Robert Meikle has gone!' she said, glancing round the empty room. 'I hurried to get down in time to see him.'

'It's a pity, for his sake, you didn't manage it,' was her niece's half-laughing, half-defiant comment.

'What! another tussle? My dear child, I don't know how he takes it from you,' smiled the elder woman.

'Nor do I,' said Kate indifferently. 'But I am late;' and she glanced at the clock. 'I sha'n't be a moment dressing.' And she fled from the room.

Miss Thriepland stooped to pick up the unfinished sock that had fallen neglected to the hearthrug, thrusting it into her bag. They were due at a work-party at the doctor's house in a few minutes, patriotically ordained for the making of comforts for the troops. But Miss Thriepland's thoughts were very far from the trenches. A deeper motive for the minister's frequent visits to Greywalls than mere friendliness was apparent to her shrewd, far-seeing eyes, and she was perplexed as to what her attitude should be towards the eventuality. True, the Thrieplands were an old and proud race; but dwindling fortunes had brought its last representatives very near poverty, and the most she and her sister could hope to bequeath to their niece was a sadly diminished patrimony. Living as they did, also, in that out-of-the-way village, there was small prospect of the girl meeting other suitors. Might not marriage with the minister conduce to her greater happiness than a solitary old-maidhood? It wasn't as if the young man was without prospect of success. A suggestion of dogged ambition beneath his quiet exterior made itself felt unconsciously, and there was no doubt as to his intellectual abilities.

By a curious coincidence, Robert Meikle formed the topic of conversation as they entered the crowded work-party a few moments later.

'We were just speculating as to whether Mr Meikle would enlist, as some of the younger ministers are doing,' explained Mrs Anderson, the doctor's wife, as she welcomed the new arrivals. 'I hope not, for all our sakes.' From the young man's first coming to Portknockie she had been one of his staunchest champions.

'You needn't alarm yourself,' snapped Miss Goldie, the old maid of the parish, whose hopes of release from spinsterhood were buried in the late minister's grave, and who consequently had not a good word for his successor. 'Robert Meikle is one of your soft kind. If I were a younger woman I should taunt him into it;' and she gave a vindictive side-glance at Kate Thriepland.

The girl's disdainful young face coloured hotly at the suggestion. It was one thing to deride the minister herself; quite another to hear him depreciated by this sour, vinegary old maid.

But her aunt's quiet voice interposing prevented the necessity for replying. 'Surely it is every man's own business whether he enlists or not,' she said gravely, taking a bundle of flannel from the table as she spoke and retiring into a corner, where her niece followed her.

The quietly uttered defence had the effect of checking the censorious tongues for the time being, and the conversation turned on more impersonal matters connected with the war.

'I hear the flashes have been seen again from the East Cliff,' said Miss Goldie, always to the fore with information, as she was with criticism. 'I don't know what the police are about, not to catch the wretches.'

The spy question had possessed a sinister interest for the Portknockie folk since the foreign depredators had made use of the east coast for illicit practices. Was not their closest link with the war the presence of the great unseen flotilla whose units could be glimpsed at times flashing over the horizon on their endless patrol, and whose safety was so dangerously threatened by the machinations of the unknown foe?

Kate Thriepland listened silently while the tide of hearsay, once set in motion, swelled and mounted. In reality her thoughts were elsewhere, envisaging again the minister's smile as he spoke of his own cowardice a few moments before. How was it he always managed to put her in the wrong? she wondered. She had never really got the better of him in any of their encounters.

Meanwhile the object of her thoughts was striding homeward through the shortening light of the winter afternoon. Half a mile of solitary country divided the house of Greywalls from the little township, at the farther end of which the manse was situated. But a series of short cuts through cobbled wynds and closes soon brought the minister to his destination.

A reflection of his late interview still lingered in his eyes as he closed the study door behind him—half resentful, half grimly humorous.

Certainly he would have tolerated such plain speaking from no one in the world but Miss Kate Thriepland, and why particularly he should have submitted to that young lady's sarcasm he could not determine. Perhaps it was because, to such a keen psychologist as he, the very fact of her heat over the matter of his supposed declension betrayed a degree of interest in him that she assuredly did not feel for any other of the male inhabitants of Portknockie; perhaps because in his heart he understood and valued the warm, brave spirit that inspired the girl.

At any rate, he was not offended, if by offence was meant any lessening of regard for his traducer. But, on the other hand, neither had her contempt succeeded in shaming him into a desire to emulate the patriotic lead of his brothers of the cloth. Stranger still, he experienced no consequent lessening of self-respect. 'To follow your own star' had ever been the essence of his creed, and it was this iron streak of individuality that had made university professors indulge in prophetic utterances as to the future success of the young divinity student in his college days. Yet, with it all, he could not resist a faint smouldering of regret for converse possibilities. How pleasant it would be to earn her commendation, to see her eyes flash with enthusiasm for his deeds!

He was seated at his kneehole desk before the study fire when the temptation assailed him, and to combat the weakness he hastily drew the scattered notes of the morrow's sermon towards him. They awaited only co-ordinating. But as sure as he reached a certain passage an alluring vision of Kate Thriepland in gown and bands, with her proud young face aglow, and her clear, impassioned voice echoing among the rafters of the church, rose up to distract him.

At last, with an impatient sigh, he pushed away the disjointed manuscript and rested his head on his hand. A moment later he was startled from his reverie by a knock at the door. In answer to his summons, his housekeeper, Tibbie Erskine, appeared. Her wrinkled face glowed, as usual, from too frequent applications of soap and water. Cleanliness came perilously near to superseding godliness in the old woman's estimation, and the manse shone from garret to cellar with the evidence of her cherished fetish.

'There's that woman near deein' again,' she announced with the familiarity of address that Robert Meikle had never found any cause to rebuke. 'Wee Geordie was here to ask ye to gang up by an' see her afore she draws her last breath.'

The accent of scepticism in the last words brought an involuntary smile to the hearer's lips. No need to inquire the identity of the sufferer. One alone among his parishioners had power to call forth that intolerant scorn from his housekeeper—Janet Hamish, a poor, moribund creature who dwelt alone among the Quarries, a group of disused sand-pits on the confines of the parish,

and whose periodic resuscitations were the source of much ill-timed wit in the neighbourhood.

The minister had risen, pushing back his chair. 'Well, I fear the congregation to-morrow will be the sufferers,' he remarked whimsically, gathering up his discarded notes into a heap before him. 'Now, Tibbie, if you were only letter-wise you could put my sermon together for me while I am gone.'

He smiled again as he spoke. Strange that within a few hours he should have supplicated two such different women as Kate Thriepland and his housekeeper to undertake that sacred and particular duty! There seemed almost something fateful in the coincidence.

'I'd gladly, minister, if I could,' was the old woman's answer. 'And the suner that woman mak's up her mind whether she's tae dee or live, an' does either quickly, the better,' she added in a malevolent undertone as she whisked out of the room.

Robert Meikle knew every yard of the winding, sandy roads, with their low stone dikes, that traversed the bleak hinterland stretching between Portknockie and his destination; but to-night, as he bicycled along, this loneliness struck him afresh. Perhaps it was the brooding silence of the night that was responsible, perhaps the cloudy darkness that hung like a pall over the country.

At the summit of a steeper ridge he dismounted, turning to catch a glimpse of the village lights and the wide sweep of the bay beneath him. A dull sound rose up to where he stood, the ceaseless drumming of the sea on the wet sands, and a longer, more drawn-out plaint as the breakers sucked their way into the caves of the rocky foreshore to the left of the harbour.

The road he had been following had brought him out almost on the top of the cliffs; thence it turned inland, leading to the Quarries. He was striving almost automatically to pierce the surrounding gloom and locate the various landmarks before him. That dark, shapeless mass jutting into the sea was Skegness Head. There was a ruined dwelling on its summit, he knew, but the darkness rendered it invisible to-night.

What was that? With a startled cry he recoiled, passing his hand hastily across his eyes. An optical illusion of course, the result of strain on the vision! Imagination, bred of rumours that had lately filled the air! No; there it was again, a distinct double flash from the point on which his gaze was fixed, darting in and out of the darkness, and followed by a quick succession of winks. Somebody was attempting to signal messages from the headland out across the silent sea beyond; messages that could have only one object, and that the most sinister; messages that might lead to tragedy and disaster for some of the brave defenders of our shore, that might materially affect the course of history, that might'—

(Continued on page 505.)

SLEEP AND SLEEPLESSNESS.

By BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D.

THE problem of sleep has been for ages the object of poetic wonderment and of philosophic speculation, and since the advent of scientific methods the object of research; yet its fundamental nature and origin still remain obscure. The primary cause of sleep is probably a need for rest on the part of the brain cells from the exercise of their functions. Waste products accumulate during the day, and a rehabilitation period is necessary to restore the brain to its normal condition. During sleep the brain has a diminished blood-supply, and if from any cause the circulation increases in activity wakefulness is the result.

The brain cells during sleep are at rest. If any of them remain active, dreams are the result. We can dream more in a minute than we can relate in an hour, and it is because of the great rapidity of thought in sleep that we cannot always recollect our dreams. The dreams we remember are mostly those which occur during the period when we are just awaking, and that is why our dreams are usually unfinished. Dreams are related mainly to suppressed or dormant hopes and fears and past experiences, and originate chiefly in the subconscious mental life. The troubled and horrid dreams which occur during sickness are probably due to the torturing of the brain by the toxins with which the blood is loaded; and so-called 'nightmares' may be caused by an overloaded stomach, but more often by great mental anxiety.

Sleep, besides being disturbed by dreams, may be defective in other respects; it may be too short, it may be too prolonged, it may not be deep enough, and it may be unrefreshing. The most common complaint is insufficiency of sleep—that is, sleeplessness. As in everything else, the widest differences may be observed between one person and another in regard to the amount of sleep required. There are men who never sleep more than five hours; others must have seven hours regularly, which is the average for vigorous adults; and there are some who sleep nine hours, and even more. Much depends on the nature of the occupation and on habit, and there are in this matter good and bad habits. The habit of sleeping too little is less frequent than that of sleeping too much. Persons of weak intellect sleep more than hard brain-workers, who can do with very little, and yet enjoy good health if they otherwise live correctly. Sleep also varies with the age of the person. Babies sleep the greater part of their time; as they grow older, gradually less sleep is required, until adult life is reached. With the onset of old age more sleep is again needed. The amount

of sleep required varies, too, with the quality, profound and continuous sleep being much more refreshing than superficial and broken sleep.

There are a large number of people who sleep badly, but their insomnia appears under very different forms. There are people who get to sleep with difficulty; others fall asleep easily, but they wake up at the end of a few hours, and cannot get to sleep again; others sleep but with agitated sleep, disturbed by dreams and nightmares, of which they may preserve no memory, but they are conscious of having had an interrupted and disturbed sleep by their state of feeling in the morning. Again, some describe their sleep at night as abnormally profound, but complain that they are so little refreshed by it that they remain drowsy and lethargic during the day, unable to attend to their work. Some people are hypersensitive, so that they are disturbed even by slight noises, such as the ticking of a watch or clock; some are kept awake by discomforts or pain, due to some bodily disorder or disease; others, in perfect health, suffer from sleeplessness due to psychical causes, such as overwork, mental anxiety, grief, and shock. In mental overwork the cerebral cells, being in constant use, are apt to remain active after work has been abandoned, and while this is the case sleep is prevented. Work and worry unfortunately often go together, and the feeling of anxiety keeps the man who worries awake, or so blends with his dreams that sleep is disturbed. At the present day, owing to the general rush of life, and to newspapers, telephones, telegraphs, motor-cars, and the increase of noises, the nervous system is constantly kept at the point of tension, and it is not to be wondered at that sleeplessness is so common a trouble.

Sleeplessness may arise in persons in health from keeping irregular hours. A rule that should be followed by every one is to practise going to bed at a definite hour every night, and to get up at a definite time every morning; moreover, to get up immediately on waking. Our eyelids grow heavy at the time when we habitually go to bed, and by training ourselves to definite time for sleeping, and avoiding all exciting causes prior to going to bed, sleep is almost sure to come. Another rule is to train one's self to fall asleep without delay immediately after retiring. We cannot sleep if we continue to think; we should have done with all serious thoughts before entering our bedroom. If this cannot be accomplished, an attempt should be made to turn the thoughts into different channels. This may be achieved by a dose of light literature, which, however, must not be so interesting that one keeps awake to read. Another plan

is to think of something definite, something pleasant and attractive, calm and reposeful. The subject is bound to vary according to each person's individuality. To the romantic will appeal the moonlight on a quiet sea; to the more material, the contemplation of the good things to enjoy 'when the ship comes home.'

Some people retire to bed with the expectation that because they did not sleep on former nights they will have another bad night. To try hard to go to sleep is often the surest way to keep awake. When one does not sleep, and is impatient because of it, and keeps turning over and over, and growing more and more vexed, one creates an agitation which hinders sleep. It is necessary for the sleepless to lose all fear of insomnia and approach the night with a perfect indifference; for sleep is like a pigeon—it comes to one if one has not the appearance of looking for it, and it flies away when one tries to catch it.

The one procedure which most universally disposes to sound sleep is getting well tired. Often people fail to sleep at night because they take too much rest by day. For them, active exercise in the open air is to be recommended. Unfortunately exercise for the mere sake of exercise is so uninteresting a procedure that few people will follow it out. An element of interest must be introduced, and this is furnished by the various outdoor sports which are now open to both men and women.

Needless to say that in order to sleep well one must be thoroughly comfortable in bed. The bedroom should be spacious, not encumbered with furniture and draperies, and well ventilated, without exposing the sleeper to draughts. Some people sleep well when they have a change of room, and others when they have a change of air. Those who seek complete rest from work should remember that the disturbances of sleep most often come from within, and that the occupation of the vacation must be such as will displace their morbid mental activities by healthy ones. If a man has nothing at all to think about, he will be sure to think of his troubles.

Many people believe that their chance of a good night is enhanced if they take a little spirits-and-water before going to bed; with others it has a contrary effect. Some people take a glass of beer before retiring; its action is due to the hypnotic principle contained in hops. Of course, not everybody can drink beer or spirits, and it would not do to keep up the habit. Most people find that a moderate amount of food promotes slumber. Anyhow, it is difficult to get to sleep on an 'empty stomach,' or at least when the stomach has been empty so long that

gnawing and hunger are felt; on the other hand, an overloaded stomach is not conducive to refreshing sleep, although that condition makes one drowsy.

Considering the misery of a sleepless night and its incapacitating effects the next day, it is not surprising that specifics for its relief should be so eagerly sought after. Though permissible in skilled hands, the self-administration of sleep-compelling drugs is dangerous, for they are all poisons, and a drug habit is easily formed. Moreover, they do not remove the cause which gave rise to the sleeplessness. Often the sleeplessness is a symptom of bodily trouble: of digestive derangements, disturbances of the heart or circulation, asthma, gout, and other diseases, which require the attention of the physician.

In the case of those who suffer from nervous irritability or mental excitement, sleep is sometimes secured by taking a hot bath before going to bed, at a temperature of ninety-nine or one hundred degrees Fahrenheit—that is to say, a little above the temperature of the body—and staying in it for fifteen or twenty minutes. In the case of those suffering from nervous exhaustion I have found the application of mild currents of electricity (galvanism) beneficial. Properly applied, they not only induce a sleep that is pleasant in character, but the patient derives general benefit from their influence. Sometimes the result is immediate, at other times a prolonged course of treatment is required, and in nearly all cases the effects are permanent.

When the insomnia is of psychic origin, psychic treatment is the best. In such cases it is our first duty to ascertain the disturbing element in the patient's mental constitution. It may be that ungratified desires and aspirations, which do not trouble the person consciously, but are buried in his subconsciousness, affect him just when he is on the point of going to sleep; it may be that the fundamental difficulty is a derangement of the moral perspective, that trifles occupy too large a share of his daily attention; it may be that he has got into a mental groove from which he cannot extricate himself; it may be that he has become introspective and watches himself overmuch; or it may be that he is given to worry with or without adequate cause. In all these cases we must apply psychotherapy. The method will vary according to the cause of the sleeplessness and the individuality of the patient; but, whatever method is applied, the aim is the same—namely, to teach the patient mental discipline and auto-suggestion, and to increase his will-power and self-control. Not only does the patient get cured of his sleeplessness, but he acquires powers which will serve him well in his daily work and intercourse with his fellow-men.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *On Old Speyside*, *The Bernardine*, *The Ship of Shadows*, &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE 'MARIE DES ANGES.'

MY first impulse was to rush out, pistol in hand; but the captain laid a strong hand on my wrist. Their next movement took me aback. They came quickly toward us, neither of them casting so much as a look behind them. We held our breaths, our pistols ready, while they came up the slope. Philip stooped and wiped the butt of a pistol on a tussock of grass. 'An accident,' we heard him say, 'a sad accident, and the tide is nearly full.' He laughed softly, and took Innes's arm in his. 'Come, Kenny! you are mortal white about the gills. But you and I are nearly through with this business, man.'

'Be damned, man! I didna like it. . . . Gi'e me a drink.'

They stopped not ten yards from us, and sucked at a flask. There were great beads of sweat on Innes's white face.

'Ye're looking dooms gash, man!' said Philip, frowning. 'I whiles think ye would be better oot o' the business. Wha got the heels o' Foudelle de Boux and the Englishman?'

'It was you,' said Innes.

'And found the paper; and—but ye ken the rest! Wha was it? I ask ye, Kenny.'

'Yourself, and no one else,' said the other. 'But I helpit ye.'

'Ye helpit me,' mimicked Philip. 'Of course ye did, and that's the reason ye'll help me further. If ye keep even the sheep's heart ye have, I think I see in the future a couple of Highland gentlemen, resembling you and myself, with money, *money*, Kenny, in their sporrans forevermore, high up at King James's Court when he comes to his ain.' He took Innes's arm, with a sidelong look at him, and the two passed along the path within a few yards of us. We watched until they disappeared in the distance; and then we ran along the great wedge of rock to the place where the man had been struck down; but, to our astonishment, he was not there.

'The crevasse!' called Bertrand, who was a little way in front. 'See!'

There was a little pool of blood on the ground, two or three feet only from the edge of a fissure that rent the promontory, narrowing to a point half-way across, the sea rumbling hoarsely as it ran up and down the floor far below us. We bent down and peered over the edge. There was nothing to be seen but swirling foam-flecked waters, but the same thought showed in our eyes as we stood up and looked at each other.

'Murder!' said Bertrand. 'The man has been knocked senseless and then shoved over. Innes

shall have Cousin Philip's company when he swings!'

There was no room for doubt. Whoever the man was, the sea had him. It was murder, calculated, cold-blooded. But to linger would serve no purpose, for we had the main business on hand. We turned our backs on the crevice and once more began our hunt westward. A mile or more of shingle below us bordered a crescent of sand that swung round to a little promontory, the western point of the dent in the coastline between the horns of the crescent—cliffs, shingle, sand, and sea forming an amphitheatre.

Anthony was in front. Suddenly he stopped and stared into the distance. 'Gowk! Gomeral that I am! Look! I've racked my brains ower the Fountain Reef, and, by the Lord, there it is starin' me i' the face! "The Spout," they call it. I've seen it a hunder times.' He pointed to the farthest point of the little bay. I could see nothing for a minute or two, until, a little way out to sea, a white sparkling column of water suddenly rose, hovered in the wind for a moment, and collapsed as swiftly as it came. It was about twenty feet high, a beautiful pillar of green and white. The effect was as sudden as a cannon's shot hitting the water. Another couple of minutes and up it reared again, to dissolve in a glittering rain of diamonds.

'The Fountain Reef!' Bertrand exclaimed; and as we watched it rise and fall, Glenira's choice of a name for it was justified. The spray feathered from its crest exactly like a fountain.

'Sailormen and the folk here call it "The Spout," but Glenira wasna to ken that. My word on't, the wreck is here somewhere. "The Spout" only blows at high-water and in a northerly wind, when the reef is covered.' Anthony spied all round with the glass carefully. 'Nobody about! We'll bide here till the ebb, and see—what we'll see.'

We lay down in the bents. Too excited and anxious to talk, exchanging a few monosyllables only, we kept our eyes glued to the column of spray. The sea retreated with a maddening slowness. It seemed hours before the fountain dwindled to a rabble of breaking waves, to show through them a lurking black streak, the spine of the reef. Farther out, a white shoulder of a wave rose and broke on something. Another and another followed as the ebb ran out.

The captain, staring intently at the place, the blue spark of his eye alight, called, '*There she is!*' and at the words a spar pierced the surface, a broken bowsprit, plainly to be seen, black and distinct against the foam of the retreating wave. The smoke of a stream of spray trailed for an

instant above a pencilling on the surface water. It might have been driftwood. I held my breath, next moment to give a gasp of relief. The top of a white figurehead was catching the sun! We rose to our feet at the sight, and watched the ebb slowly uncover the dead ship.

In half-an-hour her lines were clear. She lay nearly head on to us, with a heavy list seaward, stern well down, her back broken, the water streaming through her amidships. The masts were as depicted in Glenira's rough sketch, mere stumps snapped off a few feet from the deck. The sight of her wrought in me a sense of tragedy. To have come so far, a brave live thing, only to lie down beaten on this obscure and lonely shore until the North Sea wore her, inch by inch, to her slow ultimate obliteration, held something pitiful and irrational in it. If ever I own a wrecked ship, I pray that I may never see her last berth.

The curvature of the coastline hid her from eyes from the land except any on the cliffs' tops; and there we stood silently watching her.

At last I spoke the thought of us all. 'Are we in time?'

Bertrand had been pacing up and down like a caged tiger. 'Let us put an end to this. "Are we in time?" has haunted me long enough,' he exclaimed.

The ship was barely five hundred yards from the shingle below us. Her bows, high on a sandbank, were now nearly dry. We clambered down the rocks, through the shingle, and waited impatiently, chafing at the pace of the leisurely ebb. Bertrand, knee-deep in the water, was the first to reach her, the captain and I close behind him. Soon we were in her bows, watching the water sucking through the rent amidships.

It was plain that other hands than the sea's had been at work, for the *Marie des Anges* was as bare as a bone. The country-people and fishermen had stripped her of everything that could be turned into money or used for firewood. The very bolts, the poop and railings, had been taken away. The marks of axes showed everywhere.

We went down the broken companion, twisting suddenly to the entrance of the doorless cabin. Inside there was nothing but a tangle of imprisoned seaweed. The woodwork had been stripped to the ribs, and the sand left by recurring tides lay in wet patches on the battered floor. Everywhere we found the same emptiness. There was nothing in the hold except stones. The brig had sailed with ballast.

When the rearguard of the ebb gave her a farewell spiteful splash, the sands dried quickly, so that we could walk round her. On her stern, slanting down, half-buried in sand, we read:

*Marie des Anges,
Harfleur.*

Keeping out of sight on her port in case of inquisitive eyes on the cliff, we watched in a

curious constrained silence the widening sand. The minutes crawled past. The strip of sand widened from half-a-dozen paces to ten, fifteen, twenty.

'Now,' said Bertrand, 'as the captain said, "we shall see what we shall see."' His words and his air were nonchalant, but there was a faint tremor in his voice.

We were going toward the rim of the sea, when we stopped like one man and looked at each other with sinking hearts. Fifteen paces from the *Marie des Anges'* stern was a grave-shaped hole in the sand, nearly full of water.

We stood, shaken out of speech, staring at it. Every fibre in me told me beyond argument that we were too late. Left Hand had beaten us.

Anthony bent down and picked up something from the sand, wiped it on his sleeve, and held it up between finger and thumb. The light caught it. It was a *louis d'or*! 'Luck's against us!' said he, peering into the water. 'This hole isna a day old.'

His voice reflected our dreary thoughts.

'The money is gone. Much staring at each other will not bring it back,' said Bertrand ruefully.

'Yet it canna be far away. Better come out o' sight,' suggested the captain; and in the shadow of the wreck we paced up and down, striving to steady our thoughts.

The blow was a staggering one; but there were two chances left to us. Either the hole in the sand was an unsuccessful attempt to strike the *cache*, and the money was still undiscovered, or the two thieves had found it and were in possession of it.

'Look ye, sirs,' said Anthony, 'if ony o' the money is still buried hereaboot, then as sure as death my twa gentry 'll come back to dig for it, unless they get an inklin' that we are here. If they have lifted the money—and I think they have—then, tak' my word, they 'll be for up anchor and awa'. They maun be near at hand, and they dinna ken me. If I tak' a turn around the place, see the ships and my friends at Findhorn ower there, and maybe get a cargo, what 'll hinder me to keep my een and ears open for news o' them? There's nobody at the port would connect me wi' the wreck, or wi' anything but Anthon' Brander comin' to bespeak a charter and turn an honest shillin'. Let me gang to Findhorn.'

This plan was agreed upon. We arranged to watch the wreck from a hollow in the sand-hills, Anthony to meet us there with all speed after his visit to Findhorn. He came with us to the rendezvous, and then went off at a great pace westward. The place was out of the wind, and we made shift to be as comfortable as we could, one watching the sands and the remains of the brig, while the other slept.

(Continued on page 498.)

SOLDIER NURSES.

By JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

WHEN a soldier goes to war he starts out with a certain glamour of romance and a halo of excitement which often overshadows the deep-down gnawing of the heart of those to whom his life is so precious and his comradeship so dear. This has always been so. The going forth to war is a pageant which has come down to us from the earliest ages; and whether it was the individual whose armour was buckled on by his loving spouse, or whether it was the regiment marching away with the beating of drums and the blare of music, there was always something which captivated the heart and made the blood pulse more quickly, and attracted even the laziest laggard to join. When the day of the passing was over, those who remained behind had many a sad presentiment, and the one gay morning was often followed by a succession of sorrowing evenings.

So long as health and strength remain, there is always a sense of security and a capacity to fend, each man for himself, under all conditions of service; but when wounds are suffered and sickness falls, the history of all wars has its chapters written in a minor key and with a pathos which exists to this day; and even with regard to those wars that were waged centuries ago, there is a perennial sadness for the reader about the incidence of failing strength and ravaging disease. Schoolboys construing their *Virgil* still sorrow over the wounds and deaths of the heroes, and the longing for the *dulces Argos* is echoed to-day, as it ever will be wherever men fight and fall sick away from home.

Mothers and daughters, wives and sweethearts, are prepared to bear news of death with the same fortitude that they ever bear the inevitable; but what gives them sleepless nights and days of anxiety is the gnawing thought that when their beloved one is helpless with sickness or wounds he will lie neglected and uncared for in the stress of military needs, and that in his loneliness and suffering there will be none to tend him and none to ease his pain. This is the impression which many have of what war means, because it is what has occurred time after time in the past.

To-day, however, the care of the sick is as important a matter as the equipment of the sound. The wise General has learnt that he cannot conquer with a sick army, and that movements of speed and accuracy become more and more impossible the more hampered he is with those who are incapable of marching. The modern General, therefore, has learnt that one of the essential needs of a successful campaign is to deal promptly and efficiently with every one of his sick and wounded. He needs every man

in his fighting-line, and he cannot afford to have chronic invalids. He needs the services of every man on his military duties, and cannot have his soldiers occupied in caring for and tending the increasing number of those who are incapacitated.

From the point of view of strategy, and apart from all humanitarian ideals, it is the duty of every good commander to keep every soldier in sound health, to get every soldier who is sick or wounded as quickly as possible well and fit again, and to transmit every seriously wounded or dangerously ill soldier back from his command at the earliest possible moment, so that he may always have his army fit, ready, and untrammelled to carry out the urgent military duties which may have to be done at any time, and which demand the utmost energy and intelligence of every one of his men.

When it is considered in this light, we recognise that the department for dealing with the sick and wounded is not a mere by-part of army organisation, or one which may be neglected or badly managed. It is so essential and integral a part of success in the field that the very highest organisation, science, and skill are applied to it.

Upon general grounds, therefore, it may be accepted even by the most timorous that, so far as is possible, every sick soldier will be as well cared for in war as he is in time of peace, and that all the resources of anæsthetics, medicines, surgery, and nursing will be placed at his service during a campaign even more insistently than they were when he was a civilian. This is a consoling thought to soldiers who are already enlisted, and to those who are anxious to become protectors of the Empire; and still more so to all the loving hearts who are remaining at home and bearing their share of the work that is to be done in a crisis like this.

Passing on from the general principles which underlie the treatment of the sick and wounded in war, let me deal in detail for a moment with the class of men to whom are entrusted these most important duties.

In the first place, in the medical organisation of the army there are the physicians and surgeons. These are selected with great care from the best type of civil practitioners, and they are given commissions which make them soldiers of the king, and which take them away from all other duties in life, and enable them to devote their utmost skill, thought, and heart to the welfare of the army. In addition to the great number of these well-qualified men, it is sufficient to read the names of the great consulting surgeons and physicians who have been attached to the military medical services to be assured that

what is best will be done, and that there is no niggardliness with regard to the provision of the highest skill that the twentieth century possesses. Just as a great hospital is staffed with its consulting physicians and surgeons, visiting physicians and surgeons, house physicians and surgeons, clerks and dressers, matrons, sisters, nurses, and probationers, so in the same way the military organisation is staffed with as complete a personal staff as is any civil hospital, only on a gigantic scale. The supervision is so complete that every man in the great machine is under the observation of a superior, and his responsibility to the superior under whom he works is constant.

Let me take as an illustration what happens to a soldier sick or wounded at the front; and then let me take, as another illustration, the course of training of one particular bit of the organisation through which he passes.

A man gets a bullet through his arm when he is in the trenches by day. There will be somewhere not far away one of the trained stretcher-bearers of his battalion, or a regimental medical officer of his battalion, or both. A man has always sewn into his uniform a first field-dressing, so that within quite a short time of getting his wound he will have it carefully dressed and bandaged up. He will probably have to wait in the trenches until night; but on the first opportunity he will either walk or be carried back to the nearest dressing-station or the point to which the field ambulances come up to collect the wounded. Here he will meet others who are being brought in, in the same way, until a sufficient number are collected. The first ambulance-wagon that comes will at once be filled, and our wounded soldier will be transported as rapidly as possible back to a Casualty Clearing Station, and there he will get further skilled medical attention, or he will be put on a train and carried right back to a hospital in the rear. At the Casualty Clearing Station there will be surgeons and trained soldier nurses, and on the train there will be a similar staff; and when he gets back to the stationary hospital he will receive the same complete attention as in any hospital at home.

It will be seen from this that a man comes under skilled nursing and medical attendance almost from the moment he is wounded right to the time that he is placed in the bed at a hospital of rest far in the rear.

In earlier days, horse ambulances, country wagons, cattle-trucks, and slow trains and many stoppages, made the journey from the front to the hospital at the rear a time of great suffering; but now motor-ambulances, rubber tyres, good springs, fast corridor and heated trains, slung cots, travelling kitchens, and travelling hospitals reduce to a minimum the weariness of this journey. A man may be wounded in the trenches on a Monday evening, and before

Tuesday is past he may be tucked in a clean bed, with the operation finished and every skill and care surrounding him!

Now let me turn to the training of the men whom I have called 'soldier nurses,' and let me take as an example a field ambulance. A field ambulance consists of some two hundred and nineteen men and ten officers, of whom nine must be medical men. Just as hospital nurses are attracted from a class of women to whom this branch of work especially appeals, owing to their temperament and disposition, so in the same way the nursing side of the army appeals to a class of men of a different type, generally speaking, from those who form the fighting branch of the service.

In the ranks of the R.A.M.C. you will find clergy of various denominations, artists, humanitarians, and members of that large class who are not themselves afraid to die, but who have a horror of killing others. It is easy to face danger when your blood is up and the animal passion is hot within you; but it requires bravery of a very high type to go quietly on your mission of healing and tending the wounded when shot and shell are falling thickly, and when at any minute a rush of troops and of cold steel will trample you and overwhelm you in your defenceless condition.

The R.A.M.C., therefore, essentially attracts to itself a class of man who is at his best when soldiers are helpless and wounded, and are longing for home and all the comradeship and comforts of their kith and kin. When the men are enlisted they are at once set to school—to daily teaching in anatomy, physiology, nursing, first-aid, bandaging, hygiene, and sanitation. Where opportunity occurs, when they have passed through their courses in theory, they are sent to local hospitals, where they have opportunities of learning in the ward and the operating theatre how to apply principles to practice. They learn there, too, all those little touches which trained women-nurses can teach, and which make all the difference between comfort and discomfort to a sick man in bed. A selected number get a training in cooking under skilled teaching, because a field ambulance has to be prepared to cook for and feed all the sick that come under its care. In addition to theory, the men are daily trained in physical exercises, marching, stretcher-bearing, loading the wounded into wagons and trains, and unloading them, so that by constant practice at home they become handy and adept in the art of carrying, moving, and transporting the sick and wounded abroad. Coming daily into contact in their training with their officers who are medical men, it is not surprising that, as the result of this intense application and devotion of the greater part of all their days to learning their duties, at the end of six months the majority of them are quite fit and capable of being put in charge of

broken-down troops, with the consciousness that they know how to handle them, and how to carry out hospital routine; and that they understand those methods by which men can be

restored to health as speedily as possible, the means by which pain can be reduced, and the appliances by which comfort and well-being can be secured.

BETTY GRIER.

By JOSEPH LAING WAUGH,

Author of *Robbie Doo*, *Cracks wi' Robbie Doo*, *Thornhill and its Worthies*, &c.

CHAPTER V.

OF late I have noticed that Betty, in the course of our frequent cracks, has with considerable tact and adroitness turned the topic of our conversation into channels matrimonial and domestic. I know full well that my state of celibacy is to her a subject of wonderment and speculation; but, though other cases similar to my own have been commented upon—threshed to chaff, I may say—she has never, until to-day, come to close quarters, and vested the matter with any direct personal application. How she manœuvred and worked her way round was distinctly characteristic, but not worth detailing; and I shall not readily forget the surprise, and, I might say, incredulity, with which she received my assertion that I had never married for the very simple reason that I had never been in love.

With her head thoughtfully to one side, she plied her needles assiduously. 'Ye're—let me see noo, ye'll be'—

'Thirty next birthday, Betty,' I promptly answered.

'Ay, imphm! Ye're quite richt; ye're juist exactly that, an' nae mair. Lovan me, imphm!' and she laughed and looked toward me. 'And, eh! d'ye mean to tell me—seriously noo—that ye're here at this time o' day witheot havin' met ony young leddy ye could mak' your wife?'

She was probing very near the quick, and I puffed vigorously at my pipe. 'Seriously and truthfully, Betty, I haven't yet met the woman I could marry.'

'Gosh me! that's maist extraorinar', Maister Weelum, an' you within a cat's jump o' thirty. It's almost inconceivable! It strikes me ye havena been lookin' aboot ye very eidently, for it's no' as if there was a scarcity o' women-folk. There's aye routh to pick an' choose frae; at least, if there's no' in Edinbro, there's plenty in Thornhill. It may happen, though, that ye're ower parteecular, or it may be ye're lookin' oot for yin wi' a towsy tocher. Ministers an' lawyers, they tell me, ha'e a wonderfu' penetration in sniffin' oot siller, an' the faculty o' placin' their he'rt where the handy lies.'

'That may be, Betty; but I must be an exception to this rule among lawyers, for I can assure you monetary considerations would never influence me. More than that, Betty, I don't

consider my case altogether hopeless, although I am nearly thirty. There's luck in leisure, and you mustn't forget that you can't command love. It has to come of its own free-will—unasked, as it were; and when it comes, rest assured it won't be a case of pounds, shillings, and pence with me. The fact is, Betty, I'm waiting.'

'Faith, ye're richt there; an' let me tell ye this, Maister Weelum, if ye wait much langer ye'll be gray-headed.'

'Yes, yes, Betty; but I mean I'm waiting for a particular young lady.'

'Oh, I see! Then ye ken o' yin?'

'Well, yes'—

'An' ye're waitin' on her growin' up, watchin' her as ye wad watch a Newton pippin ripenin'!'

'No, no! Betty, you misunderstand me. I know of a young lady; but—well, the truth is, I haven't met her yet—at least not in the flesh. Now, now, Betty, don't laugh at me till I explain.'

'Oh, Maister Weelum! I'll no' laugh. It strikes me it's mair a matter o' greetin'. But never mind; ca' your gird.'

'Well, Betty, to make a long story short, a few years ago I had a dream, and in that dream I saw a face and heard a voice—a woman's face and a woman's voice. I was very much impressed at the time, and that face has haunted me ever since. Among my friends I am not considered, in the generally accepted sense of the term, a woman's man. Strenuous work, facing hard matter-of-fact events, glimpses into the matrimonial tragedies of not a few lives, and the toll in time and thought which a growing business exacts have to an extent blighted the growth of the sentimentality which usually creeps into a man's heart between twenty and thirty. Somehow I have allowed matters to drift—to shape their own ends, or, as you would say, to work out their own salvation—in the full assurance, however, and with the hope strong within me, that some day the lady of my dream will come into my life, that I will again see that face and hear that voice. So far I have waited in vain; but I am not discouraged, for I feel my fate lies in my dream, and, as I say, I am waiting still.'

Betty resumed her knitting, for her needles had been idle while I was speaking.

'Imphm!' she said at length; 'an' that's hoo the land lies! Fancy that noo, a great, big,

wiselike man like you hankerin' after the face o' a woman ye had seen when ye were sleepin', an' a' the time without a doot lettin' chances slip by ye o' catchin' what ye micht ha'e gruppit. Hoots! hoots! Maister Weelum, that's surely a senseless ploy. Mair than that, I've nae brew o' dreams, although I confess that there's much in Scripture hinges on them. They were the makin' o' Joseph, a loupin'-on-stane to Daniel, an' a godsend to the prophets on mair than ae occasion. There's nae gettin' away frae it; but for a' that, as I say, I've nae brew o' them. I mind since o' dreamin' that I was sittin' doon to my tea, an' that I was eatin' the best bit o' boiled ham that ever I tasted in a' my life; an' the next mornin'—the very next mornin', Maister Weelum—my soo dee'd. Anither time—it was on a Setterday nicht, I mind—I dreamed that the kitchen lum was on fire; an' on the Sunday mornin', when I keekit up to see that it was a' richt, a young doo tummelt doon an' nearly frightened the life oot o' me. An' there was Peggy Rae—Mrs Wallace, ye ken—a real, nice, God-fearin' woman she is, an' a regular attender o' the prayer meetin's—weel, three times in ae nicht she dreamed that an auld auntie o' hers had come hame frae Ameriky an' gi'en her the present o' three hunner pounds; an' what think ye, Maister Weelum, she wasna weel through wi' her breakfast when her mither-in-law—an' auld, Godless, totterin' heathen she was—was brocht to her door in a cairt, took to her bed in Peggy's wee back-room, an' was the plague o' her life for weel on for a dizen years. Na, na, Maister Weelum; dreams are queer, contrary, unchancy things to sweer by. Tak' my advice, forget a' about your dream-leddy, as ye ca' her; cuist your e'e about on what ye can see an' grup, an' losh me! a faceable-lookin' man like you needna grapple lang. But I'm daft, sittin' clatterin' here an' the tatties at the sypein'. Tak' tent o' what I say, though, Maister Weelum, for ye're nearin' that time o' life when an unmarried man stammers into a rut that he's no' easy got oot o'.

Betty's warning gave me food for reflection for long after she left me—so much so, indeed, that as I quietly strolled along the Cundy road an hour or two afterwards, in the early afternoon, every chaffinch sang not to me but at me, and the burden of his song seemed to be, 'Tak' tent, tak' tent, and mind, do mind, the rut, rut, rut.'

In the sunshine too, amid nature in all its reality and activity, dreams and visions seemed strangely far away and unimportant. In my little room, with all its haunting associations, the story of my dream-lady had a becoming setting and an uncommonly substantial foundation. But here, with the breeze playing among the shimmering leaves of the gnarled poplars, the merry song of the birds in the plantation, and the sunshine lying on the white parallel-tracked road, it seemed more of an illusion,

something very unreal and fanciful, and I actually blushed that I, a solid, stolid man of thirty, should have narrated such a story with so much gravity, and pinned to it a significance so personal and material.

Absorbed in thought, I ambled along, heedless alike of time or distance, until at length, with surprise at my strength and staying-power, I noted that I had walked almost to the Nithbank Wood. I felt neither tired nor inconvenienced; and when I considered that I had been only a month or two under Dr Grierson's care, I felt I had accomplished a very wonderful feat indeed. True, I had rested all the forenoon, and even now I was heavily supporting myself on two stout hazel staffs; yet never since my accident had I walked so far without fatigue, and I felt relieved and elated beyond words.

I halted for a little in the grateful shade of a spreading lime, feasting my eyes on scenery dear and familiar to me since boyhood—the little round wood at the Cundy foot, every tree in which I had climbed in quest of young squirrels; the clump of geans at Holmhill, whose wild purple-brown fruit was sweeter far than any coddled garden cherries; the sweep of the Nith at the Ellers, where I had so often 'dooked' and fished; and the mossy, wild-thyme carpeted 'howmes'—our playground of long ago. The murmuring Nith recalled to me the Auld Gillfit, with its gray-blue pebbled beach and its banks of upstanding raspberry-bushes and twisting, prickly brambles, and with extraordinary intensity the desire sprang up within me to view its charms once more.

Buoyed up by pleasurable anticipations, forgetful of my weakness and the uneven, rutted slope, I opened the little wicket, and, without misgiving, entered the wood.

Through the green, quivering foliage I caught glimpses here and there of rippling, dancing wavelets, nodding brown-headed segg grasses, and patches of shimmering, sunlit sands. With eyes strained to catch each well-known feature, I stumbingly descended the rugged bank, and very soon, more by luck than careful guidance, I reached my goal. A hedge of waving willows screened from me the Cundy stream; but its joyous rhythmic ripple, as it washed its sandy, pebbled bed, sounded in my ear like the crooning song my mother used to sing when I lay on her knee as a child.

This was the dear old spot, the bank where we lay after our 'dook,' baking our naked bodies in the warm sun's rays; here the little sandy isle where we played at pirates and castaways, cooking a guddled yellow trout over a 'smeeky' green-wood fire, and washing it down with luke-warm water from the stream; there, through the arches' span, the Doctor's Tarn, where the grayling used to lie; and away beyond, the quiet grassy uplands of the Keir and the gray-green hills of Glencairn fading into the horizon.

Seating myself on the sun-browned turf, I lit my pipe. How long I sat I cannot say, for I was lost in reverie, and, truth to tell, just a little fatigued by my unusual exertions. Suddenly, however, it came to me that I wasn't alone. This fact was first proclaimed by a curling wreath of smoke on the other side of the willows. Then the aroma of a well-seasoned havana greeted my nostrils, and I rose to my feet to reconnoitre.

Walking a little up-stream, I came to an opening in the willow-hedge, and there, on a sand-knoll at the foot of the bank, sat a man—a clergyman, judging by his dress; while a little in front of him, and almost on the water's edge, was a tall young lady standing before an easel. I saw the man in profile—elderly and gray-bearded he was; but the lady's back was turned to me, and she was much engrossed with her canvas.

I must have walked very noiselessly, as neither of them seemed aware of my presence; and this I counted strange, since I had made no attempt at stealthiness, and they were so near me that I could almost have touched them. I stood for a minute silent and undecided whether or not to make my presence known.

Before I could make up my mind, the artist ceased work, and, stepping a few feet to her left, studied the effect from the altered standpoint. This gave me the much-desired opportunity of seeing the picture, and I noted with peculiar pleasure that it was part of the view in which I had just been revelling. And the subject, difficult and ideal though it was, had been touched by no unworthy, amateurish hand. The old red-sandstone bridge, mellowed in a soft western light, was a centre round which much broad, skilful, loving work was evidenced. Oil was her medium—rather an unusual one, I thought, for a lady; and in the brief glance I got I noticed she had imparted to her canvas the true atmosphere, and that it contained in colour, drawing, and composition the essentials of really good work.

Her clergyman companion closed his book, relit his cigar, and consulted his watch. 'Much as I expect of this picture as a big draw at my bazaar, and anxious as I am to take it back with me to-morrow to Laurieston, I'm afraid I must call you to a halt. It's almost five o'clock.'

'Just one wee, wee minute,' the artist pleaded in a singularly sweet voice, which seemed to me far away, yet strangely familiar.

A few deft, bold touches, the while her small head critically swayed from one side to the other.

'Finis! finis!' she called at length; 'and I'm sorry to part with it, as I love this subject.'

With a face flushed with success, she turned to her companion. Then her eyes met mine, and I stood breathless and transfixed, for I had heard the voice, and was looking into the face, of my dream-lady!

The fact that I was in the presence of one who had mysteriously influenced me for the last ten years, one whom I had seen in my dreams

but never met, thrilled me through and through, and I felt bewildered and benumbed. Had I been in normal health, doubtless I should have boldly faced a situation so psychologically strange and alluring; but in my present enfeebled condition I had no craving for the occult and romantic, and when I was freed from the spell of my dream-lady's eyes my first impulse was to retrace my steps and immediately regain the highroad.

I turned at once, in my haste struck my heel against one of my staffs, and fell heavily on the sloping pathway. My tweed hat fell from my head and rolled away down the bank, but I made no effort to recover it. With extreme difficulty I rose to my feet, and, gripping my two staffs in a strong grasp, started again to reach the crest of the wooded brow.

One of the peculiar effects of my accident is that I cannot raise my body on my toes. When going upstairs I have to turn sideways, and in an awkward, laboured fashion lift one foot over the other; and in negotiating this ascent, in which the same muscles were called into action, I had to take a zigzag course which demanded great caution and care, as there was no pathway, and the surface was treacherous and uneven.

I stood for a moment before I entered on my arduous undertaking, irresolute and hesitating, swayed by two conflicting impulses. Here was the fulfilment of my dream. Down there, a little beyond the hedge of willows, stood one, the memory of whose sweet, pensive face had haunted me for years; whose living presence I had prayed for, yearned for; and whose influence, unconsciously exerted, had dominated my being and kept me unscathed in the midst of many temptations. It was the culmination of ten years' expectancy and waiting. A series of remarkable coincidences and strange providential workings had matured, and here was I spurning a friendly interposition of the Fates, and fleeing away as if I were a cowardly, shamefaced culprit. Why should I act so? Why should I not face the situation and await this flow in the tide of my affairs?

Then in thought I traversed the long, dreary road which during the past years I had walked alone. Hastily I reviewed the picture I had often conjured up of what our meeting would be, the contemplation of which had yielded me so much sacred, secret pleasure. Strange, I had always painted her as I had seen her a minute ago, even to the detail of pose and attitude. She—well, she was just my dream-lady, faithful in every respect to my imaginings; and in this picture, in response to her inviting smile of recognition, I was by her side, strong in body, resolute of will, sure of having at last met my affinity.

Strong in body! Resolute of will! Was I? Ah, the humiliation of the truth! Why, as I stood there, I was tottering on my feet like an octogenarian, convulsively clutching two hazel staffs for support, and so irresolute that I could

scarce form an idea of what my next move would be. What a metamorphosis! what a pitiful spectacle!—an object surely for sympathy, but not likely to inspire love or admiration. No, no, she must not see me thus; and, quickly disposing of all other considerations, I turned my back upon fate and commenced the ascent.

Painfully I dragged myself along. Never once did I look backward, for I soon found that I had essayed a task requiring all my concentrated attention. Urged on by a consuming desire to get away, I at first made wonderful progress. But as the minutes passed, and the ascent became steeper, I felt my will-power diminishing, my strength gradually growing less, and my knack of happily negotiating ruts and obstacles deserting me at every step. Once I lost my balance and slipped down the slope; but I clutched the dried tufted grass with a frenzied hand, and crawled up on my knees to where my hazel had dropped. Again I started, and again I fell, this time losing grip of both my staffs and also any confidence in myself that was left. Flushed and breathless, I rose to my knees, and with feverish energy began to crawl uphill. But my haste was my undoing, for with it my caution disappeared. Twice the wisps of grass by which I hauled myself broke in my hand, and I slipped down, each time losing any little headway I had made. Again I slipped. Then despair took hold of me, and, with limbs exhausted and relaxed, and eyes moistened by thoughts of weakness and acknowledged defeat, I sank to the ground.

For a few minutes I lay oblivious to everything around me. Then the sound of approaching footsteps and snatches of faintly audible conversation recalled me; and wearily and painfully I raised myself to a half-reclining, half-sitting position, with my back turned to the direction whence the sounds proceeded.

'Yes, it's a very decent hat,' said a voice which I recognised as that of the clergyman; 'a very decent, serviceable hat indeed; and I dare say it may as well be restored to its owner, though the drunken scamp deserves little consideration.'

'Oh, surely he's not drunk, Mr Edmondstone?'

'Most assuredly he is,' replied the cleric. 'While you were busy on your canvas he was doubtless lying somewhere hereabouts, sleeping off the effects. Believe me, no man would stagger about a braeface as he did unless he were under the influence of drink.'

'Dearie me, Mr Edmondstone! dearie me! are you not forgetting? Faith, Hope, Charity; and the greatest of these is Charity. Charity of judgment is beautiful, Mr Edmondstone. You are—or at least you should be—preaching that every Sunday. But in this case, whatever you presume, I, at all events, will maintain it was no drunken look he gave me. I admit his movements were suspicious; but—well, we'll soon find out. Please hand me his hat.'

'What! You surely don't mean to tell me you are going to speak to him?'

'Certainly. Why shouldn't I? Either you or I shall have to give him his hat, and—sh! sh! I'm afraid he's hearing all we are saying.'

My dream-lady was quite right. I hadn't missed a single word that had passed; and—passive, but with the hot blood mounting my neck and cheek—I had without protest allowed the charge of drunkenness to be made against me. I felt too weak and humiliated to make any defence. What mattered it to me, after all, what they thought, so long as they kept at a distance from me and left me to my own resources? They might have passed me, and I would have made no sign that I was aware of their presence; but when I heard my dream-lady's decision to be the bearer of my old tweed hat I started violently and looked keenly toward her. With my chin resting on my tired, lacerated hands, I watched her carefully picking her steps along the tangled incline. The fact that there was no escaping an interview was borne home to me so forcibly that it led to speedy resignation, which not only relieved my pent-up feelings, but also enabled me to observe her dispassionately, and study, without bias, her face and form. What my estimate was I cannot tell, or, rather, I will not tell; but when she reached me, with a flushed face, a half-frightened, half-defiant look in her eye, and my old tweed hat in her hand, I felt she had been aware of my critical scrutiny and resented it, although my opinion, favourable or otherwise, was to her of no consequence whatever.

'Thank you very much for bringing my hat to me,' I said awkwardly; 'and thank you still more for your belief in my sobriety.'

She looked at me for a minute, the while all evidence of fear or distrust vanished from her face. Then she smiled—smiled a true smile, with parted lips that disclosed two rows of pearly teeth, and soft fringed eyes that showed in their depths trust in humanity and joy of life.

'Oh, please don't thank me for either,' she said, in a low, sweet-toned voice. 'Your hat is too good to lose. It is no trouble to return it; and as for the other—eh!—matter—well'—and she looked round about her on the russet woods, the peaceful fields, and away to the west where the faint sunset glow was suffused along the Glencairn hills—'I could not bring my mind to associate such glories as these with any state so mean and degrading; and I'm glad—yes, I'm glad—that I was right.'

I bowed in silent gratitude.

'I don't want to appear inquisitive, she continued; 'but would you mind telling me why you acted so peculiarly in zigzagging up this incline instead of taking the path by the boundary beech-hedge? And, oh dear, dear! your hands are bleeding! Have you no handkerchief? See,

here is one;' and she pleadingly held out a dainty piece of lace cambric which I could easily have put inside my watch-case.

Refusing her kind offer with thanks, I produced a sonsy specimen of Betty's laundry-work, which I rolled round my right-hand thumb. 'It is more than kind of you to interest yourself in a stranger,' I said, without looking up. 'The fact is, I haven't been feeling very fit lately. The effects of a nasty accident have kept me too much indoors; but to-day, feeling a little stronger than usual, I extended my walk, and very foolishly determined to visit a particular spot here which, through boyish associations, is very dear to me. As it happened, I found you occupying it; and not wishing to disturb you in your work, and eager to regain the highway, I over-exerted myself, lost my footing, my patience, courage, and my two sticks, and—and here I am! But I've got my second wind now. I'll rest here just a little longer, and everything will be all right.'

'Dearie me,' she said, and she caught a straying tress of dark hair and tucked it securely underneath her tam-o'-shanter, 'how very easily one may be deceived by appearances! Mr Edmondstone thought you were—well, you know; and I thought you had seen a ghost. I'm very sorry to know of your illness, and it is lucky, after all, that we were about. If you feel sufficiently rested, my friend and I will assist you up to the wicket.'

She offered her good services with such an ingratiating, confident air, anticipating neither denial nor protest, that I was downright sorry to say her nay.

'No, no,' I said nervously, and I am afraid ungraciously; 'I shall manage all right by myself. Thank you all the same. But there is one kind action you might do on my behalf. Down there, below that little knoll, and somewhere in the long grass, are my two hazels. I—I lost grip of them somehow. They rolled down, and I couldn't very well reach them again. Once I have them in my hands I'll feel myself again. Would you mind getting them for me?'

'Certainly,' she said with alacrity; and, slipping down the few yards of irregular turf, she soon returned with my hazels. 'Are you quite

sure now I can be of no further service to you?' she asked, as she handed them to me.

God knows there was much she could do for me, and I yearned to tell her so; but I felt her presence beginning to dominate me; and as I was strangely out of humour with myself, and utterly incapable of acting the part I had in my day-dreams anticipated, I made haste to call up what remnant of will-power I had left.

'You have been exceedingly kind to me, a stranger,' I stammered. 'Believe me, I appreciate what you have done, and—good-afternoon.' And in confusion I raised my hat.

She looked inquiringly at me for a moment, and I saw speech trembling on her lip; but with a little effort she checked it. Then, with a smile and a slight inclination of her head, she walked slowly, and I imagined thoughtfully, toward her companion. I heard the wicket opening on its creaking hinges, and clicking as it closed in its iron fastening. Voices in animated conversation became fainter and fainter, rhythmic sounds of footsteps died away into silence, and I lay back on the bank among the brown wispy grass and the red autumn leaves with a joy and thankfulness in my heart I had never experienced before. And my joy was not born of the knowledge that my dream-lady was a reality. Somehow, I had never doubted that. Rather was it that I had convinced myself that she possessed all the virtues and qualities with which I had vested her; and that, short as our interview had been, and commonplace as our conversation had proved, there was pervading it all the feeling, peculiar and indefinable, that what had taken place was merely a prelude to something more satisfying, a foretaste of greater happiness in store. What mattered it that I didn't know her name or where she had gone? Sufficient to me to know I was being guided aright, that the Fates were with me, and that by degrees the curtain would be drawn aside and my way made clear.

The birds trilled sweetly the last lingering notes of their lullaby, the Cundy stream crooned lovingly a song I had never heard before, and the glamour of the gloaming took possession of my soul.

(Continued on page 510.)

BEN BECULA.

By M. A. MACLEAN.

From the lone shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

THE above lines, sometimes said to be the translation of a Gaelic poem written by an exile from Uist, may not inappropriately, perhaps, introduce my readers to an island in Scotland

whose name, to English ears, is suggestive of the South Pacific. It is one of the group known as the Outer Hebrides, a land round which much ancient and interesting history clusters, and which has a charm and a glamour all its own, casting its spell over every one who has seen the joyous radiance of its summer or the moonlit nights when the call of the

curlew and the sandpiper comes across the sea. Here Nature reigns supreme, and her varied sounds tell of the silent shores, the moors, and the reedy places that form part of this fascinating island.

That group of the Outer Hebrides known respectively as North Uist, Benbecula, South Uist, and Barra form what is called the Long Island. The first three are, when the tide recedes, virtually one island, as for the time being the wet sands become the king's highway, over which His Majesty's mails and all other traffic go, at considerable risk of damage and loss of life, for, added to the danger of its sea-water streams, there are quicksands whose exact position cannot be determined.

From shore to shore, the North Ford, separating Benbecula from North Uist, covers a distance of about five miles, while its one end opens into the wide Atlantic and the other into the Minch, that deep channel, full of currents, dividing the Long Island from the Inner Hebrides. In the old clan days this North Ford was bridged over by a stone causeway, parts of which still remain, linking up the small islands in the ford, and giving the community a thoroughfare which made them independent of tide and free from its risks. The South Ford, separating Benbecula from South Uist, is about one mile across, and not dangerous, comparatively speaking.

The Atlantic Ocean, gentle and caressing for four or five months of the year, washes the shores of the island on the west, lapping in summer and thundering in winter over the miles of beautiful pale sand of the beach. Within the past forty or fifty years the Atlantic surge has washed up the sand from the ocean-bed, so that the island has benefited by an increased area of about five hundred acres of prairie-like land known as *machairs*. A broad belt of bent-grass close to the shore binds this *machair* land together and keeps the fierce gales of winter from blowing away the light sand composing it; while farther inland the ground is utilised for grazing, and for growing potatoes, corn, and barley. In summer the grazing portions of the *machairs* are masses of bloom, dog-violets and pink-and-white clover predominating, and the honey scent of these flowers, mingled with the perfume of all kinds of herbs, is wafted on the light summer breeze, so that the warm exhilarating atmosphere is indeed 'scented air.' On this side of the island one looks out on the broad expanse of the Atlantic, the only land visible being the little isle of Heisker, with St Kilda a dim rock about forty miles away; while straight out, somewhere in the vast distance, lies the continent of America. In summer the sky, like the half of a ball above our heads, is virtually 'heaven's dome,' from which the sun shines in light and tempered heat from 2 A.M. till 10 P.M. In the month of June there is practically almost no night, there being a gloaming lasting a few hours,

and once more the sun, in all his summer splendour, rises out of the ocean.

The east side of the island, mainly pasture-land and bounded by the stormy Minch, presents quite a different aspect, and, in place of the flat coastline, the sandy beach, and *machair* of the west, there is wildness and grandeur of rocks, inlets, and bays, and innumerable islands, forming here and there archipelagoes of unsurpassed loveliness. To sail round these islands, picnic, fish, or shoot seals are favourite pastimes; and so enchanting are these sunlit isles and blue waters, the slumberous stillness broken only by the bleat of a sheep, the dip of an oar, or the distant whistle of a herd-boy, that one can but describe it all as paradise.

In these days of improved transit, the Outer Hebrides, with their atmosphere of remoteness and peace, are not so much 'on the other side of the world' as one might suppose from a glance at the map of Scotland. Not so in other days, when within so recent a time as twenty-five years ago the only communication with the mainland was by means of a schooner which deposited mails and passengers at Lochmaddy, the northern port of Uist; and thence passengers, even those *en route* for Barra, seventy miles distant, had to find their way. Before the days of the schooner—or 'mail packet,' as she was called—the people used to convey their merchandise to Glasgow in open sailing-boats, so small that they were limited to a carrying capacity of from two to three tons. The time spent on this journey varied from ten to twenty-five days, according to weather. On one occasion one of these boats was enveloped in fog, and wandered about helplessly for three or four days, until picked up near the coast of Ireland by a merchant sailing-vessel, whose captain took it to within its proper course. Some idea of the resource, seamanship, and hardihood of the race may be gathered from the fact that these men set forth to cross the dangerous seas without chart or compass, the sky above them their only guide.

This is the ideal land of the crofter; and Benbecula, with an area of five miles square, is broken up into homesteads, the working of which forms an outlet for the energy of a particularly industrious people. Some of these crofters possess from fifteen to twenty head of cattle, a few sheep, and two to four horses; and when the harvest is gathered one may see several stackyards containing twenty large stacks of corn, while some of the people are sufficiently prosperous to send their children to be educated in the secondary schools of the mainland. Half of the inhabitants are of the Protestant and the other half of the Roman Catholic Church; but in the schools there is no difficulty with religious instruction, and on so amicable a footing are matters in this respect that Mr Balfour made special reference to these isles when the English Education Bill came before the country a few years ago.

This, too, is the land of young people, if not the *Tir nan Og* ('Land of the Ever Young') of the poets; but perhaps in a sense it is that also, for most men in these isles look very much younger than their contemporaries in other countries and districts.

Militarism appeals strongly to the Benbecula man, and practically every house gives its representative to the Lovat Scouts or the Third Battalion Cameron Highlanders (Special Reserve). So much does this military spirit pervade the men that almost every boy, on leaving school (aged probably fourteen), presents himself for enlistment; but, to his chagrin and disappointment, he is told to go home until he is a little older!

In summer, after the peats are cut and 'lifted,' the young men are free to go away to camp, and it is a fine sight to see the vigorous and stalwart fellows as, with shouts and laughter, they gallop on their Uist-bred ponies, trying races over the sands of the ford, on their way to the meeting-place of the Lovat Scouts; or to see the Cameron Highlanders, with swaying kilt and martial tread, to the strains of 'Lochiel's away to France' played by the regimental pipers, set off for their twenty-one mile tramp to Lochmaddy or Lochboisdale, where they embark *en route* for camp.

The island is of considerable antiquarian interest, there being relics showing a close intercourse with Iona in the days of Saint Columba, an underground temple, the remains of lake-dwellings and Pictish brochs, and also prehistoric remains of 2000 B.C. Here was the home of the great Clan Ranald, famous in song and story, and, like nearly all the rest of the Highlanders, ardent supporters of Bonny Prince Charlie, as their rich garland of Gaelic Jacobite songs alone would prove, apart from the romantic history of Flora Macdonald, that spirited and heroic gentlewoman of the clan. The Clan Ranald obtained possession of the Long Island through marriage with the MacRuairis, who had held it for centuries.

What particularly appeals to the stranger, especially if he comes from a busy city, is the atmosphere of kindness and freedom, the latter perhaps enhanced by the limitless expanse of sea and sky, and the unbroken line of the horizon. There is a great amount of bird-life, especially wildfowl, some of them very uncommon, so that to ornithologists and sportsmen the place has much interest. The island is literally honeycombed with lochs almost all containing trout, which, with those in the sea-pools, afford good sport.

As the visitor looks down from the only hill, whose description in Gaelic—*Ben beag maola* (Ben-bec-u-la)—gives the island its name, the formation of the land, like an inverted saucer, conveys the impression that one big wave from the Atlantic would sweep people, cattle, crops, houses, and all into the sea. The land being so flat, there are no rivers, and the whole physical

features of the island are totally different from those of any other part of Scotland, the only familiar prominences being the high hills of North and South Uist, 'MacLeod's Tables,' in Skye, and the jagged peaks of Rhum, blue or snow-capped, across the Minch.

Round the shores of the island circulates the Gulf Stream, accounting for the equable temperature, and for the depositing during the winter storms of the valuable sea-tangle, so wealth-producing an asset to the islander, for from it he makes kelp (used in the manufacture of iodine), often in early spring working day and night to secure the precious weed cast up by the tide.

Agriculture occupies the entire population, augmented by the kelp industry for the men and the manufacture of the beautiful and artistic tweeds or 'homespun' by the women; and in connection with the latter much of ancient custom, song, story, and dance still occupy an important place in the social life of the people. When singing, they use great liberty with the melody, the majority of old and young possessing the rare gift of giving infinite variety to an air—which, however, in the chorus will always retain a particular form—till the listener, in bewilderment, wonders which of the various styles best pleases his musical taste. The music of the Celt has often an illusive character and charm, and all over the Hebrides generally are to be found ancient vocal melodies elsewhere forgotten, and more imbued with all the magic quality of the Celtic spirit than exists in the songs of any other part of Scotland.

DREAMS.

THERE'S a little city in the fire,
Deep down in the red, red glow;
There's a castle with shining battlements
That tower o'er the rocks below.

There's a golden sea that softly flows
Along that silent strand;
And, on the shore, a lone dream-child
Waving his little hand.

There's a harbour deep in the sheltered bay;
And, out o'er the far sea-tide,
A hundred ships are sailing away,
With gleaming sails spread wide.

And up and down to that city's street
I see in the red, red glow,
By winding pathway and rugged lane,
The strange dream-people go.

And over the shadow of the hill
I see a church spire fair.
Tell me, little dream-child on the shore,
Is the church bell ringing there?

Whom do you wave to over the tide
Of that soundless, shining sea?
Look up to the world, oh little dream-child!
And wave your hand to me.

MARION W. SIMPSON.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE ANGLO-SAXON SPIRIT IN THE WAR.

By C. EDWARDES.

A FEW years ago M. Edmond Demolins, an able Frenchman, wrote a book (*A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons*) which proved convincingly to himself and his Anglo-Saxon readers that we of this island owe our important rank on the earth to our exceptional determination and ability to assert ourselves as individuals. We are pre-eminently a people à *formation particulariste*—that is to say, of self-reliant integers, in contrast with other European peoples of the *formation communautaire*, who live, as it were, arm-in-arm. Neither our kings nor our own parents may hope to dragoon us in opposition to the very sound instincts of personal enterprise and strength with which centuries of inspiring Anglo-Saxon achievement have endowed us as a birthright. Kings who attempt the game lose their heads, are deposed, or fettered more tightly with constitutional restraints. The Anglo-Saxon father who pits his will against his grown-up son's will is left briefly gasping at the temerity of his offspring, who says, 'All right, sir. I've had enough of this. Good-bye,' and turns his back upon the comforts of the domestic nest in order to fight the world single-handed in his own way, on behalf of his own particular aspirations—just as his briefly gasping sire in the like circumstances would have done a generation ago. *Ignotum est pro magnifico* to the Anglo-Saxon on either side of the Atlantic in the young prime of his powers, but rather *horrifico* to the young of other, communistic, peoples. Our sea-girt situation helps us to a far-and-wide special intimacy with the two elements of water and land, so that from childhood onwards we have an imagination-kindling more to the horizons of our ambitions than our Continental fellow-men have to theirs. Pride in this stimulating heritage makes us soon contemptuous of apron-strings, and healthily critical of those in authority over us. In the main, of course, we rule our rulers. In short, we are the one glorious stock which dares assert its divine right to live and move and breathe at ease as and where it pleases. Fortunately, even according to the recent testimony of our arch-enemy of the moment, we are the most civilised of all stocks, as well as so exceptionally strong-willed and independent. The Anglo-Saxon

supremacy on the earth has consequently for the last hundred years been a blessing rather than otherwise to our neighbours and ourselves.

On these grounds, and remembering the parentage of the Most High Kaiser Wilhelm II. of Germany, our arch-enemy just mentioned, we may largely understand the fury and deadliness of his present struggle in Europe. He is quite half as much an Anglo-Saxon as the most thoroughbred of ourselves, and has, moreover, that inherited barbaric Prussian faith in bayonets and guns as the best means of national aggrandisement with which it has been his life's aim to indoctrinate the German people. 'He wants to do everything himself, and fancies that he can,' Bismarck said of him twenty-five years ago. Earlier still he himself said, 'If I am the last man upon the field of battle, nothing that we have conquered shall be lost.' Ere he had reigned three years he had mystified, amused, impressed, excited, and confounded Europe by the loud trumpeting of his Ego. Even then he acknowledged no equal upon earth, and but One elsewhere. Bismarck was scarcely too venomous for truth when he said of his own successors around the throne, 'They all crawl on their bellies before him, in order to attract one gracious look upon themselves.' Although at that time still almost dog-loyal to the monarchy which he had so heavily wreathed with laurels (conquered territory), the dismissed Chancellor already had misgivings about Germany's future under so Oriental-minded a young emperor. From 1848 he had deemed it his duty to work for the strengthening of the power of the Crown. Now he declared that it was Parliament itself that required to be strengthened against the Crown's encroachments on its liberties. But it was too late. The Pilot was not allowed to change the course of the ship of State. He was dropped; and the young Kaiser smilingly accepted our *Punch's* famous cartoon on the subject as a useful admission of the potter's right to smash his own pots at his own discretion. The monstrous miracle of an epoch has followed: this same Kaiser's progressive inoculation of an otherwise intelligent people with his own megalomania, and the devotion of scores of millions of human beings to the attempt to realise his imperial

ambitions, regardless of scruple, honour, and humanity.

In Bismarck's time his countrymen were not such docile sheep as the Kaiser has trained them to be. 'Wherever there are three Germans there are four opinions,' he tells us; with the significant addition for us others of 1915 that it was 'just as well Providence has infected the Germans with such a passion for contrariety, seeing that if united in all things such fellows as they are would lift the whole world off its hinges.' The drama of a Germany united in aggression is now before us. The world's hinges still hold, but they have certainly creaked ominously more than once since last August. In the Book of the Wisdom of the great Chancellor we may, however, if we need it, obtain a singularly refreshing hope from a record of his falling asleep one day in 1872 while meditating about the continuance of the national unity which he more than any one had consummated at Versailles the previous year. He dreamed that a map of Germany was in his hands which slowly grew more and more rotten, 'until finally it crumbled away like tinder and vanished in shreds.' If he could see the Europe of to-day, even the iron-hearted man who said,

'If I have an enemy in my power I must destroy him,' but who also said, 'What a gentleman has engaged to do is already as good as done,' and said further, 'Whoever has looked into the breaking eye of a dying soldier on the battlefield will pause ere he begins a war,' would probably at once declare that the empire upon the building of which he had spent his life was already crumbling, and was deservedly doomed to disintegrate.

But the end is not yet, nor can any one foresee the date of it. The one truth which it behoves us to grasp and keep ever before our eyes for the continuous stiffening of our backs is that the fight in so far as we and the Kaiser are concerned is between two forces of similar Anglo-Saxon bulldog pride and stubbornness. The miracle by which the German Emperor has brought his people into firm line with himself clamours for full recognition from us, and even respect of a sort. It will not, of course, be a war to the last man and last horse on either side, but it is inconceivable that a man of the Kaiser's temperament and self-training can survive to sit dishonoured on a broken throne among a cursing and humiliated people. For him at least it must be a war to the death.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT.

THE afternoon wore on slowly. I was on duty, Bertrand asleep curled up in his cloak among the bents, when I heard a distant soft whistle, and saw Anthony's sturdy frame coming toward us. I wakened Bertrand, and we waited in a fever of speculation and anxiety. He dropped down beside us, panting.

'You have news!' I said. I read it in his eye.

'News! I've had the luck o' the deil! I got across to the port, and went straucht to a skipper, Colin Bisset, an old shipmate I ken. We blethered ower the rum about old times, and so forth. He's to get a cargo for me fra' Forres, if he can; but that's neither here nor there. We were at the "Crown and Anchor," when in comes your twa cut-throats.'

He lit his pipe with maddening deliberation.

'They took a look at me, but I was a plain tarry sailorman talking about the chances o' a cargo and what not. They greeted us, were free with their siller, and as pleasant-spoken as ye could want.

'Had I come far?' the tall man speired.

"Fra' Inverness to Garmouth, where I left my ship and am seeking a cargo," says I, for that was my story.

"Can I have a word wi' ye?" says the tall man to my frien' Bisset.—"Bide there!" he orders the man Innes ower his shoulder, as if he was

telling a dog to lie down. He and Bisset went out, leaving Innes and me. The cratur sat at the fire and never said a word, his een jumpin' atween the door and the window; and when he took up his tumbler his hand shook so much that he wasted the half o' the dram on the floor. He has the fear o' death on him, or I never saw it.

'Back comes my gentleman. "Bisset here tells me ye'll be sailing soon, and that ye are an honest man. Have ye room for myself and my friend there?" says he. "Twenty guineas if ye land us in Holland."

I pretended to consider, making a lang face ower the business, but I could ha' laughed aloud.

"Come!" says he, "if ye're in doots I may as well tell ye that it is a bit matter of politica."

"I told him that I had no great concern in either James or George, and in the end I agreed to tak' them.

"When can ye start?"

"Are ye pressed for time?"

"We are."

"To-morrow night here, then," says I. "I'm just settlin' aboot a cargo. I can bring the lugger roond th' night and load her th' morn."

"I suppose we'll be the only passengers?"

"Deed," says I, "I havens room for more."

"Here's half the money," says my lord, large

as life, and throws down ten guineas. "Ye'll ask for Mr Mortimer at the 'Crown and Anchor,' and I'll look for ye to sail by to-morrow night's tide."

'So here I am, and I think that I have struck a guid bargain wi' "Mr Mortimer." What say ye, sirs?' He jingled the guineas in his pocket, a grim grin on his mahogany face.

This was great news. Our spirits mounted like mercury. Fata, that we had railed so bitterly against, had been spinning for us to some purpose. We were radiant, and tried to thank the skipper, but he cut us short.

'Thank me when we've finished the job! Ye'll observe that they may not bring anything on board wi' them. They may have hidden the French money.'

'They will show us the spot. If not— Oh, I think we shall persuade them!' said Bertrand.

Anthony had brought a couple of good-sized peats with him, and (a most welcome supplement to our bread and cheese) some kippered salmon and oaten cakes; and on these, with a drop of rum and water, we fared excellently well, for the air was keen, with an edge of frost to it, and we were sharp-set.

To have gone now in broad daylight to the *Marie des Anges* to dig for the French money would have been to run the gauntlet of any prying eyes. When night fell and the tide had ebbed past the wreck, we were to venture out to her, and then dig until the dawn. None of us expected to find a single piece. The finding of the hole in the sand and the single *louis* was a thing alive with plain meaning; but, though the nest had in all likelihood been harried, we determined to leave nothing to chance.

There was scarcely a breath of wind stirring the bents. The November sun was beginning to dip; across the Firth the far Highland mountains of Ross and Sutherland were gradually being dislimned. Where we lay on the cliff's top, the cold clutched us miserably, and a suggestion by the captain to go down to the beach and shelter in a 'Fair Traders' Parlour'—so he called it—that he knew of among the rocks was welcomed. This proved to be a snug enough little cave, well above high-water mark, and dry as a bone. A salmon-coble, moored to a big stone, lay high and dry on the sands near us.

The captain built a fire with some sticks and the peats, and round it we ranged ourselves, after casting lots for the first watch. We had to make an early start, hard work was in front of us, and sleep was a necessity. Bertrand lost the draw, and with loaded pistol mounted guard at the entrance. The evening closed round the coastline as the captain and I made pillows of our boots and jackets, and lay down, feet to the fire. I began to say my prayers, but I am sorry to record that I fell asleep in the middle of them in less time than it takes me to write it. I lay

like a log until Bertrand aroused me to take my spell of the watch.

'All's well, not a soul,' he reported, 'and a wondrous night of moon and stars.'

The air outside caught my breath as I slipped into the cold of it. The night was one to be remembered for the pure beauty of it—not a fleck on a sky of indigo except the tremulous sparkle of a myriad stars; a clear moon riding high, the sea's great silver basin brimming with the tide. Its rumour filled the night, and now and again a wave far out, its cresses touched by the moonlight, arose and vanished, beautiful, white, ghostly. The *Marie des Anges*, the Fountain Reef, the slant of the cliff to the sea, were picked out as clearly as on a sheet of white paper. In its quiet, its purity, and serenity, the night was one to lay a cool hand on tired eyes, stilling uneven heart-beats. I sat me down on a little rock, bathing my senses in the balm of it all. Man's wickedness seemed a thing monstrous and remote.

The tide was filling. Already it had reached the *Marie des Anges*, and was creeping round her. The Fountain Reef was covered, a little boiling of white showing where the column of spray would rise when the tide gathered weight and strength.

I was looking westward, where the cliff was thrust like a mace into the sea, when I was aroused into alertness, and dropped behind the rock in an instant, for the bows of a boat appeared round the point. It swung into view, heading slowly for the wreck. It had no sail up, for scarcely a cat's-paw of wind ruffled the silver floor of the sea. Against the clean background its lines were picked out in detail, a small rowing-boat with a white strip below the gunwale, two men tugging leisurely at the oars.

I crouched, ran quickly to the little cave, and roused Bertrand and the captain. They hastened into their boots, and the three of us, with the wariness of Red Indians, crept along among the strewn boulders. The moonlight was as clear as day, and the night so still that we could hear the complaint of the oars on the thole-pins as the boat crept along.

Anthony, well under cover, spied her carefully. 'Twa men, but ower far to make them out. I wonder what the deil they are after? Fishermen, maybe; but makin' for the wreck, I think. They're in no hurry, and the tide's against them.'

Twenty minutes or more passed. The sea crept steadily up the counter of the wreck. A spurt of spray at the Reef, the first play of its fountain, shot into the air and fell with a hollow sound in the stillness. The boat crawled along like some black insect on the clean surface. It reached the wreck, disappeared round the stern, and after a minute or two the figures of the two men showed on the deck. From the list

of the wreck to port we could only catch a glimpse of their heads now and then. One of them stood in the bows motionless as a sentry for a long time; and when at last he vanished the tide was half-way up the *Marie des Anges* and spilling through the breach amidship.

'Whoever they are, they choose a strange time to set about their business,' I whispered.

'I like it as little as you do,' said Bertrand. 'But if they are Left Hand and Innes, what in the devil's name can they be doing there, when the tide is flowing?—What say you, Anthony?'

Anthony, spyglass at eye, pointed to the wreck without taking his eye from it. The boat was coming round the stern.

'Are they carrying anything away?' I asked him. The seconds between question and answer seemed interminable.

'N—no, there's nothing that I can see;' and then, suddenly, 'By God!' came from him as he lowered the glass and looked at us.

'What is it?'

'Nothing is being carried awa', but there's something left behind. There's only one man in the boat.'

I picked up the glass. Sure enough, a man was alone in it, at both oars, rowing hard. I turned the glass on the wreck, but there were no signs of life on her.

'The other man! Where is he?' said Bertrand, and Anthony jerked his head seaward.

'Out there—somewhere. If he is in the wreck— Look at the tide. It is ower her stern.' He pointed to the boat. The man was rowing with all the speed he could muster. Through the flow of tide the boat had a much shorter distance to cover to get round the point, and was now within a few minutes of it.

'Quick! The coble! She's nearly afloat. By the time we get her out the boat will be round the point.'

The coble, a clumsy, flat-bottomed thing, now lay in about a foot of water. Anthony cut the rope that moored her to the stone. We heaved at her till we felt her bows float, and got in, poling her off into deeper water with the oars.

The captain took the oars, for neither Bertrand nor I had learned to row. The coble ran through the broken water where the tide joined a little channel in the sand, and was headed for the wreck, I giving the directions by hand. The other boat had disappeared round the point. The tide was almost flush with the deck when we drew near the wreck.

'*Mon Dieu!* what is that?' asked Bertrand.

'That' was a cry, faint but unmistakable. I involuntarily clutched Bertrand's arm, for the voice was human and in extremity. It came again, long-drawn, more of terror in it than of pain, and the sound of it, dying, trailing into a silence that could only mean despair or worse, made my hair stir on my scalp.

The captain bent over the oars. We were a

couple of lengths from the wreck, when the cry came again, just as we swung round the bows and came alongside. Between each wave, at a small breach in the ship's counter a hand clutched and tore impotently at the woodwork. The sea by this time was lapping the deck.

The captain stepped on deck and made fast the painter. We followed him in a fever of expectancy.

A huge stone covered a hatchway. Anthony bent over it. 'What devil's trap is this? Lend a hand, quick.'

We rolled the heavy stone away. From under the hatchway came a pitiful sound, a shaking appeal for mercy, I conceived it, scarcely articulate, a word here and there, but for the most part mere animal whimperings, except one sentence, 'Let me out, Philip. Don't leave me. You shall have the whole of it.'

Anthony lifted the hatchway.

The moonlight fell on a man's face, chin-deep in the water. It was Kenneth Innes, and no sooner did he set eyes on us than he collapsed. Anthony clutched him, and dragged his limp, dripping frame out on deck. He took so long to come round that I feared he was to die; and when at last he did open his eyes he was unable to speak, blinking at us in silent terror. By this time the wash of the tide was ankle-deep. We lowered him into the coble, and the captain pulled off.

I wrapped my cloak round the shaking wretch, for his clothes were dripping. He was wet to the skin, and sat between Bertrand and myself shuddering dreadfully, his head in his hands, until I lent him my cloak, when he broke into dry, tearing sobs, not from grief, I was sure, but in a reaction from the agony of watching slow death creep toward him. His nails were torn and bleeding from the frantic efforts he had made to force a way out from the trap of the fore-hold. Whatever his sins were—and I could name some of them—the wretch had come to the end of his tether, and I do not doubt, when he saw who had rescued him from one death, that a vision of sure retribution in the shape of another and more shameful one stared him in the face. A despicable rat of a creature, with a rat's face and body, without a rat's courage, my gorge rose at the sight of him and the sound of his whimperings. Let me be honest, pity I had none, for I remembered his share in the affairs of The Garth.

The moonlight showed smooth water between the white patches that marked the rocks at the entrance to the little channel. We made the passage easily and swiftly, and beached the coble. No one had seen us. There was not a speck on the sea other than the tip of the *Marie des Anges'* figurehead; no sound but the sibilations of the tide in the shallows of the rocks, and the dull report like a minute-gun where the apparition of the Fountain rose and vanished.

We lifted Innes out. At first he was scarcely able to walk; but by the time we reached the cave he revived somewhat, and a gulp of raw rum put a measure of life into him. We briskened the fire, and he thawed himself at the blaze, steam rising from his drenched clothes.

All this time there had been little or nothing said, for he had been light-headed, beyond coherent speech, but now he suddenly sat up.

'Did ye see him? Where is he?' he asked.

'Whom?' said Bertrand.

'Philip Macdonell. He was—out there. He is not here, is he?' He started to his feet, his voice almost a scream as he peered round the shadows beyond the fire.

'You are safe so far—at least, safe from him. As for your life, that depends on your answers to us. Tell us how you came to be in the forehold; and, remember,' added Bertrand, 'your life depends on your telling the truth.'

He gave a dry gulp, and the tail of his eye took us in in turn.

'Gentlemen, ye have saved my life. I'll tell ye the truth, all I know of it.' He had found his voice, but his eye was furtive. He began with some rambling protestations that it was an ill day when he first had to do with Macdonell, and so forth, until I cut him short.

'Go to the root of the matter at once,' I said. 'Your other adventures can keep. Where is the French money that you helped to steal?'

'The—the money,' he stammered. 'I'll keep back nothing. I never laid a finger on it, I swear.'

'Where is it?'

'Macdonell has it at Findhorn. We got the chest in the sand. Never a *louis* did I touch; and as for where it is now, beyond that it is in his clutches, as God is my judge, ye might as lief ask the wind as myself.'

'You lie, you dog!' said Bertrand. 'It is hidden, and you and he know where. If not, why did you call out that he should have the whole of it if he let you out of the forehold?'

'If that's the way of it, then ye know more than I do, gentlemen,' he said, with an attempt at composure; but he could not conceal the fear in his eyes.

'We know more than you are aware of. We know that you stood by and saw a fellow-man murdered.'

Never a word did he say this time, but went white to the lips.

'What have you to say?' I asked.

'I had no hand in it,' he managed to gasp.

'That will be the business of a judge and jury to determine, and I fancy that the three of us here may have something to say that shall help them to a verdict. We saw you. Come, man! Time presses. Out with it!'

Impotent venom was plain to be seen on

Innes's face. He stood watching us like a trapped animal.

'Macdonell has just tried to drown me,' he at last ventured. 'Think ye that I would lift a finger to help him to the money?'

'I do not. He tried to murder you because you know where the money is, and because he wants the whole of it for himself. You have five minutes longer to make up your mind.'

'And then'—

'Then you die, unless you confess the whole bloody business, and tell us where the money is.'

'If I die, what better pass will you be in? Macdonell has the money'—

'And is to sail under the name of Mr Mortimer wi' me, and I dinna doot he'll have the siller wi' him,' struck in Anthony; and at the words Innes recognised the skipper. I think that he then realised that the game was up, that there was no chance of saving his life and keeping a share of the money as well.

'Macdonell knows where it is, not I; and if I am to die, so be it,' he said sullenly, after a pause.

'If that is your last word, you can begin your prayers. You need them all,' said Bertrand.

Innes burst into a torrent of imprecations and appeals. Bertrand and I looked at the priming of our pistols.

'You have two minutes left. Stand over in that corner.'

He did as he was bid, and I went to blindfold him, but no sooner was the handkerchief tied than he literally grovelled.

'Spare me, spare me, and I'll take ye to the place,' he whimpered, and collapsed in a dead faint.

'*Mon Dieu!* A sorry villain!' said Bertrand; 'but we must keep him alive, although 'tis more than he deserves.'

The captain poured some rum over his throat, but he took such a long time to come round that again I feared he was dead. So near were we to the threshold of success that the thought of his taking his secret with him into the unknown filled me with consternation. At long last he revived, and we propped him against the rock wall, a thoroughly cowed and abject spectacle.

We had no time to lose. Philip of the Left Hand expected to sail with the *Gannet*, and doubtless counted upon carrying the money with him. Although this would have played into our hands, the thought of stealing a decisive march and emptying his *cache* before him was like meat and drink to us, and it was the safer plan. All depended on where the chest had been hidden.

Innes had the fear of death on him, one thought only in his craven soul—to hold on to his miserable life. Eager to save his neck, with an uneasy eye on the pistols he gave us the information on the spot.

'It is below the cliff on the east. The one—the one'——

'The one where Macdonell killed the man?'

He nodded.

'Who was he?'

'A fisherman. He helped us to hide it, and was the only one besides ourselves who knew. I had no hand in it. Macdonell is a masterful man. If I show you the place, will ye keep me skaithless concerning this?'

There was no use wasting breath on the poltroon.

'We make no promises, except one, and it is that if you do not take us straight to the place, without swerving, we shoot you on the spot. March!'

We put him between Anthony and myself, and the four of us stepped out of the cave into the innocent moonlight.

(Continued on page 515.)

SOME MEMORIES OF THE GERMAN AT HOME.

By LEWIS MELVILLE.

I HAVE known Germany during a long period.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since I went there for the first time, to remain for two years to learn the language; my last visit was paid three years ago, when I made a brief tour in the neighbourhood of Hanover and the Hartz. Between my first and last visits many changes had taken place. Everywhere in the larger towns I noticed signs of growing prosperity and affluence, and of a higher standard of comfort. Extravagance, too, I observed, was on the increase. Hotels were more luxurious, and prices were higher in the cafés and the theatres. Spirits, scarcely known there when I was a lad, were more commonly drunk, and champagne was apparently becoming a favourite beverage. The shops were larger, and offered a better selection of goods. In one thing, however, I noted no change. The tailors still labelled their ill-cut clothes of fearful hue 'Englisch made,' and the hosiers still lauded their wares as 'Englisch fashion.' In most cases this was obviously nothing more than a trick of the trade, for—at least, to the British eye—the things shrieked aloud their Teutonic origin. If further proof of this were needed, it has been forthcoming in the announcements made after war broke out by many German retail houses which had specialised in these alleged English goods that the patriotic need not hesitate to purchase these things, since, as a matter of fact, in spite of the labels, they had always been made in Germany. This matter is trifling in itself, so trifling as to be negligible, for many shops in other countries indulge in dodges of this or some other kind; but it is interesting as showing that the deception practised was based upon the fact that, even if the Germans hated the Englishman, at least they delighted in some directions to ape him.

That the Germans have long hated the English every one who has lived in that country can testify. That this hatred comes from envy the Germans have scarcely ever troubled to deny, and during the last few months they have certainly made no secret of it. It has here been propounded that the war is the doing of the Kaiser and of the highest military authorities.

I do not propose to discuss again the well-worn theme of how the war came about; but I am convinced that, once there was war with Britain, it was popular with the nation at large, and especially welcomed in north and middle Germany. It was not only in the military messes that the toast of 'The Day' was drunk; it was drunk as enthusiastically, though with less of ceremony perhaps, in commercial circles throughout the Empire.

It was not only an objection to Britain's prosperity which prevailed; it was not only annoyance that Britain occupied most of the 'places in the sun'; it was largely a personal dislike of the individual Englishman. Tell an Englishman that he gives himself airs when he is abroad, and he will look even more bewildered than hurt. When he has sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to find his voice, he will assure you that neither at home nor abroad does he ever brag. Up to a point he is quite correct in his statement. You will never hear him remark what a fine fellow is an Englishman, or what a great country is that to which he belongs. He says simply, 'I am an Englishman;' but, however much he tries to hide his pride, he leaves you in no doubt whatever that he is convinced that the statement must conjure up all sorts of flattering sentiments. To see an Englishman and a German discussing international questions is a joy to any one gifted with a sense of humour. The German talks of the greatness of his country, of its invincible army, of its great wealth and power; the Englishman listens and agrees, but very much as an adult listens and agrees with a child who vaunts his toys. There is a club so select that to belong to it is a very high distinction; no member ever inserts it in *Who's Who* in the list of clubs to which he belongs. This is on all-fours with the Englishman's attitude abroad. He believes with all his heart and soul that to praise England to members of a nation which he regards as inferior would be in the worst possible taste. It would also, he is sure, be supererogatory. Can there be any nation with soul so dead as to question his superiority? The idea never enters into his head. His ineffable self-

complacency must be maddening to the inhabitants of other countries. 'They don't go in for cricket,' he says, and for him that settles the question of British supremacy. Perhaps he is right, too, for cricket has at least taught us to play the game. 'If I were an Englishman,' that observant American the late Price Collier wrote, and every English heart went out to him for expressing the sentiment, 'I would pray God that my countrymen might never play less so long as they play the game.'

We schoolboys had the feeling as strongly, perhaps more strongly, than our elders, and we were even less adepts at concealing it. Indeed, I fear we paraded it unduly. We laughed at the German boy's clothes and habits and manners; we laughed at the masters; we criticised their method of teaching; we objected to the enormous amount of home-work set every day, and did not do it; we were amused at the enormous enthusiasm with which they worked in a covered gymnasium, which strenuous exercise took with them the place of our sports. We lured them on to cricket, and put on a fast bowler; we coaxed them on to the football fields, from which they retired more breathless than hurt; but we soon gave that up, because we could not make them learn that the ball and not our shins was the objective. We, with our Dutch allies, challenged the school to snowball matches; we were outnumbered ten to one, which seemed to us about the odds. We were there to acquire the language, and so we English boys herded together, played together, talked together, went about together, nary a word of German did we speak if we could help it, and I well remember the headmaster's final report on my progress. 'Your son,' he said to my distressed parent, 'has learnt German—in spite of himself.'

We chafed the martial-looking policemen—they seemed to us so quaint that they wore swords instead of carrying truncheons; we laughed in the face of the corseted officers, and would not step into the road to give place to them, as the German ladies did. How shamefully we behaved when we were made to take part with the rest of the school in a torchlight procession in honour of the Kaiser, who was paying a flying visit to the city! Our manners were solemnly impeached the next day by the headmaster before a full muster of the school. What cared we! But how we lined up—voluntarily—and cheered lustily when the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward the Seventh) drove over from Homburg to lunch with the British Consul-General! How proud we were thus openly to proclaim ourselves members of that Empire upon which the sun never sets!

We English schoolboys were not popular in the city of Frankfort-on-the-Main. Yet really we were easy to manage when we were trusted. One master, who had spent several years in

England, knew this, and we were lambs in his hands. 'I want you boys to do so-and-so,' he would say, and it was odds on that he had his way. 'I order you to do this,' or 'It is my command that you do that,' was the usual formula, which with us was almost invariably a prelude to disobedience. The one man would sometimes stop and chat to us on the asphalted playing-ground—how we longed for grass!—the others would pass by, watching only to see that they were duly saluted. The majority of masters behaved to us as the officers did to their men—as if we were beings of a different and vastly lower order. They would as soon have thought of flying—it was before the days of Zeppelins—as of taking part in our games. Their dignity was not in themselves, but in their office.

We hear a great deal about the superiority of German over English education, and that it is more solid there can be no question. We hear, however, much less of its drawbacks. It produces sound scholars, but unsound men. The pace is too hot. From eight o'clock to twelve, from two till five, and then, for the conscientious lad, a solid two or three hours' preparation for the next day's labours. All work and very little time for play makes Johann a dull boy. The middle-class schoolboy cannot shirk—too much depends upon his working—for if he passes a certain standard he need only undergo one year's military training instead of three. This is all-important to his future in the profession or business which he selects. Many break down under the strain; the majority are bespectacled before they are fifteen. As a body, they are steady plodders, and painstaking rather than brilliant. The learning they acquire is of little use, for few can generalise. They cannot see the larger issues for the details.

England is the most self-disciplined nation in the world. Germany is the most strenuously disciplined nation in the world. Therein lies the difference. The Englishman has achieved discipline in the pursuit of his sports, he has learnt to play for his side; the German has had discipline thrust upon him. The one knows what to do; the other is told what to do. The one can shift for himself; the other has to be led. Evidence of this is to hand everywhere, and especially in the lands which the Germans have tried to colonise, and in every country to which they have migrated. The Englishman abroad is *plus royaliste que le roi*. He mixes with his countrymen, he goes to hotels which he knows they frequent, he insists whenever possible in talking his own language and playing his own games, and loud and deep are his curses when he has temporarily to abandon the customs of home. He drinks whisky in tropical climates, plays cricket (of a sort) on the high seas, and indulges in football just behind the firing-line. The German, when he leaves the Fatherland, becomes denationalised more quickly than the

inhabitant of any other country. 'It has been a problem to prevent their becoming Poles where the State has settled Germans for the distinct purpose of ousting the Poles,' an acute observer has noted. 'In China, in South America, and even in Sumatra, I have heard German officials tell with indignation of how their compatriots rapidly take the local colour, and lose their German habits and customs and point of view. One of the half-dozen best-known bankers in Berlin has lamented to me that he must change his people in America every few years, as they soon go to pieces there.' This may argue much for the amiability and adaptability of individuals, but it is a damning indictment of a nation.

As the German requires leading, the Government takes him in hand and directs him from the cradle to the grave. The entire population is spoon-fed, with the result that when there is no rule there is consternation first, and then confusion. The most familiar signs are '*Verboten*' ('Forbidden') and '*Nicht gestattet*' ('Not allowed'); and in such places as Homburg many of the directions are kindly painted also in English. The German is told that when he is alighting from a tram-car he must put his left hand on the left-hand rail. Everywhere there are notices to 'Keep to the right.' At the pillar-box is a warning, 'Do not forget to stamp and address your envelope.' The author of a recent book on Germany states that a little while ago a new edict concerning street-traffic was promulgated, by which it has been decreed that 'people may not walk more than three abreast; they may not swing their canes and umbrellas as they walk; they may not drag their garments in the street; they may not sing, whistle, or talk loudly in the street; nor congregate for conversation.' If you kiss your wife in a public place you may be hauled off to the police-station and fined. What happens if the lady is not your wife I do not know; perhaps the official imagination cannot conceive such a situation.

A nation that requires so many directions requires numerous directors, and a kindly Government provides them generously, so far as numbers are concerned, and parsimoniously so far as salaries are in question. Germany has suffered from, and is suffering from, the curse of bureaucracy. The army rules Germany; indeed, it seems as if Germany exists for the army, instead of the army for Germany. It is everywhere, and all the time, a case of the army first and the rest nowhere. In all places, and in all circumstances, it is given the *pas*; and the officer, being instructed by authority that he is a privileged being, inclines naturally enough to regard the civilian as the dust beneath his feet. If you laugh at him, or are rude to him, he is permitted—nay, encouraged—to regard it as an insult, not to himself as an individual, but as an insult to his uniform, and he may draw

his sword and cut you down then and there. As he is never out of uniform, it behoves you to walk warily with him. If he enters a café, all the privates who are there jump up and salute like fury until he has passed the tables at which they are seated. The English officer would find that embarrassing; the German officer regards it as a natural tribute to himself as a creature of a superior caste, and revels in it. The respect paid to the military uniform has produced throughout the country a lust for uniforms. All callings cry aloud for them, and all sorts and conditions of people are permitted to wear them, just as innumerable people have official titles, and just as these titles extend to the wives. There is Mrs Minister-of-Justice A., Mrs General B., Mrs Doctor C., Mrs Upper-Postman D., Mrs Captain E., Mrs Court-Apothecary F., Mrs Municipal-Theatre-Box-Office-Keeper G., and so on. Those who study the laws of precedence in Germany burn midnight oil.

This is all very pretty and childlike; but then the German is still merely a child, a precocious child, it is true, but certainly not an adult. He places himself in the hands of his Government, and the Government in peace-times gives him a restricted press, and in war-times suppresses any news which might give him a sleepless night. And if there is no freedom of the press, there is little freedom of speech. I well remember at a dinner-party an English-woman beginning to discuss the Kaiser, and her hostess begging her to desist, anyhow until the servants had left the room. 'We have to be very careful,' she explained afterwards. 'They might report it.' *Lèse-majesté* is an offence very seriously punished. The divine right of princes—except, perhaps, of such as have been mediatized—holds throughout the length and breadth of the Empire.

A change has been taking place. Germans are slowly developing a spirit of initiative, the lack of which among soldiers Von Bernhardt deploras. The Social Democrat movement has grown to such proportions as to give a rude shock to the powers that be, and from time to time the Reichstag shows its fangs. But the greater part of the population leaves politics to its rulers; and though there are parties sometimes strong enough to give trouble, the Kaiser is the effective, and not merely the constitutional, head of the Government—which, of course, makes for the greater and more direct influence of the ruler. The feminist movement, in spite of the opposition of the Kaiser, is also making headway. In some parts of Germany one may still see women dragging carts about the streets, working in the beet-fields, and doing other manual labour, the man looking on complacently, and regarding it as a matter of course. In that country the man does not regard the woman as his equal. *Küche, Kinder, und Kirche* ('cooking,

children, and church') is the lot that is assigned to her by common consent, from the sovereign to the peasant. It is only necessary to see the sexes together to realise that the Oriental idea of the place and function of woman still flourishes in the Fatherland. There it is the man of the middle-classes who takes care of his hands, and carries a pocket-comb and looking-glass, which, unashamed, he will produce and use in public. The men do not perform the common courtesies; the women, never having been used to them, do not miss them, and therefore do not resent the omission. There are signs, however, that the German women are beginning to realise that they

can be something more than household drudges. They have begun to take an interest in other things than the kitchen and the nursery and the church. Their education is progressing on a broader basis. They are actually taking an interest in sport; the doves of Cassel were sorely fluttered three years ago when a girls' rowing club was founded there. Girls are beginning to realise that while marriage is a most excellent thing, marriage for the sake of being married is not quite so good an institution as one might assume from hearing a girl of three or four and twenty spoken of slightly as an old maid.

A MAN OF PEACE.

PART II.

AS the full significance of what he was witnessing came home to Robert Meikle's mind an impulse of panic seized him, followed the next moment by a sudden clearing of his faculties and hardening of his resolve. To such a man as he the conviction of his own responsibility was incentive enough. But what step to take?

The nearest coastguard station was ten miles up the shore. By the time he had given the alarm and returned to the scene irreparable harm might have been done. To ride back to the town and rouse the police would be almost as long an undertaking. No; upon his individual action depended the interruption of the criminal attempt. Ten minutes' hard riding would bring him to the headland. Thenceforward he must be guided by events.

Scarcely had he arrived at the decision, when he was on his bicycle again, pedalling at full speed in the direction of the cliff.

A dark mass at the side of the road made him swerve obliquely, coming off his machine. Hastily turning his lamp on the obstruction, he saw that it was a small but powerful motor-car, with lights extinguished, in the lee of the dike—the instrument of escape for the foreign depredators, no doubt. But he would have a word to say to that. Without a second's hesitation he whipped out his pocket-knife, and thrusting the blade deep into one of the swollen tires, ripped it up. A sharp, hissing noise followed him as he remounted his machine and rode away, bringing a grim smile to his face. Really, for 'a man of peace' he was developing unusually vindictive qualities.

Now he had reached a point at which he must desert the road and take to the shingly turf that covered this part of the cliffs. Laying his bicycle on the ground, he started forward noiselessly in the direction of the headland. Fortunately there had been no repetition of the flashes, so that, as far as he knew, he would yet

be in time to prevent further mischief. Doubtless the operators were waiting for an answer from out the dark void before them, or some stated interval was ordained to elapse between the signals.

He was making involuntarily for the ruined dwelling that he had formerly sought so vainly to distinguish, but whose ragged gables could now be seen looming through the darkness ahead of him. It was more than probable that the building had been adapted by the spies for their machinations. How many of them were there? he wondered, a faint suggestion of his own peril obtruding itself on him for the first time since he had embarked on the adventure. But, strange to say, it brought with it no fear. The odds against his safety weighed nothing with him as compared with the chances of failure. He was obsessed with the one idea—to prevent any repetition of those hellish signals. Crouching lower and lower as he neared his objective, he advanced with a noiseless stealth that would have done credit to any professional cracksmen. The ground was littered now with little heaps of flints marking the boundary of what had once been the garden of the ruin. Its back premises were a mass of crumbling bricks and mortar. The middle wall alone stood almost unimpaired by the destruction that had overtaken the remainder; and, moving in its shelter, the minister soon found himself at the right angle of the building. As he reached it he was greeted by a low clicking noise that evidently proceeded from the other side of the wall. He paused to listen. At the same moment two figures suddenly emerged from the front part of the house, bearing a curious tripod-like stand, which they deposited on the open ground about twenty yards from the edge of the headland.

The minister breathlessly watched the muffled forms bending over it, while snatches of deep, low conversation drifted back to his ears. The moment for action had almost arrived. Plainly

another signal was to be launched forth through the encircling night. But what could one helpless man do against two desperate adventurers, armed as they doubtless were, and prepared to defend themselves to the last? Just for an instant the weakness lasted. Then a strange thing happened. An impulse of rage against the dastardly plotters such as he had never before experienced shook the man of peace to his foundations.

A louder click, a dazzling flash that for one brief second lighted up the cliff-top with an unholy brilliance, then a sudden hurtling presence from out the darkness that sent the instrument of damnation to the ground, and, flinging itself on the nearer of the muffled figures, bore him downward.

Just for an instant the minister had the advantage, being on the top of his man, with his hands grappling the miscreant's throat in approved melodramatic fashion. But the second spy had by this time recovered from the surprise of the attack, and, whipping out his revolver, took point-blank aim at the uppermost of the struggling figures. There was a sigh, a sudden relaxing of the minister's hold; and, extricating himself from beneath the now inert and senseless form, his opponent staggered to his feet. A moment later two scurrying forms could be seen making their way back across the cliff-top in the direction from which Robert Meikle had advanced on his daring mission but a short while before.

Clang! clang! clang! The harsh, untuneful summons, filtering through the sea-fog that had crept landward during the night, reached the house of Greywalls only in muffled snatches on this Sabbath morning.

Kate Thriepland, in her quaint oak-beamed chamber, put the finishing touches to her toilet. A dashing scarlet was the hue of her new gown, chosen out of compliment to the prevailing military taste, and certainly no colour could have better suited the clear pallor of the skin beneath the drooping black hat. But, somehow, she did not feel the anticipated pleasure in her appearance. A sense of futility, of impotence almost, possessed her, mingled with a weak and unprofitable haunting of remorse. Miss Goldie's taunt had gone deeper than she allowed. If the minister really valued her opinion, surely he would have been stung to anger by her gibes and flings of yesterday. But they seemed rather to afford him amusement, rolling harmlessly off his back. 'A man of peace!' How she abhorred the term, at a time like this especially, when it was incumbent on every male being worthy of the name to justify himself!

Her aunts remarked her unusual silence on the way to church, but wisely made no comment on it.

A group of excited figures beneath the lych-gate greeted them on their arrival.

The dominie, hatless, and with his hair standing up more brush-like than usual round his pallid face, detached himself to address them.

'A most mysterious thing had happened. The minister, who had been sent for to see a sick parishioner the preceding evening, had not yet returned. They were momentarily expecting a messenger from the manse with later news; and—ah, here he is!' as an awkward youth in Sabbath blacks came shambling down the road toward them.

'No; no word yet of the absentee,' was the report. 'His housekeeper, Tibbie Erskine, was just putting on her things to come up to the church and consult them.'

A curious sinking of the heart assailed Kate Thriepland as she listened silently to the various solutions that sprang to the tongues of the group during the interval of waiting.

'Lost his way in the fog;' 'Detained by the serious condition of the patient;' 'A bicycle accident.'

Somehow she believed in none of them, yet her certainty of disaster was overwhelming.

At this juncture Tibbie's arrival created a diversion. The old woman's cherry-coloured bonnet was awry, showing the heedless haste with which she had dressed, but her wrinkled face shone polished as ever. She scornfully repudiated every suggestion that had been put forward. 'A serious harm's come to him, that's a' I ken, or he'd ha'e been here this minute,' she asseverated with vehement certitude; 'an' the surer some of you great strappin' fellows get aff an' luik for him the better,' casting a fiery glance from right to left.

Strange to say, this definite confirmation of her own worst fears came almost with a sense of relief to Kate Thriepland. A longing for action had been surging within her since she first heard the news, and the next best thing to starting off herself was to see the search-party detailed for the purpose.

A large crowd had now gathered, and it was Miss Thriepland's suggestion that the remainder of the congregation should go quietly into the church to await events, a proposal warmly seconded by the dominie. Accordingly, to give their humbler brethren a lead, the three ladies from Greywalls calmly and composedly entered their pew and took their seats as if there was nothing to hinder the service from commencing at its usual hour.

That first fifteen minutes seemed like an eternity to Kate Thriepland. Her thoughts were far away, scouring the lonely, winding tracks of the bleak hinterland that held the secret of the minister's fate. Anything might happen to a man in those solitary wilds. Her clairvoyant sense groped dimly to some unprecedented happening, discarding, as formerly, all ordinary solutions.

Now the midday hour boomed from the clock

on the tower, and with a scraping of feet the male members of the congregation, whose custom it was to linger among the graves until the last moment, filed in and took their places.

Silence!

The dominie had leant forward to consult with the precentor. A moment later he turned to the congregation and gave out the hymn, 'O God! our Help in Ages Past.'

With a shuffle of relief those present rose to their feet, and the grand old tune droned and echoed among the rafters of the church.

A longer, more accentuated silence followed the singing.

Miss Thriepland gave a covert glance at the tiny watch-face on her wrist, exchanging looks with her sister. Then a sudden commotion outside the church drew all ears. Hasty footsteps could be heard on the flagged central pathway of the graveyard.

The dominie rose just in time to confront the white-faced messenger, who hesitated in the porch.

Instinctively every one present had craned forward to catch a glimpse of what was going on.

Kate Thriepland's hands were clasped in her muff; her vision was blocked by the half-turned, startled profile of her elder aunt. Was it possible that she had only now realised the looming catastrophe? the girl wondered half-unconsciously. How much longer would that altercation in the doorway continue? Now the dominie had broken away from the bearer of ill tidings, and was striding back down the aisle, his expression set, a hand thrust into the front of his tightly buttoned frock-coat. At the harmonium he paused, throwing back his head still farther, and facing the expectant worshippers.

'Brethren,' he began in broken, husky accents, and those near him could see his fingers clenching and unclenching by his side, 'I have bad news for you. Our minister has been found on Skegness Cliff wounded and unconscious. Yes, wounded through the breast by the cowardly bullet of an assassin'—he paused as if to give full weight to the assertion—'an assassin whose wicked machinations he had plainly tried to prevent, single-handed and unarmed as he was; for beside him where he lay was found a shattered instrument designed for signalling purposes. Brethren, our minister has played a part in the defence of his country as great and noble as any of those in the trenches. May God spare him to us for our future pride and gratitude!' He broke off, his head falling forward on his chest as a low echo of sympathy went round the church.

'A man of peace!' 'A man of peace!' How mockingly the sentence danced through Kate Thriepland's brain as she passed out among the agitated throng a few moments later into the fog-bound silence of the Sabbath morning!

'As I have said before very often, I am a man of peace,' said the minister in his languid, invalid tones. 'One of your warriors would have been much more efficacious in the emergency.'

It was his first public appearance since his recovery from his wound, this visit to Greywalls, and the remark had been addressed pointedly to the girl seated across the hearth from him, though it was her aunt that had called it forth by her congratulations on his prowess.

Kate Thriepland's eyes were fixed obstinately on the fire. 'I don't think any one could have done more,' she said in a low, steady voice, 'if he had been ten times a soldier.'

'But the fellows escaped.' The minister's tone was expostulatory.

'Despite a punctured tire,' put in Miss Thriepland slyly.

A smile flickered across the visitor's wan face. Six weeks had elapsed since that tragic Sabbath of fog and mischance, but he still carried the signs of his encounter. 'Ah, that was a nasty trick!' he ejaculated.

'When is the doctor going to send you away?' was Miss Thriepland's next remark, abruptly irrelevant. 'Change of air is what you want.'

'He says I may travel in another week,' conceded Robert Meikle. 'I am to have a month's holiday.'

His eyes were fixed deliberately on the down-cast face across the hearth as he spoke, but a faint twitching of the girl's lips was all that signified her cognisance of the statement.

'I'll just run up and tell Ann that you're here.' Miss Thriepland had started up from her chair as if suddenly mindful of her sister's existence, and was at the door before the two who were left had time to realise her intention.

A silence broken only by the crackling of the red embers fell in the room.

It was the minister who interrupted it. 'You rather failed in your obligations that day, you know, Miss Kate,' he began in his low, tired tones; 'such an opportunity lost, an empty pulpit, a starving congregation!'

The girl raised her head suddenly. 'My courage is only theoretical, I fear,' she said with a half-smile. 'Besides, that morning I was thinking of other things;' and she lowered her head as suddenly again.

'If I might hazard a guess,' he offered, 'you were thinking of'—

'Well?' Her eyes met his again defiantly almost as he broke off.

'No; I give it up,' he retorted.

'I was thinking of you, of the most unlikely thing that could have happened to you,' came the audacious confession.

He laughed. 'Then I presume you foresaw what did occur. After all, what more unlikely thing than "a fight" to happen to a "man of

peace," and a coward to boot!' The last words were spoken in a lower tone.

'Hush!' She had started to her feet at the sound of them, her face crimsoning. 'It is cruel, unmanly, to keep up such a thing—when you know—you know'—

The minister had risen too, and taken a few slow paces toward her. 'Know what!' he demanded.

They were standing opposite each other on the hearthrug now, but his height gave him the advantage.

'Know what!' he repeated, as she gave no sign of having heard the question, his gray eyes scrutinising her down-bent face.

'Oh, nothing,' came the lame sequel. But, from the sound of the laugh that greeted the admission, the minister was not disappointed with it.

'It is wonderful what pleasure negative information gives at times,' he remarked. 'Shall I tell you what I do know?' he added, a deeper note appearing suddenly in his voice.

A faint inclination of the head was her only answer.

'I know several things,' he went on. 'I know

that fate is an irresistible force. I know that friction begets fire. I know that antagonism is the finest preliminary for attraction; that when destiny means two people to come together, little differences of opinion about such matters as the possession of the fighting quality are powerless to keep them apart. I know,' his voice deepening still more, 'that I, Robert Meikle, love you, Kate Thriepland, in the only way a man ever does love when he wants a woman for his own; and, moreover, I know that I have it in my power to make you as happy and blessed a wife as if you were married to a General and his whole staff.' He broke off. 'Now it is your turn,' he added a moment later.

At his words she raised her shy yet glowing eyes to his face. 'The thing I don't know is whether I have it in my power to make you as happy as you deserve,' she admitted very faintly.

But his answer was to take her in his arms. 'We'll discuss that on the anniversary of our marriage,' he said. 'Only, don't keep me waiting, Kate.'

THE END.

NEEDLESS WASTE.

FIRE PREVENTION AN ECONOMIC NECESSITY.

By HAROLD G. HOLT, A.R.I.B.A.

BURNING, starving Belgium! What a picture of needless, wicked waste and frenzied brutality combined is presented by the spectacle of a brave country under a cruel, arrogant oppressor, who with scientific 'frightfulness' recognises the important economic fact, frequently overlooked even by otherwise wide-awake business men, that losses by fire are radical losses, and as such infinitely damaging to national prosperity. Therein lies the true inwardness of the burning of villages, and more especially factories and manufacturing concerns, and in a still greater degree national institutions—the desire to damage radically. To compare the modern Nero-Wilhelm with his prototype would leave the little there is to choose between them to the discredit of the former. To compare the burning of Belgium with the burning of Rome is to compare the bite of a mad dog with that of a flea.

The burning of Rome marked the first serious efforts at fire extinction, and the lesson derived showed that the Romans fully grasped the essential fact in connection with a fire—namely, that its sole result is ash. The intestines of an ox were first used as a bag to carry water to a fire, and by pressure to force out the water in a jet. This may be said to constitute the first fire-extinguisher. The use of some form of hose to convey water to the scene of a fire was first suggested by the architect Apollodorus.

Tentative efforts at fire prevention are apparent throughout the ages since the Roman period, and show that the fatal effects of fire on prosperity were realised. The order for the ringing of the curfew bell was but one of many precautions designed to lessen the likelihood of the outbreak of fire at night, the most dangerous time. The gradual realisation of the necessity for the construction of buildings which should in themselves be of a non-inflammable character was forced on the people of the Middle Ages. To the burning down of numerous churches, abbeys, and cathedrals, and the efforts to prevent this by the substitution of stone for timber, we owe to a large extent the beautiful stone-vaulted ceilings of the ecclesiastical and domestic buildings of the Gothic period which have been handed down to us.

Briefly consider for a moment some of the outstanding conflagrations of the past and present, and think of the enormous losses sustained in life, property, buildings, ancient monuments, art treasures, and libraries.

Let us commence with, say, the Great Fire of London, which in 1666 burnt out old London town, including the cathedral, numerous public buildings, and over thirteen thousand houses, and cost many lives. Soon after, in 1679, occurred the first great fire of Boston, in America; and that city, in 1872, suffered from another

great conflagration, the estimated loss in property amounting to seventy-five million dollars. Constantinople has been the scene of at least six great fires at various dates from 1729 to 1831. Five great fires have occurred in Moscow; and in 1570 over two hundred thousand people perished in a conflagration caused by the Tartars setting fire to the city.

The greatest fires of modern times have occurred in America, whole towns and cities having been wiped out so frequently that the saying, 'No American town becomes a city until it has been burned down three times,' is true of at least several of the larger cities. There is nothing clever in this. The utter folly of rebuilding a burnt-out city the same in design and materials as the former one, and therefore subject to a similar disaster, is only equalled by the marvellous energy displayed in accomplishing the feat in the shortest possible time.

In 1835 thirty million dollars worth of damage was done in New York City, and ten years later another eight million dollar loss was sustained. San Francisco suffered from fire in 1851 to the tune of ten million dollars, and the damage caused by fire after the great earthquake in 1906 amounted to no less than three hundred and fifty million dollars, or over seventy millions sterling. The great fire of Chicago in 1871 resulted in losses of property amounting to one hundred and sixty-five million dollars! The losses sustained by fire in property alone in the five years which included the great Baltimore and San Francisco fires cost the United States no less than twelve hundred and fifty-seven million seven hundred and sixteen thousand dollars, or, roughly speaking, over fifty million pounds sterling per year on the average.

It may be thoughtlessly answered that this loss would be covered by insurance to a very great extent. Even if it were true that the fire insurance companies paid up all claims on losses, there is no reckoning taken of the stupendous losses due to the interruption of business, losses in wages, losses of business connections, &c. But what do we find? At least 10 per cent. of the property destroyed was uninsured, and of the insured portion only 80 per cent. was paid out in claims by the insurance companies on account of the San Francisco fire, and 90 per cent. on account of the Baltimore fire; whilst but 50 per cent. was paid on insured property in the Chicago disaster. The fact that so much as 80 per cent. was paid in the case of the San Francisco fires is due to the fact that several British companies were large underwriters of the losses sustained, and these paid up, many American companies being ruined.

But the principle of fire insurance, though a beneficent one in itself, is merely an amplification of the principle of the severe loss of one or several individuals being met by many. In other words, the people who are insured against fire,

but who do not suffer from it, pay the losses sustained by the losers who are insured. Not only so, but people who are not insured also pay. They pay in a fairly direct way toward the upkeep of fire brigades, and the cost of building fire-stations, installing fire-alarms, and the laying of fire-mains. Indirectly they pay much more. By the amount of food that is damaged annually by fire, and by the amount of cotton, wool, clothing, and goods of all descriptions so destroyed annually in all countries, the whole world is so much the poorer, and the whole world pays. There is less food available for distribution; therefore its cost is increased, it may be by an infinitesimal fraction when spread over the number of consumers, but the increase is there. As it is with the people of the world at large, so is it with nations. The principle of insurance does not abolish the devastating influence of fire and conflagration, but merely mitigates the disastrous effects by spreading the loss over a large number of individuals.

When all is said and done, however, the greatest loss sustained through fire is the loss of human life, which too frequently accompanies its sudden outbreak. In many cases this grave loss of life is due to panic caused by the fire. How often have we heard of people being trampled to death in a mad, panic-stricken rush from a theatre fire; of children's bodies heaped in an awful mass, having fallen one over another in some dark, narrow stairway while endeavouring to escape from a picture palace or Christmas bazaar; of working-girls panic-stricken and unable to descend the crazy *fire-escape* of a factory on fire!

What is the lesson of all this? So long as human carelessness and ignorance exist, it would seem that the danger of the accidental outbreak of fire will exist. To meet this it is necessary to prevent the likelihood of such a calamity spreading in dangerous situations. Buildings must be designed, and can be designed and constructed, in which the amount of inflammable material used is reduced to a minimum. In buildings of an admittedly dangerous type—that is, buildings in which dangerous occupations with regard to fire-risk are carried on, or in which quantities of combustible material are stored—the necessity for adequate precautions is very apparent. It is not equally apparent in all cases, however, and this is where the danger lies. It is now fully recognised that office buildings, for instance, of the huge size which they now frequently attain, and other extremely high buildings, are dangerous fire-risks. It may be said that in the direct ratio of the size and cubical extent of a building is the fire-risk attached to it, since fires gather intensity and force from accumulative burning of material in a quickly increasing ratio, and are correspondingly difficult to deal with successfully.

The advent of modern systems of fire-resisting building construction during the last decade, and the increased usage of reinforced concrete, have led to a vast improvement in the state of affairs, and place many materials and methods in the hands of the architect and builder. There is now not the slightest excuse for neglect of reasonable precautions in guarding against the possibility of fire breaking out, and in adopting a system of 'cut-offs,' so that fires may be more easily split up and readily controlled. Even in buildings constructed on proper fire-resisting principles, in which all inflammable material is eliminated, and in which all materials liable to be influenced deleteriously by fire, such as steel, are protected by others which will resist the action of fire for a considerable time, there is still the possibility of a fire attaining such dimensions that neither fire-extinguishers, sprinkler installations, nor fire-brigade efforts are sufficient to subdue it, and the whole of the contents of the building may be destroyed, with severe loss, whilst the building itself remains intact. Moreover, valuable lives may be lost through the inadequate provision of easily accessible means of escape which shall be free from smoke and flame. Sufficient stress has not been laid upon the fact that all inflammable contents in a building may be destroyed by fire in the most perfect fire-resisting building ever erected; and this emphasises the importance of eliminating all combustible material not only from the constructional portions of a building, but from the actual fittings and furniture. In American office buildings nowadays

many of the desks, shelves, cupboards, and fittings are of steel.

We can erect buildings to-day which need not contain sufficient timber to make a box of matches, even the doors acting as efficient fire-stops from one room to another! When our cities are erected on broad streets, with fine buildings incapable of combustion, protected against the outbreak of fire within and without, and adequately equipped with extinguishing apparatus, we shall have eliminated one of the greatest of scourges, and conserved to the nation and individuals all the hitherto lost wealth in property, food, and material of all kinds, as well as the human life hitherto sacrificed in flames and repented in ashes.

It is perhaps rather too much to expect that at the present moment much attention will be paid to the ever-increasing need for fire protection in our cities; but it should not be lost sight of that in the rebuilding of the destroyed portions of Belgium—which, sooner or later, will certainly commence—a fine opportunity, perhaps never before equalled, presents itself to the architects, engineers, and builders who will be entrusted with the duty of raising new Belgian towns and cities, of erecting not only houses, factories, and workshops to carry on the processes of life, but buildings of a more public character which shall be at once dignified architecturally and rendered as fire-resisting as possible, so that they may endure as an everlasting monument to the glory of one of the most heroic nations of all ages.

BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR the past three days I have been confined to my bedroom, indeed I may say to my bed; for, with the exception of a short half-hour to-day—when Betty exchanged blankets for sheets—I have been reluctantly compelled to restrict my range of vision to the interior of my room, with my head on my pillow. The doctor has been to see me morning and night, and Betty has been in and out and out and in, and her anxiety regarding me has been too evident to be ignored.

This morning, when she had accompanied the doctor downstairs, I heard her ask what he thought of me. I didn't hear what he said in reply, because his voice is very low-pitched and his articulation not distinct; but Betty's rejoinder was, 'Imphm! I juist expected something o' the kind. Dod, doctor, was it no' a stupid ploy—sic thochtless stravaigin'—five 'oors oot o' the hoose in snell weather like this, an' him as shaky on his legs as a footrule? A wean o' ten years auld wad ha'e haen mair sense.'

No reproaches have been made to my face, however, and of this I am glad, as I am sure I should be sorely exercised in mind to find a suitable excuse for my truancy.

I am not very clear about the details of my journey homeward from the Nithbank Wood. Betty and Nathan were both out when I returned, doubtless making search for me; and as I was too fatigued to walk upstairs, I sat down in Nathan's easy-chair in the kitchen and fell asleep. I have no recollection of what followed, and considering the state of Betty's pent-up feelings, it would, I feel, be rather imprudent of me to ask.

I have been feeling rather low in spirits these last two days. I cannot blame the weather, for the October sun, though waning in strength, is showing his face for long-continued spells, the air is brisk and invigorating, and the sparrows are chirping and sporting in the eaves above my little window as if it were the merry month of May. I am loath to attribute this depression to

physical weakness; yet were I to make such acknowledgment to Dr Grierson, I know he would frankly and at once confirm it. That I have received a set-back is evident, and when I call to mind my exertions in the plantation I need not be surprised. Still, everything considered, if I had that afternoon to live over again I should do just exactly as I did then. I am truly sorry if what Betty calls my 'thochtless stravaigin' has undone the doctor's work, sorry if Betty's loving care has been lavished in vain. But Time, with healing in his wings, will surely make everything right again. And then I must not forget that, but for this 'thochtless stravaigin,' I should not have met my dream-lady face to face. Ah! this is the one consoling fact, a rich reward, though the penalty I pay may be great. It is the only bright spot in a drab, dreary outlook, and I shall nurse this secret joy in my heart and count myself favoured indeed.

Betty, who has a jealous eye where I am concerned, has noticed my depression. Yesterday and to-day she has given me much of her company, and in our cracks she has done her utmost to divert my mind into agreeable channels. She talked much of a younger brother of Nathan's—Joe, a member of the Hebron family I had not heard of before. Joe, it turns out, is an old soldier, and on a slender pension, eked out by the proceeds of odd jobbing, he keeps up a modest one-roomed establishment somewhere in the purlieus of the Cuddy Lane. On the expiry of his army service he came to Thornhill—accompanied by a Cockney wife of whom Betty and Nathan had no previous knowledge—with a view to settling down among the scenes of his boyhood, which had haunted his dreams in far-away lands. But the quiet village life had no charms for Mrs Joseph, and after a month of protesting, in which rural life was damned, and pleading, in which London's charms were extravagantly extolled, she went away south on a holiday, from which she never returned. Thanks to his army training, which had perfected him in the art of looking after number one, Joe took to house-keeping on his own as a duck takes to water, and settled down to a state of grass-widowerhood with astonishing equanimity. Regularly, however, during August, September, and part of October, he disappears from the village; and Betty thinks, but is not quite sure (as Joe, like Nathan, is very reticent), that Mrs Joe runs a small boarding-house down south somewhere, and that Joe goes to give her a hand during the busy months. Betty is expecting his return any day now, and I shall be glad to meet him, as his history has interested me. With such gossip news, interspersed with naïve by-remarks, Betty has done her level best to drive dull care away.

This afternoon, when she left me to make ready Nathan's supper, she promised to come back again with her knitting after the meal was

over; but, finding her duties didn't permit of her immediately fulfilling her promise, she deputed Nathan to act the cheery host.

By very slow degrees Nathan is ridding himself of his reticence. When we meet he has more to say than formerly, and his long-drawn sighs instead of words are less frequent; but he has not yet ventured upstairs of his own free-will or without a message or excuse.

'There noo, Nathan,' I heard Betty say, after he had 'hoasted' satisfaction with his meal and scried his chair away from the table—'there noo, Nathan, gang awa' up like a man. Juist walk strecht into the room as if the hoose was your ain, an' for ony sake dinna gant an' sit quiet. The laddie's dull an' wearyin', so keep the crack cheery.'

Nathan's appearance is not calculated to inspire gaiety. He is too long and 'boss-looking,' his whiskers are too straight and wispy, and his blue eyes too vacant and far-away. But, as I have admitted, there is a 'composure' about him which is satisfying; and as he pushed my door ajar and came in, as it were bit by bit, I gladly laid aside my book and turned down my lamp.

I presumed he would be dying for his after-supper smoke, so I persuaded him to sit down in the basket chair at the foot of my bed, and 'fire his pipe,' as he terms it.

For a time he smoked in silence; then, suddenly remembering Betty's injunction, and looking through the uncurtained window and taking a long survey of the scudding clouda, he said, 'Imphm! the wind's changin', Maister Weelum, to the nor'-east. That means a bla' doon your lum, I'm thinkin', an' it's a maist by-ordinar' dirty, choky thing, is back reek.' Then breaking away at a tangent, and fixing his blue eyes on me, he said, 'Ay, man, an' ye're no' lookin' sae weel the nicht as I've seen ye.'

'Maybe not, Nathan,' I said. 'I haven't been up to the mark yesterday and to-day.'

'So Betty was tellin' me; but—eh—ye're lookin' waur than I expectit.'

'I'm sorry, Nathan,' and I laughed uneasily; 'but, you know, I cannot help my appearance.'

'No, Maister Weelum, that's true—that *is* true,' and he deliberately, and with unerring aim, spat in the fire. 'Nae man can—eh, loosh, d'ye see that?' he hastily ejaculated, as a cloud of smoke spued from the fireplace, swirled up the wall, and spread along the ceiling. 'I tell't ye the wind was shiftin' its airt, an' that ye wad ha'e a bla' doon. If there's onything in this world I hate, it's back smoke. Man, it seeps into your lungs doon through your thrapple, an' there's nae hoastin' o' it up. Phew!—dash it! I wonder when that lum was last soopit. Talkin' o' lums, did ye ken that auld Brushie the sweep was buried the day?'

Not having had the pleasure of Brushie's acquaintance, I replied in the negative with unconcern.

'Ay,' continued Nathan, determined to obey Betty and keep the crack going—'ay, there's a lot o' folk slippin' awa' the noo; changeable weather gethers them in. It's a kittle time o' the year for them that are no' very strong—imphm!'

I was, unfortunately, in a more than usually susceptible state of mind, and the morbid strain of Nathan's conversation was affecting me in spite of myself. 'Yes, Nathan,' I said, expecting to bring a smile to his long, serious face, 'people are dying just now who never died before.'

'True, Maister Weelum; ye're richt there. Imphm! ye're perfectly richt,' he solemnly said without relaxing a muscle. He crossed his long legs very deliberately and stroked his beard as he looked round my little room. 'Man, Maister Weelum, dootless ye think ye're as snug up here as a flea in a blanket, but wad ye no' be better doon the stairs in the big bedroom to the sooth, an'—an'—'

'And what, Nathan?'

'Oh, weel, it's no' for the likes o' me to dictate to you. Ye ken your ain ken best, but wad ye no' be mair comfortable-like sleepin' in the sooth room an' sittin' your odd time in the dinin'-room? Betty or me never put a foot in it except to air or fire it, an' it wad save ye the trouble an' inconvenience o' comin' up an' doon the stairs.'

I thought for a moment before replying to this unexpected and most sensible suggestion.

'Is this idea off your own bat, Nathan?' I asked.

'Off my ain what, Maister Weelum?'

'I mean, did you think out this arrangement yourself, or is it Betty's idea and yours?'

'Oh, I see. Weel—umphm-m—we were talkin' it ower atween us last nicht, an' Betty thinks ye wad be better doon the stairs; but she doesna like to say that to ye for fear ye micht think that ye were a bother to her, or that she considered hersel' ill hauden takin' your meat up to ye, an'—an' things like that—ye see.'

'I understand,' I said thoughtfully; 'and do you know, Nathan, the idea is worth considering, and'—

'No' to interrupt ye, Maister Weelum,' he interposed, 'ye ken as weel as I do that ye're far frae bein' strong—at least, as strong as ye should be. Ye're nocht the better o' that lang walk ye had the ither day, an' the doctor's no' sae pleased wi' ye as he was.'

'Oh, indeed, Nathan! I'm sorry to know that; but, with care and a few days' rest, I trust to be all right very soon.'

'Oh, dod, sir, we a' hope that—imphm!—but, a' the same, if I were you I wad shift my quarters. Ye'll ha'e mair convenience, a sooth exposure, langer sunshine, nae back smoke, an' then, man, ye'll be nearer Betty should ye need her service. I've aye considered this a

wee, poky place, onywey; an' as for the stair up to't, it's the warst-planned yin I ever saw. It's far ower narra, the turn's ower sherp, an' it wad be a perfect deevil o' a job to get a kist doon there.'

'A what, Nathan?' I asked.

'A kist—a coffin, I mean.'

'But, goodness me, my good man, who wants to take a coffin down there?'

'Oh Lord! naebody that I ken o', Maister Weelum—no, no, naebody I ken o'. But yin's never sure. As Betty often says, "oor days are as gress"—imphm! We drap awa' like the leaves in the back-end, Maister Weelum—ay, juist like leaves nipit wi' the frost. An', speakin' o' leaves, I was workin' amang leaf-mould the day; an', dod, sir, it's a queer thing, but, d'ye ken, whenever I handle that stuff I begin to think about kirkyairda. Isn't that a queer thing noo, Maister Weelum?' and he puffed at his pipe without drawing smoke.

My lamp was burning low. Rain was pattering on the darkened window-panes, and the souging wind at irregular intervals drove clouds of smoke down my chimney. Shadows from the lime-tree outside danced on the whitewashed walls, taking to themselves grotesque, fantastic shapes; and Nathan—gaunt, wispy-bearded, spectral Nathan—puffed, and sighed, and spat in the semi-darkness. From the kitchen downstairs came to me at times sounds of a conversation carried on in a dull monotone, and interspersed with half-suppressed distressing sobs. A queer, creepy sensation began to take hold of me. I drew my blankets tighter round me and settled my pillow a little higher.

(Continued on page 519.)

FOR THEE AND ME ALONE.

I KNOW a land where wild-ducks fly
Into the moon-disc, silver there;
Below, the silent forests lie
Of fragrant green in perfumed air.

Within a dell, afar from all
The trails of man, the night-bird sings;
I know the music of his call,
I know the whisper of his wings.

I'd lead thee there, oh love of mine!
Amid the music in the trees,
That all these beauties should be thine,
And thine should be far more than these.

To rest? Ah no! not on the earth,
Amid the sweet-scent summer fair;
Such dreams as love has given birth
Should rest on clouds more light than air;

More swiftly than the wild-ducks flight
Should pass, and when that flight is flown,
Return through star-fields of the night
To thee and me alone.

COLIN C. PALMERSTON.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

TABLE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNA WOODWARD.

FOR some two hundred and fifty years Table Mountain, in the Cape Province, has been climbed by Europeans. About eighty ways to the summit—some hazardous enough to satisfy the most adventurous—are known to the expert climbers of the Mountain Club. For the ordinary pedestrian there are three principal routes—by the Platteklip Gorge up the face of the Rock, by the Kasteel Poort on the western side, and by a third path that attacks the great fortress from the rear. By any of these ways you have merely to walk up, and they must therefore be described as easy. But the trails, such as they are, prove amazingly rough, and in places exhaustingly steep. It takes from two to three hours, or even four, of steady climbing to reach the summit, three thousand five hundred and eighty-two feet above the level of the sea. The descent is equally arduous, because you can hardly take a step without choosing your foothold; and though youthful members of the Mountain Club may pass you running and jumping from rock to rock, wisdom still restrains you to a leisurely performance. Then there is the heat of the African sun to be considered.

To look up at the precipitous face of Table Mountain from Capetown is to decide, naturally enough, that there is no way up except for the practised rock-climber. In certain lights the imposing front, rising from the wooded slopes behind the town, appears a sheer wall of granite. At other times you see immense projecting buttresses, rounded, with encircling palisades of rock resting on green slopes, cliff and rough lawn alternating, and deep ravines and overhanging rocks. Still, the exploring eye discovers no way of safe ascent.

The mountain guards the secret of the path-way to the summit from almost every aspect; but, concealed by the projections of one of the largest of these gigantic buttresses, there is a hidden gorge leading to a hidden gap in the upmost ramparts. It is the Platteklip.

From the Gardens of Capetown the ascent begins easily enough by a steep but well-made path shaded by eucalyptus-trees and pines. The plantations which cover the lower slopes of the mountain end at the road that has been cut along the entire face of the Rock, making a winding red scar that is the boundary between the

ascending woodlands and the upper world of precipices. In places, however, the plantations still push upward, and, especially in the gorges, fair-sized trees find a foothold among the dense scrub.

The inviting path ends at this crossing road. You cease to walk comfortably, and begin to clamber, pointed fragments of loose red rock affording no easy foothold; but after the first determined effort comes unexpected reward. You reach a mountain torrent, with banks of moss and fern and snowy arum lilies, where, among rocks, the cold water lies in tempting pools. For a short space, too, the path ceases to ascend, and, well made again, goes sideways through an avenue of young Australian gum-trees. Thus you are allured; but almost immediately you come out again into the glare of the sunshine, and before you rises the precipitous, rough-hewn trail up the gorge.

It was on the level pathway bordered by the scented eucalyptus that we nearly trod on a cobra rather more than five feet long. It lay coiled in a patch of sunlight, and, with head raised defiantly, seemed to dispute our right to pass; but after a few minutes, in which we exchanged mutually antagonistic glances, it unwound its splendid body and vanished among the rocks.

The way became steep. Now and then a great stone gave beneath the foot, and rolled clattering downward in a cloud of gold-red dust. The path of great boulders ended sometimes at solid rock which had to be surmounted. The sun beat down mercilessly upon us from the deep-blue sky; but a reviving breeze blew across the mountain. There was the scent of pines in the air, and the perfume of aromatic scrub. About the path were bushes covered with round golden blossoms that looked like orange-trees laden with fruit. We made our way through heath in flower as high as a man's shoulder. There were heaths of a hundred kinds, and the mountain-side was gay with flowers—the great blossoms of the wild geranium, scarlet lilies standing high in the rough grass, the bright blue agapanthus, flowers red, blue, purple, yellow, and white growing daringly among the rocks or in splendid clusters amidst the dense scrub of the gorge. Above us were the frowning precipices, below the brilliant blue of Table Bay.

Amidst all this beauty we plodded upward,

hot and thirsty. Far toward the summit we heard the tinkle of water; a stream trickles over a rocky ledge high overhead, but is caught by the breeze and blown into spray. We stood in the ardent sun and looked up at that tantalising torrent; but we were to find quite close to us, among flowers, a tiny vase in a slab of sheer rock holding the ice-cold water that we craved. We rested there to eat from the basket of fruit that we carried. We could now see quite clearly the concealed gap which made a deep indentation in the jagged horizontal front of the flat-topped mountain, the gateway by which the summit of the lofty tableland was to be won. The way, however, became more arduous. The frowning heights still seemed to tower inaccessible above us, supporting the cobalt sky.

At last we entered through the forbidding portal to the sunlit uplands. You come out on an immense plateau, where scrub and flowers lie between causeways of flat rock—rocks that enclose miniature lakes and pools of water with a reddish hue. It is not unlike a moorland scene. On all sides appeared the dazzling blue sea. Peering northward over the edge of the tableland, we could see Capetown among its trees, gleaming at the edge of the curving sands of Table Bay. To the east, linking the peninsula to the mainland, lay the green-golden semi-desert of the Cape Flats merging in the vast jagged range of the mainland mountains. To the south the Flats end in white sand-dunes that press back the snowy breakers of False Bay, divided from the Atlantic by the range of mountains that stretches from Table Mountain itself to the headland which is called Good Hope.

The flat summit from which we surveyed this glowing panorama, when the wind blows from the south-east, is the resting-place of the level cloud that is named the 'Tablecloth.' It rests there, but seems to pour over the precipice in an immense foaming cataract which streams some way down the cliff, and stops suddenly on meeting the warm ascending air. No one can foretell the hour when the cloud will form and imperil those on the summit who do not know the secrets of the mountain. Many lives have been lost in this flower-strewn upland garden; but in the sunshine it is a place of enchantment. Nor is it enough to explore this highest level to have seen the top of Table Mountain. A second plateau extends below, 'a miniature continent, the surface diversified by river and hill, and producing a flora to be found nowhere else.'

The wide ledge on which we stood dropped steeply to a little valley that we crossed to climb a rocky rampart, down the face of which we scrambled to this second plateau. Here, among pine-trees, lay two blue lakes, the mountain reservoirs that quench the thirst of Capetown. A stone bungalow belonging to the Government stands on the shore of one of these lakes. The gateway to the garden bears the

grim sign: 'No refreshments supplied.' We had expected none; yet the effect of this sign was to awaken dormant appetites.

The bungalow and the hut are not the only buildings on the mountain-top. There is a little cluster of houses built of corrugated iron, in which a few coloured people live. It was not like one of those picturesque villages which are perched on the mountains of Italy—merely a double row of dilapidated sheds standing in the midst of the expanse of scrub; but in a land of sunshine, in semi-arid surroundings, these buildings of iron blend better than might be supposed with their environment, the iron gleaming in the sun having almost the appearance of silver. One or two natives stood at the doors of their little houses, a score of chickens ran about the single 'street,' and all around lay the moorland gay with flowers.

From a sign-post by the lake we learned that we had the choice of two ways by which to descend. We could go down the southern face of the mountain into the beautiful Constantia Valley, with its groves of silver trees, its vineyards, and old Dutch homesteads; or by the Kasteel Poort, down the western side, between two of the fretted peaks, called the Twelve Apostles, which overlook the blue Atlantic. We chose the latter path. It leaves the plateau at a spot where the flowers seem to grow in greater profusion than anywhere else. We looked back at a mass of scarlet and gold waving against the dazzling sky. There is a stream which crosses the path, the water yellow with iron, but cold and delicious to drink.

The path presents no difficulties; yet how rough it is, and slippery, and easy enough to lose, so that you find yourself wandering in the rocky gorge and compelled to toil upward again!

Far below you see the curving sands of the little hamlet of Camps Bay, surely one of the most exquisite seaside resorts in the world. It is near to Capetown, and yet remains unspoiled. Not more than a dozen people—mere black specks in the distance—did we discover that day by the sea that looked so tempting, while we walked and burned in the glare of the sun.

Now and then a bird crossed our path—a lark, a canary, a sugar-bird with its long bill and graceful flowing tail; we could hear the wood-pigeons calling. But we began to think only of our weariness. We had been walking nearly nine hours when at last the steep trail ended. It ended at a path cut along under the Twelve Apostles at the same level as the mountain road above Capetown. This path is partly shaded by trees, and follows the curves of the slopes. The ocean lies on your left, and in front of you rises the Lion's Head, joined to Table Mountain by the curving saddle of the Kloof Nek, to which the path leads, and whence a splendid carriage-road winding through groves of oak and pine takes you back to the sunlit

city by the bay. You come to a world of shaded streets and white walls and pretty bungalows; and in the gardens the purple of bougainvillea, the vivid scarlet of hibiscus, the pink-and-white of oleander. You see these colours against the violet wall of the overshadowing mountain.

It is the hour of sunset. The 'cloth,' perfectly level, as level as the mountain-top it covers, lies white under the greening blue of the sky. The snowy mist pours down the face of the mountain, and leaps like a torrent into the air over the western precipice. The sun, sinking in the sea, sends its last rays upward, throwing a broad shaft of golden light slantways across the western corner of the mountain, and dyes the falling clouds a vivid rose—mysterious violet, solid gold, and pouring pink.

In the great V formed by the Kloof Nek, between the mountain and the rocky pyramid of the Lion's Head, is a mass of colour worthy of an African sunset. Ten thousand tiny clouds have formed like a storm of ostrich feathers, and each of these tiny clouds is deep scarlet below and purple above, the feathery clouds spread out toward the zenith losing something of their brilliancy; overhead they are blush-rose backed by a pale and delicate blue contrasting with the deep blue of the sky that shows through the clouds. Broad bands of colour light the eastern sky, where across the bay it rests on the castellated mountain-ranges of the mainland.

The pageant of colour ends suddenly. Table Mountain becomes gray against the deep black-blue of the sky, in which the stars look silver at their first appearing. The sky has the appearance of solidity; it is the solid mass of rock which looks ethereal. And then the full moon comes up. Precipice and gorge, stern buttress and wooded slope, stand out once more as clearly as by day, and the brilliant silver light falls full upon the 'Tablecloth,' upon that vast volume of vapour in which imagination sees an avalanche about to overwhelm the white town below, an avalanche in swift and awful movement which never approaches; by day a foaming sea of water, by night an avalanche of

snow or a great glacier set in sudden motion. Then, first seen through the filmy mist above, slowly rising above the level summit of the long shining cloud, swing into view the five stars of the Southern Cross. When the 'cloth' is spread on the great flat-topped mountain, when the moonlight falls full upon it and the stars are shining from a clear sky, so exquisite is the scene, so impressive and full of grandeur, that all the glowing colouring of the sunset hour seems surpassed in beauty; and so you think until at dawn the colouring once more begins. There are, again, the rosy hues, the pale blues, the purple and gold. A glowing mist hangs over the lower slopes where cattle are grazing among the rocks and under the groves of the great umbrella-pines with bare red stems that look like palms. As the sun rises the mountain looks very green; vast stretches of green appear among the violet rocks, that turn to lilac and to gray as the sun falls full upon them. You see all the grotesque and wondrous carving of buttress and wall and pinnacle. A mere rim of cloud lies upon the summit under the shining blue of the sky, and presently this blueness seems to fall like a curtain in front of the mountain; it takes on the appearance of a solid wall of precipice, and you can hardly believe in the reality of its flower-filled gorges, the torrents dashing down among ferns and lilies.

Sometimes the wind blows a spray from the cloud, so that you walk in rain through the Gardens of Capetown with a brilliant sky overhead. It may be that in the late afternoon, because of this moisture in the air, a perfect and brilliant rainbow is thrown upon the background of blue sky, one end of the stupendous arch resting, most gorgeous, on the sides of the Devil's Peak, the other on the snowy sand-dunes across the sapphire bay.

In certain aspects, especially from the sea, Table Mountain looks grim and arid; but nature has selected it for the scene of effects hauntingly beautiful, and has hidden among its sun-baked rocks the most marvellous collection of wild flowers in the world.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE MONEY.

THE eastern horn of the little bay might have been a couple of miles away. I grudged the time spent on the walk, for we were obliged to stop often, on account of our prisoner. He could not trail his legs farther than a couple of hundred yards without breaking down. Macdonell must have been able to dominate him completely, and had chosen him because of his defects. Once in his power, Innes was as putty in the other's hands. Character counts even among wolves.

We were lynx-eyed in our observation of the sand-dunes on our right and the beach below us, but not so much as a rabbit stirred in the moonlight. Innes took us past the clump of junipers where we had lain and watched Macdonell and him, and led the way down a crow-stepped slant of rocks to the beach on the eastern side of the headland.

Here was a stretch of shingle, broken by pools of sea-water, and scattered rocks, casting grotesque ink-blots of shadows. He took

us behind a rock and pointed to a large stone in the sand.

'There,' he said; 'underneath.'

My pulses were galloping. For a moment the dire thought touched me that Innes might be playing some deep game, and that there would be nothing there. He might swear (and it might be true) that Philip had again forestalled us.

Anthony began to heave at the stone. It moved a couple of inches. Bertrand and I bent to it. It rolled over. The captain scraped the loose sand away with his foot, and the clink of metal sounded, an iron ring on the lid of an iron-clamped chest. Quickly we began to clear the sand away from it. Again and again, with feverish energy, we tried to wrest it from the stubborn sand, but in vain, until the captain seized a crowbar. The lid cracked at the first few wrenches of his powerful arms. For an unforgettable minute we watched, in tense silence, his broad back heave below us. The lid was wrenched off, and in the chest, in orderly rows, lay a number of canvas bags, their necks tied carefully, and sealed.

Bertrand lifted one of them. '*Ma foi!* it is not light! Gold, I wager!'

He handed it to me. I picked up the captain's knife, ripped open the canvas, and with a catch at my breath saw a little yellow stream spill out and jingle on the stone. They were *louis d'ors*. The French money was at our feet. Elation loosened our taut nerves. Bertrand seized my hand, his eyes shining. I paced up and down, breathing a new air, like one suddenly coming to the surface from a depth. Anthony lit his pipe and sat pulling stolidly at it, his face creased with smiles, his head moving like a bird's as his one eye veered between the box and us.

We counted the coins in the bag I had slit open. There were exactly two thousand *louis* in it. In the chest were other ten bags of equal weight, a few loose *louis*, and a smaller bag with English guineas. In all, the whole came approximately to twenty-two thousand odd *louis* and six hundred guineas.

There was no time to be lost, for Philip might at that moment be on his way to clear his *cache*. The problem of removing the money had to be solved promptly. Bertrand watched Innes, while Anthony and I took as many of the bags as we could carry at a time, and hid them most carefully in a cunning place in the wilderness of whins at the top of the ridge. When the chest was empty, Bertrand laid one of his gloves in the bottom and placed a sixpence in its open palm.

'There!' he said, and stepped back to look at his jest. 'Twill be a joyous sight for Cousin Philip. I should love to see his face.'

The chest, empty save for the sixpence, was closed and replaced, the sand smoothed over it, and the stone rolled on top. In great elation, we turned our backs on the place, and, making a cautious *détour* landward, struck across country

toward the little port of Findhorn, where our adventure promised to reach its zenith.

We found a rough road through the Laich of Moray, the rich flat belt of country that runs east and west along the Firth. I have seen it since, in spring and summer, with green and gold, blue of sea and gleam of sand, a land like a fair woman in her prime, a place to rest the eyes on and never to forget. But on this night it showed no restful outlines. The stars shone with a tremulous, hard brilliance; fields and woods lay dark and threadbare, heralding winter, colourless yet trenchant, the whole a cold picture in black-and-white in the moonlight. The clearness of the night favoured our scheme of reaching the port of Findhorn quickly, before the folks were astir. Bertrand followed us with Innes, out of earshot, for we had things of moment to discuss.

'The *Gannet* will soon be outside the bar, to wait for the next tide,' said Anthony. 'If I can get "Mr Mortimer," as he calls himself, on board, the rest is easy. It's up sail an' awa' wi' him.'

'I am all for giving him a chance of crossing swords with me,' I said; 'but once he discovers that the French money is gone and the bottom knocked out of his scheme to get away with it, he'll never set foot on the *Gannet*.'

'Unless I send him there by some palaver,' Anthony said. 'But it will be none so easy, for he's as wary as a tod.'

'By heaven! I do not go south without him, unless I see him dead.'

'Indeed, an inch or twa o' cold iron would be the handiest way o't. He never was ower partec'lar himsel' about bluid-lettin'.'

In the end we decided that Anthony should try to keep the *Gannet* outside the bar, and get Left Hand on board her by some ruse or other. If he failed, then the bold course was for us to face him; and, truth to tell, both Bertrand and I were like greyhounds in the slips for a chance to square accounts.

We were nearing the estuary of the Findhorn, a glittering shield of smooth water. A score or so of riding lights in the channel were curtsying to the moon, a thick cluster of masts and a network of rigging marking the little port.

Innes was strictly warned, Bertrand's pistol being shaken within a inch of his nose, that the slightest suspicion of treachery would mean death.

Our footsteps sounded like a regiment's in the quiet. The port was a dark, straggling line of houses lying so near the water that a turn in its sleep, so to speak, might have tumbled it into the estuary. The moonlight flooded it, picking out for us every detail. Not a chimney smoked. There were no lights, save the ships', and one from a house in the distance, a solitary eye, red and unblinking. We were tiptoeing along a little street that cork-screwed down to the harbour, when I heard a footfall. It was the faintest sound, but with infinite stealth in it.

The captain had heard it also. He whispered to us, 'Dinna stop! Keep straight ahead.'

It came again, a soft pit-pat following us. I know of no more disquieting feeling than that of being dogged; and it was much to my relief when the captain turned the corner of the street and pointed to an archway in a pool of shadows, with a 'Quick! In here!' We had just time to reach it, when the footsteps turned the corner and came to a dead halt a yard or two from where we were hiding. I could hear the man breathing. He was wary, and stood still listening. Then came a peculiar low whistle. To my astonishment, Anthony answered it note for note, and stepped out into the street.

'It's the mate!' said he; and, sure enough, it was the mate of the *Gannet*, Hugh Scott, muffled to the eyes in thick sea garments.

'I watched ye, but I couldna make ye out, so I lay low and waited. A word wi' ye, captain.'

Anthony and he stepped aside. I heard a muttered curse, and the captain returned almost immediately.

'Middlin' news,' he said, frowning. 'Hugh, here, got my message at Garmouth to bring the *Gannet* round to Findhorn; but a lubberly son of a gun fouled her coming into her berth, and smashed her rudder. I ken the clumsy eediot. He couldna handle a canal barge, let alone a ship.' If the erring skipper's ears did not tingle it was none of Anthony's fault, for he cursed him fluently and heartily.

'How long do you reckon it will be afore she's shipshape?' he asked the mate.

'A couple o' days. I got the carpenters on to her.'

This unexpected delay killed our scheme of getting Philip on board the *Gannet* before he went back to his *cache*.

'We must draw the badger now. If he discovers that the French money is gone, Philip will show us a clean pair of heels, and I have no notion of losing sight of him,' said Bertrand; and he spoke for us all. We turned toward the harbour.

Bertrand and I had pistols and our swords, the captain a pistol. The mate had a cutlass, and him we told off to look after Innes and cut him down if he tried to escape. The big man's nod of understanding was a grim one.

We slipped out of the archway into the silent street, the moon still riding clear, the air piercingly cold. Anthony knew the lie of the houses and the surroundings of the 'Crown and Anchor,' where our quarry lay, and he led us along a path skirting the water until we came within fifty yards of the inn. There was a light burning in it, the solitary one we had seen when we reconnoitred the port. The inn, a low, one-storeyed house, was as quiet as death, the only sound in the night the sucking of the tide round the wharves below it. A courtyard with massive pillars flanking an open gate fronted it. Anthony, Scott, and the prisoner Innes, in case of an attempt to escape by that way, hid themselves near the back entrance, and Bertrand and I tiptoed into the courtyard. The light was from a small diamond-paned window, a thin red curtain drawn across it. We crouched below the window-sill, our eyes at the foot of the pane, where the curtain did not reach. A log fire was burning, and stretched in an arm-chair beside it was Macdonell, his eyes closed, sound asleep, limbs relaxed, one arm hanging over the arm of the chair. He was facing the window. Two candles in sconces on the chimneypiece threw their light full on the handsome oval lines of his face. I could not but marvel at its serenity and repose. The head thrown carelessly back, lips slightly parted, a flicker of a smile on them, he might have been—God knows, perhaps he was!—in some happy dream, for sleep's alchemy had wrought its magic, erasing the tell-tale lines, clearing the dross, leaving the best. Come and gone in a strange and sad flash of remembrance, I recalled the summer nights we shared together on our ride from the Border. It was as though I looked at some one else, and not the man I knew.

(Continued on page 530.)

THE HALF-CROWN GOURMET.

A WANDERER'S MEALS IN MANY LANDS.

THERE are two things which a true wanderer can always procure in a new country, even though he be very slightly acquainted with the language. These are a ticket and a good meal. All else he can, at a pinch, do without, or acquire by means of signs. A bed? He can find it in a waiting-room, in a train, in a café; and, if he is an old hand, he will sleep there like a top, and cheaply at that. A collar? He is a master in the art of dumb-show, and that important article comes in the first exercise—after a drink. Yet no amount of ingenious gesticulation will

produce a good meal with any certainty as to the size of the bill. Your true wanderer in time develops an instinct for unearthing the right restaurant; he has a nose for good food, as your true journalist has a nose for good news. But, as with the journalist, his school is a hard one, and many are the disillusiones, many and unpleasantly surprising the mistakes, before he has grown that nose. I have wandered into the filthiest of dens and been served with the ghastliest of concoctions, and into the smartest of restaurants and had my pockets cleared to a

cent. The wanderer of whom I am speaking is, of course, not the individual who takes the *train de luxe*, attended by five suit-cases and a valet, and goes to the biggest hotel he can find, where he can rely upon excellent and thoroughly English meals in a setting of palms, glass, and red-garbed orchestrians. That man is as far removed from the real roving brotherhood as he who never leaves his own back-yard, an unfortunate modern plutocrat who might just as well stay at home, seeing that in all his travels he carries with him the same artificial atmosphere. Everywhere he has only to know two words: *The Best*. I, too, have always aimed at the best, the best to be got for about half-a-crown—if possible, less; and now I flatter myself I can find it in any new city within half-an-hour of my arriving. But it was not always so.

I remember a little place in Barcelona where, for about half that sum, one could get a substantial meal in an interesting circle of coachmen. Macaroni one started with, baked brown in a large red earthenware pot, and sprinkled with grated cheese. This one washed down with red wine made of anything but grapes (rumour had it that it was powder), and one closed the occasion with delightful coffee and aniseed liqueur. There is another little place more respectable by far, just off the Plaza de Cataluna. It is underground, and the tablecloths are clean. One had a very Spanish dish, a sort of curried mess—rice, pepper, macaroni, salad, and more pepper, and here and there a delicious mussel. I have a strong prejudice against all shellfish, an ineffaceable relic of my respectable middle-class upbringing; but there, down below the blazing street, where the sweet Castilian tongue was cut sharply by the short, gross, ugly speech of the Catalans, and faced by a bottle of clear, rose-tinted wine—the ordinary 'white' wine of the country—prejudice melted, and I ate ravenously of the mussel mess, and asked for more. So much for Spain.

In contrast I see a café-restaurant on the Lower Rhine, where the waiters all speak English and the air is sour with stringy *Sauerkraut*, and one wonders dimly if there is any colour of the spectrum not represented among the kaleidoscopic sausages. There is *Leberwurst*, greenish-gray; the dark red-brown of *Blutwurst*; slices of white-and-brown check matching the tail-coats affected by the diners; sausages, again, with a decided pink tinge—cold, hot, simmering in gravy, large, small, medium—sausages all, accompanied by steaming *Sauerkraut* and mashed potatoes. Our plutocrat who has put up—with his five suit-cases and one valet—at the Hotel Bristol, Berlin, will laugh at this description. 'The German sausage,' he will say, 'is a myth. I never saw a sausage in Germany.' And I must admit that before I went and saw for myself I had an idea that the German sausage was rather in the nature of an exaggeration. But the curi-

ous fact is that the sausage *is* the staple food of the German, and the French *do* eat frogs and snails.

Nowhere better than in Germany can one study the etiquette of the café-restaurant. Half-way through one's pink sausage one notices that one's neighbour is paying his bill. It comes, one sees, to a couple of marks, and the customer solemnly leaves a paltry five *pfennig* tip on the table. (Such people *do* exist.) The waiter looks at the coin in silence. One notices that he is rapidly becoming the hue of *Blutwurst*, but one is not quite prepared for what follows. He picks up the little-nickel piece from the table, suppresses a temptation to spit thereon, but passionately flings it upon the floor. Then he turns and walks stiffly back to the kitchen with the discomfited diner's plates in his hand. The coin is still lying there, under a table, when one returns at night to dine.

Pink and blue sausages and mussel curry may be interesting novelties, but it is not until you come to your first meal on board a steamer bound for Scandinavia that you really receive a shock. There, down in the cosy saloon, you feel as though the earth had sprung away from beneath your feet. (It has, of course.) Here is revolution, chaotic revolution, in all your ideas of how a meal should be taken. You make the acquaintance of the northern *sexta*. The meal consists chiefly of *hors d'œuvres*, which are spread out in profusion on a large table in the centre of the saloon. You do not understand, and you sit down at one of the tables and wait patiently for ten minutes, expecting the steward to serve you. Your eye follows him about wistfully, but still you fail to realise the truth. Then suddenly it dawns on you: there is no service; it is each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. You rise and approach the centre table. You take a plate and a fork from the pile, and make a tour, daintily picking a little of each delicacy. Salt prevails: salt herring, salt salmon, salt meat, anchovies, also sardines, potatoes in their skins, ham, salad, and reindeer-flesh. Having heaped your plate to the toppling-point, you retire to your place and demolish the edifice of jumbled viands.

Later, when you are living in Sweden or Finland, you have learnt to return and build up another pile, as much as you like, for two kroner, or two marks, as the case may be; there is no control! Then the joint of the day is brought in, cut into slices, and surrounded with vegetables, and again you return to the *sexta* table and help yourself. No tip to the waiter!

On board you probably drink Copenhagen beer, and outside Germany you will not find better; but in Finland itself you will have the choice between sweet and sour milk. You will almost certainly take the sour first, and splutter and grimace will follow; after which you find that gourmet's nose a centimètre longer. It is on such mishaps that it thrives.

I repeat, in Scandinavia you may take as much as you like for your two kroner; therefore it is safe to say that in the northern countries the best and cheapest meals can be found. Russia, of course, is a northern country, but it is out of the *sexta* region, and the rouble is its standard coin; whence beware! You will not eat for less than one and a half roubles in Petrograd, and as you must not tip in copper, and the lowest silver coin is equal to twopence halfpenny, even the most mediocre of meals will cost over three shillings. It is best, unless you know the language, to dine at foreign restaurants. Everybody does. There are few good Russian restaurants in the capital, and in the foreign ones you can get the chief national dishes—the inevitable cutlet of minced meat and that delightful summer drink *kvas*. In Russia, too, the wanderer will probably learn to put jam in his tea, but perhaps not in a restaurant.

In German Switzerland, high up above Walensee, which you can see from one end of Lake Zurich, there is a small wooden hotel surrounded by three baby lakes. Our plutocrat would never attempt the necessary climb—and there is no funicular to carry him. He might hire a mule, the same which I fed on cigars. That animal adored cigars, and would chew and swallow one after another, with a little cheese-rind to flavour them, and ask for more.

At that little *Gasthaus* we took our meals on a raised wooden platform in the open air, and those days form one of the choicest gastronomic recollections of my travels. The food was simple—‘somewhat primitive,’ as a disdainful German once remarked, screwing up his nose. (He

nearly got lynched for it.) Every day meat and gravy, no vegetables, but large quantities of stewed bilberries and red currants, eaten with the meat; new bread, and butter which you took in quarter-pound chunks at a time and spread centimètres thick on your bread; sweet Emmantaler cheese; and to drink, boiled milk. A heavenly diet it was.

Of the art of eating in France, and especially in Paris, a whole book might be written. The restaurants of Paris are marvellously adaptable to any income, any size of pocket, any time of the month. The first day of the month will find the sophisticated banqueting on three francs at the Café de Paris or on the Boulevards; during the second week they will eat soberly and respectfully for a couple of francs at Durand's (an institution as bewilderingly omnipresent as Slater's); the third week they are to be found at the Restaurant du Gaz and similar places, paying one franc fifty per meal; and the lunch-hours of the last week they will spend *chez* Chartier (whose establishments are as amazingly numerous as Lockhart's). There they will make a franc go an astonishingly long way. And, being wise, they will eat many omelets. How the wise man dines on the 31st, on his last fifty centimes, I will not divulge. It is a secret all loyal members of the Brotherhood of Wanderers should keep locked up tight in their breasts. A knowledge of it might be sadly abused. There exist individuals—who does not know them?—with incomes far too large for them, who will swoop down like vultures upon a place where they can dine for half-a-franc. May they long remain in blessed ignorance!

BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER VII.

NATHAN noted my movements. ‘Can I help ye, Maister Weelum, or is there ocht I can do to mak’ ye comfortable? Betty ’ll no’ be lang till she’s wi’ ye. She’s busy the noo, an’ she sent me up to keep ye cheery till her wark was dune.’

I looked at him and saw he was quite serious, so I concluded that, decent, well-meaning man though he was, he was no humorist.

‘Ay, Nathan,’ I said, after I had thought over the situation, ‘I have no doubt your intentions are all right. Invalids ought to be kept cheery, as you call it; but’—

‘Ye admit, then, that ye *are* an invalid, Maister Weelum?’

‘Well, Nathan, I’m afraid I must admit that.’

‘Ay, man—imphm! so far, so guid. Ye ken, sir, there *are* some fouk that ’ll no’ gi’e in when ocht ails them. There was Cairneyheid, for instance. Did ye ken him? No—imphm! it doesna maitter. Weel, Cairnie, as we ca’d

him for short, had farmed on the Alton rig a’ his days. The rig lies high, an’ there’s aye plenty o’ guid fresh air up yonder, and Cairnie never in his life had had even a sair heid. But, dod, sir, ae day, after his denner, he quately slippit to the flaer, an’ couldna get up again. Weel, he sat there till aboot hauf six without sayin’ a single damn, an’ if ye kenned Cairnie an’ his weys ye could understaun’ that that gied his women-fouk a glauff. Weel, suddenly he lookit up an’ asked for a gless o’ whisky, an’ they thocht frae that that he was better. He did kind o’ revive after his dram, an’ wi’ nae sma’ trauchle they got him to his bed. Next mornin’ he was dreich o’ risin’, an’ when he got to his breakfast he couldna eat, an’ still he didna sweer, so they sent awa’ doon for the doctor. Weel, whenever the doctor cam’ an’ saw him he ordered him at aince to be put in his bed. “Bed!” said Cairnie. “Bed in the guid daylight! I think I see mysel’! I never in a’

my life gaed to my bed except at nicht an' to sleep, an' I'm no' gaun the noo;" an' he got up oot o' his chair in spite o' them. "I'm away up to the high field to see hoo they're gettin' on wi' the turnip-shawin'," he said; an' withoot dog or stick he oot o' the hoose. Hooever he got the length o' the field guidness only kens, but there he got. "Hurry on, men," he said; "dinna be feart to bend your backs in guid shawin' weather like this. The pits'll a' be ready afore ye're ready for them;" an' he lifted a knife to gi'e them a haun. He pu'd a turnip, an' was juist gaun to whang off the shaw, when doon he drappit in the middle o' the drill as deid as Abel.'

Nathan relit his pipe, which had gone out during the narrative. 'Ay,' he continued, as he puffed audibly, 'it was a very big funeral, was Cairnie's. He was buried in Dalgarnock—a damp, douth place to lie in, in my estimation. No' that it maitters muckle, I daur say; but still'—

'Whae's this ye're on, Nathan?' said Betty, who had entered the room unobserved.

'Oh, naeboddy parteeclar, Betty. I'm juist ca'in' the crack as ye telt me, an' keepin' Maister Weelum here cheery till ye come up;' and he rose, with a sigh of relief, from his chair, sidled toward the door, and went cautiously downstairs.

When I heard him safely round the 'sherp' turn on the staircase I looked at the sonsie, kindly face of my old nurse. 'Oh my dear Betty, I am glad to see you,' I said with fervour.

'Hoo's that, noo, Maister Weelum!' and she gave a wee bit pleased laugh. 'Ha'e ye been missin' me? Has Nathan no' been ca'in' the crack?'

'Yes, Betty, I have been missing you, and Nathan *has* been ca'in' the crack; but, Betty'—and I lowered my voice—'he's been in kirk-yards all the time.'

'Ah, is that so?' she sympathetically asked. 'I'm sorry, noo, to ken that. He must ha'e been workin' among leaf-mould the day.'

'He was, Betty; he told me so.'

'That accoonts for it, Maister Weelum. Nathan's awfu' queer that way; but, puir falla, he canna help it; an' then ye ken he means sae terribly weel. I'm awfu' sorry, though, if his crack has depressed ye. Ye're juist a wee bittie doon i' the mooth the noo, an' ye'll be easily putten aboot; but keep your pecker up, like a guid laddie, an' ye'll soon be better in health an' better in spirits. After a', an' when a's considered, ye've a lot to be thankfu' for. Mony a yin wad gladly change places wi' ye. It's a gey hard, stepmotherly kind o' world this for some folk; but you—weel, I wad say ye've your fu' share o' blessin's.'

I looked keenly toward her while she was speaking. 'You are perfectly right, my dear Betty,' I said. 'I have my full share of blessings, and every reason to be thankful and grateful. Why, Betty, when I think of it, it

is a downright sin in me to allow myself to become depressed. It would be much more to the purpose were I to bestir myself and do all I can to, help others, whose share of the good things is less, and whose burdens are greater. By the way, Betty, were you crying downstairs about half-an-hour ago?'

'No, Maister Weelum, I was not cryin'.'

'Strange,' I said; 'I was sure I heard some one sobbing.'

Betty stooped down and poked the smoking coals into glowing flame. Then she pulled down my window-blind and drew the curtains together. 'Oh, you're quite richt; you dootless did hear greetin', but it wasna me;' and she sat down again and unrolled her knitting, but she didn't ply her needles.

'D'ye mind,' she continued after a long pause, 'you an' me speakin' aboot Tom Jardine the grocer, oor next-door neebor, ye ken?'

'Perfectly, Betty,' I replied; and at mention of his name I saw in my mind's eye a rain-sodden courtyard, a haggard, worried face, and a golden-haired bairn. Intuitively I saw more—troubles, big mental troubles which crush the heart and soul out of a man. Oh! I hadn't forgotten.

'Weel,' she continued, a tremor in her voice, 'it was Tom Jardine's wife that was greetin' in the kitchen, and I'm juist dyin' to speak to you, for what she has telt me is lyin' at my he'rt like a stane. Are ye weel enough, think ye, to be bothered listenin'?'

'My dear Betty, where two old friends like you and Tom Jardine are concerned, nothing is, or can be, a bother; so proceed, if you please.'

She began to knit, then stopped and counted her stitches, while I filled and lit my pipe.

'Little mair than a week bygane,' she began, 'I was in Tom's shop for some odds and ends, and when he was servin' me, says he, "Mrs Hebron, I fully expected to be able to clear off ten pounds of that auld balance this back-end term; but I'm beginning to be feart that 'll no' be possible." The balance he referred to, Maister Weelum, was thirty pounds—half o' the sixty Nathan an' me loaned his faither. Ye mind I telt ye aboot that?'

I nodded.

'"Weel, Tom," says I,' she continued, '"that's a' richt. Don't fash your mind aboot that." "But, Mrs Hebron," says he, "I canna help worryin' aboot it. I'm very sorry indeed, an' I trust my no' payin' ye the noo will no' put ye aboot?" "Not in the slichtest, Tom," says I; "mak' your time my time. I ken what ye've set your face to do, an' I couldna wish ye better luck in your endeavour if ye were my ain bairn." His he'rt filled, puir laddie, an' he thanked me, an' he began to tell me what a bother he had in gettin' in his money. He showed me twae accoonts, yin for fifty pounds and anither for sixty-five, that have been lyin' oot for mair than a year. It seems that when he was in that big

warehouse in Glesca' he had some experience in the seed line, an', havin' a guid connection wi' groceries among the farmers round about here, it struck him he could, wi' little mair expense, work the twae very profitably thegither. Weel, he started to do this, an' in the last twal'months he has sell't an awfu' lot. But it appears that seed rins to money quickly, an' the twae accoonts ootlyin', an' aboot which he was so anxious, are, as it were, in this department. The want o' this money has keepit him very ticht, an' he's been aff baith his meat an' his sleep ower the heid o't. Weel, to mak' a lang story short, the farmers ha'e baith failed. Tom got word yesterday, an', as it's thocht they're gey bad failures, an' very little ootcome expected, he's nearly demented. He has gane ower his books, an' he sees he can pay twenty shillin's in the pound; but, to do that, it means handin' ower his stock, furniture, an' hoose, an' he'll come oot o't wi' nocht but the claes on his back. His wife, pur lassie, was in the nicht tellin' me a' aboot it. It was her ye heard greetin'. She has keepit a stoot he'r't an' a smilin' face to Tom; but whenever I put my haun kindly an' mitherly-like on her shooder she broke doon an' grat as if her he'r't was breakin', so I juist took the wee bundle o' spunk an' dejection in my airms, an' she had it a' oot there. Tom's gaun up to the lawyer the morn to hand everything ower to him, an' Mrs Jardine and the bairns are leavin' Thornhill on Friday to stay wi' her mither till Tom gets wark somewhere. Noo, Maister Weelum, I want your advice, an' if ye charge me sax an' eightpence for it, I'll—I'll juist no' pay't; and a tear-drop broke from her eye as she smiled. She rose from her chair, laid aside her knitting, and coming over to my bedside, she put her hand on my arm. 'I've still got the hunder pounds in the bank which your mother left to me, Maister Weelum,' she said. 'Nathan an' me ha'e saved fifty mair. I never had a bairn o' my ain, an' thae three wee curly-heided angels o' Tom's ha'e worked their way into my he'r't, an' I juist canna let them away. D'ye think

the mistress—your mother, I mean—wad ha'e me gi'ein' the money in this way?'

I thought for a moment, and Betty watched me keenly. 'Am I to understand, Betty, that you are willing to step into the breach and give Tom Jardine one hundred and fifty pounds—your all?'

'Yes—if ye think it wad be your mother's will.'

'Betty, if Nathan won't object, will you please put your arms round my neck and give me a kiss,' I said, and I raised my head from my pillow.

The wind has died down, and through the low midnight air I heard the auld kirk clock strike the hour of twelve. Tom Jardine has just left my room. He has been with me for almost three hours, and we have had a long smoke together and a grand talk over the times and folks of auld langsyne. Betty, as an interested party, favoured us with her company part of the time, for Nathan was sleeping the sleep of the just and the tired, and the kitchen fire had long gone out. She was surprised to know that Tom's difficulties could be overcome and his affairs straightened out without her little legacy and her hard-earned savings being requisitioned. Only Tom and I know how this was arranged, and as it is a little matter of personal interest to us, and us alone, the details of the transaction will remain untold.

I am having a run of strange coincidences just now. When Betty was locking the door after Tom's departure I lifted my book to mark the page where I had left off on Nathan's coming into my room, and the paragraph opposite my thumb is as follows: 'I will pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any good thing I can do, or any kindness I can show, let me do it now. Let me not neglect it or defer it, for I shall never pass this way again.'

I shall read this to Betty to-morrow morning, and tell her that, though she may not have the faculty of thus beautifully and poetically expressing a sentiment, she lives it to the letter every day of her life.

(Continued on page 536).

THE BLUE NUNS OF FIESOLE.

NEARLY all visitors to Florence know the old Etruscan city of Fiesole on the hill; but not all have visited the Convent of San Girolamo, the home of the Blue Nuns. It is indeed a home in every sense of the word, for there the sick are tended with every care, the weary find rest and peace, and the poor the help so much needed, with good and wholesome food.

Leaving the car from Florence at San Domenico to walk up the steep, winding road which was formerly the only approach to Fiesole, you pass near the summit a large stone with an inscription,

erected above where several early Christians were martyred; and a few yards farther on you reach a broad flight of shallow steps, flanked by two rows of ancient cypresses, on the top of which is the picturesque *loggia* and the Church of San Girolamo. A ring at a modest door is responded to by a sweet-faced nun. On learning that you have come to see a sick friend she readily and cheerfully admits you, and you pass into a small arcaded cloister, kept ever fresh and green with palms and ferns, flowering shrubs and plants. In the centre is a fine old well

which on one side bears the inscription, 'Cosimus Medices,' and on the other, 'Flore Dux II.,' and standing in this beautiful court it is almost impossible not to realise that you are not transported back to years long since gone by, and a sensation of peace comes over you.

From the cloister numerous doors open, one leading to the pretty chapel, simple but stately, constructed after designs by Michelozzi. It was once rich in artistic treasures, but is now chiefly adorned by flowers, always fresh and beautiful. Indeed, for certain festivals, especially for Easter, the floral decorations are of such exquisite taste and the services so full of true devotion that it is a pleasure, even for those of other sects, to worship with these good and devout nuns.

On ascending a staircase on the other side, long corridors filled with plants and bowls of flowers, and large and cheerful rooms, are reached. The Jesuits, to whom these monastic buildings formerly belonged, did not believe in narrow, badly lighted cells; on the contrary, the rooms are large and airy, and flooded with sunlight, and in all English taste and skill of arrangement prevails, comfort, daintiness, and quiet simplicity.

As you step to the window of one of the rooms, all of which look south, what a view meets your eye! In the valley lies Florence, the city of flowers, 'of fairest Italy the fairest gem,' with its noble dome conceived by Brunelleschi, and close by Giotto's slender Campanile. To left and right flows the Arno, sparkling in the distance like a silver thread.

But let us descend to the garden for a still greater expanse of view, and before going out we too must accept the nuns' proverbial hospitality, and partake of tea and thin bread and butter, very welcome after our tramp uphill. The dining-room opens off the drawing-room; and what a treat it is, after many months of hotel and *pension* life, to see such a daintily laid table, spotless linen, shining silver and crystal, and artistically arranged flowers! The nun to whom the duty is apportioned to wait at table takes such a pride in her work that every two days the table decorations are changed. On going out we find ourselves in the square Italian garden, its walks lined with orange and lemon trees, and here and there flowering azaleas give a patch of colour. It is the season of the roses, and the house on one side is covered with luxuriant *Maréchal Niel*. At the other end is a tiny *loggia*, its pillars half-hidden by the Virginia creeper, and a terrace where we must stop to drink in the beauty of the scene before us.

Below lies San Domenico, and to the left Fiesole, dotted over with historical and princely mansions and more modern villas, the whole hillside clad with the soft gray-green olive and more vivid vine, while here and there dark cypresses rise in stately rows, as if guarding some ancestral home.

Only a narrow roadway divides us from the

Villa Medici, built about 1450 by Cosimo de' Medici, who, with his characteristic munificence, became the benefactor of the Order of the Girolamites, the first holy sect to inhabit the monastic building, as the name indicates. In this villa Lorenzo de' Medici loved to gather around him the leading spirits of the time—poets, painters, philosophers, such as Poliziano, Ficino, Pico della Mirandola, and others—and spend the long summer evenings in discussions of Platonic philosophy. A little to the left of San Domenico—within whose holy precincts Fra Angelico found inspiration to depict his wonderful masterpieces—rises the Villa Lador, in the garden of which trickle the tiny Affrico and Mensola, sung of old by Boccaccio. Higher up, the hillside is dotted over with large quarries which supplied the stone to build Florence; and here, some short distance below, lies the village of Settignano, where Michelangelo was put out to nurse, and where he learnt to chisel marble. Nor must we overlook the Villa Crawford near Florence, where Queen Victoria twice spent many happy weeks in the spring. Tradition says that it was once Boccaccio's villa, and that it was here he commenced his *Decameron*. To the west runs the old Bologna road, through the valley of the Mugnone; and on the summit of the hillside rises the Bird Tower. Tradition also says that Dante, as an exile, often wandered to this spot to gaze down on his beloved city; although we have no authority on this point. Monte Morello, known as the weathercock of Florence, dominates the whole range of the Apennines; and below it lie the fair villas and gardens of Castello and Petraia, summer residences of the Medici, and now country villas of the Italian royal family. But grandest of all, in the glow of the setting sun, rise in the distance the white and rugged peaks of the Carrara Mountains.

In the valley no smoke mars the outline of the domes and spires and towers of Florence, so that beyond and above the Piazza Michelangelo we shall see that gem of Tuscan-Romanesque architecture, 'San Miniato, Galileo's Tower, and poet-sung, fair Bellosguardo.' In the background the fine old Certosa Monastery comes into view; while to the east rises again that same range of Apennines, on one of whose summits nestles Vallombrosa within its pine-clad shades.

But although the eye never wearies of this lovely panorama, we must perforce tear ourselves away from it, and continue our stroll through the garden and saunter along the terraced cypress walks. These fine old trees were planted centuries ago by the monks, and in their shade, where rows of irises grow at their base, we can picture to ourselves the good old monks still working there with spade and trowel. The extensive grounds reach to the old Franciscan monastery; and in the shade of cypress grove and ilex, Judas-tree and pine, the invalid or

weary patient can be found in many a secluded nook, or overlooking the wide expanse of hill and dale, inhaling the balmy and health-giving odours; while the more active can stroll through the orchard under the bright blue sky, and chat with the ever-busy *contadino* who tends the fruit and olive, but is always grateful for an opportunity to rest from his labours and talk about the cultivation of the soil. It is a picturesque sight in spring to see that hard-working peasant, with his pair of meek-eyed white oxen, turning up the rich sod under the olives with his old-fashioned wooden plough, utilising every inch of ground that will yield a crop of vegetables later on.

The other entrance to San Girolamo is by the Rose Walk, many of the trees having been planted by the Very Rev. Father Anderley, General of the Society of Jesus, to which society the monastery belonged before being taken over by the Blue Nuns. Traces of old Etruscan masonry are still discernible in the upper part of the grounds, where, on the brow of the cliff, among some farm buildings, is a disused chapel containing dilapidated frescoes of great interest and beauty. This chapel is a thirteenth-century copy of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem; but it was evidently considered of more importance than several others that exist in Tuscany, as indicated in local maps, and in the archives its site bears the name of 'Gerusalemme.' It is of minute dimensions, eight feet by twelve, built with an apse and barrel roof. Only some years ago the fresco of a *pietà* was discovered on its walls, and through the assistance of two artists it was cleaned and brought to light. By some it is considered Giottoesque in composition, by others that it belongs to the Sienese school of the late fourteenth century. I should be inclined to favour the latter opinion, for in the Belle Arti in Siena (Room II., fourteenth and fifteenth centuries) is a picture, entitled 'After Berna,' similar in composition, colouring, and expression. The *pietà* in this little shrine covers the long low wall. Christ lies upon a bier; but upon His countenance we see no signs of physical suffering, rather an expression of serenity. The Virgin, whose face expresses great sorrow, raises His head; and next her is a saint weeping. St John, a youthful figure of great beauty, occupies the centre of the composition. Other personages are grouped behind, one presumably Mary Magdalene, who embraces the dead Christ's feet; and angels hover above each end of the Cross. All the figures are impressive; and, although much damaged, the colours are rich and harmonious. The other frescoes in the chapel are a charming Annunciation and a Christ who lifts His hands in blessing.

In San Girolamo (or St Jerome, as we have it) we find an interesting history. In the early days of Christianity a little chapel was first dedicated to him, and about 1360 one Carlo dei

Conte Guidi retired from the world and built himself a hermitage near by. In this choice of life as a hermit he was joined by others, and the brotherhood became a strong one. Their little cells are still to be seen under the more modern buildings. They gave themselves up to a life of prayer, and prayed for the unity of the Eastern and Western Churches. When Cosimo de' Medici built his villa close by, he rebuilt the monastery and pensioned the poor hermits. Two centuries later, however, their piety was on the decline; the order was ultimately suppressed, and the property bought by the Ricasoli family, one of whom presented it later to the Society of Jesus. It was then turned into the private residence of the General of the Order, until at the end of the nineteenth century he returned to Rome, when the Little Company of Mary acquired the property, and adapted it to the requirements of a 'home' for invalids.

The Little Company of Mary, or the Blue Nuns (so called from the colour of their veils), differs somewhat from other orders in so far as, when a call to the sick arrives, the Sister appointed in charge of the case packs her bag and starts without being accompanied by another, as is customary in other orders. The sisterhood was founded about thirty-five years ago in Nottingham by Mother Mary, and protected by Bishop Bagshawe. They have now nursing homes and hospitals in Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies, in Malta, and even in the United States of America. In the East End of London they have a home where only the poorest of the poor are nursed, and one for fallen girls. Far-reaching is their charity. The rich patients, of course, must pay for their treatment; but the money received is quickly spent in relieving their poorer brethren.

All this good work was begun by a frail little woman, Mother Mary, who died recently in Rome. She was one of the most delicate of her sex, indeed an invalid for years, yet from her couch of suffering she directed the work of the institutions all the world over. Her loss was deplored by rich and poor alike, and her funeral was a most imposing one, being attended by members of all the ecclesiastical orders in Rome, laymen, and great numbers of the medical profession, in addition to the large procession of mourners.

The nuns in San Girolamo number about thirty, consisting of Mothers, Sisters, novices. The chief Mother directs the whole; then there is a real Mother Martha to look after all household arrangements, and a third to instruct the novices in the care of the sick. Several of the nuns do the cooking, which is excellent; and, while there are some good Italian dishes, English and American tastes are also considered. Having been a patient myself in their home, I can speak of these good nuns with the highest praise.

The patients confined to their rooms and unable to benefit by the health-giving beauties of nature are tended with a care far exceeding that of any hired help, for the nuns bring to their work a cheerful spirit not always to be found in the most highly trained nurse. Everywhere you are met by a happy smile and encouraging word.

Nor are their labours confined solely to their own sect. Irrespective of creed, it suffices to be bodily or mentally sick to be the object of their loving care. No fear of a proselytising spirit mars the sojourn, for it is forbidden to the Sisters, by one of the rules of the order, to speak of religion. On entering the convent the worries and din of the world are left behind you, and under the influence of the all-pervading harmony, you give yourself up, for the time being at least, to a life of peace and contemplation. Truly their home has been called a haven of rest.

Naturally the patients of doctors get the best rooms, the smaller ones being given over to students or to those who cannot pay so much; while even the little old cells are gladly occupied during the season by those in need of rest. The price of *pension* varies with the room and the attention required, but it is always moderate.

There is a perfect little operating-room on the upper floor, with a surgeons' room attached; but

as Fiesole is some distance from Florence, doctors and surgeons prefer sending very serious cases of illness to the Casa di Cura, a home also kept by the Blue Nuns just outside the gates of the city.

In connection with San Girolamo is a small hospital for the poor, founded by the generosity of a lady, and now kept up by donations; and during two months of the year the very needy are fed at the convent door.

Legend informs us that Fiesole was once the favourite earthly abode of Atlas, and that he chose it as the resting-place for the body of his dearest child. When he had laid her to rest he craved a boon of great Jove, and the boon he craved—not for himself, but for others—was that all dwellers on these heights 'might ever find rest for their souls, recreation for their minds, and joy for their hearts.'

Was it not in the shadow of this old Etruscan city that early Christian saints and martyrs brought joy to all believers by their teaching and faith; was it not here that poets and painters found inspiration for their writings and their art; and is it not within these monastic buildings that many a weary sufferer to-day finds never-failing care, and many a tired-out wanderer health and consolation?

A DAUGHTER OF HETH.

A STORY OF THE WILD.

By F. ST MARS.

THE furze stood very still, the marsh was very quiet, and the sky hung very low about the time that the trouble arose. Oaring slowly over the thousand-spiked furze that fringed the inner side of the sea-bank, he had sighted a rat busy with a mussel-shell. There was a little heap of mussel-shells beside the whiskered outcast, showing that he had laboriously carried—how, he knows; I don't—each one from the shore, probably some distance out on the mud-ooze, back to this place to consume. Being a rat, he had reasons not to love the open, and there was probably no health in this act of his, though there was courage.

The old rook 'banked' sharply and wheeled back, peering down. He was a 'winter rook.' Just so. There is a difference of nationality, not of species, and it may be of habits in some ways. The 'winter rook' has nothing at all to do with our black republics of the elms in the home park. No, indeed, it is not one of the old jovial ruffians whose voice takes root somewhere in your memory, and goes with you into the far corners of the earth, and wakes up again and makes you hunger for 'home.' The 'winter rook' comes from far away across the jade-green, icy mine-fields of the North Sea, out east'ard away, from the lands where the elk and the wolf

and the marten cat still have their being, and the gaunt, grim pines stand, tier upon sighing tier, eternally on guard above the breaking waves, and elm and home park are not, nor ever will be.

That rat saw the black shadow fall upon the ground, and looked up insolently, truculently, sharply, with little enough fear, but all the world of cunning in those amazingly bright eyes of his. But your rook wears the livery of the powers of darkness too, plus—and here he had the advantage of the rat—that saving sense of intelligent humour which has won for the crow tribe that place at the head of all the feathered tribes to which science has been pleased—tardily, 'tis true—to gazette them. He sank to a bare furze-bough, whereon he perched—none too comfortably by reason of the spikes.

Thereafter—well, bird looked at beast, and beast looked at bird, and there you are. That is the wild all over, always on the eve of revelations indefinitely postponed. Moreover, all wild creatures have a patience that would have turned Job into a New York hustler; and it was entirely natural to the rook, though 'extinct with famine,' that he should wait like a coal-hewn image, staring at nothing for half-a-day if need be, and make no sign.

The rat was the first to break the spell by

endeavouring to retire—backwards, of course, since he wasn't a fool—with his booty into the *chevaux-de-frise* of furze, where no bird could follow. And the harsh *frou-frou* of the bird's wings was so sudden that the rat dropped his mussel, and pivoted on himself only just in time to save his own tail! He side-slashed upwards, in shark-like fashion, quick as light, and you could have heard his yellow wedge teeth grate on the horny beak, held as a shield, but swifter than ever shield was held, to parry the blow. In the same instant, it seemed, he side-leapt, even as that same black gouge of a bill sprang back with a jar from the very spot where he had been, but wasn't then; and—oh horrors! the long-drawn, ghastly squeal that sawed the silence shot the old rook up twenty feet into the air, as if he had been sitting on a mine. He checked and swung, ready to remove at top speed into the horizon in any direction you please before he realised that the rat was in trouble, and that that unearthly shuddering squeal had come from him. His last move had landed him into a wire rabbit-snare, and if he was not raving mad (the violent kind) at that moment, he was certainly putting in a very good imitation.

Pity is not included in a wild creature's training as a rule, unless it be, perhaps, an elephant or a chimpanzee; for which reason, it may be, the rook annexed, and retired with, the mussel to the shore, entirely unaware, one would think, that there was such a thing as a suffering rat within inches of him at all.

The mussel fell, by design, not accident, some thirty or forty feet on to a pebble; and, its defences ruined, so to speak, the rook leisurely proceeded to bury the luckless thing in himself!

The frost mist was creeping like smoke across the water, and the west resembled a distant forest fire by this time, and the first soft eerie whistle of the inshoring widgeon breathed from away out over the cold mud-flats, and the red-wings were 'weeping' across the sky. The rook returned to his rat—at least, that is how he regarded the rodent now—but could only see the green gleam of two eyes deep down in the darkness among the furze. The eyes were not pleasant to look upon, and less so to approach in that gloom; and the rook, having no desire to end his days perhaps in that spot, flapped away to a little lone spinney close to the shore, where, somehow miraculously, he slept.

Since famine stalked at that time unafraid across the wild even by day, what could one expect of the night? The night, in fact, was a mist-cloaked terror, for it is worth noting that, just as in times of drought and hard ground, so in times of frost and frozen ground, all the wild world and his wife, or wives, trek down to tide-line, there to canvass the drift, or search for lob-worm or sandhopper, or stalk those that do.

Winter, indeed, had decided to retreat at last; but, like a good general, he was making a savage

attack with a late hard frost all along the line to cover his retirement. It was a night of wind, too, and nearly all the feathered folk are strangely nervous and extra highly strung in wind.

Once the old rook—fixed firm on a branch of a Scots fir by the patent automatic lever action with which the legs of all those known as perching birds are fitted—awoke, for no reason at all, it seemed at first, till he saw a form, free, raking, fierce, and sinister, perched in the next tree asleep, and that was a peregrine falcon bound for the White Sea in leisurely fashion, who might have to be reckoned with when dawn came. Once, too, a sudden lull in the roar of wind through the spinney enabled him to hear—and he did far too clearly—the unspeakable shriekings of several things, or portents, or fiends, which might have been the very spirits of the lone treacherous marshes come out to gambol in the night and the storm, if they had not been those strange nomads the short-eared owls, raiding as they passed slowly on their yearly journey back to their homes in Norway, or beyond. And once—this was the most trying disturbance of all—a stoat, climbing (they do climb very well) on the off-chance of a sleeping squirrel or bird deafened by the wind, was itself deafened by the wind; and, since it approached from the 'weather side' of the tree-bole, almost unable to smell, so nearly ran into him before realising the fact that he woke up. In this case attack may or may not have followed—who knows what is in the mind of a stoat, or any other wild creature, for the matter of that?—but the old rook knew only that his instantly returned consciousness beheld the sharp, merciless visage of a dog stoat thrust out of the darkness and grinning at him within two inches; and, anyway, what would you have had him do? In the wild it is a sound maxim—nay, a grim law—to act first and think afterwards. And the old rook acted with his beak, and with every last dram of weight that he could throw in behind to back the blow. The face withdrew into the gloom, with 'marginal remarks,' as if a hand had plucked it back. It did not reveal again, and the crow blundered through the darkness into another branch with something almost approaching the abandon of a fowl in the dark.

Nature had taken a smudging-brush with which to wipe the eye of day, and out through the silent grayness the old rook flapped at the break of dawn. Apparently he knew quite well where he was going, and what he was going for. Sometimes I wonder if he ever did not. Straight to the scene of the martyrdom of the rat he oared his slow course against the wind, and therefore very low, knowing the risk and taking his chance, a strange form of ill omen sliding silently through the half-light.

The sound of the crushed dead furze-spikes, the low, scolding *cha /* of a furze wren or Dartford warbler, smack in the path and only just

ahead, were the only warnings that he got of danger; but, being a rook, they were enough. Before you or I could have realised anything at all he had opposed the whole of the under surface of his broad body and rigid wings to the wind; and, since you cannot instantly stop a bird nearly twenty inches long and going at a good speed, the result was that he shot straight up aloft vertically; and—*bang!*—the shrieking charge of No. 4 shot tore through the air just beneath his fanned black tail, or the place where he ought to have been, but was not. He went, that rook, as only the wild feathered ones can go at the invitation of a gun, into the horizon; and so did the disgusted gamekeeper, who had waited at dawn for a shot at the numerous 'vermin'—so he styled some of nature's most charming forms—that the hard weather had driven to invade from afar his marsh-side spinneys.

Fifteen minutes later the old rook approached the scene of the rat's defeat from the opposite or windward direction. He even settled on a boulder to sharpen his big beak before finally flapping down, but this may have been simply to make a careful inspection of the scene. Then he stared. Perhaps you will admit, too, that he might well stare, for there was a trap, 'tis true, and there was the rat, and at the same time there was not the rat. Only his skin remained, cleverly taken off as with a sharp knife, nicely cleaned as with a scalpel, and, as I live, turned neatly inside-out like a glove!

Birds have no expression of face, it is said. But they make up for it a little in expression of body. They can look what they feel, or what we may presume—humbly, since it is like groping in a dark night—they feel. Untidy and slouching at the best of times, the rook's whole aspect denoted disgusted and sullen surprise.

Then the voice spoke. *Curra! curra! curra!* it said; and at a distance—the strange, still, hollow distance of the marsh—it sounded almost exactly like, 'You can't! you can't! you can't!'

The rook heard it, though he made no sign. He knew that it came from the top of the sea-bank above and some distance away from him, and he needed none to tell him who was the owner of that voice. Then he went, because of the voice probably, there being no love lost, one gathers, between himself and the owner of this harsh and cruel sound. And, after all, he was right. There is in the wild nothing to be gained by gleaning where the hooded crow has harvested.

Noon had come, and a cold sun was peeping through, before the old rook found himself a meal. He was by that time famishing, with the delightful knowledge to cheer him that if night came in that cold, he had a very good chance of perishing on his perch as he roosted.

With other rooks—home ones, not 'winter

rooks'—he had tried to do some beach-combing. The others, however, would not accept him—they are exclusive, the rook people; you may have noticed it—and invited him off. Off, therefore, he went, since the invitation took the form of many strong beaks to his one.

Not very far did he go, though. He kept in sight, and had the satisfaction of seeing that the homeland ones fared little, if at all, better than he. That morning there was a high spring-tide, and though the pirate gulls held high carnival at the burial—in themselves—of a bloated floating dead dog, the rooks need their dainties stranded, and that is usually a low-tide job.

Then his chance came. Probably every one gets a chance—once, very seldom twice, and still more seldom a third time—even in the wild. A party of fieldfares, those rather mysterious and derisive handsome thrushes of the far north-east, came flying over the waters of the estuary from the west. The rook saw them coming, of course, probably long before we could have done—though their derisive, cackling laughter was wafted over the jade-green wavelets long before they appeared—and apparently took no notice till one fell out. It settled some little way along the sea-bank, that one. The others flew on to a lonely bare tree.

For a moment the old rook squinted down his long, heavy beak in a roguish way he had, then rose and flapped towards the settled bird. It rose too, as one who has a poor conscience, but its flight was low and weak; and, before it could make the tree, the rook—his wings whistling amazingly in that keen silence—had caught it up and headed it back.

The chase that followed was neither grand nor graceful. Rooks are not built for that work, anyway, and the fieldfare was already exhausted, it seemed, probably for lack of food. It dropped suddenly, and down dived the rook. He found the big, handsome thrush on its back, claws up, beak open, screaming at him in a horrible and angry way that anger which is born of utter fear. But he did not care; he was a wild thing, and when great Nature deleted for them the power (or curse) to worry about things, she took from them pity also. There is, in fact, no pity in the wild. How could there be? Nor was there any battle in the true sense. The fieldfare never had a chance, and the big gouge beak of the black giant, used as a pickaxe, did the work effectually, if not perhaps quite as quickly and neatly as that of a hawk. Anyway, it was done, that cool murder, unabashed, out there in the open, and in the dull, cold light of day, for the rook was starving, and could not wait to observe niceties. How little fitted he was for the part, however, seemed evident by the extraordinary time he took over the meal. He appeared to have only that one pickaxe stroke; and when, perching bodily on the 'dinner,' he essayed to pull and wrench, he

generally finished up by falling backwards on his tail.

Now, you can never do anything in the wild without the certain knowledge that you are being watched by unseen eyes. It is not a nice feeling, if you come to think about it. The rook, however, did not think about it. He went on with his amateur carving till a black shape took the light out of the weak sun above, and he came suddenly to 'attention.' Followed then a rustle of harsh wings, and down dropped a big bird. Another rook! For forty-nine seconds the two looked at one another as motionless as carvings in coal. They made absolutely no sign, and you couldn't guess at all from their roguish eyes what they thought.

Then the old rook did a strange thing. He bowed with great solemnity, and, remaining there with his beak touching what was left of the fieldfare, fanned his tail and drooped his wings. He did this several times rather quickly, almost as if pecking, and before you could wink the other bird was beside him, feeding like one possessed. She was, it appeared, a young hen-rook from the flock of resident birds who were pessimistically trying to find a meal just over the other side of the sea-bank; but how am I to say whether she had had her eye upon our old 'winter rook' the whole time or not? You picture her: a great, lolloping, wallowing, fat, untidy specimen, with no soul—or whatever birds keep in place of a soul—above any single thing on earth than her own stomach.

Suddenly the old rook jumped aside, pivoted far more quickly than you would have given him credit for, and struck. It was a vicious and a shrewd blow; and, whether or not he was much of a hand at carving, there could be no doubt about him now in the fight. It caught fairly the big male rook that landed, pecking as he came, at that moment on the spot where our old rook wasn't—caught him fair on the shoulder, it did, and spun him clean round, just as his dropped, skinny black claws touched the ground. There was science in that lunge of our old rascal's, science and knowledge born of bitter experience gained in a long and chequered career. But how he had managed to act thus with less than half-a-second's warning is more than I can tell you. Wild creatures, however, think really nothing of this sort of thing.

The old rook must have known what strategists may have found out lately—namely, that in warfare an initial advantage, if it is to be any good, must be pressed home instantly and with fury. And this he did. He was upon the foe like a black whirlwind, hacking, hacking, hacking with his terrible pickaxe stroke—but not always delivered from above—and a low, cruel lunge, endeavouring all the time by ceaseless blows from his strong sable pinions, and with his claws, as he hopped, to smother down all possible counter-strokes.

This form of attack, it would appear, can be effectively met only in one way, and that is full front; but our rook, having once knocked the enemy sideways, never gave him a chance to face round. He drove on him with every ounce of strength and weight, and speed and quickness of movement, and force and number of blows that he could screw out of himself; and the other rook continued to blunder sideways in spite of himself, flapping, hacking back, guarding as best he could, but driven on and down with a fury of onslaught against which he could make no effectual resistance.

At least, that is what fact—who is a stickler—said. The eye said that there was only a quite hopeless tangle of beating black wings, rustling black feathers, and black remarks from black hearts.

The lady in the case said nothing. She fed furiously and frankly, unbeautifully ravenous, hoping probably against hope that she could bolt all down before the battle ceased. If she cared a quill who won she never showed it; but then she may have known that the old rook had been forced by circumstances into a seeming complete generosity he had not meant to show.

As for the attacker, he was a fool, and a handsome one. She knew that, one suspects, as well as any other member of her sex would. Also, because she was truly feminine, she liked him as much as her big, selfish self could like anything other than self—which would not be a very lucid explanation if I could give you any other, but I can't.

Then the aggressor, who had also come from the feeding flock of home birds on the other side of the sea-bank, gave ground at a run, and fled. He had had enough, that black knight, and was glad to get away alive, if not whole.

The old 'winter rook' turned with the bearing of a victor, and bowed again with fanned tail to the big, fat hen-bird; and he must have noted, one thinks, that what was left of the fieldfare was not much good to him, or to anybody else, for the matter of that.

Apparently the same thought struck them both, for she, taking no more notice of him than of the earth—less, in fact—rose and flapped, slowly and low down, towards the furze, where, half-hidden, she dropped, and, turning back towards the old rook, cawed, or, rather, gurgled softly, once.

Half-hopping, half-flying, he was beside her quicker than you could count five, and then he stopped dead. She was looking at something on the ground, something pinky, horribly and suggestively still, on its back—a very young rabbit, dead, cut open, and partially skinned. What a diabolical temptation!

The old 'winter rook' stood as rigid as a coal-lump, staring with shrewd eyes at the thing, with the other whispering, rook-fashion, by every gesture, and rustle, and gurgle, into his

ear all the time that she was starving. And as he stood there two things happened almost at once. Firstly, a tuft of coarse, stiff marram grass close at hand stirred suddenly, leaned over, and began to whisper; it was the turn of the weather, the wind had gone round to the south-west, and in ten seconds all the furze around was stirring and singing strangely of the rain-laden gale that was coming in past the Lizard. Secondly, from far, far overhead, without warning, there broke out, all at once, a loud shouting chorus of *jack! jack! jacker-r!* and stopped as suddenly as it had started—a company of gray-pated jackdaws, travelling the great Aerial Grand Trunk Road, journeying to the far north-east.

The old rook looked up, and started.

At a lower altitude than the jackdaws, streaming along in steady, sturdy, slow, and untiring procession, in dead silence, was a band of sable 'winter rooks.' They too were heading north-eastwards, bound for their birthplace beyond the sea, and they knew what the south-west wind had told the jackdaws, and the old rook, and the lolloping, wallowing female—namely, that winter was broken for good.

He stood erect, staring at them, a strange, and (I like to think) wistful light in his clever eyes; and, as he stood, there came down to him faintly from the very last bird in the straggling flock a homely, harsh *caw!* twice repeated. It was the Call of his own People, the Call of his Home, the Call to him to rise up and join that journeying throng, as he had done before at the same time of year. He bent a little forward. He half-unfolded his shadowy vans.

The big female 'home rook' by his side was nearly going frantic. She gurgled and she moved her wings like a young cuckoo, appealing by every cunning gesture of birddom to him to stay, only just to stay, with her, and—this was her real concern—secure for her this gorgeous meal that, for some strange, suspicious reason, she seemed afraid to be the first to touch. Far better had he killed her on the spot.

He checked himself. He looked back at her, his wings still half-open, and she started her gestures of appeal afresh, a new lot, and even more helplessly appealing.

He paused motionless, undecided, waiting.

If only that rough, cheery *caw!* had been repeated I think he would have gone. I believe he was really waiting for it, hoping for it; but it never came again, and the bird that had uttered it was now a mere speck far away in the lowering north-east.

The old rook turned, walked to the banquet so mysteriously placed there by fate, and half-recklessly, half-blindly struck down, and struck hard, too, at the corpse, to drag it out of the grass-clump for his 'lady fair.'

But fate has no favourites, and she is very cruel. The instant horrible clash of cold metal,

the whirl of wildly beating black plumes that stayed in one spot, and the whirl of the terrified wings of her who didn't, and fled, proved it. The old rook was caught in a vermin-trap, and the freshly opened corpse of the poor fat-cheeked baby bunny was the bait.

Fifteen minutes later, as the sun went to sleep behind hurrying leagues of clouds, and the first soft drops of rain began to fall, the flock of 'home rooks' that had been at business by the shore rose up and streamed away home to their elms in the home park to bed.

They passed not so very far away from the old rook among the prickly furze, caught in the trap. Those on the extreme right of their path could see him. But there were only two on the extreme right of their path, and they came last. They were the big, coarse, feline-looking female rook and the handsome male that was a fool.

They saw the old 'winter rook' down there in the gathering gloom among the furze. Perhaps they heard the surreptitious rustling, saw the green, half-guessed gleam of eyes that marked the waiting rats. I know not.

The old rook was swaying now. The last of his strength was oozing from him with his life's blood. He toppled, fluttered, and fell. He lost consciousness, fighting against fate to the end; and as his bird-mind slid from him he heard—he must have heard—the single, lazy, mocking *caw!* that was flung back to him from the black beak of that big she-devil hen-bird, from that sable-gowned daughter of Heth.

Then he was dead. He never knew that his betrayer had come to the shore with the flock an hour before he arrived, had seen the keeper set the trap, and, suspecting something, had been only too glad to coax him to seize hold of the bait first and test its genuineness.

FIR NAM BEANN

('LAND OF THE HILLS').

BACK from the fevered crowd and stifling weather,
To the wide moorland with its soothing winds,
Faint hum the bees among the blooming heather,
And the red stag is calling to his hinds.

High over far-off hills the eagle yet is sailing;
In frothy rushing pools the leaping salmon play;
Loud in the glen uncanny curlew wailing,
Iecariot-driven, their mission to betray.

Past strath and ben the clouds flit shadow following,
Fionn and Diarmid of old time watched them go,
Cry of faint shepherd heard, or phantom hunter
holloaing,

His ghostly hounds against their shadowy foe.

Yet to the hearing ear forgotten pibrochs swelling
Sound; in the haunted glens elusive echoes sigh;
Dim shades of heroes within their lonely dwelling
Stir at the native sound and shout their battle-cry.

DUGALD MACINTYRE.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE BIRTHPLACE OF DR JOHN BROWN,
AUTHOR OF 'RAB AND HIS FRIENDS.'

By GILBERT RAE.

BIGGAR, the birthplace of Dr John Brown, lies like a jewel upon the breast of Scotland. It rests upon a gentle eminence that terminates in the rolling range of the Pentland Hills. This is in itself significant. For the light of that life which dawned in the obscurity of this upland town passed to the fulfilment of a strenuous and worthy career in that city above which, like a guardian angel, the Pentlands stand. A hill burn sings its tender song by the western portal of the town; and this same stream, in gathering strength, runs, like a silver thread, through the meadow-lands beyond. On the fringe of this meadow stands Strathview, once known as the Secession Church manse of Biggar. It was here, on the 22nd of September 1810, that Dr John Brown was born. Doubtless, in the right-of-way that runs from the gable-end of Strathview southward through the meadow, he would oftentimes play, and in this meadow, like the children of to-day, he would gather the marsh-marigolds that in summer-time adorn this beautiful place.

Beyond the vale of Biggar, with the ruined fragments of Boghall Castle between, the hills of Peeblesshire appear. Along that rugged way, from the viewpoint of Biggar, the sun pursues its daily course. Above the shoulder of Mossfennan hill the morning beams arise. This treasure of the day, which shines in fullest majesty above the heights of Cardon and Coulter Fell, sinks into the lap of twilight above the rounded summit of Tinto, and, with the blessing of a well-spent day abiding on it, seems as if to fall on sleep in the quietude of Shieldhill. The eastern prospect from the old manse windows is toward the borderland. Tweed, that river of rivers, is invisible, but the wooded slopes of Dawyck, underneath which it flows, wave a greeting from afar. To southward, through a cleft in the great range of hills, the river Clyde flows slowly west. Beside that river, in the village of Symington, a place three miles distant from the town of Biggar, they laid to rest the mother of this illustrious son.

But it is in the manse garden we upgather the tenderest memories of other days. It seems as if the walled security of this pleasure had secured, as an abiding heritage, the peacefulness

of bygone years. Outside those walls (and this may be said of any old-world garden) the village life of joy and sorrow, with its trivialities and absurdities, passes unheeded and unknown; but within men and women find refuge from the storms of a vain and blustering humanity, and in such an atmosphere of rest grow into a calm security not of this world. Of such a type were the parents of Dr John Brown. The father, in the preparation of those uplifting discourses, had for his inspiration this garden of flowers, and here, with a gentleness that made her life complete, the mother of the boy laid deep the foundation of what proved in after years to be the structure of a brave and tender soul. For twelve years Dr Brown had the environment of Biggar, and who can measure the far-reaching influences of those early days? Intellectually we have fallen upon an evil day; but in Biggar, in the boyhood of Dr John Brown, there were giants in literature and art. The list is too extensive to record, but we seek in vain in these parts to-day for one to compare with Robert Johnston, merchant, who, in addition to an intimate knowledge of mathematics, theology, politics, and art, was a distinguished linguist, being well versed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, Italian, and German.

For the inhabitants of Biggar, in the prime of his intellectual attainment, Dr Brown, at the request of his uncle, the Rev. Dr Smith, composed that most touching and human story, *Rab and his Friends*. To them, in a schoolhouse in Biggar, and before the Athenæum, a literary society which existed then, he, 'with fear and trembling,' as he afterwards confessed, read his classic production.

The old Secession Church of Biggar still stands. The outer form remains, but the inner fabric of the sanctuary has passed away. An old worshipper recently gave an interesting description of the internal structure, and, in an enthusiasm for all that pertains to a vanished past, we ascended by a trap-door to gaze on the stout oaken rafters that support the whole.

In the kirkyard upon the hill many of the worthies and notabilities of Biggar are laid. Under a throughstane near the east doorway of the church the forebears of William Ewart

Gladstone sleep. In the centre of this hallowed spot, with form outstretched like the all-embracing arms of Christ, our church uplifts its hoary head. Founded by Malcolm, Lord Fleming, Baron of Biggar, in the year 1545, and gifted by him, in 'praise, glory, and honour of the most high and undivided Trinity,' as he himself expresses it, to the Roman Catholic persuasion (a fact too often overlooked by those who denounce its tenets), the church of St Mary stands in all its glory and dignity, the one priceless possession in which the whole of this community may claim a righteous share. Had it not been for the faith and devotion of Malcolm, Lord Fleming, our poverty would have this day been great. The strong personality of the Fleming family spared the church from the ruthless devastation which accompanied what is known as the Reformation (to what we have been reformed it is somewhat difficult in these days to know), and these old gray walls, in the worshipful spirit they of themselves create, remain, for this pilgrimage of ours, the true home of the heart. In the eastern transept, with all the ceremonial of the Church of Rome, generation after generation of the Fleming family was laid to rest.

A winding staircase leads to the tower, and there a panorama of perfect loveliness unfolds itself. Girdled by hills, surely, when blessed by the sweetness of a summer day, there are few places with a tranquil graciousness like unto this. In a clump of trees beyond which the sun goes down, George Meikle Kemp, architect of the Scott Monument, Edinburgh, was born. Notwithstanding all opinions to the contrary, opinions which, when carefully examined, are found to be without substance, we know of

a surety, from testimony bequeathed by those present on that eventful day to relatives still alive, that in the parish of Biggar the famous architect was born. It was to Edinburgh both Kemp and Brown made pilgrimage. George Meikle Kemp demonstrated in stone the greatness of his soul, while Dr John Brown in that city drew from the hidden heart of humanity a gracious melody that lingers still. It is to Biggar the grateful heart of Edinburgh should oftentimes turn.

With the memory of a glorious past abiding with us, this humble tribute to the town is paid. We are, alas! made too much alike in these days, and traverse a pathway which conventionality prescribes; but the wonder and charm of nature abide. With lavish hand, before our hearts' door, she scatters in every season her varied gifts. Some spurn and trample them under foot with an appalling ignorance of their worth, but others tenderly upgather the treasures of this earthly day, and in their possession grow wise and strong. Of the strong company of men was Dr John Brown, whose infant feet once trod those pleasant ways we know and love. What brighter spot in all the world, e'en though the sting of poverty should sometimes cloud the way, could the heart of man desire? To feast the eyes in adoration upon the long, sweet valley of the Clyde, down which the western river of that name throws a long farewell to that fairer river which seeks the northern sea, is an hour of precious privilege. And, when life's working day is ended, what more hallowed place could the weary soul of man long for wherein to rest than the quiet God's-acre beside the church of St Mary, upon a sun-swept hill?

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE MEETING.

ONE minute—three minutes—passed, and the peaceful figure in the chair never moved, except in its quiet, regular breathing. We drew back from the window noiselessly, and joined the others.

'He is there, and asleep,' I told the captain.

We held a whispered conference. To waken the house at that hour would have jeopardised our chances. It meant alarm for the inmates and perhaps the street, a challenge, questionings, a commotion that would set Macdonell on guard at once. To wait until morning offered advantages. The captain would then inquire for his passenger, 'Mr Mortimer,' and gain admission naturally. In the meantime we would keep a watch on the house.

We took posts within easy call of each other; the captain and Hugh Scott at the back, Bertrand in some bushes to the north, while I

went to the courtyard gate. Relieving the mate of the custody of Innes, I placed him behind one of the pillars, and went to the other one myself. Scarcely had I taken up my position when there was the sound of a bolt drawn very quietly, and a footstep crept toward the gate, a step or two at a time, a halt, dead silence, another step or two, until it was within two or three yards of the gate. I was steelled to any emergency, pistol up, when my glance fell on Innes. He had heard the footfall, and was shaking where he stood, hatless, his dishevelled hair hanging black against the pallor of his face, as uncanny as a thing risen from the dead. I drew back a step.

A figure crept close up to the pillar that concealed Innes. It was Macdonell. He dropped to all-fours, and, with face almost to the ground, peered cautiously round the pillar, to leap sud-

denly back to his feet with a choked cry. He held something in his hand. I had him covered, but he never looked my way.

Innes was standing motionless, paralysed, I believe, by fear, livid, glowering, his hollow eyes thrown into horrid relief against the snow of the moonlight. The two figures stared at each other, Macdonell's face shrunken, his lips moving convulsively, no sound coming from them.

Suddenly Innes pointed a shaking finger at him. I believe that he meant it as a signal to me, but the effect was instantaneous; guilty terror leaped into Macdonell's eyes. Something fell from his hand. With a shuddering cry he fled back to the house, and the bolt was shot in the door. I picked up the pistol he had let fall, and, seizing the limp Innes by the wrist, ran with him to the bushes where Bertrand was hiding, and there we lay till the first glimmer of morning began to show. The captain joined us. He had heard the sound of the bolted door.

'Macdonell has seen a ghost! He will not stir till broad day, I warrant,' I whispered, and told him what had happened.

He gave a grim chuckle. 'The house is wakenin'. Time for me to knock at the door and speir for "Mr Mortimer." What say ye?'

I nodded. Anthony examined his pistol, stuck it in his belt, and we both went round by the back of the 'Crown and Anchor.' When we came to the courtyard I crouched again at the window. Left Hand was sitting with a flagon and a tumbler beside him, his face drawn, nervous tension in every line of it. I signalled to Anthony, who came forward with a brisk step, and knocked at the door. 'House within!' he cried. I saw our man jump to his feet. He poured out a drink hastily, gulped it down, and came into the middle of the room, where he stood listening intently. 'House within!' the captain called again loudly.

An attic window opened, and 'Wha's there?' came from a night-capped head peering into the gray morning.

'Captain Brander o' the *Gannet*. My respects to Mr Mortimer, who has business with me.'

'It's you! You are dooms early, Anthon', said a sleepy voice.

'And ye are dooms lazy, John. My business winna wait. Haste ye.'

A wave of relief swept over Left Hand's face when he heard Anthony ask for 'Mr Mortimer.' He took a long breath, and walked boldly to the bolted front-door. I had barely time to dodge round the corner before he opened the door and gave the captain good-morning.

'My service, sir,' quoth Anthony, pulling off his hat as he followed him inside.

I came back, ducked under the window, and listened by the half-open door.

'Ye are early, captain.'

'Deed I am, but sailors canna keep landamen's hours. Ye are early astir yoursel', sir.'

'Yes; I woke early.'

'The fact is, Mr Mortimer—an' sorry I am to say it—the *Gannet* has been fouled in port, and I canna guarantee her to sail before twa days.'

Macdonell rapped out an oath. 'I counted on sailing to-night,' he said.

There was a pause.

'Did you—did you see anybody about? I thought I saw—I thought I heard— Are there others? Speak, man!'

'Guid sakes, sir! there's nobody astir so early.'

'Nobody!'

'Weel, 'tis a strange thing; but—ye'll no' laugh at me, Mr Mortimer; I didna mean to come ower it—but if I believed in speerits and bogles and siclike, I would sweir I had seen ane no' an hour syne.'

'What foolishness is this?'

'As ye say, sir. Foolishness it maun be. Ye have more book-lear than the likes o' me. But I could ha' sworn that I saw a thing in man's shape that glowered through me and vanished like a flaff o' smoke when I made to speak to it. There cam' a kind o' lowe round it, and—pouf! pouf!—it was gone. It had great een that seemed to be lookin' for somethin' or somebody.'

'Bah!' said Macdonell, but his voice was hoarse and shaking.

Anthony bent forward. 'Its wet hair was hangin' round it like a corp—a drowned man, sir, as I stand here.'

'A—a drowned man! What—what is this?' the other jerked out. 'For God's sake, let in the daylight!' He went to the window and flung the curtain aside. 'There is nothing! See! There is no one.'

'Things like that dinna walk after cock-crow. It is no' o' this earth,' Anthony said solemnly.

I would have liked to see the other's face, but dared not peer round the half-open door.

Macdonell forced a short laugh, false and mirthless. 'Well! well! drowned men concern neither you nor me. When can ye sail?' he snarled.

'In twa days.'

'So be it! Ye'll have a glass with me, captain. I feel the morning chilly.'

I slipped quietly into the room while his back was toward me. He was pouring the brandy out, his eyes on the glass.

'Good-morning!' I called suddenly and clearly.

He spun round on the instant, the glass falling from his hand with a crash on the floor. He made a dive at his sword-hilt, backed to the corner of the room, and stood watching me, breathing heavily, the whole man shrunken and incredibly mean-looking.

'You! You! What do you want?' came at last from him.

'I came north to settle a score,' said I, 'a score between myself and Walter Irving, or Philip Macdonell, or Mr Mortimer, or whatever he chooses to call himself.'

He had regained command of his voice, and straightened himself as he spoke. 'It is a safe rule not to meddle with other folk's affairs.'

'Or with their lives or money.'

His eyes narrowed, the question, 'How much does he know?' plainly to be read in them.

'Do you require a third party to be present?' he asked.

'Not where I deal with honest men.—Stay where you are, captain.'

A hint of disappointment flickered for an instant on his face. He gave his shoulders a shrug.

'As ye please; but if ye think I'll discuss a gentleman's private affairs before a tarry sailor, ye're much mistaken. I wish ye good-morning.'

He had come to the middle of the floor and was making for the door. The coolness of it almost threw me off my guard. I suspect that his game was to get near the door, and then hazard a sudden dash for liberty, for his look was ugly when I stepped back to the door and levelled my pistol.

'What means this?' he cried.

'It means that I do not intend to lose sight of you.'

'Lose sight of me! Ye'll maybe be glad enough to lose sight of me. Do ye think that I am afraid—that I would run away?'

'It would not be for the first time. You ran

away from The Garth, and again on a certain night after a ball at Holyrood.'

'I had no quarrel with you on the road from the Border. I sought none wi' ye at Edinburgh.'

'Until you discovered that I stood in the way of your black scheme to steal the French money that Glenira hid. Let us waive all that just now. Tell me, where is Kenneth Innes?'

A leaden pallor crept slowly over his face. 'Kenneth Innes! Kenneth Innes!' He repeated the name slowly in a masterful effort at composure; but he was white to the lips. 'What is he to you?'

'Less than nothing, the poor cat's-paw! But his friends, his chief, and Prince Charles are no doubt interested more than I am in his welfare. I do not believe that you meant to return to the Prince with the money; but let us assume that discretion, force of circumstances—in other words, anxiety to keep a whole skin—made you change your plans. In that case, you would perhaps have returned to the Prince as Philip Macdonell, successful emissary, to be loaded with honours. It is a pleasant picture. But now, you cannot have Kenneth Innes with you. By what foul lie will you account for his absence?'

He almost flinched, but recovered, and began to bluster. 'What right have ye to discuss my mission or Innes's part in it? Ye are a Hanoverian. I can prove your cursed meddling from the day ye came to Edinburgh. I know of your spying at The Garth, your disguise at Holyrood. Ye prate to me of lying. Ye want to lay hands on the French money yourself.'

(Continued on page 548.)

RUSSIAN WAR PICTURES.

By JEAN D'AUVERGNE.

'WHAT is Russia like in war-time?' This is a question which my friends are always asking me; and, looking back after ten months of war, I have no better answer than to say, 'Probably very much like England.' The feverish excitement, the manifestations, the topsy-turvydom, that characterised the first weeks of the war have long since died away, and the people of Russia have settled down to await results with a patience and calmness worthy of the highest Anglo-Saxon traditions.

In Russia itself, which, like England, is outside the actual fighting zone, the outward picture of life is much as it was before the war. There are more soldiers in the streets. In every street, in almost every house, the Red Cross flag is flying. The hospitals are overcrowded. There are a thousand and one signs that this great people is at war, and yet so great is the power of time that the eye has become accustomed to these

outward symbols and has almost ceased to notice them. 'Every Russian,' says Tolstoy, 'feels that Moscow is his mother,' and in this war it is of Moscow that the Russian soldier thinks and dreams. Yet here in Moscow the theatres are open, the restaurants have begun to trade again, and people go about their business as usual. Everything is quiet—even the newsboys; and there is not even an appreciable lack of young men in the streets. In spite of the great work of organisation and charity that she is doing, Moscow scarcely seems to have changed. It is not apathy, for never in her history has Russia been so determined or so resolute. It is not lack of sympathy, for there is no people in the world so humane or so sympathetic to all suffering as the Russian people. It is merely that Russians have come to view the war in its proper proportions, and that the vast majority have learned the great lesson that in a war like this

'time and patience,' as Tolstoy makes Kutuzov say in *War and Peace*, are necessary, and that for those who cannot go to the front, everyday ordinary routine work is a higher and more patriotic duty than song-singing or manifestations.

In the first few weeks the Russian people tried to live themselves into the spirit of the war. The theatre-bills stared at one with glaring announcements of patriotic plays such as Leonid Andreeff's nauseous *For King, for Law, and Liberty*. Places of amusement like the Letuchaisa Mysh, famous for their light and sparkling comedy, devoted their efforts to portraying the horrors of war on a stage which had hitherto evoked only healthy laughter. People talked glibly of the war finishing in three months, and went to the theatre to weep and cheer hysterically. The war had as yet only touched the imagination; it had not yet eaten into the soul. I shall never forget one performance of Guy de Maupassant's *Les Deux Amis*. Every one knows the story of the two Frenchmen who persuaded a friendly colonel to allow them through the lines of Paris during the siege of 1870 in order to indulge in their favourite pastime of fishing. They are caught by the Germans, and are informed that they will be set at liberty if only they will give the countersign. After being cajoled, threatened, reasoned with, and bullied, they stick to their guns, and are shot as honourable men, to the glory of France.

At this Moscow theatre the play was exceedingly well staged. The German officer was magnificently brutal; the Frenchmen were all that an ardent French patriot could desire. The realism had already made its effect. Several people beside me were in tears. One Frenchman had already been shot. The Prussian *boche* was twisting his moustache with proper ferocity before giving the final order that was to seal the other's fate. One could have heard a pin drop. And then, by chance, I turned round to the back of the stalls where some thirty or forty wounded soldiers were sitting. All the evening they had been very quiet, and strictly on their best behaviour. At this tragic moment their faces were convulsed with laughter. This wonderful piece of realism struck them, after 'the real thing,' as a screaming parody, and for the first time that evening they were able to laugh! To-day, when all men and women have some one of their nearest and dearest at the front, the patriotic play is out of place. The Russians were quick in realising this, and, in spite of pro-Germans, in spite of peace-croakers, after the first two months of the war the whole country settled down to await the ultimate victory with a determination and resolution that have been proved again and again on the field of battle, and, more particularly, by the brilliant recovery after the severe check in East Prussia. This calmness is all the more praiseworthy, because, as Mr Maurice

Baring has well pointed out, the Russians go easily to extremes. It is a fine attitude—an attitude, too, from which even we in England can learn a lesson.

I do not mean to say that the Russian people have gone back to their former careless life of pleasure. For in the great concentrated effort which the whole country knew would be required in order to crush Germany the help of all was essential, and calmness, determination, and discipline were as necessary and as important in the streets and factories of Moscow and Petrograd as in the trenches in front of Warsaw.

When one penetrates into the under-currents of Russian life, one soon realises how greatly the country has altered during the last ten months. And the greatest change of all has been wrought by the mere signing of a scrap of paper. War has a sobering influence. The Boer War taught Britain a valuable lesson. The Japanese War did the same for Russia. Profiting by the bitter lesson of experience, by an almost divine spark of genius, the Russian Government stopped the sale of vodka from the first days of the war. I have seen it stated that 'too much fuss' has been made over the abolition of drink in Russia. To my mind we foreigners have scarcely grasped even the outside fringe of the significance of this measure. Whatever the drink question may be in other countries, to Russia it is almost a matter of life and death—a question far more important than the Jewish problem or any other question of reform.

It is unnecessary to dwell here on the material benefits that have already resulted from this happy measure, or on the vexed question as to how much drink is being sold illicitly. For myself, I am satisfied that during the last ten months, in spite of illicit stills and secret preparations, ninety-nine per cent. of the Russian people have been leading a sober life; while as to the material benefits, the chief of these have been, first, the rapid and successful mobilisation (which with vodka would have been impossible); and, second, the increased prosperity and buying-power of the peasantry.

Drink, we are told, is a stimulant. When it becomes a national vice, it is in reality a narcotic. It is stagnating. It chokes all progress and makes a man contented with a life from which without drink he would insist on freeing himself. To Russia the moral gain from this enforced temperance has been inestimable. Abstinence, combined with the religious sentiment which the average Russian brings to this war, has given a stupendous moral fillip to the whole nation, and has awakened a fine healthy patriotism which has astonished all foreigners and even Russians themselves. In 1812, at Borodino, the Russian soldiers put away their vodka, because they knew that to drink vodka was a sin on the day which was to settle the fate of their

country and of their mother Moscow. In 1914 they put their vodka away for ever.

The last ten months have seen the cementing of the new Anglo-Russian friendship. On the part of Britain the attraction to Russia had already begun before the war. It was a friendship of art and letters—a friendship which has now been hallowed by ties of blood; but so far it is still only a friendship on paper, and our knowledge of Russia is unfortunately superficial and second-hand. At the present moment there are several well-known English men of letters pursuing a feverish study of Russia and of the Russian people, and doubtless after the war we shall have many new books on Russia. This is a state of affairs greatly to be welcomed. To our surprise, we are gradually learning that Russia is not in the least like the Russia of our imagination. We have 'discovered' a new Russia which pleases us mightily, a Russia of art and letters which we welcome and value for its great mind and its broad, comprehensive nature. In our very enthusiasm, however, there is a danger which it would be as well to avoid. In the last few months we have heard much, too much perhaps, of the 'soul' of Russia. We have been a little gushing, a little too prone to exaggeration and superficiality. There has been, too, in a certain section of our press a doubtless well-meant, but to Russians somewhat smug and irritating, patronage; a kind of spirit which seems to say, 'By Jove! we thought you were barbarians, and now we find you aren't half-bad.' The Russian detests anything in the shape of hypocrisy and sycophancy; and, even if the latter may turn his head a little, he is quite able to see through it. He admires the Englishman for his practical ability, and perhaps above all for his sang-froid and his dignity. In our new attitude to Russia we must not for the sake of our expansiveness give up those qualities for which the Russians value us most. The soul of Russia is not to be grasped lightly, nor is the friendship of the Russian people to be won by much splashing of ink. At the present moment Russia is more interested in hearing how many men we have under arms and how many stores we can turn out than in reading minute analyses of her own 'soul.' In this respect the personal equation is of great importance, and, as far as Russia is concerned, Sir David Beatty's naval visit to Petrograd and Moscow last July did more to bring England home to the Russian mind than almost any book ever written. The present war has furnished a charming proof of this statement. In October and November German influences did their best by covert hints and secret propaganda to spread the idea that Britain was not doing her fair share in the war. The moment was well chosen. The Russian people had at first expected the war to finish in a few months, and, not being a sea-going nation, they had an exaggerated idea of

the possibilities of naval warfare. They were told nothing of the new armies that were being created (I am speaking, of course, of the man in the street), and they failed to grasp the significance of 'the silent vigil' in the North Sea. Then came the victory of the Falkland Islands, the British Ambassador's speech at Petrograd, and, finally, the sinking of the *Blücher* near the Dogger Bank. Nothing that Britain has done so far in this war has pleased the Russians so much as this last victory. And it is significant that in speaking of the victory many Russians who had seen and met the gallant admiral spoke of him not as Admiral Beatty or Sir David Beatty, but as '*nash* Beatty'—'our Beatty'! This is a point to remember for those who think all international visits a waste of time and public money.

It would be unfair to write of Russia during the war without some mention of the great charity work that is being done by the Russian people. Russia has more than once been described as a nation of almsgivers, and in this war she has not belied her reputation. Here, too, it is not merely the rich who give. It is an everyday sight in the streets of Moscow to see even the very poor stop and open their purses and give their pennies to some beggar who perhaps is better off than the giver. Poverty in Moscow has not the same hard, cruel, relentless appearance that it has in London. Here the poor rely on the support of their fellow-citizens, and the support is rarely refused. It may be religious superstition, it may be what you like, but it is one of the hundred and one estimable qualities that make the Russian character what it is. Moscow is famous for its hospitality, and I doubt if any town in the world has given as much to the war in proportion to its wealth as the ancient capital. And this magnificent result has been achieved not only because the millionaires have opened their purses, but because the whole people are bearing the sacrifice, and because, to quote only one instance, little Lyolia, the shop-girl, and Verochka, the seamstress, who earn anything from ten to twenty roubles a month, are giving up a portion of their salary to the good cause.

Russia is sufficiently original in her methods of collecting charities. What we now know as 'flag days' in Britain and France have been regular features of Russian life for many years. Since the beginning of the war there has been one of these days on an average of about once a week. There has been a Belgian Day, a Polish Day, a Serbian Day, a Cossack Day, a Widows and Orphans Day, a Soldiers' Presents Day, and, indeed, every kind of 'day' that one can imagine. The most interesting of these days was perhaps 'The Press Day' in Moscow, on which day none of the daily papers appeared, but instead one single paper was issued by the united editors of all the Moscow press. Editors, printers, leader-writers,

reporters, all gave their services free, and the paper-manufacturers made a gift of the paper. The paper appeared three times during the day, and was sold at twice the ordinary price. Here is an admirable method of raising a large sum of money which might well commend itself to the lions of our own Fleet Street.

Of the Russian soldiers I shall say little. Every correspondent has sung their praises well, badly, or indifferently. In fact, in spite of its great achievements, the Russian army has perhaps been a little overpraised in England, with the result that some of us have become disillusioned and a little disappointed at the slowness of the advance towards Berlin. It may be said, however, with sincere conviction, that the Russian army has done far better than even its most sanguine supporters had hoped before the war. The Russian fighting-man is not on a level intellectually with our own Tommy. He is drawn almost exclusively from the peasant class, and in a certain proportion of cases he is unable to read or write. One has only to see him bear pain, however, to know that he has a great heart. When one has seen him with a batch of prisoners, offering them cigarettes and kind words instead of jeers, one realises that his heart is a great heart in every sense of the word, and that, in spite of all our talk of civilisation and culture, the fundamental principles of humanity are more deeply embedded in his soul than in the German, trained for years to believe that brutality is one of the world's greatest virtues.

Some time ago I was talking to a Scottish doctor, who has now the rank of lieutenant-colonel as a surgeon in the Russian army. He had come back to Warsaw for a few days' rest after a very trying experience at Lodz during the Russian withdrawal from that town. After describing how, in the enormous length of the modern battle-line, no one knew whether he was winning or losing, and how this state of affairs was practically favourable to the Russian, who fought without any questions as to how long the war would last, but went on until he dropped, because it was his duty, the doctor added that he believed the very ignorance of the Russian soldiers was a blessing in disguise. But it is not ignorance that makes the Russian fight and die for his country. It is something much more than this, much more even than the reckless courage that laughs at death. It is his religion, his patriotism, his fatalism, call it what you will, and it is best described by Mr Stephen Graham's words that 'a glorious death is spiritual meat to the Russian.'

In any case, the ignorance is not so great as the doctor thinks. I have been agreeably surprised to find that the large majority of the soldiers can read and write, and the percentage of illiterates is infinitely lower than during the Japanese War. Here, too, is an extract from

the letter of a wounded private to his wife in the village, which shows how alive even the poorest peasant is to the evolution that is taking place in Russia:

'MUCH-TREASURED WIFE, DARIA PETROVNA!—In these days when so much is changing in the world, and such great deeds are happening, it behoves no man "to live in darkness" (to be illiterate). Send little Fedya to school at once, so that he may learn to write, and to read books. Remember this is my solemn charge. On you be the blame.'

If his ideas of western geography and the western front are hazy, he has a better knowledge of Turkey and the Eastern question than his British confrère. Indeed, it is wonderful what an appeal Constantinople and Sancta Sophia make to every class of Russian, and it is doubtful if even the fall of Berlin would be hailed with such universal joy in Russia as will the fall of 'Tsargrad' (a name applied in Russia to Constantinople). The bombardment, too, has increased Britain's prestige in the eyes of the common Russian. To-day the droshky-driver and the scavenger no longer greet one another with such questions as '*Chto dielact Anglia?*' ('What is England doing?'). To-day they pipe a new tune, which runs something like this: '*Kak anglichane tam rabótayoot u Dardanell! Slavnoe diels! Molodtsi!*' ('See there how the English are working at the Dardanelles! Fine work! Great fellows they are!').

After the war? It is out of place to say more than a few words on this subject. Never, perhaps, has there been a time when it was so difficult to predict the development of a nation as at the present moment in Russia. Russians themselves are as uncertain of the future as is the most ignorant foreigner. Everywhere one finds all possible shades of opinion. There are the alarmists, who hint at political trouble and revolution. There are the idealists, who believe that the end of the war will see the realisation of their long-cherished dreams. There are, too, the cynics, who tell one solemnly that there will be no change, and that Russia will go on in the old slipshod way, just because she is Russia. And the truth probably lurks somewhere in all of these directions. The intellectual classes expect reform, and, doubtless, reforms of some sort there will be. Without any discussion as to their extent, it may truthfully be said that the Russian Government understands its people better than most Russians and many foreigners are prepared to admit.

One thing, however, is certain. Even if she does not change outwardly, Russia after the war will nevertheless be a changed Russia. During the last ten years the change has been coming slowly but surely, and the war has only helped to accentuate it. Everywhere new energies, new forces, are developing, which nothing can keep in check. Education is spreading among the masses, slowly perhaps, but still inevitably, and

a vast industrial life is growing up which is gradually changing the character of the townspeople. Sport and games are beginning to find favour even among the poorest classes, and the gospel of physical fitness may yet find as many disciples in Russia as in Great Britain. Every day Russia is becoming less Eastern, more Western, both outwardly and inwardly, and the change is not always for the better. Russia is at present in the throes of a second birth. Will she bring forth a healthy young giant, as we all hope, endowed with all the best qualities of the Russian character, or a puny weakling that will require years of nursing and doctor's care before it can be brought to manhood? For the next twenty years this will be the most interesting problem of Europe.

In one thing, however, we can place our confidence, and that is in the good sense and fine humility of the Russian people. These people, whose lives seem to us very often shrouded in darkness, and yet who cling to God with a belief that no suffering can ever crush, are, and must always be, of the great peoples of this earth. They may be backward, ignorant, and foolish in the ways of worldly wisdom, but they have to an extraordinary degree the highest Christian virtue of charity and sympathy, and in them we find something that attracts us more than all the inventions of America or the scientific discoveries of Germany. At any rate, the day is to the Slav. We shall watch with interest what use he will make of it.

BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO-DAY, when Betty was tidying my room, I took the opportunity of referring to Nathan's conversation of the previous evening, particularly that portion of it in which he advised me to take up my quarters downstairs. From the insinuating way in which he had introduced the subject, and the allusions he had made to my 'no weel' look, I naturally concluded that his advice might be interpreted as a hint to me that I was not so well as I fondly imagined; and that, for my own good, and for the convenience of my faithful old nurse—not to speak of obviating the necessity of taking a six-foot coffin down a narrow staircase with a sharp turn—I ought to agree to his proposal at once and without demur.

Betty now assures me, however, that if I am contented and comfortable in my own little room, she is quite satisfied. I am not for a moment to imagine that she advocates the change for the sake of saving her any trouble in attending on me. 'There's nae trouble where ye are concerned, Maister Weelum,' she said. 'I look on ye amaist as my very ain bairn, an' I coont it a privilege to get waitin' hand an' foot on ye. It's a nice, easy stair to climb, it's handy for the kitchen, an' mair an' forby, it's no' as if ye'll aye be lyin' here. In a day or twae, or a week at maist, ye'll be up an' aboot again. A' the same, Maister Weelum, believe me when I say that ever sin' ye cam' to bide here I've thocht it a pity that ye didna use the dinin'-room. I understaun' your likin' for this wee room. It was aye your very ain, an' mebbe a' richt to sleep in, though the sooth bedroom is bigger an' airier; but it's juist no'—it's juist no' like a room that ye should ha'e your meat in, ye ken. When you're up an' aboot again ye'll mebbe think it ower.'

'Is the dining-room in good order, Betty?' I asked.

'It's juist as the mistress left it, Maister Weelum,' she said, with a catch in her voice. 'I've things covered to keep oot the dust, an' I've lifted an' cleaned, but juist aye replaced again. Nathan an' me are never in it, except to lift the winds on guid days to air it, or to pit a fire on noo an' again, when the weather's damp. The kitchen an' oor back-room are guid enough for us, an' we've juist, as it were, keepit the rest o' the hoose on trust. The picters in your mother's wee drawin'-room are a' juist as they were, the piano-lid has never been lifted since she shut it, an' her auld china an' ither knick-knacks are as clean an' weel cared for as they were when she handled them hersel'. I've often gane up the stairs, ta'en a bit look in, an' come doon again a prood, prood woman that she considered me worthy to live amang it a', an' to tak' care o't.'

Betty and I have a community of interests in the long ago, a joint possession of memories which will ever be our dearest treasure. The links which bind us together were forged away back in the misty past; but time corrodes them not, and they are stronger to-day than ever they were before. To do her will was my sure pleasure, and so I began gracefully to waive, one by one, objections I had entertained, and to acquiesce with her and back up her arguments by referring to the coming wintry months, the comforts of the dining-room, its large, roomy fireplace, and the cheery, heartsome outlook the window commanded of the Cross and the Dry Gill.

'But, Betty,' I said, 'we'll have to do something to give it a more modern look. If I remember aright, the ceiling and cornice are very dark, and the wall-paper is a dismal green, patched with a gold fleur-de-lis, and it has been on too long to be healthy.'

'Ay, weel, mebbe ye're right; an' ye mentionin' wall-paper reminds me that the damp frae the gable has discoloured the end wa'. But the whitewashin' and paperin' o' ae room will no' be a big job, an' aince we gie the painter the order we'll no' ha'e lang to wait for him. His back-en' slackness is on noo. I saw him paintin' his ain doors an' windas; an', as there's little chance o' him gettin' fat on that wark, he'll no swither about gi'ein' it up for what is likely to pay better. Imphm! Mebbe I should ha'e seen to this afore noo. The fact is, Maister Weelum, except for a few shillin's for paintin' the outside woodwark, I've spent no' a penny on paint or paper for the hoose since Nathan an' me were marrit. I should ha' had things in better order for ye; but, believe me, it was juist want o' thocht.'

'Nonsense, Betty; the whole house is in apple-pie order. There was no call for you to spend money on painting and papering, and I won't allow you to do that now. This is my little affair, Betty, and all I ask you to do is to see the painter and arrange for the work to be done as soon as possible.'

'Do you mean, Maister Weelum, that ye're to pay the whole thing?'

'Most certainly. So, my dear Betty, please say no more on that point, as my mind is made up and unalterable.'

'Weel, weel, sae be it. "Them that will to Cupar maun to Cupar." What kind o' a paper wad ye think o' puttin' on?'

Within my own mind I had decided on a nice warm buff canvas, but I refrained from giving my opinion. 'What do you think would be nice, Betty?'

Of old I remembered the garish colouring of the paper on her bedroom walls. Her taste in this was always a law unto the paperhanger, and my mother used to shiver when she peeped in, and wonder how Betty could sleep peacefully in such a profusion of colour.

Betty pondered over my question for a moment. 'Mrs Black, the clogger's wife, got her parlour done up last spring, an' it looks juist beautifu'. The paper has a kind o' mauve gr'und wi' a gold stripe runnin' up, an' roon the stripe there's a winkle-winkle o' nice big blue roses, an' a wee bit o' forget-me-not tied wi' a pink ribbon keeks oot here and there, juist as if it was hangin' in the air.'

'Blue roses are not natural, Betty.'

'No, so Nathan says; but they're most by-ordinar' bonny, an' they're hangin' roon this gold stripe for a' the world as if they were newly blawn; an'—an' the leaves are a brisk green, an' the buds standin' oot abune the bloom as like as life, an' a' this beautifu' colourin' for a shillin' a piece! It was John Boyes the painter that put it on, an' he telt Mrs Black that there was only anither room like hers, an' it was in the Crystal Palace at London.'

'A shilling a piece, Betty,' I said, in astonishment, just for something to say. 'Oh, but I would give more than that!'

'Oh, then, ye'll juist get a' the mair gold and roses for the extra money, Maister Weelum.'

'I am just wondering, Betty,' I said meditatively, 'if a wall-paper with roses—blue or otherwise—is the correct decoration for a dining-room.'

'Oh, there's nae rule, Maister Weelum—at least, no' in Thornhill. No, no; as lang as ye pay for the job, ye can put ony kind ye like on; and she added, 'Wad ye no' leave the paper to the womenfolk, Maister Weelum? If ye do ye'll no' gang far wrang.'

'Yes, Betty, that's all right; but I don't know that I could eat my meals comfortably in a room among blue roses. How would a nice, warm-coloured imitation of canvas look, without any pattern at all?'

'A warm-coloured imitation o' canvas? Imphm! I—I juist canna tak' that in; but if it's what I think it is, wad that no' look awfu' mealie-bag lookin'?''

'I'm sure it won't, Betty, and—and—well, I know it is the correct thing. Besides'—

'Ye will hark on "the correct thing," Maister Weelum. I've telt ye that whatever ye want, an' pay for, is the correct thing in Thornhill. I've great faith in Mrs Black's taste. I aye tak' my cue, as it were, frae her, though I dinna tell her that; an', where colour is concerned, whether in papers or bonnets, I never think she's far wrang. She comes honestly by it. She aince telt me that it was bred in the bane, for her faither was a colourin'-man in a waxcloth factory aboot Kirkcaldy.'

Mrs Black's hereditary claim did not appeal to me, and in a most agreeable and ingratiating way I was advocating my own scheme, when the outer door opened.

'That'll be the doctor, I'm thinkin',' said Betty, and she hurried off downstairs to receive him.

As my acquaintance with Dr Grierson ripens my admiration for him increases, and my regret becomes all the keener that I had no knowledge of him in my boyhood. An early impression of any one, the outcome of youthful intimacy, is ever a sure basis on which to found true friendship, and I somehow imagine that, to a thoughtful, observant boy, such as Betty assures me I was, he would have been not only a willing, sympathetic preceptor, but also a great power for good in many ways. I have known him now for only a few months; but during these quiet, uneventful days of convalescence I have had opportunities of studying him well, and have noted with peculiar pleasure his love of nature in all its phases, his reverence for everything uplifting and elevating, and his sympathy, deep and profound, for all in suffering and distress.

Yesterday, when I was in the dumps, seeing everything as through a glass darkly, and feeling isolated and bereft of sympathetic, intelligent companionship, those lovable traits of his stood out vividly, and the thought came to me that I should tell him of the lady of my dream, and of our strange meeting in the Nithbank Wood. Betty, I know, ought to be my confidante; but I have the feeling that her experience is too

limited and her outlook on life generally too parochial to admit of a well-reasoned, dispassionate view of my case; and, though yesterday and to-day I have had ample opportunities of opening my heart to her, I have felt restrained and dissuaded. Some day I shall tell her everything, and I know she will rejoice with me. But the time is not yet.

(Continued on page 554.)

DECADENT EUROPE VERSUS MODERN CHINA.

A STUDY IN RACIAL ENERGY.

CHINA is undoubtedly one of the most interesting countries in the world, and until the present European war broke out the eyes of all civilised nations were fixed upon it. What is happening in China now? What will happen in the future? When is the yellow man going to challenge the supremacy of the white? These and kindred questions have been absorbing much time and thought the world over.

One point in the discussion always receives more emphasis than the rest—namely, the fact that dormant ancient China is being made to stir up and awake because of the repeated and insistent impressions she is receiving from Europe. The civilisation of Europe is thrusting itself upon the civilisation of China. How far it will succeed is an intensely interesting question, and many pages, mostly of conjecture, have been written on it. But the object of this short article is to show as interesting an experiment, one much more unexpected, and in fact unknown—namely, the impressing of the modern Chinese spirit upon that of decadent Europe.

Every Chinese who has met Europeans draws a clear distinction between two classes, the Northern and the Southern. That there is a difference no European will deny. We know that the countries of Northern Europe produce men of a quite different type from those of the South. Of the two types one plays to-day an enormous part in the affairs of China, while the other can almost be entirely neglected. Spain, Portugal, Italy, the Balkans have no weight in Chinese matters; Britain, Germany, and France have. Why is this? The principal reason is that the world to-day is governed by trade, and the latter three nations, with the United States—which for our purposes we will count Northern European, since its ideals and energy are those of the North, whatever its blood may be—are the great trading nations of the world. Every Chinese is a business man. China is a nation of shopkeepers. The Chinese admires and appreciates a keen business man. This admiration he transfers to the nations, and accordingly he has a low opinion of the Southern European. There are other reasons, of course.

The irresistible energy of the Northern type compels him to bow down before it. The Northern nations have forced him to do many things against his will. When he emigrates he goes to America or Australia or Malaya, where the Southern type is of little importance. Also, all the European colonies in China, with one exception, belong to Britain or France. The exception is the one I wish to deal with. It supplies an ideal instance of the distinction between the two types.

The discoverers of the sea route to China and India were the Portuguese. Vasco da Gama and his bold companions led the way. At that time the Portuguese were a nation typically Western. They possessed in a large degree that intelligent and directed energy which differentiates the European from the rest of the world. A very small nation, numbering at that time less than most of our big manufacturing towns of to-day, they scoured every sea on the globe and touched almost every shore. They reached China some time after the year 1500, and in 1557 settled permanently on a small rocky peninsula called Macao. They were not permitted to remain long in peace. The Chinese objected strongly to their presence, but very short shrift was given to the original inhabitants of the place; they were allowed a certain time to clear out, and soon Macao was peopled by a few Portuguese soldiers and sailors, with their Chinese and Japanese servants. Then came the Dutch, who had settled on an island twenty miles away. Eight hundred Dutchmen landed on a beach near the little town, and marched to attack it. The Portuguese sallied out, drove them back into the sea, and the unfortunate Dutch were almost to a man killed or drowned. After this, save for occasional bickerings with the Chinese, the history of the little town has been until recently one of peace and prosperity. For almost three hundred years it was the sole European possession in the Far East. It possessed a good harbour; it was near Canton, the largest city in China; and through it passed all the produce of South China and the merchandise of Europe.

During these three hundred years a change was

taking place in the once powerful masters of the city. Portugal dropped rapidly from her high position. Her sons lost their conquering energy and decision. The balance swung from South to North, and in 1841 a few British ships dropped anchor in the shelter of an island forty miles away. This island they took, and built houses upon it. From that day Macao has been steadily dying. From the point of view of commercial and political importance, Macao has been as surely destroyed by Hong-kong as Carthage was by Rome. Its population has remained almost stationary, while that of Hong-kong now reaches half-a-million. No ships enter the port of Macao. Hong-kong harbour is one of the sights of the world. In short, there has been a complete transfer of all business from Macao to Hong-kong. Now, Macao is as favourably situated as Hong-kong. It is much healthier. It is the same distance from Canton. It is not so steep. Why, then, has it lost its position so rapidly? The answer is found in the difference in the energy possessed by the British and the Portuguese. Did Macao make no fight to retain its hold? It simply relaxed its grip and let everything slide away. Take the most important example—namely, the harbour. Macao harbour is long and sheltered. There was little to choose between it and that of Hong-kong. But now ships of any draft can steam from one end to the other of Hong-kong harbour, while small vessels drawing seven feet of water often stick for hours in the slimy mud of Macao. A branch of the large Canton River runs past Macao, bearing tons of silt, and much of this silt it deposits near Macao. This is a disadvantage, but it is not an insuperable obstacle. The Portuguese did not exactly lie down and permit their harbour to fill up. All the attempts they made, however, were on such a paltry scale that each day the harbour grows steadily shallower. So far they have made no really serious effort to check this disastrous silting. This harbour is much used by Chinese trading-vessels and fishing-junks. In a few years even these will not have enough room to turn in, and must perforce seek another port. Fair-sized ships of any draft cannot approach nearer than six miles from the town.

What of the town itself? As far as reports go, the place has not changed at all during the last fifty years. No more picturesque town exists. Its situation is superb, its bay is always compared to that of Naples, its narrow cobbled streets are wonderfully charming, the colours of the houses viewed from the sea are indescribably beautiful, and the whole town is clean and attractive. But it is a dead city. In Hong-kong one has difficulty in walking along the crowded streets. Many Macao streets are deserted, save for the few coolies who are employed picking the grass from between the stones. It is saddening to watch how quickly the grass

grows here, even in the most frequented streets. The town to-day is a unique combination of medieval Europe and modern China. I cannot say how many churches there are; but at all hours of the day and night the soft stillness of the air is broken by the tolling of bells. Early in the morning the slow-moving figures of nuns and sisters may be seen passing to their chapels. There are many priests—priests of the Dandy Sadler type, from the shaven crowns of their heads to the silver buckles on their shoes. There is a bishop in the blue house on the top of the hill, a fine old fellow who seems to have stepped straight from the Middle Ages into the twentieth century. There are forts on all the hills, forts with buttressed and loopholed walls, above which the noses of cannon peep out. Cannon are here in hundreds, rows of them, and behind them stand neatly piled heaps of iron balls such as Drake or Hawkins used. In Shanghai the Chinese have built an arsenal, and are turning out the most modern weapons.

Now the great majority of the inhabitants of Macao are Chinese. Macao is a kind of refuge for Chinese of all descriptions. When they are sought by the Chinese Government they take refuge under the ancient guns of Macao. Half the population are rogues of every description, with one redeeming feature—they are progressive. They own steamers which run to Hong-kong and other towns around the coast. Their steamers stick in the mud for hours, and they don't like it. They thus assist in forcing the governing people to think about their harbour. They are allowed to set up gambling-houses and opium-dens, for no trade means no money, and the Government must have money at all costs. Gambling-houses must be alluring; hence the reason for the modern electric-light plant recently installed by an enterprising Frenchman. Left to themselves, the Portuguese can manage very well with candles and oil lamps, as Vasco da Gama did; but John Chinaman has had experience of the clearness, brilliance, cheapness, and attraction of the electric light, and has forced it on his rulers. The only theatres in the place are Chinese theatres. Of three kinematograph shows two are run by Chinese. The only newspapers are Chinese. John seems to have decided that English is going to be the language of the world, and so he sticks up 'Barber's Shop' or 'Sale now on,' and drives it in forcibly upon the Portuguese that changes are taking place.

Thus we have the spectacle of a dormant European race being prodded on by an intelligent Asiatic one. This might be humiliating for the rest of Europe but for the distinction which the Chinese make. The writer remembers encountering an old Chinese near Macao who solemnly assured him that 'white men were no good.' This was disconcerting enough in

itself, but it was immediately followed by the announcement that the only men worth their salt were the 'red men.' After much discussion, the discovery was made that by 'white

men' he was indicating the dull olive complexion of the South of Europe, while by 'red men' he meant those with the ruddy complexion of the men of the North.

FROM THE FRONT.

By OTTWELL BINNS.

I HAD worked twenty-one hours at a stretch, and was sleeping on some hay which a hospital orderly had commandeered from a stack, when I was rudely awakened by that same orderly.

'Go away, Parker,' I said. 'I don't want breakfast. Waken me at lunch-time.'

The orderly did his best to keep from grinning. 'But, sir,' he protested, 'it's not breakfast-time; it's 1 A.M., an' rainin' like Noah's Flood; an' there's a fresh batch of wounded just come in—scores of 'em. An' Captain Cardew is dead-beat; fell asleep just now over an amputation, 'e did, sir, an' I 'ad to wake 'im. That's why I came for you, sir. 'E can't go on any longer.'

I sat up in the hay, every limb of me groaning with stiffness, and then I asked, 'How long have I been asleep?'

'Three hours,' answered the orderly.

'You've made a mistake, Parker,' I said. 'You mean three minutes. But if Captain Cardew is dead-beat, there's nothing for it but for me to come. Just find me some water, will you!—to wash in, I mean.'

'Yes, sir.'

He departed, and three minutes later returned with a tin basin full of water. I sluiced my head and face well; and while I was drying myself I asked the orderly, 'How long on duty now, Parker?'

'Seventeen hours, sir.'

'Time you had a rest!' I said.

'Yes, sir! But there is no rest in this station till this lot is off. They're comin' in, in 'undreds. Just listen to them, sir.'

Outside the ramshackle building where I had sought rest there was a steady rumble of wheels. They were, as I guessed, the wheels of the ambulance-wagons bringing in the injured men from the firing-line; and from the sounds which occasionally punctuated the rumble of the wheels I guessed that there was severe work before me.

'Yes,' I said, as we moved toward the splintered door—a shell had struck it in the afternoon—'it sounds bad.'

'We're overworked, that's what we are,' grumbled the orderly; 'but it can't be 'elped; we can't let them poor fellows want attention.'

'No,' I said. 'Duty's duty!'

I stepped out into the pouring rain. Far off I could see the flare of searchlights, the roar of great guns sounded through the night, and

sometimes a reddish-yellow star appeared suddenly in the darkness—the star of a bursting shell.

'Night or day,' I thought to myself, 'these confounded Germans are always busy. I wonder when this battle of the Aisne will end.'

A wagon rumbled by on the road in front of me. It carried no lights, but a patch of white on the hood told me where the Red Cross was painted, and the sounds that came from it left me in no doubt as to the nature of the merchandise it carried. I followed in the wake of it down the puddled road to the little Catholic church that we had commandeered for a dressing station, and from which all the furniture except the altar had been removed. The door was open, and the whiff of disinfectants came out into the rain. As I entered I knew that there was work before me, and the sight of Cardew, in his shirt and trousers, sleeping like a log in the corner where his last case had lain, made the fact more plain. I threw off my wet coat and got to work.

There is no need that I should tell you what my work was like. Believe me, it was bad enough; but the way our gallant fellows stood what they had to go through would have made a stone image glow with pride of them. I remember one, a private of a Manchester regiment. He'd been hit by a piece of shrapnel-casing, which had cut its way into the shoulder, and which at all costs must come out. It was pretty bad, and I knew that it would hurt more than a bit. His was a case for an anæsthetic, and there had been such a run on that kind of stuff that we were getting short, and it would be daylight before a fresh supply from the field hospital could reach us. Parker, with the pad in his hand, was whispering that fact to me, and I suppose the man must have heard him, for he said suddenly, 'Gi'e me a fag to suck, doctor, an' I'll stick it out! There's worse than me behind. Save your stuff for them.'

I hadn't had a smoke for two days, but Parker procured a cigarette from one of the men who'd been brought in, and the Manchester man smoked it, face down on the table, while I probed for the piece of shell-casing.

He squirmed a bit; but he never made a sound; and when the job was over, and he was lifted off the table to make room for the next man, he grinned, 'Thank you, doctor. That was the best smoke I've ever 'ad i' my life.'

Somewhere about 4 A.M., when things were slackening a bit for me, owing to Cardew getting to work once more, a case was lifted on to the table that at the first glance looked to me like being a waste of time. He was a sergeant in an Irish regiment. His eyes were closed, and his unwashed face, under the flare, had a gray look that for the moment deceived me. There was a big splotch of blood on one of his legs, and another on his tunic high up on the right shoulder, not to mention a bullet-graze on the cheek. I thought he was insensible, and I shook my head at Parker as I began to cut away the tunic.

'Been at hand-to-hand work,' I said, 'from the look of it. I don't suppose I can do much. It looks bad.'

The sergeant opened his eyes. Evidently he had heard every word. 'Try, doctor,' he said in a soft Irish voice. 'The leg's nothing, and the shoulder is no more than one of those rotten saw-bayonets through the scapula. It hurts terribly; but'—

'Great Scott!' I said; 'who are you to be giving names to your bones?'

'Sergeant Merion—for the present,' he replied, the ghost of a twinkle coming to his eyes.

Of course I knew he was a ranker, and I guessed that at some time he had walked the hospitals; whilst that 'for the present' told me that he was one of those who meant to get on and win a commission out of the mistakes which Potsdam had fallen into. I didn't know then that he had already won it—that knowledge came to me later; but I set out to do my very best for him, for I liked the spirit of him; and when a man has given up medicine for the sergeants' mess he deserves to be looked after.

Those saw-bayonets are dreadful things. They tear the tissue and splinter the bone; and, as I didn't want Merion to suffer too much, I gave him a good deal more attention than we've usually time to give at a dressing station, and when I'd done with him I knew that there would be precious little left for them to do at the field hospital except attend to the dressing.

When I'd finished he thanked me, and then an anxious look came on his face. 'Doctor,' he asked, 'shall I be sent down to the base, or, worse still, back home?'

'That doesn't rest with me,' I said. 'We shall send you down to No. 4 Field Hospital, and they'll have a look at you there, and I dare say pass you on to the stationary hospital. I'll wager, though, that you'll be in England in a week.'

His disappointment was written plain on his face. 'I don't want to leave the firing-line,' he said. Then he asked, 'Doctor, couldn't you keep me here?'

'No, Sergeant Merion,' I said, smiling; 'not this journey. It's against all the laws of the R.A.M.C. We pass all cases on. But never

fear; after what I've done for you, it's back you will come before long.'

'Please God, I hope so,' he said; and then the bearers carried him away to wait for the ambulance-wagon that would take him down to No. 4.

After that there was a fresh delivery from the collecting station, and again Cardew and I were kept as busy as the devil in a whirlwind, sewing, bandaging, amputating, plastering wounded men into travelling order, and I had no more time to think of Merion, or to wonder what a man so obviously of breeding and education was doing in the ranks; and by the time that batch was through I was so done up that he passed from my mind altogether.

But the daylight and a mention of his name brought him back to remembrance with a rush. I breakfasted with five officers of the staff—because I like to know how things are going, and in this titanic warfare the staff fellows are the only ones who know—and I heard about the night attack on the German position. By all accounts the affair had been more tremendous than anything that has happened so far in this campaign, and the biggest thing in the battle of the Marne was child's-play to it.

As you'll have read in the English papers, the German position on the Aisne was prepared weeks before, and what with its deep trenches, its guns on the heights, and the river in the valley between, is about as strong a position as could be found.

'Pushed forward all along the line last night,' said one of the officers. 'It was simply great. And the way they got the Priedaux Château was beyond words!'

I jumped with delight. 'We've got the château, then?'

'If you'll get a mile nearer the firing-line, and borrow a pair of field-glasses, you'll have conclusive evidence of the fact. The Germans are shelling it like mad.'

It was good news to hear that the château was ours, for it had been a source of trouble for a week. Being held by German infantry and some artillery, and situated on a huge spur of the hills, and able to enfilade some of our trenches, it had brought the whole operations of our wing into danger.

'How was it done?' I asked.

'By British pluck and dash. You know that bridge just above the bend of the river, which the Germans blew up when they crossed?'

I nodded, for I had seen it through a pair of strong glasses, and to me it had seemed a mere wreck of twisted steel.

Well, one of the sapper officers made a reconnaissance on his own, trying to find out what the chances would be for a pontoon. He saw that it would be impossible to throw one across with those guns at the château commanding the river; but he saw another thing too, and that was that on one side the steel girders were practically

intact, and that it would be possible for men to crawl across under cover of darkness. He reported at headquarters; and, because the possession of the château was so important, it was decided to make the attempt. Accordingly Callaghan of the Royal Rifles was sent for and asked if his men could get over the bridge and attack the château in the dark.

'You know Callaghan? He's Irish to his finger-tips, and he made all the staff laugh with his answer. "Is it monkeys we're to be, or only Blondins? I've no doubt the regiment is made up of acrobats who'll be equal to this trapeze-work. Only give us the chance, and we'll do the trick."

'Well, the chance was given to Callaghan and his men; and while a diversion was made at another point, the Royals started to cross. It was ticklish work in the dark, and more than one man fell off the girders into the river; and when less than a third of the men were over, one of those confounded searchlights struck the bridge, lighting it up as clear as day. Two minutes later the guns at the château were firing at the bridge, and the whole thing went down into the river, carrying twenty men with it.

'You can understand what Callaghan felt like. He was on this side, and a third of his regiment on the other, and from the way he profaned there can be no question about his having kissed the Blarney Stone. He threatened to swim the rest of the regiment across the river; but, as you know, it was raining torrents, and the river was in flood; and in the end the searchlights and the shells between them drove him to cover, and we all thought the men on the other side were lost. But Callaghan waited and watched. "They're Irish," he said; "and I'll stand by till I know."

'An hour later one of his subalterns tore up to headquarters like a madman, and demanded sappers for a pontoon. We all thought Callaghan had gone off his rocker, but it wasn't so. He'd sat there in the rain and darkness wondering what had happened to the men on the other side, and watching the searchlight glaring on the ruined bridge, when suddenly it was withdrawn, and then a moment later began to shine again in quick, stabbing flashes, some short, some long, and it struck Callaghan that it was remarkably like the Morse Code. He began to try to follow the dot-dash of the flashes. It was as easy as winking, and the message was an amazing one: "Throw pontoon across. Royals in possession."

'When we got that message all the staff looked on it as a trap; but Callaghan set a signaller at work. "Who commands at château?" he asked, and we all waited anxiously for the answer. "Merion—sergeant—B Company. Hurry!"

'Merion!' I cried, in surprise. 'I know him. I patched him up last night. He's a ranker.'

'Yes; and it's to him we owe the château—to him and the men who followed him. Callaghan recognised the name instantly. "It's right," he shouted. "Merion is the best non-com. that ever came out of Tyrone. Get your d—d pontoon over quick, and let me get reinforcements to him. If Merion's in command they've lost men and officers."

'The sappers had a section pontoon all ready, and they set out to throw it across the river, the searchlight burning steadily to make their work easier. It was hard work in the flood, but they did it; and when it was fixed, Callaghan was the first man to cross. "If it's a trap," said he—"and it can't be—I'll die first."

'He didn't die, of course. Three-quarters of an hour later he flashed the signal that he was at the château, and in command; and before dawn this morning they sent guns and supports across, for it's certain that the enemy will try to regain the château; but with Callaghan and the Royals there they'll have their work cut out. They're shelling it now; but our guns are searching for theirs, and when they find them the game will be ours.'

'But what happened to the men who crossed the river? Did they surprise the enemy?'

'Must have done! And if Merion did the trick, Callaghan will see to it that he gets his reward. Did you say he is a ranker?'

'I did,' I said as I rose to my feet.

'Then he'll get a commission, as like as not. Callaghan will insist upon it. He's great on promotion from the ranks. But where are you off to? There's another course yet. We're in luck this morning.'

'I'm off to learn about the rest of this affair from the man who knows all about it,' I said as I went off to my station.

However, I was too late to see Merion. Cardew had already sent him down to No. 4 with the last batch, and I was regretting that lost course, when two men came up to me, the one with an arm in a sling, and the other with a face swathed like a mummy.

'Docthor,' said the mummy, 'tis you we're wantin' to be seen'. Is he dead?'

'Is who dead?' I asked. 'There are many men here who were meant to be corpses, but aren't. Whom do you mean?'

'Mane, sir!' cried the mummy. 'Shure, docthor, we mane Sir Pether, who tuk that d—d château. Who else should we be manein'?''

I looked at the Irishman in surprise. 'I know nothing of any Sir Peter,' I said; 'but if Sergeant Merion—'

'Tis the same man, docthor dear. You'll not be afther tellin' us he's killed?'

'No, he's not killed,' I replied. 'He's knocked about a bit; but with moderate luck he'll be all right again in a few weeks.'

'The saints be praised!' cried the winged one. 'Where is it ye've put him, docthor?'

'He's on his way to the field hospital, where he'll be well looked after. But look here, what do you mean by calling him Sir Peter?'

'Because, docthor, that's what the man is—Sir Pether Merion, Baronite, an' sergeant of B Company of the Royal Up-an'-at-ems, an' Lord of the Manor of Balleymoon in Tyrone, where mesilf was born. Was to have been a docthor, he was, though the heart of him was nivver in pills an' physic, an' always wid the dhruams an' guns; an' whin his uncle, old Sir Pether, died, an' young Paddy, his cousin, broke the neck of him takin' a stone wall in a fog, Sir Pether chucked the pill-boxes an' jined the ould regiment, sure that before long he'd dine in the officers' mess. But none save me an' Mike here knew his station, an' we're under solemn oaths to kape it saycret, him bein' anxious to do the thing off his own bat, to use his very words.'

'Then I think he's done it,' I answered. 'But tell me what happened last night—that is, if you can. Were you at the château?'

'We was, sorr; an', by the Virgin! 'twas a gorgeous picnic.'

'Tell me,' I said. 'Begin at the point where the Germans began to shell the bridge.'

'Bridge d'ye call it, sorr! 'Twas no more a bridge than an empty crock is a dinner. 'Twas just a blessed tight-rope made of blistered iron; an' whin that bull's-eye lantern of the inimy found it I was three-parts of the way across; an' between the shock of bein' found out, so to spake, an' discovery of the acrobatic performance I was doin', I narely fell off into the wather. Fall off I did at the other ind, bein' a bit hurried by the noise of one of the inimy's blasted shells, which made what was lift of that ould bridge rattle like a tinsmith's shop. But the fall was not hurtful to me; an' I hadn't time to be worryin' about it, as the bridge wint down just as I picked mesilf an' rifle up out of the mud.'

'Ye'll know the fix we was in, I dare say, docthor. There was two companies of us, an' maybe half another, an' the rest of the rigiment was across the wather, wid the German shells goin' off between us like fireworks. I think the most of us thought thin that 'twas all over wid us, an' that there was nothin' for it but to die foightin', or to be sint to Berlin to be stared at like monkeys. But the company officers talked it over; an' whin they saw there wasn't a dog's chance of the rest of the regiment comin' over, we started for the château in three parties, hopin', as I guessed from the dishpositions, to surprise it on three sides at once. Sir Pether an' me was wid the lesser party, consistin' of half a company or so, under the senior lieutenant, an' we was told to climb some rocks that rose out of a wood half a mile or less from the château. We started to do it, an' came safe to the wood, wid one or two casualties arisin' from men fallin' down the rocks owin' to thim bein'

slippery through the rain; but in the wood we lost the lieutenant through him fallin' into a quarry an' breakin' his back.

'Twas thin that Sir Pether took charge, as the senior sargint; an' he led us through that wood as if 'twas his own, an' in half-an-hour we was lyin' within rushin' distance of the château, watchin' their gunners at work, an' wondherin' whin the other companies would show up. They nivver did show up till what was left of thim came in this mornin'. What happened I don't know, but whin we'd bin lyin' in the wet corn for about twinty minutes there came a rattle of small arms from the darkness in the direction where the other companies should have bin, an' a bit afther we heard Germans shoutin'.

'Sir Pether looked at the château, where we could see the gunners workin' at their leisure; thin he says to Sargint Malone, "I'm a Dutchman if the divvles haven't left the château wid nobody but the gunners! We'll attack an' find out, for if 'tis so 'tis the chance of a lifetime."

'He gave the ordher, an' we crept nearer. Thin not fifty yards away from the house we waited whilst Sir Pether hisself wint forward an' cut some barbed wire in front wid a pair of nippers, an' thin he whispered ordhers which was passed from man to man: "Pick your men, an' whin the next gun goes fire, thin charge wid the bay'nit. The beggars don't know of our presence."

'They didn't, docthor—that's a fact as big as a haystack; an' we waited till the next gun wint, thin let off a volley, an' a minute later we was at 'em wid the bay'nits.

'Twas the very divvle of a surprise to thim, docthor; for they wasn't lookin' for us; an', as Sir Pether had guessed, most of the garrison was out lookin' for the men that might have crossed, but not for us in particular. They squealed like sthuck pigs as we drove into thim, an' most of thim ran from the guns like rabbits. A few infanthry there was who made a show, an' 'twas from wan of thim that I got this arm; but 'twas all over in a few minutes, an' we drove most of thim over a cliff at the back of the château, whilst the others was shut in a room wid guards over thim; an' thin Sir Pether found a man what could signal wid lights, an' made him work that blessed searchlight like one o'clock.

'Twas a bit before he got an answer, and in the manetime he made his dishpositions for holdin' the château until the rest of the rigiment could arrive. He found five machine-guns, which he placed at strategical points, an' gave ivery man his place, wid ordhers to wait till he gave the word.

'I tell ye, docthor, 'twas a most excitin' time, waitin', wid your heart in your mouth, for what was to follow next, for we all knew that the situation was what ye might call ticklish an'

precarious, an' I could see that Sir Pether was a bit worried. But afther a bit he comes towards me smilin'. "They're comin'," he said. "The colonel an' the rigiment's comin', an' we must hold on till they git here."

'We mint to do that, an' we did it, sorr. Twenty minutes or so afther, one of the outposts fell back an' reported a considerable body of men approachin' the château. We waited, an' thin turned their own searchlight on to them. They was Germans, an' talkin' an' laughin' like anything; but whin we opened on them wid the machine-guns I guess they was the most astonished crowd on the Aisne.

'They niver tried to stand, but ran like sheep, thinkin' no doubt that their friends had made a mishtake, an' we peppered them as they ran; an' whin an officer came forward to parley-voo, we let him see that 'twasn't a healthy thing to do; an' afther that we waited to see what they'd do next. Took them some time to make up their mind, it did; an' whilst they was undher cover, Sir Pether got another searchlight goin', an' swept the front of the château with it, whilst the other lighted up the river for the Engineers, an' ivery man of us prayed the saints to keep the inimy from attackin' for a bit.

'Took them some time to make up their minds to that; but afther a bit I suppose it dawned on them what had happened, an' thin we saw them creepin' out of cover. We opened on them with the Maxims again, an' drove them back, an' 'twas a good two hours before they made an attack.'

The Irishman paused to light a cigarette; then he said, 'That was touch-an'-go, docthor. Just what happened is not for me to tell, because I can't; but twice some of them got up to their own intrinchments, an' on the third time they swarmed. But just thin we heard an Irish yell behind them, an' as I hit a big German wid the stock of me gun I let out a yell, for I knew it was Colonel Callaghan wid the bhoys.

'Afther that it didn't take long, an' in a few minutes those of the Germans who hadn't run away in the darkness was prisoners.

'As I was bindin' up me arm the colonel steps in front of me. "Where's Sargint Merion?" he asks, sharp as a rifle-shot.

"I don't know where Sir Pether is," I says forgetful like, "but"—

"Thin ye know him?" snaps the colonel.

"Yis," I said, "for he's me ould mother's landlord back in Tyrone."

"Thin go an' find him, or your ould mother will niver forgive ye!" An' that was thrue, sorr, though how the divle the colonel knew bates me entoirely. But I wint to find him, an' tumbled on him by one of the machine-guns. At first I thought he was killed; but afther a bit he opens his eyes, and I sint a man to tell the colonel what had happened. Colonel Callaghan ran to him an' took his hand.

"I kept the fort, sorr," says Sir Pether.

"Ye did," said the colonel; "an' ye're a d—d good man, an' if ye die now I'll niver forgive ye—niver."

"Thin, sorr, I'll do my best to hang on," said Sir Pether wid a choky kind of laugh. An' that's about all, docthor, I think.'

But it was not quite all. A week later I went down to No. 4, and found Sir Peter Merion still there. He remembered me, and was in a cheerful mood.

'Well, Sergeant Sir Peter Merion,' I said, 'how goes it?'

'First-class!' he said with a laugh. 'But you are a little wrong. 'It's Lieutenant Merion—for the present.'

'Then you got what you deserved,' I said, laughing with him. 'But, man, your ambition's boundless! I wonder if a field-marshal's baton will satisfy you?'

'It might,' he said with another laugh; 'and I'll perhaps live to get it, thanks to you, major.'

I nodded. I did not want him to thank me, and so I said chaffingly, 'You managed to persuade them to keep you here?'

'Yes,' he said with a smile; 'and if you try to persuade them to do the other thing I'll call you out, doctor; on my life, I will.'

We are in France, and I think it's more than possible that he would; and as I am no fire-eater, of course I shall not interfere. Thanks to my doctoring, he'll be back in the firing-line in another week or two, and no doubt will be happy as a sandboy. So far as I am concerned, I shall help any man who knows how to use his chances as he does; and (like you, I dare say) I love all Irishmen—they are so engagingly simple and straightforward.

THE PANAMÁ CANAL.

IT is solved for ever, the problem vast
Of a route from the icebergs free;
And ships hard bound by the wintry blast
May sail in a summer sea;

The dream of the race since the fateful day
When the Spaniard gazed to the west,
And the broad expanse of the ocean lay
Like a giant taking his rest;

The hope of Lesseps in the later years,
Ere the fever barred the way,
When every step was hallowed with tears,
And the Frenchman stood at bay.

But the march of progress cannot be stayed
While the fountains of reason flow,
And the sword of science was drawn to aid
In the fight with a deadly foe.

They have won at last, and the world's great seas
Are linked by a silver strand;
But the starry flag that stirs to the breeze
Is the flag of a kindred land.

NEVILLE BOSWORTH.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

IT is a war of sad disillusionment. Ideas which had been fixed for centuries, bred in the blood and bones, are discovered to be imperfect. It is not clear that civilisation in general has advanced. Parts of humanity have clearly retrogressed toward brutal beginnings. There seems to be an irritating contradiction in the circumstance that all the best scientific discoveries of man for a hundred years past—the best fruits of his high intelligence, his ingenuity, and his industry—are now turned on at the highest pressure to the destruction of men. Engineering, electricity, chemistry—with all of them it is the same. The resources of such sciences are squeezed dry by the warriors in a frenzy for new and more effective means of killing, and in the end the most of them look vainly and reproachfully at the scientists because they cannot do more in the grand emergency. The chemists prepare gases to kill the enemy; the enemy make other gases to save the lives of those whom the enemy have in this and other ways tried to kill. What would have been the loss to the world and humanity if, a few centuries back, when man began to probe into the mysteries of Nature, and his tranquil mind was inflamed by discovery, such inquisitive practices on his part had, under penalty of torture and death, been effectually and permanently banned? His successors would still have lived, and would probably have been glad in their life. The war of these days could not possibly have had the horrors that we know. Probably it would not have taken place at all; but it is impossible to consider the line that life in the world would have taken if there had been no alliance between war and science, or if discoveries had mainly ceased at that definite epoch so forcibly represented in Turner's picture of the railway train crossing the bridge in the stormy night. Thus we have the sad spectacle of an important part of humanity that has attached itself to science with an enormous enthusiasm for decades past now lapsing to extreme barbarism, and, alas! taking its science with it. Only art, being a matter of the soul, has nothing directly to do with the war. It seems to be nearly the only branch of human creative endeavour that has not. Art in its nearly every form languishes now. The

spirit of right and truth and goodness works well for the cause of the Allies, but it is as if by instinct; for the rest, life is chiefly war and suffering and plain materialism, with much doubt about the future. Yet it is through art, and thoughts of it that reach the soul, that the best and most living hopes are kept burning now.

* * *

At the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy this year there is a picture which excellently represents this idea. It needs no title nor any inquiry by an intelligent observer. On a large canvas there are shown in good grouping four generations of a family, and they stand or lie amid the ruins of simple walls. To the three elder generations there seems nothing but despair. The youngest figure of the four has gathered a posy of spring flowers, glowing crocuses and others, from among the stones of the fallen walls. It is spring, and the flowers still bloom. Nature, and the hope she gives eternally, is undaunted by the utmost catastrophe that blundering man can accomplish. Mr Clausen's picture, with its characteristic colouring, is thoroughly impressive. And in this summer show at Burlington House, powerful in its appeal to saddened minds, there are many works that have the calming effect of simple beauty, even if there are few pictures of a kind to attract. One of the most soothing works to be given a place among the water-colours—and to be spiritually soothing is the most commendable quality in a picture at Burlington House this season—is a small, sweet thing all in green colour and no other, the best English country green, of grass and tall trees, and a smooth, slow stream in which they are all reflected. That is the perfection of peace and nature. Indeed, we find that we can walk through the galleries of this summer exhibition in the year of the worst war with a mind more open for good thoughts and appreciations than in other years. Morals and meanings seem to have a finer force. Reality, simplicity, natural goodness, worth, and beauty appear to count for much more than they did in 1914. A tiny picture of the corner of an English garden, with some clumps of rhododendrons and other blooms on bushes in natural carelessness and fine disorder, is delightful for its simple charm. It is the simplicity, the plain nature, the innocence

that appeals. The war pictures are, of course, inevitable, and even art must be with the times; but one cares less for them and the crude representations of battle realities, and there is nothing upon the score of fine and original artistic conception to recommend the pictures of horses wild with battle excitement being lashed by the drivers as they drag the guns and wagons along. But in a corner one looks upon a canvas of English and French riflemen beside each other in a trench, whence shots are being exchanged with the near and visible Germans, and a man in khaki lays a gentle hand of solicitude and compassion upon a blue gendarme beside him who has received one of the German bullets; and looking with us upon this picture at the same time are some women in mourning, two little Belgian girls, and a lieutenant of our army who has now but one leg, and stumps beside the walls on crutches, for he too was in Flanders. Such is this pathetic show of art in the year of war; but when the war is done entirely art will again come with uplifting and inspiring influence to the nation. Matters of materialism are to count for so much less than formerly, if the Germans are so thoroughly conquered as they must be. Then, with the spirit of the nation in freedom on the wing, there may be, as many think, a great glow of honest love for beauty and simplicity, and such a grand revival in art and true culture as that of the great Renaissance. A succeeding period of no other kind would be a proper complement to these hideous times.

* * *

I am led to make a quotation which is so startlingly apposite to the sense of some sentences just written that this is enough excuse for its many lines. It is from a book read in my London rooms on a night when the Zeppelins came to town; it was written some half-century ago, and is one of a literature that is only just beginning to be known by our people as it should have been long ago, the strong, fine literature, young as it is, of our friends the Russians. No man or woman is fit for talking and thinking society now who has no knowledge of Turgenev and Dostoevsky, and a familiarity with the splendid poetry of Pushkin is hardly to be accounted as a special accomplishment. The Russian writers give us a new and immensely rich seam for thought and reflection. They are mind-working, suggestive, wonder-making as few others. Never from Russia would you have expected such intricate, delicate, and sharp adventures in psychology as some of their writers yield in the posthumous translations which are given to the English readers. The book was Fyodor Dostoevsky's *Letters from the Underworld*, and in the introduction to that peculiar study there is a passage which no man can pass with a single reading. Listen: 'To maintain theories of renovating the human race through systems of classification of true interests is, in my opinion,

about the same thing as—well, about the same thing as to maintain that man grows milder with civilisation, and, consequently, less blood-thirsty, less addicted to fighting. Logically, perhaps, that *does* happen; yet he is so prone to systems and to abstract deductions that he is for ever ready to mutilate the truth, to be blind to what he sees, and deaf to what he hears, so long as he can only succeed in vindicating his logic. Of this let me give an example which will be clear to all. Look around you at the world. Everywhere you will see blood flowing in streams, and as merrily as champagne. Look at our nineteenth century; look at Napoleon—the great Napoleon and the modern one; look at North America, with its everlasting "Union;" look at the present caricature of Schleswig-Holstein. What has civilisation done to instil greater mildness into our bosoms? Civilisation develops in man nothing but an added capacity for receiving impressions. That is all. And the growth of that capacity further augments man's tendency to seek pleasure in blood-letting. Nothing else has civilisation conferred upon him. You may have noticed that the most enthusiastic blood-letters have almost invariably been the most civilised of men—men whose shoes even Attila and Stenka Razin would have been unworthy to unloose; and if such men as the former have not bulked in the public eye quite so largely as have Attila and Stenka Razin, it is only because the former have been too numerous, too transitory. At all events, civilisation has rendered man, if not more bloodthirsty, at least a worse (in the sense of a meaner) thirster after blood than before. Once upon a time he considered blood-letting to be just retribution, and could therefore, with a quiet conscience, exterminate any one whom he wanted to; but now we account blood-letting a crime, and indulge in that crime even more than in former days. Which, then, is the worse of the two? Well, judge for yourselves. It is said that Cleopatra (if I may take an instance from Roman history) loved to thrust golden pins into the breasts of her slaves, and took pleasure in the cries and contortions of her victims. Possibly you may say that all this happened in a comparatively barbarous age; that even at the present day the times are barbarous; that golden pins are still being thrust into people's breasts; that though man in many things has learnt to see clearer now than he used to do in *more* barbarous ages, he has not yet learnt to act wholly as reason and science would have him do. Yet all the while, I know, you are persuaded in your own minds that man is bound to improve as soon as ever he has dropped some old bad customs of his, and allowed science and healthy thought alone to nourish, to act as the normal directors of human nature. . . . Then there will arise the Golden Palace of the Legends. Then—well, *then*, in a word, there will dawn the millennium!

It is arresting philosophy, and peculiar in a certain application to existing circumstances. We have seen a nation highly prepared with science, and organised to its last thought and act—and its approach to a millennium! It was said that with the war there is continual disillusionment. If there is anything worse than the sacrifice of tens of thousands of lives, the maiming of strong bodies, the desolating of happy homes, it is the shattering of some ideals that is taking place. There are things in which even we, endowed with full optimism as we are, can never believe again. We may not be worse for it; the beliefs may have been wrong. Yet something seems to be lost. A loss of blood is a matter that time will balance; but when an ideal is crushed something of fine worth is struck from the soul, and the mind is left so much poorer and with an unfillable void. The ideal of a good man or woman is always good, even though the reality is unequal to the ideal. Reverence for the abstract is an uplifting act; devotion to it is constantly inspiriting and purifying. Poor things we should be without our ideals to reverence, and far better for us always that the cold truth about these ideals, as it is known in heaven, is not known to us on earth. So, if one has an ideal, and, more, if on an unhappy day one faint suspicion about it enters into the mind, it is better not to inquire and investigate, nor to look too straight into the eyes nor peer behind curtains. A little blindness in worship makes for peace and tranquillity. If we must always investigate and know and think, then it may turn out in our minds that nobody is any better than ourselves, and a sad conclusion that would be. Through faithfulness to ideals we of Britain have been brought to our greatness. And even our illusions and disillusionments have given us assistance. But there are to be fewer of them in the future. This avalanche of materialism which now tumbles on the world destroys the delicate fancies and conceits of a social system that has been shaped through the ages and embroidered with tradition continually. Fact—common-sense—business—these are some of the watchwords of materialism which may indeed make for a smug smoothness in life, such a mechanical regularity and precision as Dostoevsky urged would cause a revolt of man; but they can never inspire, can do nothing for the spirit, and so they hinder the best progress of man toward heaven. We must have our blind beliefs. But now in the war the curtains are being torn away as vulgarly as never before in modern times, save in the French Revolution, and the idols, poor mean things some of them, are exposed. Pity us indeed for the disillusionments of to-day. Take statesmen and ambassadors for a fine example. In high government the party system has been abandoned, and properly so, as most of us think. At the same time Ministers have ventured to speak pub-

licly with contempt about our own governmental systems. They even say that the devil himself may take all their red tape! Impiousness! They admit that they intend in the throes of this war to be merely business-like, and to act like commercial men, indeed to be guided by such. But, despite the public attitude in a crisis in ancient Rome, there are still many thousands of persons, mainly old, in this country whose belief in party and the party system is hardly less than their belief in the highest things. I have heard a notable personage, one of eminence and influence as a publicist, say that he could not undertake certain work in which he believed, and would surely be to the advantage of the State—and incidentally of enormous advantage to himself, who sorely needed it—because it was contrary to the interests of the party to which he had been attached all his life, and his father before him. So he sadly turned away. These men speak of 'the party' with gentle reverence as if it were not an arbitrary thing, but something far beyond all human constructions, and sanctified by letters patent sent down from heaven itself. The loss of party in this crisis is to them even now one of the most terrible results of the European war. Their idol is in bits! Some of them believe it will be mended again. Poor delusion! Party, as we have known it, will never come again. Of course there will be party, but it will be recast, and much of its beautiful nonsense will be stripped from it. But to the old men of party, those who believed with a faith that was nearly divine, and would have incense swung at their conclaves, the world will never be the same again for the loss of it. One idol, one ideal, has gone. So, with statesmen declaiming about business and common-sense, how are we any longer to think of them as the great supermen meditating always in a higher plane than any other human beings, in a special area of human spirituality reserved for them by the high lords of the universe because they controlled the materialistic destinies of the world? These men were beyond us; they had powers of thought and achievement which were not vouchsafed to any ordinary men, however fine intellectually they might be. We could not even imagine their lines of consideration nor their capacities or forms of conclusion. A Cabinet in council was like apostles in conference. They were the highest form of supermen, those who were really beyond men, the crystallised products of party, and selected, probably with some divine influence, for the arrangement of the world in special relation to the terrestrial system. And now party collapses; the supermen talk of 'business' and 'common-sense,' and call in the works managers to help them. Over goes the idol!

* * *

If indeed there is one kind of supermen who seemed to be in a class of the finest selection, it was the ambassador, the diplomat.

He in one man stood for an empire, and he would speak with the fate of an empire on his lips. Diplomacy! It seemed to represent the highest art of intellectual man, to stand for achievement and possibilities in wits and perception that were quite beyond the contemplation of other beings. The ambassador! Why, he leaned over the dinner-table and cracked a joke with the foreign king, yet all the time there was a dignity and a solemnity and a high reserve about him that suggested always the higher life he lived above mortals. And now nearly every day brings its sad disillusionments in diplomacy. Ambassadors are like other men! Blue-books and white papers are making appalling revelations in the human simplicity of some of these supposed supermen. The pitiful tale began when the German Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollweg lost his temper in talk with our ambassador in Berlin on the eve of our entry into the war. That was the 'scrap of paper' interview. 'I found the Chancellor very agitated. His Excellency at once began a harangue,' wrote our ambassador. The Chancellor was really in a towering and most vulgar rage. 'After this most painful interview'—wrote the ambassador.

And all the diplomacy of several decades, the concentrated thought of hundreds of ambassadors, the negotiations of most beautiful and intricate delicacy, crumbled, and a statesman, red in the face and spluttering in choleric anger, behaved as no business man with a care for his reputation on his Exchange would have permitted himself to do. And now a commission has solemnly concluded that the diplomatic service in this country must be reorganised, and that blue blood, influence, and private means must have less concern with it. Clever and educated men, who want to get on in the world, and feel they have the ability to do so, are to be admitted to this profession, and are to be adequately paid. This in essence is a renunciation of the idea of the ambassadorial superman. He leaves us. Alas! Writing of children's playthings once, Anatole France said, '*Je ne crains pas, pour ma part, de formuler mon symbole. Je crois à l'âme immortelle de Polichinelle. Je crois à la majesté des marionnettes et des poupees.*' And how much poorer is the spirit of some of us when, in the days of becoming grown up, of the loss of simplicity and faith, we cease to believe in the soul of Punch and in the majesty of the marionettes!

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—BY THE CULBINS.

A COLD rage seized me. He took my silence for discomfiture, and, emboldened, leaned across the table. I heard part of his sneering speech, as if far away. 'Chivalry and honour, forsooth! Mistress Charlotte! . . . Young and innocent!'

'You speak of my future wife!' and with that I struck him full on his curling lip.

'Your wife! Yours!' he said very quietly, wiping the blood from his mouth. Then he turned, as if to look in a mirror over the chimneypiece. For a moment I could not see his hands.

Suddenly 'Ware!' came from Anthony. I saw a blade flash, the captain throw himself on Macdonell, gripping his sword-arm, and the two men wrestling for a few moments. He was no match, I knew, for Anthony; and when he saw me covering him with my pistol he gave up the struggle. Anthony relieved him of his sword.

The door opened, and in stepped Bertrand. His ironical bow was good to see. 'Ah, my amiable cousin, *quelle félicité!* You have been much in my thoughts for some time. Imagine us meeting in this outlandish place! But you do not look overpleased to see me, and you are a little white round the gills. Is it that you are indisposed? Ah! if Kenneth Innes could only be here. *Ciel!* What a reunion! We have not met since you and he called—you remember?—one stormy evening at The Garth. Where is he?'

Never a word did Left Hand say, but looked from Bertrand to me, his throat gulping.

'I fear me,' Bertrand's silken voice went on, 'that in the matter of—shall we say?—the dissolution of your partnership with Innes you have not shown the thoroughness that is the very hall-mark of the artist. But you are doubtless anxious, in the truest sense, as to his whereabouts. Permit me, then, to present your esteemed *frère d'armes*, safe and sound.'

He reopened the door, and Innes, the mate guarding him, took an uneasy step forward.

Philip swayed for a moment, thrusting out a hand to the chimneypiece as he steadied himself and looked at him.

Innes stared back, felt himself safe, and found his voice. 'This is a braw end o't. A bonny market for ye, Philip! Ye may well stare. I'll see ye starin' in a tow ere lang.'

'I'll see ye day about for this,' Macdonell hissed out with such concentrated fury that Innes, who had prudently kept out of his reach, slid hastily behind Bertrand. 'I am well served. I knew he was a rat!'

'Which was your reason for choosing him, I make no doubt,' I intervened. 'And the rat, having served your turn, was left to meditate on honour among thieves before he drowned in the forehold, while you made off with his share of the *louis d'ors* as well as your own. Oh, a splendid feat! Enough of this, man!'

'Enough, then! If I am at the end o' the tether, so be it. It is past caring I am. What do ye propose? Ye'll keep in mind that I preserved the French money for its rightful owner.'

'You can publish that and a few more lies when the occasion offers! Meanwhile you and I have accounts to settle.'

His face cleared a trifle. Here was a last chance. 'I seek nothing better than to stand up to ye, Mr Layton. Over there we'll be free from interruption.' He pointed through the window across the Findhorn. 'There are no houses, nothing but quiet and a greensward. The landlord will hire us a boat to cross in.'

To this I agreed. Macdonell was handed his sword, and the landlord summoned. He showed us the jetty where his boat was moored. Innes was left in the charge of the mate, and we got into the boat, Anthony at the oars.

On the western side of the estuary lie the Culbin Sands, a great tumbled wilderness miles long, not a blade of grass to be seen on it, its huge undulations heaved ridge upon ridge as far as the eye could see; startling in its desolation and silence; a miniature Sahara.

Anthony ran the boat up a tiny creek, and the four of us got out and struck into the waste, toward a line of dark woods southward in the distance. Macdonell was a step or two in front of us, humming a tune to himself with an air of great unconcern. For ten minutes we went on, ankle-deep in fine sand, no one speaking a word, until Left Hand halted and turned round.

'Before this affair begins, if he cares to hear it, I have something to say in private to Mr Layton,' he announced.

I let him see me cock my pistol. 'Very well!' I made answer; and 'Do you two leave us for a moment,' to Bertrand and Anthony, who went a little way off.

'I am unarmed, but for my sword,' he began. 'Your pistol is a menace.'

'A precaution merely! Do you wonder? What have you to say?'

'Mr Layton, ye came into this matter through your own fault, meddling in other folk's affairs. In my heart I am sorry, for I think ye'll never cross the Findhorn again alive. In this affair of swords I am going to kill ye.' He paused and looked at me.

'Well! I shall die like a decent man, I hope. Go on!'

'Ye are young, and all the world bright before ye. It would be a great pity if other folk's affairs darkened it for ye,' he continued in the same strain, concern in his pleasant voice; now a hint, a lifted eyebrow; now an unfinished sentence; how I had everything to lose; and so forth, until I suspected his motive and sickened of his very proximity.

'No more beating about the bush! Out with what you have to say. I give you another minute,' I told him.

He came a step nearer. 'The French money. A friendly arrangement. It would be better than bloodshed.'

'A friendly arrangement?'

He glanced at the others and dropped his voice. 'There's enough o' the French money for me—for us—to share.' He had made his last throw on the chance that Innes had not confessed the whereabouts of the *cache*. I laughed in his face.

'The French money is out of your clutches or Innes's for ever!'

Although he must have suspected and feared its coming, this was a staggering blow. The money, the shining lure that he had followed, that he had schemed and dreamed and lied and plotted and shed innocent blood for, trailing his name and his clan's honour in the mire, was out of his reach, and in our hands. He could not conceal his mortification. His eyes, searching mine, recognised defeat, and he glared from them. There was a long pause. He moistened his dry lips, tapped his sword-hilt, and played his last card. 'If ye fall—and fall ye must—what about your bride to be? Will she thank ye for leaving your bones so far from home?'

My mind winced, but I kept a steady eye on his. 'Let us go on, if that is all you have to say.'

'So be it,' he said, and turned on his heel.

I signalled Bertrand and the captain to join us, and in a few minutes we came close to the wood. Here was a level stretch of turf, crisp under foot, and in a good light.

'I think this may suit us,' said he.

I bowed an assent.

'Have ye any choice of places?'

The ground nearer the wood looked the least advantageous, for the dark screen of the trees would throw a man's figure into relief against it.

I balanced a guinea on finger and thumb. 'Head or shield?'

'Head,' called Left Hand as the coin spun. He won, and, to my surprise, chose to stand with his back to the wood.

We stripped coats. I drew Bertrand aside, gave him a message to my most dear Charlotte, and striving to shut out all thoughts that might sap my nerve, turned and faced Macdonell.

'I call ye all to witness that his blood is on his own head,' he said to the others as he took his place. 'I offered him terms.'

'Thieves' terms. On guard!' I called. He gave a stony *salut d'armes*, and next moment the swords were tinkling, their wicked supple lines catching the sun.

For some minutes we circled, gauging each other's swordsmanship, no sound but the clink of the steel and our soft footfalls on the carpet of the turf. I pressed him a yard or two, let him back in the counter, and fainted. He made a vicious thrust in tierce, uncomfortably near my throat, but my parry was true, and I found myself fencing warily, well within myself, biding

my time. The knowledge gave me a glow of confidence. I pressed him, inch by inch, until he was nearly at the edge of the wood. He recovered, was almost under my guard, when I risked pretending to bungle the riposte. He overreached, his point too low, and I got home on his forearm. We lowered.

'A scratch. A mere nothing,' he said, looking at it; and, indeed, it was hardly more than a graze. 'To it again!' He had turned, and was going, as I thought, to take his stand again, when suddenly he gave a leap, and dived into the thicket.

'*Sapristi!*' shouted Bertrand, and levelled a pistol.

The report rang out; but Left Hand had made the most of his three or four seconds' start. The birches screened him. He had not been hit, at least not seriously, for we could hear him running, and a glimpse of him crouching, twisting round the tree-trunks, sent us in

hot pursuit. Bertrand and the captain swung to the right, to cut him off should he make a dash for the open country. If not, he would be forced to run straight ahead and trust to his speed, for the estuary barred him on the left. There was no semblance of a path. The trees were thick, the undergrowth rank and tough. I wasted precious time ploughing through it, falling, disentangling myself from its clutches, in a frenzy of chagrin and anxiety. On I blundered for ten minutes, and when I drew up for breath Left Hand's running footsteps and the crackling in the undergrowth had ceased altogether. I own that by this time the strain of the last few days told on me. I felt sick and giddy. My breath came in gasps. I could go no farther. I sat down panting, and gave up the chase, cursing myself for having been fool enough to trust Left Hand to play fair in a duel.

(Continued on page 556.)

ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

By NIMROD.

IT has been said that the present struggle will go down to posterity as the World War, since every continent is not only directly concerned in it and the issues resulting from the terms of peace, when they come to be discussed, but is yielding its quota to swell the far-flung battle-line. Although the campaign in France and Flanders commands great and widespread attention, the remarkable nature of the struggle and the conditions obtaining there are scarcely appreciated by the public at large. We have no parallel in history to this war on the western front; it is fortress warfare on a vast scale, where every device known to modern science has been brought into play; where semi-permanent works have been erected, and batteries of machine-guns secreted in concrete emplacements; in fact, fortification on the latest and most improved scale, the whole protected by barbed-wire entanglements, *chevaux-de-frise*, and other obstacles, a line that the allied forces have to break through and overcome. To break down this formidable array high-explosive shell is essential, and the recent attacks along the German front which have been carried out by the British forces have proved the necessity of an unlimited supply of such shell. The bombardment carried out by the British artillery during the first fortnight in May, which resulted in the German line being pierced on a front of two miles, was an object-lesson as awe-inspiring as it was interesting. It was timed to start at 5 A.M., and was divided into several phases, the first of which was the concentration of all the guns on the enemy's barbed-wire entanglements, with the object of cutting them to pieces

and opening the way for the infantry assault. A large number of guns had been massed for the occasion, of varying calibre. It is extraordinary the effect high-explosive shell has on strongly entrenched positions and lines of obstacles. It tears up the latter and sweeps them away like dust blown forward by air-gusts from a bellows. Given a tornado of this kind of shell, nothing can live under it; and even the garrisons of the hostile trenches, albeit they are protected by strong parapets and traverses, are forced to seek shelter underground in dug-outs and bomb-proof shelters to escape the deadly hurricane. Even there they are by no means immune from danger, for the shells penetrate deeply, and the effect when confined to a limited area is very great.

A few minutes before the bombardment was due to open on the Hun lines the gunners indulged in a few trial shots here and there along the line, registering and as it were putting the finishing touch before entering upon the game in earnest. At the stroke of five the ball opened, a concentrated rain of shot and shell of every description, high-explosive, shrapnel, common shell, and those from the guns of the heavy artillery. The air was filled with the roar and rush of hundreds of projectiles, the earth shook with the concussion, for each gun was firing at a high rate in order to achieve the object in view, which was the destruction of the formidable line of obstacles bristling along the German front. For twenty minutes this hurricane of shot and shell continued, and then the guns lifted in order to concentrate their energies on the trenches in rear and render

them untenable. For this task shrapnel is largely used. The steel case of the shell contains a large number of bullets, and when these are released by the burst they spread over an area some three hundred yards long by twenty-five yards wide. It was a thrilling sight to watch this terrific hail. The German lines were a sheet of bursting lyddite, shrapnel, and other shells; clouds of dust and fumes hung in the air, obscuring the landscape and giving some clue to the devastation caused where the shells burst. Amidst the tumult and pandemonium which reigns one can imagine the death and destruction being wrought beneath that sheet of fire. It is not long before the Boches realise the situation, and then their artillery weighs in and adds to the inferno, giving the impression, from such a combination, that all the thunder of the universe has been concentrated in that one spot. At the appointed moment the British artillery lifts its fire to allow the attacking infantry to move forward, and the guns are then switched on to the rear of the German lines. One has but to have experience of such a bombardment to appreciate the vital necessity of an unlimited supply of ammunition in order to tear down the enemy's defences, pulverise every living thing, and render his position an earthly hell from which escape is barred.

From the mental point of view the strain of being under a constant and heavy shell fire is very great, especially on those at all inclined to be nervous. As an illustration of this, it may be remarked that after the bombardments in question three men were brought into a clearing hospital in a state of acute mania, one of them having become affected to such an extent that he endeavoured to burrow into the walls of the ward to seek shelter from an imaginary storm of shell.

The Boches usually indulge in a morning and evening 'hate,' when they shell everything within sight, mainly directing their energies on the front line of trenches with the 'whiz—bang,' a type of shell possessed of great velocity; in fact, as a wag remarked, 'It's almost there before it's started.' Occasionally the Boches, suspecting that some particular spot is an observation-point, or is secreting a battery, will concentrate on it with commendable accuracy. Such a point was recently noted where within a space of nineteen yards by twenty-one yards ten shells had been placed, six of them being from heavy guns, and tearing huge gaping holes in the ground. It affords some idea of what concentrated shell-fire means and the significance of modern war. In the recent fighting round Ypres a shell from a German seventeen-inch gun which fell on the roadway made a hole thirty-six feet in width! The artillery duels along both fronts are incessant, especially toward the south, where the French are driving a wedge into the Hun lines and making progress in conjunction with their British allies. The thunder

of our Ally's guns goes on day and night, and tells us that the French are hard on the trail of the Boche. The famous 75 mm. cannon maintains its reputation. Quite recently the shelling of the trenches by the Boches in one of their evening 'hates' became rather too pronounced, and so, in addition to our own guns, the French opened on them with the 75. The guns are fired usually in groups of four in rapid succession—the French term it a *rafale*—and the gunners place their shots with great precision, searching the German line most effectually. On this occasion it was evidently too much for the Boches, for they ceased fire, and comparative peace reigned again.

The war has given prominence to night operations, the necessity and importance of which were amply demonstrated in the Russo-Japanese campaign. Each successive war sees changes and improvements; and to counteract the darkness powerful searchlights and flares are in evidence, which turn night into day, and light up the surrounding country with a lurid glare. The searchlight slowly traverses the zone between the hostile fronts, innumerable flares are sent up into the skies, the whole directing by their brilliant rays the fire of rifle and machine-gun. The slight distance—in some parts as little as one hundred yards—separating the two fronts renders the task of night-work and the arrangements in connection therewith doubly difficult and dangerous. The distance may, indeed, be limited, but the approach is covered by machine-guns ever ready to open fire, for the gunners are constantly on the alert, and the Boche has reduced the handling of them to a fine art. The operations on the night of 15th May resulted in the German line being pierced to a considerable extent, the attack having been preceded by an artillery bombardment which wrought much damage in the enemy's lines. At one portion of the British front a stream some nine feet in width and five to eight feet deep had to be bridged to allow the attackers to cross. Special bridges of planking and cross-pieces had been constructed and brought up into the trenches in readiness to be put out when darkness should permit of the operation being carried through. No light task this, for the Boche is suspicious, and scents danger in the air. All is comparatively quiet along the British front, but an occasional burst of fire proceeds from the Boches' parapet; for should silence reign opposite them they instantly become suspicious, and conclude that working-parties are out, and so on come their machine-guns in the hope of compelling the cessation of work. Flares are constantly sent skyward, and in the slight intervals which elapse between them the bridges are quietly and rapidly pushed over the parapet. In a few minutes all have been deposited outside, and the men who are going to place them in position over the stream watch their opportunity, and in a momentary

interval of darkness slip rapidly over the parapet and gain some slight cover afforded by a depression in the ground on the near side of the stream. Two of the bridges are placed, and then a brilliant flare shoots heavenward, revealing something to the Boche which causes him to open a fusillade. With an alacrity born of experience in this eerie night-work, the little party drops to earth, lying prone on the muddy surface of what was once a ploughed field, but is now only a labyrinth of shell-holes, broken branches from willow-trees lining the banks of the stream; whilst here and there are dotted the bodies of the gallant dead who have gone before, the incessant fire by day and night having prevented their retrieval and burial. Presently the fusillade dies down, the working-party comes to life again, and the hazardous task is resumed. At last the work is accomplished, the bridges are in position; but there is yet the shelter of the parapet to be regained. Those blue flares, with which the Boches are so amply provided, seem never-ending; and, as if to show their superiority, one shoots across the zone and falls into the trenches, revealing to the senders a dark figure silhouetted against the sky in the act of surmounting the parapet. Fortunately he does so unscathed, despite the hail of bullets directed with lightning precision on the spot. One by one the workers regain the welcome cover, and drop into the trenches with a sigh of relief. Farther down, the efforts of those on the right have not been attended with the same element of luck, and the officer superintending the work has been shot dead by a bullet through the forehead. It is not a matter for wonder that a man is hit; rather it is one for astonishment that any of the workers return unharmed. But such are daily occurrences to the gallant soldiery who are fighting over this immense battle-front.

In places the result of the recent captures of trenches has been to bring the opposing lines within forty yards of each other, for the Boches have taken up a new and previously prepared line which can only be reduced by sapping operations and the employment of bombs and hand-grenades to evict them. The bombs are of varying types, those of the smaller variety being thrown by hand, and capable of being launched about the same distance as a cricket-ball. To give some idea of what bombing means, an instance may be quoted where in one section of the front the Germans hurled over sixty of these deadly instruments into the British trench, the latter responding with over one hundred and fifty, for here the distance between Briton and Boche was but thirty-five yards.

It is now some time since the Boches commenced their campaign of asphyxiating gas, in defiance of the laws of war. The deadly effects of this form of weapon has been only too well demonstrated not only on the western front, but

against the Russians in Poland and Galicia. The gas assumes a yellowish hue, and its influence extends over a very considerable area. To combat it special masks and helmets have been introduced, a head-dress which gives to the wearers an appearance somewhat similar to the monks of the Inquisition. The war may well be characterised as extraordinary, for it has brought into play every manner of death-dealing device, beside which all previous wars pale into insignificance. To be laid low by rifle or machine-gun, to be bayoneted in a hand-to-hand fight, or to be bombed or shelled is part and parcel of the common task, the daily round; but the line may well be drawn at being 'gassed.' The impression has ever been that gas is restricted to dentists! In addition to the use of these asphyxiating gases the Germans now utilise burning liquid, which they squirt at their enemies. It is a form of destruction which is fortunately only effectual at close quarters, since the range of the hose-pipes is restricted, and if employed at any distance they could be rapidly put out of action by a few well-directed rounds of high-explosive shell.

The aerial service has commanded widespread attention in this war, and deservedly so, for it has surpassed the most sanguine expectations. The allied airmen have consistently proved their superiority over the Germans, and the latter do not display anything like the boldness and initiative of the British and French aviators. Several aeroplanes from the German side have been brought down; and within the last few weeks a hostile biplane, more venturesome than usual, came well over the British lines. Whether it was struck by bullets or trouble had developed in the engines was not apparent, but all control over it was lost, and after executing some dives and forward rushes in the air it fell to earth from a height of about a thousand feet, the machine being completely wrecked, and the engine buried four feet in the ground.

Sniping is a favourite pastime with the Boches, and they indulge in it to a large extent, mainly from the upper parts of houses or the tops of trees commanding a good view of the surrounding country. These snipers are often a source of considerable annoyance, as they train their rifles on to certain objects during the daytime, and fire them at night. Such an instance occurred lately, the sniper being located in a tree where his presence had been revealed by a tell-tale ladder placed against the trunk. Although this had been carefully hidden by branches and foliage, a powerful pair of telescopic binoculars clearly showed the true nature of the object. A round or two of well-burst shrapnel on the tree in question evidently disposed of the pest, for no further molestation occurred. The gun had been laid by daylight, and fired after dark, when the sniper would be in his leafy lair, all unconscious of the fate in store for him. It is said that the

Boches have selected men to act as snipers, foresters and others accustomed to hunting and woodcraft, who devote their ingenuity to the picking off of the unwary and those who expose themselves unwittingly. Certain it is that a man cannot show himself for an instant above a parapet without a number of bullets whistling around and striking it, warning him that exposure is a risky game to play.

From the statements of German prisoners captured in the recent fighting, it would appear that the real state of affairs in Europe and elsewhere is unknown to them. They express unbounded confidence in ultimate victory; and on being questioned as to the part the Russians were playing in the war, and notably the successes they had gained on the eastern front, the Germans made a sweeping movement of the hands to indicate that the Muscovites had been completely disposed of. The majority seem glad to have been taken, for they declared that the heavy bombardments by the British artillery had given them no rest day or night.

Along parts of the front Bavarian troops have been in evidence, and they bear a somewhat grim reputation, if reports be at all true. They are commanded by the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, an officer who appears to pass most of his time composing proclamations in which the British are denounced in blind anger as a people embracing all the bad qualities in the human race. It is surprising how well the truth has been concealed from the people by means of these proclamations and *communiqués* emanating from the German headquarters. Such a state of affairs demands the most complete submission to authority and a spirit of discipline inculcated in the people which does not exist elsewhere. One cannot but admire the German military machine and the manner in which it has worked since the opening of the war. Apparently nothing has been left to chance; the plan of campaign has been thoroughly worked out, to embrace potential conditions; although it is certain the Germans did not calculate on the set-back they received at the start, circumstances which entirely upset their preconceived plans. Even down to minor details one notices the same thoroughness, the mechanical skill by which the German forces have been prepared and equipped for this war. An inspection of the kit of German prisoners and dead displays the care and forethought devoted to the equipment of the men—the emergency ration of specially prepared biscuit, down to the miniature tent with its little poles made to fit. The German soldier, however, has too much to carry, and it cannot but militate against rapid movement, especially over broken ground.

The German railway system and the network of lines traversing the country in all directions have enabled them to carry out the various strategic moves which have been so much in

evidence recently. A success is gained in Poland and Galicia, and the opposing forces held for the time being; whilst part of the troops are then rushed across Germany to the western front, where the Germans still pin all their faith and hopes, and continually watch for an opening to Calais and Paris, an opening barred to them, an access to which they are denied, by the solid wall confronting them from across the Channel.

It will be of interest to give some account of how the army in the field is supplied, and of the marvellous organisation by which the daily wants and needs are administered without hitch or hindrance. Stores and supplies come from all parts of the world to what might be termed the central distributing point—England. There they are shipped across the Channel and taken over by the railways, which are, of course, under military control. Thence they are conveyed to various railheads, the distributing-points for the large forces now in the field. An admirable system of motor-transport takes over what the trains have brought up, and the motor-lorry in its turn distributes to selected points where units receive their supplies and all that is vital to their work and well-being. Petrol plays a conspicuous part in the war; in fact, without it and the invaluable motor such vast numbers as are now under arms could not possibly be maintained and supplied.

As with the supply and transport, so with the medical arrangements, which leave nothing to be desired. So admirable is the organisation and the celerity with which the wounded are dealt with that a man, unless the case be too serious for removal, is usually in England within forty-eight hours of being hit. Let us trace his progress from the firing-line to one of the many hospitals at home. He is first attended to by the medical officer of his unit, or sent to the first-aid post just in rear. There the wound is dressed, and he is passed on by motor-ambulance to a clearing hospital, where he again receives every attention. Thence, after a brief rest, he passes to the ambulance-train, and is conveyed to the coast, and then by fast steamer across the Channel, proceeding either to London or to one of the institutions elsewhere; and later he may be transferred to a convalescent home to recoup before returning to the front.

The brilliant weather with which we have been favoured has hardened the roads into a fit state to stand the strain of the motor-transport constantly passing over them. In the zone between the two armies the grass has grown up, whilst in rear of the firing-line are fields of wheat and oats sadly overgrown for lack of attention. The land has indeed, by reason of the weather conditions, assumed a green and refreshing aspect, but there is little else to sustain the picture. The inhabitants have gone; the cottages and farms are in ruins, silent witnesses to the ravages of war. Here and there amidst the

waving corn is to be seen a grave with an inscription at its head, 'To the memory of a soldier of France,' a hero who has been laid to rest by his British comrades. It is a simple inscription, but it has a wealth of meaning, for

the soldier of France has not died in vain. He has given his life for the consecration of a new Europe, for the dawn of a new era which shall determine between Prussian domination and European liberty.

BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Dr Grierson sat down at my bedside this morning and took my wrist between his sensitive finger and thumb, I felt magnetically drawn to him, and the desire to confide in him became irresistible. I had been wondering in my mind for hours how best I could introduce the subject; and, not hitting readily on a fitting opening, I had left it to chance and circumstance. Strangely enough, it was he who paved the way for me. After we had talked briefly on general subjects, he referred to my 'temporary breakdown,' as he termed it, and told me he was quite sure I had undergone a sudden mental strain which had adversely affected me physically; but that, once my mind and body were sufficiently rested, I should be quite all right again.

'You're quite right, doctor, in your diagnosis of my case,' I said. 'I have had rather a queer experience lately, and, if you care to hear about it, I shall gladly tell you. Would you share a little secret with me, doctor?'

'Most gladly,' he said.

'Well, will you please light your pipe? Take that easy-chair by the fire, and you may sit with your back to me, and I sha'n't feel slighted.'

He laughed softly, and, extracting a short clay pipe from his waistcoat pocket, took the chair I indicated. Seated thus, and smoking steadily, he listened in silence till my story was finished. I gave him the whole history, kept nothing back; and in telling all the details I never hesitated, for the incidents were fresh in my mind, and I had everything well thought out.

'Ay, Mr Russell,' he said, after a long pause, 'you tell a story very well, and what you have told is most interesting and wonderful. I have read of such occurrences, but I haven't till now come across one at first hand, as it were. Shakespeare says there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, and your experience certainly goes to prove it. It is usual, especially during a man's romantic years, to dream of a fair lady's face—very usual indeed; but I consider it most remarkable that everything came to a head so shortly after you had taken Betty into your confidence, and also when, for the first time, you had entertained doubts as to your dream being realised. I suppose you are very much in love with this lady?' and he looked over his shoulder at me.

'Well, yes, doctor, I am.'

'What is your age, again, Mr Russell?'

'Thirty in January.'

'And—and, you've never been in love before?'

'I think I've been in love ever since I dreamed my dream, now nearly ten years ago; but since that interview in Nithbank Wood I'm more hopelessly in love than ever;' and, somehow, I began to blush, and I was glad his back was turned toward me.

'Imphm! Ay, the old story is ever new,' he said, more to himself than to me; and he rose slowly from his chair, knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the top rib of the grate, and came over to my bedside. 'Have you told Betty of this strange meeting?'

'No.'

'Why?'

'Well, doctor, I can hardly explain why I haven't told her, as the dear old soul is "nearer" to me than any one else in the world; but I felt, somehow, that I wanted to confide in you first.'

'Thank you, Mr Russell; and it will be a joyful day when you and I and Betty can talk it all over among us. Meanwhile we'll keep it to ourselves, you and I, and I don't think you should allow this—this *affaire de cœur* to monopolise your mind too much. To worry and distract your thoughts over it would be as harmful as it would be futile. So far, the stars have fought in their courses for you, and, without much exertion on your part, your fondest dreams seem in a fair way to be fulfilled. William—no "Mr Russell" after a crack like this!—I am more than double your age, and for many years I have lived a queer, prosaic, loveless life—a full life if hard work and gain and recognition be reckoned everything, but empty—oh God, how empty!—if love counts for all. I am old, but not so old that I cannot understand you and sympathise with you, for I well remember days which were brightened to me by the sunshine of a woman's loving smile; times when all this earth was heaven to me, the singing of the birds an angel song, all its people upright and just; sermons I read in stones, and good I saw in everything. But that was long ago. When love was taken away from me, the whole world seemed changed. My life since then has been selfish and self-centred. I have long ceased to take any interest in the social doings of others; and were it not for my work, my books,

and my daily communings with nature, I should be a lonely, miserable old man. I don't mind telling you, however, that you have touched a chord in my heart and awakened memories which have slumbered long. I am very much interested in you, partly on account of your own personality, but mainly because it was a very near relation of yours who brought to me the only true joy and gladness that my heart has ever known.

He sat down on the basket chair at the foot of my bed, facing me, and with his back to the light.

'You will doubtless remember,' he continued, 'that, during my first visit to you here, Betty, in course of conversation, casually or otherwise, mentioned the name of your aunt Margaret.'

'Yes, doctor, I remember that distinctly, and also that you were visibly affected; but'—

'I must confess I was, William,' he quickly interposed. 'Well, confidence for confidence. You have told me your love experience, so far as it has gone, and it may be that, by doing so, you have relieved your mind and hastened your recovery; and perhaps, if I recount mine to one who can understand, it will bring a balm and a solace to my old heart, of which, in these my years of sear and yellow leaves, I often stand sorely in need. You—you don't mind my smoking?'

'Certainly not, doctor; and, to be sociable, I'll join you in a pipe.'

'That's right—that's right! Nothing like tobacco for promoting good-fellowship.'

We filled our pipes in silence. Though it was only late noon, the light seemed to be darkening in my little room. I looked toward the window, and down from a dull leaden sky the first of winter's snowflakes were quietly falling—falling, as it appeared to me, into the eager upstretched arms of the leafless lime. The doctor's gaze followed mine; and slowly, with his pipe filled but not lit, he rose from his chair and looked long and thoughtfully toward the quiet, obscured Dry Gill.

'I have always loved to see snow falling,' he said, after a pause. 'It has a strange fascination for me; and to see it in its fleecy flakes, whirling and dancing and drifting and playing, is a sight which always soothes and inspires me. I pray God that my eyesight may long be spared to me, because it is an avenue through which many of His richly stored treasures are conveyed. I have no ear for music—instrumental music I mean particularly; but, strangely enough, a wimplin' burn can speak to me in its flow, a mavis can call me from my study into my garden, and the eerie yammer of the whaup in the moorland solitude is always to me, as it was to Robert Wanlock, "a wanderin' word frae hame." The human voice raised in song conveys nothing to me, but the croonin' lullaby of a loving mother over her suffering child tirls

the strings of my heart and makes me humble. To be unable to *feel* the pleading of the violin, the rich soprano, and the resonant bass is something I deplore. But Providence has ordained that if one sense is minus one, another sense will be plus one. Well, my sense of sight is plus one, both in strength and appreciation; and in the midst of these beautiful surroundings in which, for the last forty years, my lines have been cast, I have revelled, William—positively revelled. The opportunity has always been mine of noting the changing of the seasons—the virgin green and promise of spring, the glory and fullness of summer, the russet and gold of autumn, the sleep and decay of winter—and each, to him who can see aright, has a beauty and significance of its own. Ay, and this is winter—winter heralded by a shimmering veil of pirling snowflakes, through whose dancing meshes I can trace phantom forms I saw in youth, and whose madcap antics still, thank God! bring me solace as of yore. Oh, how grateful and thankful I ought to be!'

He lit his pipe with a paper spill, and stood for a minute blowing clouds of smoke round the old china dog on my mantelpiece. Then he resumed his seat at the foot of my bed; and, inclining his head sideways toward the window, he said, 'The last good-bye I said to your aunt Margaret was spoken amidst falling snow, and it is strange that I should be speaking of her to you for the first time with these flimsy flakes dimming your window-pane. There's not much to tell you, William; and, to be candid with you, when I was standing smoking at your fireplace there the thought came to me that, as your mother had never deemed it expedient or necessary to mention my name to you, it would be more in agreement with her will that I should be silent. However, as I have started, I may as well proceed; but I shall be brief, as I haven't the heart to go into what must ever be sacred details. I first met your aunt Margaret in Edinburgh, when I was at the University. Her father—your grandfather, Colonel Kennedy—had returned from India (where he had served with distinction), and had, with his wife and two daughters, taken up residence in the suburb of Murrayfield. Being of a Dumfriesshire family, and well known to my father, who was a merchant in Dumfries and Provost of that town, Colonel Kennedy, on the strength of my father's letter of introduction, gave me a hearty welcome to his domestic circle, a welcome of which I may say I took ample advantage. Your father and mother got married shortly after I became acquainted with the family; and as your aunt Margaret was thus deprived of a sister and companion to whom she was ardently attached, I gladly embraced every opportunity of showing her little kindly attentions, acting the part of a thoughtful brother, and generally doing my

utmost to minimise the loss which I was sure she had sustained. Well, William, this ended in the usual way. Sympathy begets love, and I fell hopelessly in love with Margaret Kennedy. How I found out that my love was returned is a secret which is a joy to me, too holy to share even with you, William. Ah me! the happiness of those halcyon days—the quiet afternoons in that old drawing-room facing southward to the distant Pentlands, the evening walks on Corstorphine Hill when the sunset rays still lingered above Ben Lomond, the talks we had of the future we had planned! Tennyson says that "sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." That may be poetic, but I don't think it is true, for it is a crown of joy to me to call these times to mind, and I feel that to have had this experience, and to have garnered such memories, I have surely not lived in vain. Our love, as is the case with all young people, was unreasoning. We gave no thought to ways and means, and position or status we never for a moment considered. But your grandfather brought us to earth and faced us with realities. In response to a written request, I waited on him one evening, and in a very few words he gave me to understand that I must on no account pay further attention to his daughter, and that my visits to his house must cease. He reproached me with lack of honour in taking advantage of his hospitality to further my own interests and clandestinely win the affection of your aunt Margaret. I repudiated this charge, perhaps somewhat warmly, informed him that if I had broken any of the accepted social laws in the matter I had done so in ignorance, and assured him I loved his daughter, and that nothing short of her renunciation would deter me from some day making her my wife. He lost his temper, and bluntly asked me if, for a moment, I, a prospectless student and son of a provincial merchant, considered myself worthy of a Kennedy of Knockshaw; whereupon I told him that there were Griersons in Lag, as wardens of the Border Marches, when the Kennedies were sitting in farmyard barns making spoons out of ram-horns. The old riever blood coursed warmly through my veins, and I faced him without fear. This was the last straw. He raised his cane to strike me; but, noting my air of defiance, he immediately lowered it, and pointed to the door. I bowed in silence, then walked slowly out, and I never entered the house again.

'The days which followed that interview were perhaps the most miserable I ever spent. I had had no opportunity of seeing your aunt, and though I knew she loved me, and that no mercenary considerations would sway her, still there was the uncertainty of it all, under altered circumstances, and the possibility of her being dominated by her father's masterful will. At last, after weary weeks of waiting, of alternate spells of hope and despair, I received a letter from her,

written from a lonely island in the Pentland Firth, and letting me know that she had been sent thither by her father on a visit to her uncle, who at that time was proprietor of the island of Stroma. She assured me of her unfaltering love, told me that nothing on earth would shake her resolve, and that, notwithstanding her father's threats, she would join me sooner or later in a haven of rest. She would take my love for granted, and asked me not to write, as my letters would be intercepted. With this ray of hope I had to be content. She wrote to me at intervals; but, as letter followed letter, each became more despondent and despairing, and at last she informed me that it was evident she would not be allowed to return until she promised not to see or correspond with me again. Then came a little, short note pleading for an interview. "It is a long journey, I know," she wrote; "but I dearly—oh, so dearly!—wish to see you again. Your presence will cheer me and strengthen me to bear whatever the future may hold. On Wednesday next my uncle goes to Kirkwall, and on that afternoon I will walk down to a little, sheltered creek called Corravoe. It is the nearest point to the mainland, and only a mile or two from Huna. Matthew Howat has a good boat. When you reach Huna ask for Matthew. He knows everything, and will help us." . . . Never a day passes but that weird, solitary scene comes before my eyes—no trees, no hills, no signs of human habitation; only a short, gray-green stretch of low-lying, patchy landscape, bordered by a narrow strip of rocky beach, lapped by the crested tide of the Pentland Flow. One short hour we spent together, for the tide was turning, but the smile of hope shone in her wan face ere we said good-bye. I was the bearer of joyful news, comforting words, and assurance of release. I told her I was specialising in Edinburgh; that an unexpected legacy of three thousand pounds had paved the way to our happiness; and that, when I had arranged with my mother for her reception, she would sail across to Huna, and find me waiting her there. . . . The roar of the far-off skerries is in my ear, the echoing homeward cry of the seabird, the humming and hissing of the waves among the shells on the shingle! The shortening day is drawing to a close, mist is clinging to the scarred face of Dunnet Head, from the darkening sky the snow is falling, and through the whirling flakes she fades from my sight.

'A day came when again I was in Huna, looking over the angry, wind-tossed Pentland Firth, waiting for a boat which, alas! never reached its haven. What happened no one ever knew. The sullen waters guard their secrets well; but a broken oar, bearing Matthew Howat's initials, picked up in Scrabster Bay, told a story which robbed my life of the only light which ever shone in my soul.'

The doctor sat for a minute, after he had finished his story, with his eyes closed and his chin resting on the knot of his stock. Then he wearily rose from his chair and went quietly downstairs without saying good-bye. He has a

keen sense of the fitness of things, and I feel he knew that no word of mine, no pressure of my hand, was needed to prove to him that my heart was with him.

(Continued on page 570.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

REVIVAL OF 'HAY-BOX' COOKERY.

COOKING in the hay-box has undergone a revival, and is becoming a feature in many of the leading cookery schools, the revival having been influenced by the increasing cost of fuel, the simplicity of the process, and motives of general economy. It is an old idea, and probably first claimed serious notice from the practice of agricultural labourers, who, upon reaching their work in the morning, buried their dinner-cans containing a hot meal in the hay-rick, so as to keep the contents in a heated condition. The simple hay-box is especially applicable to a stew, which, partially cooked upon a coal-fire or gas-stove, is poured into a suitable vessel, which is sealed and then placed in the hay-box. This last is a perfect heat insulator, the result being that not only is the stew kept in a heated condition, but cooking continues. All kinds of dishes—meat, fish, fruit, and vegetables—can be cooked in this manner, with one exception—roasted joints. The box is simple to devise. It should be about thirty inches in length by twenty-four inches in width and depth respectively, and fitted with a hinged lid which can be closely and securely fastened. The interior surfaces of the box should be lined with several thicknesses of newspaper, ordinary house flannel being used as an outer covering. The hay is packed tightly into the box, and a nest prepared for the reception of the vessel containing the partially cooked dish. An earthenware vessel is the most suitable for the purpose. The vessel is covered with cork shavings, such as are used for packing grapes in barrels and may be readily obtained from any fruiterer, and over these is placed a top layer of hay. The box is then closed, and may be left for several hours. When it is opened the meal will be found to be quite warm and thoroughly cooked. Such a hay-box will last for years; and the only maintenance expense incurred is the periodical renewal of the hay. Hay-box cookery has appealed especially to the soldiers at the front, since in the trenches great difficulty is experienced in preserving the meals and refreshments in a heated condition. After a hard day's work nothing is so refreshing and palatable as a hot meal, washed down with hot tea, coffee, cocoa, or milk. The soldiers are making their boxes on the spot, contriving suitable receptacles from ammunition-cases and so forth; while the hay is readily obtainable.

COMBATING AERIAL INCENDIARY-BOMB FIRES.

The incendiary bombs which are carried by German aircraft, and by Zeppelins in particular, have naturally given rise to some anxiety in certain quarters. But if the proper precautions be observed the damage wrought even by these fiendish instruments may be localised, and in order to instruct the public as to the best measures to adopt the British Fire Prevention Committee has issued a small pamphlet. These warnings apply not only to private houses but to factories in general, while technical advice concerning what to do in connection with the possible ignition of especially combustible materials is given gratuitously upon application. Moreover, the advice of the experts attached to this organisation is also available. The committee points out that all premises which are equipped with warning and first-aid devices should be frequently overhauled to make doubly sure that these are in working order, while staffs should be drilled frequently in emergency measures. Chemical fire extinguishers which have been standing for more than three months should be overhauled, while buckets of water and sand should be freely distributed about the various floors of a building and in places where they will be readily accessible. If possible, one or more small hand-pumps should be installed in large buildings, and responsible persons drilled in their proper use. The urgency of individual effort in fire-fighting is driven home, and the advice is given that one and all should in reality become fire-fighters. It is pointed out that in the event of a big raid the fire-brigades are certain to be fully occupied in dealing with the largest outbreaks, especially if public buildings, military stores, hospitals, docks, and so forth are attacked and burst into flame. Private and semi-private buildings must depend essentially upon private individuals for protection.

THERMIT.

At one of the inquests on victims of incendiary bombs dropped from a hostile airship over London, the coroner remarked that these missiles did not appear to be very finely finished, but apparently they were very effective. Lieutenant E. T. Cobbett pointed out that a label had been found on one of these bombs showing that it had been made at Krupp's in Essen. All the bombs had handles; and it might be of use to the

public to know that with a pair of tongs or a piece of stick they could be thrown out of a window before they had a chance of setting fire to a place. The public notices, however, recommend acquainting the police at once in such a case. The *Times*, in a note on thermit, the explosive in these bombs, pointed out that this is the trade name of a mixture of powdered aluminium and magnetic iron oxide, used in welding iron and steel and in repairing broken steel castings. When this mixture is ignited the oxygen leaves the iron and combines violently with the aluminium, producing a slag which rises to the surface, the molten iron sinking to the bottom. The heat evolved by the reaction is enormous, and a temperature can be attained second only to that of the electric arc. The process was made practicable by Goldschmidt in 1898; for, although the principle was known already, serious difficulties were encountered in its application, one of them being the danger of explosion. Goldschmidt overcame the difficulty by finely dividing and intimately mixing the materials, and by starting the reaction at one point by raising its temperature sufficiently high. The thermit reaction is used largely in the preparation of metals from their oxides, and is of particular importance in the production of chromium, which is employed largely in the manufacture of high-speed tool steel and armour-plate.

ELECTRICITY IN HOSPITALS.

The extent to which electricity enters into a modern hospital is brought home very vividly in connection with the equipment of the Sick Children's Hospital at Yorkhill, Glasgow, which was opened some months ago by His Majesty the King. The buildings are electrically lighted throughout by some two thousand incandescent lamps. The thirteen lifts, and the whole of the laundry, kitchen, and other machinery, are operated by this agent, for which some forty motors have been installed. Ventilation depends exclusively upon electric fans. The intercommunicating telephone system has thirty stations, in addition to the postal instruments. The clocks are controlled upon the magnets system; while further extensive and varied uses of electricity are shown in connection with electro-surgery, Röntgen ray, high-frequency, and other special apparatus. The installation—which was carried out under the supervision of Messrs Sayers and Caldwell, who, acting as consulting engineers, gave expert advice upon several matters—is considered to be one of the most complete in these islands.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND BULLETS PER HOUR.

Considerable interest has been aroused in metallurgical circles by the perfection in America of a new machine for automatically casting rods of metal in one operation by means of a specially designed machine. At present this

apparatus is of more than usual interest, for the simple reason that by a recent improvement it is now possible to cast rods of lead and soft alloys in bars one quarter of an inch and upwards in diameter. The casting of such rods enables the production of bullets for shrapnel-shell to be expedited and facilitated to an enormous extent, inasmuch as the preparation of the rod constitutes the first stage in the bullet-making process. By means of this machine sufficient lead rod can be cast to enable two hundred thousand bullets to be produced per hour. The process is not only rapid and automatic, but it has the advantage of being very cheap. The electric motor for driving the machine need only be of two or three horse-power, while only one workman is required. It is stated by the inventor that the operating cost in America is about one shilling per ton of molten metal poured into the form of rods. The outstanding feature of the system is the direct transference of the hot liquid metal from the melting-crucibles into the machine during the passage through which solidification takes place, the rod issuing from the opposite end in a continuous length of solid homogeneous form so long as molten metal is being poured into the machine.

'KILL THAT FLY.'

The campaign which was inaugurated in the United States some two or three years ago for the extermination of the fly has extended to this country. Prevention is better than cure, and this end can be achieved to a very pronounced degree by rendering the household dustbin and other garbage receptacles absolutely untenable by the pest. According to the pamphlet which has been issued by the Imperial College of Science, the fly has been proved guilty of carrying the germs of typhoid, tuberculosis, cholera, anthrax, and plague; while it is suspected of being the principal factor in the dissemination of ophthalmia, dysentery, and infantile diarrhoea. As part of the house-fly campaign instituted by the Zoological Society, Professor Maxwell Lefroy, in a lecture, has said it was worth noting that flies needed moist conditions for their larvæ; dry material breeds no flies. Flies also dislike darkness. Municipal and other 'tips' should be treated with chloride of lime. The burning of refuse of all sorts was strongly recommended. Sulphate of iron might be applied either powdered or in a 20 per cent. solution. When possible, stable manure should be kept in covered enclosures. For open receptacles or heaps most satisfactory results were obtained from borax treatments. Borax in small amounts, such as one and a quarter pounds per eight bushels of manure, destroyed 98 to 99 per cent. of the maggots. A 20 per cent. solution of slaked lime was also said to be a good larvicide. For indoors, a solution of formalin (40 per cent. formaldehyde), one table-

spoonful to one pint of water, with the addition of a little bread or sugar, attracts and poisons flies if distributed in shallow vessels in light spots. Flies avoid shade. Vessels with a crust of bread in each should be set out overnight to draw the earliest flies. Milk, water, food, and fruit should be covered, and kept in fly-screened larders or meat-safes. The Medical Officer for Westminster has stated in a pamphlet that rooms in which there are many flies may be cleared by pouring twenty drops of carbolic acid on a hot shovel, or burning cones of Persian insect-powder on a dish or plate. The cones may be made by moistening the powder and allowing it to dry. In both cases the fumes stupefy the flies, which fall and can be swept up and destroyed.

A RETRIEVED BRITISH INDUSTRY.

One of the many ramifications of British industry which suffered from German competition, but which has recovered remarkably since the outbreak of war, is the manufacture of geographical globes. The Germans succeeded in making great headway because the British article has always been somewhat expensive; but at the same time it is absolutely accurate, owing to the care taken in the preparation, while it is of great strength and capable of withstanding hard usage. The Germans, however, devoted the utmost attention to cheapness, fashioning their globes from inferior material, ignoring questions of accuracy, and depending rather upon gaudy colouring than the correct fitting of the maps to the spherical surface. But the cheaper article found a ready market; and as the dearer British globe was ousted and was seldom seen, it was impossible for the prospective buyer to compare the two grades of manufacture. But the demand for globes is increasing rapidly, since nowadays a school cannot possibly complete the geography lesson without one. The manufacture of a perfect globe of solid construction is a somewhat slow and tedious process. The shell is composed of several superimposed thicknesses of brown paper, upon which is laid a secretly prepared and special composition. When hard and dry, this surface is trued in a gauge, smoothed, and polished. This is a phase of the work which demands the greatest care and skill, since, if the sphere is not true to the smallest fraction of an inch, the gores of the maps will not fit exactly. These are pasted on in such a manner that there is no overlapping whatever, the edges coming flush together. The globe completed, it is coloured and varnished, the final operation, after mounting on the stand, being the fitting of the meridian ring.

AEROPLANES AND DIRIGIBLES OF WAR.

A writer in the *Times* Literary Supplement, in noticing a work on *Aeroplanes and Dirigibles of War*, by Mr F. A. Talbot, says that the raids which have been made upon England have been

carried out by means of airships—not necessarily Zeppelins, although that term has become generic in the popular mind. It is not improbable, however, that in the event of an organised attack upon a large scale the air fleet would include aeroplanes and waterplanes, for it has been shown on the Continent by our own airmen and those of our Allies that these machines can be employed effectively in combined operations. The chief weapons of defence against attack by aircraft are armed aeroplanes and anti-aircraft guns. Fighting in the air has been of frequent occurrence during the war, culminating in the daring exploit of the late Flight Sub-Lieutenant Warneford. This event marks an epoch in aerial warfare, for it proves that the aeroplane may be considered as a trustworthy weapon of defence against invasion. The development of efficiency in the anti-aircraft gun has been attended by many difficulties, of which obtaining a sufficiently long range was probably one of the least. It is extremely difficult to drop a bomb with precision even from a comparatively low altitude; and, it is stated, the modern rifle, if fired vertically into the air, will hurl the bullet to a height of about five thousand feet, while the weapons which have been designed to combat aircraft have a range of ten thousand feet or more. The most troublesome part of the problem has been in obtaining rapidity in range-finding, sighting, and training, and in correctly timing the fuse when explosive projectiles are used. Among many suggestions which have been made of protective measures against aerial invasion, one of the most remarkable is that the air should be 'mined' during periods of darkness and fog. The theory upon which this suggestion is based is that dirigibles, especially, would fly low, and be likely, on account of fuel considerations, to take the most direct course to their objective; and that such a course is practically as obvious as if the airship were condemned to a narrow lane marked out by signposts. The mines, containing large charges of high explosives and combustible material, would be attached to captive balloons anchored at close intervals so as to form a screen across the assumed route.

A NEW LOGARITHMIC TABLE—A BOON TO THE SCIENTIST AND THE ENGINEER.

The mathematician, the astronomer, the physicist, the surveyor, the engineer, and the navigator—not to mention other classes of workers—must ever hold in grateful memory the genius of Napier of Merchiston, who, by his invention of logarithms, lightened so enormously the labour involved in making lengthy calculations. By the use of logarithms, multiplication and division become mere matters of addition and subtraction; involution and evolution are robbed of half their terrors when they are reduced to multiplication and division. As

announced in a paper recently communicated to the Royal Society, the process of simplification has now been carried a step further. By means of a table giving the logarithms of logarithms, which has just been constructed by Mr E. Chappell, B.Sc., involution and evolution are robbed of *all* their terrors, for they are now reduced to addition and subtraction. This table, which Mr Chappell has named a *lolog* (log-log) table, will be specially useful to engineers and others dealing with formulæ in which fractional indices occur. It forms one item of a valuable set of *Five-Figure Mathematical Tables* compiled by Mr Chappell, in which, in addition to this entirely new feature, the ordinary logarithmic and trigonometrical tables are arranged in an unusually convenient form.

SUBMARINE SIGNALLING.

The apparatus for signalling under water has been much improved since the bell appliances used for this purpose were described in these notes. According to *The Engineer*, the latest device consists of a thin copper tube which is caused to vibrate one thousand times a second by a powerful electro-magnet. These vibrations are imparted to a drum which transmits the sound-waves through the water. This apparatus, which was invented by Professor R. A. Fessenden, can be clearly heard at a distance of nearly twelve miles, and it may be used either for sending or receiving messages. When a message is received the direction from which it comes is given by the instrument, while the distance away of the sender can be ascertained by taking the time between sending a message to him and the answering signal. The morse code in dots and dashes is used, and the speed is equal to that of wireless telegraphy. It must also be remembered that sound travels four thousand seven hundred feet a second in water, or about four times the velocity in air. This method of signalling should prove invaluable to submarines, which can thus locate their position from a 'parent' vessel on the surface; while in a modified form it can be applied to finding the whereabouts of enemy ships within range of the instruments.

LEAFLETS OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE ON FRUIT-PRESERVING.

The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries has issued a number of special leaflets containing valuable information to those who have gardens, small holdings, or farms. One of these is on the subject of fruit-preserving, and another is on storage and disposal of apples and pears. The writer says that apples, especially those of the later varieties, should be carefully stored in cool, dry sheds, with a free circulation of air; and that bruised and decayed fruit should be removed. It is recommended that, even with the present high price of sugar, a certain quantity of fruit should be made into jams and jellies. In the

case of those who have to purchase their supplies, the low price of fruit will compensate for the high price of sugar. Liquid (syrup) glucose, which is made from maize, may be partially or even entirely substituted for cane sugar. Good results are secured in jam-making by replacing from a quarter to a third of the sugar by syrup glucose. No sugar is required in bottling fruit. A proper sterilising apparatus can be had for ten shillings, while airtight quart bottles cost about three shillings and sixpence to four shillings a dozen. Instructions are given in fruit-bottling for small-holders. The process consists in filling the bottles with fruit, adding water to within half-an-inch of the rim, and putting them in the steriliser, the temperature of which should be raised slowly to about one hundred and sixty-five or one hundred and seventy degrees Fahrenheit for about ten minutes. The bottles are then securely fastened down. Other special leaflets deal with storage of apples and pears, cheese-making, bee-keeping, and egg and poultry farming. These leaflets may be obtained free of charge and post free from the Secretary, Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, 4 Whitehall Place, London, S.W. Letters of application so addressed need not be stamped.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

IN MEMORIAM.

HAMISH MACKAY,

DROWNED IN THE 'LUSITANIA,' 7TH MAY.

God's sunshine on thy closing eyes,
And at thy feet His sea;
Around were hidden wings unfurled
To bear thy soul from thee.

Godlike thy beauty, pure thy soul,
Could death for thee hold fear?
Through thee I learnt more splendid faith
In human goodness here.

Strongest of men, I see thee kneel,
Thy faith a little child's;
I see thee quaff this cup He held,
And still thy dear lips smiled.

Not dead, I know, but vanished
Awhile from eyes of men,
Who have not laid thee 'earth to earth,'
Nor sung thy requiem.

And what is left the beating tides?
A chrysalis floats away,
While I in radiant dreaming
Know thy rebirth to-day.

MORLICH M'LEOD.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

By TAFFRAIL.

PART I.

THE sub-lieutenant of H.M. Destroyer *Nestor* clattered noisily down the steel ladder and knocked softly on the lintel of the curtained doorway in front of him. He was rather pleased with himself, for the little ship had just returned to her base after spending the greater part of the last four days in the North Sea. The weather had not been pleasant, and he was very glad to be in harbour again, more particularly as the mail had just arrived on board, and he had in his pocket a bundle of thick letters which he was itching to read in the privacy of his cabin. They came from a certain young lady who usually addressed him as 'My darling Billy.' She was somebody else's sister.

There was no reply to his tapping, but he knew instinctively that there was some one inside. He knocked again, louder this time. 'Captain, sir?' he queried.

'Well?' came the answer, in a voice which sounded unnaturally muffled and weary. 'What is it? What d'you want?'

'I've come to show you those new charts you asked about, sir,' said the sub, drawing the curtain aside and stepping into his commanding officer's cabin. 'I have them here.'

The lieutenant-commander made no signs of having heard. He was dressed exactly as he had left the bridge half-an-hour before, in sea-boots, an old coat, and a once white muffler. He sat at the small writing-table under the scuttle, with a newspaper spread out in front of him. His elbows rested on the table, and his head was pillowed on his hands. He did not shift his position, but his shoulders worked spasmodically.

Jephson, the sub-lieutenant, approached and stood at his senior's elbow. 'I've brought those charts, sir,' he began again. 'I thought—Great Scott, sir!' he suddenly blurted out, his eyes opening wide with surprise; 'whatever's the matter?'

The lieutenant-commander had raised his head and turned his face toward him. There was a look of absolute agony in the eyes, and one or two tell-tale splashes still showed on the news-sheet before him. He brushed them aside with an impatient gesture, but it was only too evident

that he had been weeping. Crying! The skipper crying!

The sub could hardly believe his eyes. His first inclination was to leave the cabin, but then a feeling of sympathy prompted him to stay. The skipper was evidently in the deepest distress, and the youngster hated to see a fellow-creature in trouble without volunteering what consolation lay in his power to offer.

'I'm awfully sorry, sir,' he said sympathetically, still unaware of what was causing the other's grief. 'Can I do anything?'

'I'm afraid not, Jephson,' answered the lieutenant-commander, his face working pathetically as he tried to control his feelings. 'I've had an awful blow. My God!' he burst out fiercely; 'if ever I get hold of one of them! If I do I'll— Look at that! He pointed to a column in the paper.

The sub-lieutenant looked.

'British liner torpedoed by German submarine,' ran the conspicuous headlines. 'Ship capsizes in five minutes. Many passengers drowned. Seventeen survivors.'

Jephson stared at it, frowning. Then he suddenly remembered. 'Good Lord, sir!' he stammered awkwardly; 'is that the ship—er—was your wife?'

'My wife was coming home from Malta in her,' muttered the other, his voice husky with emotion. 'She is not among the saved. Good God! how it hurts!' It was a cry of poignant anguish. He dropped his head on his hands with a dry sob and stared into vacancy with unseeing eyes.

The sub crept quietly from the cabin, leaving the other to his silent grief. He could do nothing to alleviate it.

The German submarine U69 had torpedoed the *City of Edinburgh*. All the survivors were quite confident about that. They had read her number. It was quite clear and unmistakable.

Lieutenant-Commander Michael Dene was a changed man. He still did his duty efficiently, for it was not in him to do it otherwise, but the very heart and soul seemed to have been torn out of his existence. Before the tragedy he had

been happy and contented, and his keen ambition to do well in his profession had spurred him on. Then the war had come, and in spite of its risks and hardships he had welcomed it, for was it not the very thing he had been preparing himself for ever since he had entered the service? Now there was nothing left to live for. It seemed as if he could never be happy again, for not even the affection for his work could make up for the love he had borne his wife. His wife was dead! Dead! At times he could hardly bring himself to realise that it was true.

At first he had seriously thought of making away with himself to escape the awful grief numbed at his very soul, and on one occasion he sat silently in his cabin trying to make up his mind to rid himself of the world. He had the means of ending his existence ready to hand. A loaded pistol lay in one of the drawers of his writing-table, and he had only to point it at his head. A slight pressure on the trigger would do the rest. He wondered vaguely if he would feel much pain when the crash of the explosion came. Cowardly! Was it? He considered the point carefully. He had often heard that suicide was a coward's refuge. It seemed to him as if that was rather a mistaken idea, for even he, miserable and lonely as he was, realised what a tremendous effort it would be. He could never screw up his courage sufficiently to do the deed. He put all thoughts of self-destruction aside. It was a cowardly way of escaping from pain and misery, he eventually came to the conclusion. No, suicide was not for him.

His work, automatic as it had become, served to some extent to keep his mind off his great loss; but in his odd hours of leisure, when his ship lay idle in harbour, his thoughts always reverted to the tragedy which had completely wrecked his life. It became an obsession; he could not rid himself of his thoughts. The gaiety and idle talk of his messmates jarred on his nerves; though, with due respect for his feelings, they hushed their voices in his presence. Dene could have had their sympathy for the asking; but he did not want it. He became morose and gloomy. They had something to live for, something to look forward to. He had nothing. Life was not worth living, for henceforth it would be so unutterably lonely. But he would live, for all that.

Fog, gray blinding fog, with hardly a breath of wind or a ripple on the water. Daylight had long since come, but the rising of the sun had only served to make the murk more impalpable and intense than ever. Dene himself would have preferred a gale of wind. Bad weather, unpleasant as it was, permitted one to see; but now he felt like a blind man lost in a desert.

The *Nestor*, with three other destroyers, had been despatched from her base forty-eight hours before on an errand which has no bearing on

our story, and the four craft had been spread out ten miles apart the previous afternoon when the fog had come down as thick as a blanket. They had become separated, and had lost touch with each other, and had now been ordered by wireless telegraphy to make the best of their way home to their base. Dene, by dint of being particularly careful with the dead reckoning, and by constantly using his sounding-machine, had a pretty shrewd idea of where his ship was. He felt no qualms from the navigational point of view, though the North Sea was full of mines and most of the lightships and buoys had been removed. But the very fact of being unable to see more than four hundred yards made him feel helpless and irritable; and now, at seven o'clock in the morning, with his nerves all on edge, he was leaning over the bridge-rail trying to pierce the wall of filmy vapour which bounded his narrow circle of vision.

'What was the last sounding, Jephson?' he asked.

'Seventeen fathoms, sir,' answered the sub, whose morning watch it was.

The skipper went to the chart-table and looked at the printed sheet with the pencilled course of his ship laid off upon it.

'Humph!' he grunted. 'What water did we get at six-fifty?'

'Nineteen and a half, sir.'

'That's all right,' he muttered. 'We ought to be shoaling gradually. It fits in all right. I put her about here.' He placed his finger on the spot.

The sub acquiesced.

'In half-an-hour we'd better alter course to the northward,' the skipper went on, busy with a pair of dividers. 'We shall be'—

'Ship right ahead, sir!' came a sing-song but rather excited hail from the man on the lookout on the fore-castle.

Both officers darted to the bridge-rail with one accord. Both peered anxiously through the murk, but at first they could see nothing. The seaman who had hailed was nearer to the water than they were, and must have caught a momentary glimpse of something under the fog-curtain.

Then, almost imperceptibly, a long, gray, horizontal shadow came looming up out of the pall. It was quite motionless, but was manifestly something tangible; and, acting instinctively, Dene rapped out an abrupt order to the man at the wheel.

'Hard a-starboard it is, sir!'

The destroyer's head began to pay off to the left. The gray smear became more and more distinct, until at last it slid slowly out of the mist and into broad daylight barely four hundred yards distant.

The lieutenant-commander could hardly restrain a gasp of astonishment. It was a submarine lying stopped on the surface. A submarine, but not a British craft. Her nationality was amply proclaimed by her light-gray, almost

white, colouring, by her high, collier-like bows, and the peculiar-shaped conning-tower. A white, black-crossed ensign hung limply from a short staff. She was a German, and though no distinguishing number could be seen, her enormous size showed she was a vessel of a very late type.

'My God!' Dene exclaimed, hardly able to realise the opportunity which fate had thrown in his way. 'Open fire with the foremost gun! Steer straight for her, quarter-master!' He retained sufficient presence of mind to dash to

the engine-room telegraphs and wrench them both over to 'Full speed!'

The submarine, having seen the destroyer at the same time as the *Nestor* had spotted her, was making every effort to escape. A flutter of disturbed water bubbled round her stern as her propellers revolved, while the men on deck started to tumble down their conning-tower hatch like so many bolting rabbits. She was evidently about to dive.

(Continued on page 589.)

THE BALANCE OF NATURE.

By E. K. VENNER.

ONE of the commonest sights of the woodlands is a pole fixed horizontally between two trees. It is a place of ill-omen to the people of the wood. Death is there in a dreadful form; for nailed along the pole are carcasses of birds and animals, some of them dried and shrivelled, others quite recent fixtures. The woods are full of death. Every night overflows with tragedies, all of them enacted with a terrible and merciless suddenness which is the outcome of necessity and hunger; but the trail of death ends with each morning. Hidden away in the night, in brake and bramble and in the thick-nesses of the wood, are the remains of things, and the wood gives them decent burial. But this horrid perpetuation of death is quite another thing. The people of the wood have no part or hand in that. They, at all events, do their work for the most part in a decent, natural way behind the scenes, always excepting, of course, the eccentricities of the butcher-bird; but he is a freak, and one expects to meet with freaks and faddists in every walk of life. Therefore the pole of death is a contravention of the un-written law of the wood, which, like all the other natural laws, is constantly coming into collision with laws made by man.

That sinister pole, with its row of victims, speaks far more forcibly and suggestively than any notice-board which was ever put on the confines of the wood. It is the keeper's warning of the fate of those who obey the law of nature rather than the law of man. There they hang, a mournful set of relics, amongst which may be noticed, from time to time, sparrow and kestrel hawks, barn and tawny owls, jays, stoats, weasels, and rats, all victims of a common fate, all examples of the saying, 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

But in this case there is at least a question who the transgressors are. There is a necessity, no doubt, for keeping under what keepers would call vermin; but it is to be feared that the woodland execution-ground is rather expressive of the idea of extermination. 'These creatures have no right to live. They are vermin. They

interfere with our ideas. Away with them.' There is no idea of any usefulness attaching to these furry and feathered lives, no thought that they have a part to play in the economy of nature which is often beneficial and advantageous even from a human point of view, if that point of view were only more often taken.

The only one of that row of delinquents for which a policy of extermination could be reasonably urged is the rat. For him, as is pointed out, there is not a sane apologist. He is useless where sanitary science even in its most primitive form is practised; he is a robber, he is a conveyor of dread disease, and his depredations cost Great Britain alone some fifteen million pounds a year.

But the thing to be realised is that nearly all his companions on the pole of doom belong to the class of his natural enemies, who are ceaselessly at work, day and night, patrolling the fields and woods in all directions, and apprehending every rat at sight.

It is a curious thing how seldom these natural guardians of the law and their victims are seen, considering the vast host of them with which we are surrounded; and yet the brakes and hedges are alive everywhere with thousands of eyes that see without being seen, and with ears that are ever open to the thousand and one sounds of the countryside.

It is herein that nature's police have such a special equipment for their work. They are up to every move in the game. A clumsy human, for instance, sees a rat, and goes blundering after it with stick or stone or the first thing handy; or he comes across a trail, and sets a trap in it leaving such evidence of his handiwork that it serves as a danger-post as often as not. His victims see him, and pit all their powers of cunning and of approximation to their surroundings against him, with excellent effect from their point of view. But the case is otherwise when they are dealing with the secret police of the wild, whose cunning and quickness are constantly more than a match for their own.

Take the weasel and stoat, for instance, whose

taste for hares and rabbits and other things makes them the special objects of a keeper's animosity. Their lust for mere slaughter and destruction is undeniable, as many a poultry-house in the history of poultry-keeping has shown. But it is sometimes forgotten that the rat and its congeners are also involved in their love of destruction, and that the rat has yet to be born who can hope to cope with it. In fact, the ruthless ferocity of these little guardians of the law towards the enemies of the human race can hardly be over-estimated. It is not too much to say that the weasel is one of the most efficient and able members of our countryside police; it is the Sherlock Holmes of the animal world in the assiduity and keenness with which it follows its victims, which as often as not are rats and mice. Wherever they go it can follow, the sinuosities of its body allowing it to make way through the smallest of apertures and along the most contracted of channels. As an instance of this, a weasel has been known to enter a cage of freshly caught birds through an aperture adapted to the body of a mouse, slay the whole of them, and slip out through the same entrance before it could be apprehended by the enraged owner.

It is curious how often both stoats and weasels are to be found on the confines of well-frequented roads, often leaping across them in front of carts or bicycles. There seems to be something in these last especially challenging to the stoat, for I have heard of three cases at least where this member of the secret police has so far forgotten itself as to forsake its proper function of striking nature's balance in the background, and actually to pursue a cyclist along the high-road. In one of these cases the rider was a girl, who was chased by this ferocious little highwayman to the entrance of a village, where it was settled while trying to attack her as she dismounted. These incidents make quite credible the story of the attack by stoats on a man who had knocked over one of a pair with a stone. The survivor uttered a peculiar cry, and before the aggressor could realise its meaning he was attacked by a legion of stoats, which suddenly appeared in response to it, and ran up him with the greatest ferocity. Unable to shake them off, he rushed homeward with stoats all about him. Some dropped off as he ran, but five still clinging to him on his arrival home were killed by his servants. Had not his neck been protected by a thick woollen comforter he would have been vitally injured; as it was, he was seriously bitten.

It is this clinging power for which their forepaws are so well adapted that makes the attack of the stoat and weasel police so deadly, especially as that attack is always from behind. In a face-to-face struggle with some desperate old rat, the odds would, as likely as not, be in favour of the rat, at all events in the case of the weasel, which is considerably smaller than the stoat. Let the rat once seize a chance

of getting in with its sharp chisel teeth in a rapid succession of bites, its usual mode of fighting, and the issue would not be long left in doubt. But a sudden paralysing seizure from behind, a tenacious grip, and a single bite never to be loosed till the victim sinks down exhausted is another thing altogether, and makes us realise the dread inspired throughout the countryside by this terrible little hunter.

To be dogged by destruction in this deadly form is bad enough for the devastating hordes of the fields and barns; but they have also to take into constant consideration the terror of the air. If you have the good luck to escape, say, a weasel by some extraordinary chance, of what avail is it if you should come into the view of one of those winged horrors which are always floating about, day and night, different specimens in each? You may, to some extent, make calculations as to the whereabouts of some enemy on the ground, and avoid its habitat like poison; but what are you to do in the case of an element you cannot investigate without wings, out of which any moment may bring an awful silent apparition with terrible eyes, and a beak and claws that make your fur bristle to think of? That would be the point of view of a rat or a mouse.

When these wings of death belong to the owl, for instance, and when there are several pairs of immature wings to bring on in the background, it takes an astonishing tale of victims to meet the needs of the case. For instance, a pair of young owls which tumbled out of their nest in a hollow tree were picked up by the keeper's children and taken to their home a mile away. There the treasured captures were put into a cage and hung up outside the cottage. The next morning three young rats were found on the top of the cage. The parents had found out their children, and were not going to have them starved by ignorant humans. And they continued to bring contributions of rats and mice in such large numbers that the keeper finally made a resolution that he would never shoot another owl. He said he could not have believed it possible that a pair of owls could have done so much execution. In another place a pair of barn-owls were watched at their work. It was noted that in the short space of twenty minutes they carried food to their young twelve times, thus destroying some forty mice every hour they hunted.

The invaluable nocturnal work done by these aerial police cannot be overestimated, and the appearance of one of them on the pole of death should mean the dismissal of the keeper who placed it there. Eliminate the terror that flies by night, and we should not be long in finding out how much we owe to the ceaseless activity of those beautiful wings.

The same may be said of the work of the kestrel hawk by day. It is one of the guardians

of our woods and fields, but it often meets with a much shorter shrift than the owl. When it hangs suspended in the air over some selected spot, there is not a movement in the grass or soil that escapes its piercing scrutiny. The ground below, in fact, is subjected to a minute examination from what are, to all intents and purposes, a pair of field-glasses of extraordinary power and definition.

It will always be noticed that the hawk sustains itself in this position with its head to the wind. The stronger the wind the less perceptible is the movement of the wings; so much so that a kestrel was once noticed suspended in a high gale with wings folded close to the body, and with no visible muscular motion whatever. I watched one hovering over a haystack on one occasion. There was a furious headwind blowing which had a most retarding effect on a bicycle; but it seemed to suit the plans of the hawk beautifully, as he hung head toward it, lifting very slightly every now and then, but never carried away from his coign of vantage, as he searched every likely place for his prey. A cat sat watching hopefully on one side of the stack, affording a suggestive contrast between the two points of view, one dealing with a very limited area, and the other taking in all the details of the stack at a glance. On this occasion there was evidently 'nothing doing' down below, for, after hanging in the wind for some time, the hawk flew off to another hunting-ground.

It is the same with what we call the insect police. They are not objects of a keeper's wrath as a rule, and would not be found on the pole of doom amongst other feathered and furry fixtures. They fly at other game than that of the preserves. Enrolled as constant and active workers in this department are the tiny protectors of our trees and shrubs. It is true, you will find amongst them those which will do on occasions a most irritating amount of damage amongst fruit-tree buds; but, as in the admitted cases of destruction in the other department, a balance is easily struck in favour of the good that is done in other directions by the depredators. If one is patient enough to watch, say, a pair of blue tits, saddled with the responsibilities of a family, in their catering-work, it is easy to get some idea of the beneficial care exercised over our gardens. I once watched a pair for some time flitting in and out of a nesting-box, and I can only say that the succession of green twirling caterpillars which went into that box was enough to make the heart of a rose-lover go out in thankfulness to those little blue workers. Aphis-brushes, quassia-chips, soap-suds, and all the rest of our clumsy paraphernalia are all very well; but the fact remains that to arrest the spread of the horrid population of our trees and bushes with any hope of success you must fall back on natural means. We can bring nothing to the question to compare with the

lightning glance, the clinging claws, the unerring beak, and that innate faculty for examining exhaustively the under-side of things which are the distinguished marks of the officials of the insect department. The caterpillar must be met on his own ground, and his wriggling and secretive efforts must be counterbalanced by efforts which were called into being to outmatch his move at all points; efforts, moreover, which have behind them the all-powerful driving force of hunger. The thing is all worked out in the beautiful scheme of nature, in which one force is so perfectly balanced against the other that the disturbance of that balance is a very serious thing, and is bound to react on human interests. Statistics prove beyond possibility of doubt that the destruction of a bird population in any given place is sure to be followed by the destruction of vegetation.

Most illuminating instances of the fact come to us from Germany, where considerable attention has been given to the preservation of bird-life solely for utilitarian reasons. In the spring of 1905, we are told, Hainich Wood, south of Eisenach, which covers several square miles, was stripped entirely bare by the larvae of a little moth (*Tortrix viridana*), while a neighbouring wood in which birds had been encouraged by nesting-boxes and other means was untouched, and actually stood out like a green oasis. In the same neighbourhood good fruit crops have been obtained for many years in those places which have been longest and most abundantly provided with nesting-boxes, and where most of the trees have grown up with the protection of birds.

In Jamaica it has been noticed that man is beginning to pay a high price for the profit he has made out of feathers. 'For,' says the writer of an interesting article, 'now that the beautiful native birds are disappearing, ticks and other noxious insects are increasing to such an extent that food crops are often destroyed, and several kinds of cattle are overtaken by strange maladies and perish.' The destruction of various plumage birds in the United States often causes heavy loss to farmers and fruit-growers. The beautiful scarlet tanager, that is now disappearing, can kill two thousand one hundred moth caterpillars in an hour; and the yellow-throat warbler can eat three thousand five hundred plant parasites in a minute. So, while five hundred thousand birds are now yearly destroyed in the United States for the adornment of women's hats and garments, the increasing damage done to the trees, vegetables, and fruit of the country amounts to more than twenty million pounds. In Africa, we are told, it is now known that certain flies which spread some dreadful tropical maladies are the natural food of the guinea-fowl, which Europeans are so wantonly destroying; while it seems that very possibly the destruction of birds which kept down deadly insects is a contributing factor

to the spread of sleeping sickness through vast regions of the African continent.

Some of the most recent items against humanity come from statistics of 1913, which record the slaughter of seventy-two thousand egrets, twenty-five thousand humming-birds, and one hundred and sixty-two thousand kingfishers. This last item ought to touch us very nearly, as it indicates the progress that has been made toward the extinction of one of the most beautiful of all our home birds.

We cannot afford to disregard the serious warnings and considerations connected with the upsetting of Nature's balance. We are surrounded with vast hordes of enemies which are never far from assuming the proportions of one of the plagues of Egypt; and when we think how utterly unable we are to cope with this state of things without the co-operation of our furred and feathered friends, we should regard this co-operation as one of the most valuable assets of our national life.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *On Old Speyside*, *The Bernardine*, *The Ship of Shadows*, &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—FROM THE CULBINS TO SPEYSIDE.

PRESENTLY I heard cries on the right, and the crack of a pistol. I got to my feet, and striking into the wood in the direction of the shot, came upon the captain. He was on one knee, behind a tree, pistol in hand, and signalled to me to lie low beside him. In front of us was a space, about thirty yards wide, clear of trees, but covered with a tangle of broom, breast-high.

'He's in there,' Anthony whispered. 'We came on him suddenly in the wood. We got in a shot apiece. I heard him come down, but he ran on again, and for a while we lost him. Syne he appeared, and there'—he pointed to the farther edge of the broom—'he threw up his hands and fell. Monsher's slippin' roun' on the flank.'

In a minute or two Bertrand's head and shoulders appeared on the opposite side. He was going slowly, looking at the broom. Coming in a line with us, he waved to us to come across.

'I'll watch this side,' said Anthony.

I plunged into the midst of the strip, Bertrand watching the other side; but not a feather of the broom stirred. Not satisfied, I signalled to the others, and the three of us quartered the place across, up and down, from side to side, and top to bottom, patiently and thoroughly, but to no purpose. We drew blank.

'The deil's kind to his ain!' said Anthony. 'The brock has gi'en us the slip.'

We had come out at the end of the strip nearest the estuary, where a high bank sloped abruptly to shingle bordering a flat stretch of wet sand, with no 'cover' of any kind on it. There was nothing for it but to back with all speed to the edge of the Culbins and cross the Findhorn again to the port. Our mortification cannot be described. It was beyond the cold shackles of pen and ink.

Tired, outwitted, entirely out of conceit with ourselves, we started to trudge back along the water's edge. We had gone about a hundred yards, when Anthony stooped and picked up a pair of shoes. I looked at the brass buckles.

'Macdonell's!'

'Ay! Look!' The captain pointed to the wet sand.

The prints of stocking feet were plainly to be seen running toward the river. 'The water!' came from us all. Already the captain had the spyglass up, and was ranging the estuary.

'He has got the wind'ard o' us and no mistake,' said he. 'I come near to admirin' him! Can ye pick him up?'

I took the glass. A tiny black dot showed far away on the bright, smooth surface of the estuary, drifting with the current, but moving in a slant toward the land. It might have been a duck or a bit of driftwood; but gradually, as I looked, the dot grew to the head and shoulders of a swimming man. Coming to shallow water, he waded out, the light glinting on his white shirt, and reaching the bank, sat down and wrung the water from his hair. This done, he stood up, shaded his eyes, and looked across toward us. Then he saluted us twice with a low, mocking bow. It was Macdonell.

'I would give a hundred guineas for a boat,' groaned Bertrand. 'A man of resource! I wish I could admire him! He can swim like an otter. He must have slammed a fall, and then doubled back under cover of the broom to the water! Oh for a boat!'

'One thing at a time,' said I. 'He has the heels of us. He has won the trick. Let us concentrate on getting the French money safely south. After that, a man-hunt! He cannot hide for ever. If Left Hand does not face my sword again before long, it will be because I am dead.'

Macdonell was still standing watching us. He waved a hand as we turned from the water, and began to pick his way over the shingle. At the top of the slope he turned round, kissed his hand triumphantly, and disappeared among the tumbled hillocks.

Bertrand tossed the shoes into the water.

'I should not wish a beggar to stand in them.'

Philip must get another pair to die in. Let us go!' and, without another word, we turned our backs on the scene of our defeat.

At the Culbins, where I picked up my coat and sword, we made the crossing of the Findhorn, all aglitter in the sunlight, the quick-winged oyster-catchers piping round and round the boat.

The landlord, along with the mate and Innes, was at the jetty.

The man's broad face lengthened visibly when we told him that 'Mr Mortimer' was not likely to return. 'He hasna paid his lawin'—saxteen shillin's, no less!'

On condition that he made haste to spread a breakfast, Bertrand gave him a guinea, his gloom vanishing magically at the sight of it.

The mate had an easy task to guard Innes, who had sought nothing better than to sit and stare moodily into the fire.

Innes himself came to me, a gleam of hope in his eye. 'Where is he? Have ye—— Is he—is he dead?' he asked. When I told him that Left Hand had escaped he threw up his hands. 'I'm a lost man, then. He'll kill me.' He laid a hand on my arm. 'Ye'll take me with you? Ye'll no' turn me adrift now, Mr Layton!'

I told him that his future would depend on his loyalty to us, but I resolved not to let him out of sight until the safety of the French money was assured.

We were all dead-tired. To go on without sleep was a flat impossibility, but before resting, the three of us, after breakfast, held a council regarding our next move—the getting the French money on board the *Gannet*.

'Here's my mind on't,' Anthony said: 'The mate can bring the lugger in here th' morn. In that case, we can get the stuff on board at night, but gettin' her out is another story. The Preventive men ken her, and although the money isna contraband, it's French, and in these days it would be a braw excuse to send a King's man to her tiller. Nuh! If the *Gannet* lay off near where the money is hid, we might get on board at night, but we risk weather. Nuh! The best plan is for the lugger to lie where she is at Garmouth, until we manage to bring the siller there by land. Then, if the coast is clear, we can slip it on board, up anchor at the darkenin', and be round Rattray Head by mornin'. What say ye?'

We took the captain's advice, and, after ordering a couple of horses to be ready in the morning, lay down in the early afternoon; the mate on a couch across the door of Innes's room, and the rest of us in quarters cramped enough, but redeemed by the warmth and perfume of a peat fire.

In the morning I was awakened by the thunder of a heavy sea on the beach and the whoop of the wind round the gables. A nor-east gale

was blowing, driving against the windows wild bursts of rain that boded ill for the comfort of our passage through the hills to Speyside; but, black weather or fine, we had the day's business on hand. I hurried, shivering, into my clothes, to join the others at breakfast by candle-light. The horses were ready at the door, and at day-break we went out into the wild, dark morning. The wind was in our teeth, and an icy stinging rain sent us cowering under the lee of the horses, so that we made but slow progress, plodding doggedly on, heads bent to the gale; but the day promised the end of our adventure in the North, and the thought of it set the menace of the weather at naught.

The cold sky-land of clouds began to lighten slowly in the east, the outline of the coast just distinguishable in a gray smother of flying foam and spindrift, the awakened seafowl swinging, dipping, wheeling into the gale with inimitable cries. In a lift of the weather I got a glimpse of the Fountain Reef, its column bent in an arc by the force of the gale, a long tattered pennant of white trailing from its crest; and farther out, indescribably mournful, yet with a wild and mystical beauty in its setting of gray streaming weather, appeared at intervals the meek bowed head and clasped hands of the Virgin, the figurehead of the lost brig. The sky lowered again, and my last impression of that lonely place, except in dreams that I am glad to waken from, was a long callous procession of waves.

Striking obliquely through the sand-dunes toward the dense blanket of whins where we had secreted the French money, we found the hiding-place without difficulty, the bags safe and untouched, exactly as we had left them. To stow them into the panniers was the work of a few moments. They were then covered over with innocent-looking peats, surcingle of rope slung round the whole, and the little cavalcade started for the Spey valley.

'Keep close together,' was Anthony's last injunction. 'A mist on the hills might be a kittle business. Bar accidents, we'll be on board the *Gannet* before sundown.'

The wind, as we struck southward, was at our backs, an unspeakable relief, for our faces were smarting from the needles of the rain. We jogged on, keeping the horses at a brisk walk, Anthony guiding us a few yards in front. Smuggler, with his hand against authority, dodging the law, an ill character to meddle with, to us he had proved the staunchest of comrades, honest, resourceful, courageous. His livelihood had given him equipment beyond the ordinary law-abiding citizen. Most valuable for us, he knew the byways that the lighthousemen used for carrying contraband inland, leading us through wild moorland and wintry inhospitable-looking woods without a check. We would come to an apparently trackless waste, or a burn swollen

by the rain. A turn to right or left, and he had found a path or a ford, as though signposts invisible to us guided him. Not once did he lead us into a *cul-de-sac*. On we went, breasting uplands, through rain-discoloured streams, down steep slopes. Never a soul did we see but one man, a ragged-looking object who appeared suddenly from a hollow. He was looking for some strayed cattle, he told us, and asked if we had seen any; but as to whether he was a liar or not I am in two minds to this day.

We swung to the right, giving Elgin a wide berth (for towns meant inquisitive gossips and prying eyes), and after five or six hours crossed the little river Lossie above some waterfalls, and came to high moorland, brown, bare, a place of wide horizons.

'We'll no' see a reekin' lum now until we come down near the Spey ayont the hills,' Anthony told us; and indeed the place was

solitary to the last degree, no sound breaking the silence save the horses' monotonous hoof-beats and the strange wary calls of the moor-cocks.

The weather relented, the wind dying hard, the laggard sun clearing the sky of the ragged, discoloured remnants of the clouds, revealing the scalp of Ben Rinnes in the distance, powdered with white, the herald of the coming winter's snows. On our right the uplands stretched to the brown, windy heights of the 'Roof of Moray,' and for a couple of hours we took the gradual ascent along its flank. Just as we breasted an abrupt rise in the path the sun made a gallant stride, unveiling below us one of the fairest sights in Scotland—the Spey valley, the dark-green tartan of a forest of proud pines, shot here and there with a sparkling thread where the sun struck the bright steel chain of the river; beyond it the blue of broad-shouldered hills.

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THE SOCIAL EVOLUTION OF HONOURS.

By W. V. ROBERTS.

THE lists of King's Birthday and New Year Honours are issued with such punctilious regularity that few people, probably, stop to inquire how far they mark the progress of social evolution in this country. Of course everybody concedes that the old order has changed, giving place to new; that the peers of to-day are not the direct descendants of the barons who played so great a part in our early history down to the signing of Magna Charta or perhaps a little later. The title of 'thane,' for example, has fallen out of usage. Yet the thane was a man of rank in Anglo-Saxon life, required to hold land and other property, and to perform important duties. To-day he is known to many chiefly because of the part which the Thane of Glamis or the Thane of Cawdor is made by Shakespeare to play in *Macbeth*, which, by the way, takes us back to a time somewhere in the eleventh century.

But what is the chief characteristic of change as it affects social honours, and in what respect has tradition been continued or broken? One may trace the answer largely in the ownership or non-ownership of land. The power and authority of the ancient barons rested largely on land-ownership, and the association of the peerage with the land is a tradition that has persisted. Even to-day it is computed that members of the peerage own a third of the land of the United Kingdom; and there are those who, rightly or wrongly, define a 'gentleman' as one who owes his income to rentals derived from land, and who has not associated himself with 'trade.' It is recorded that as lately as the time of King George the Third the sovereign was averse to the elevation of any one to the peerage who was not a member of an old county

family, and counted, therefore, as one of the landed gentry. There was some stir when His Majesty George the Third conferred a barony of the United Kingdom upon Mr Robert Smith, a great banker of that day, under the title of Lord Carrington. But quite recently a descendant of that peer—one of the most popular men in society and politics—has become successively Earl Carrington and Marquis of Lincolnshire. With tradition once broken, the gap widened. Bankers, financiers, manufacturers, brewers, and others were admitted to the peerage, and the idea of ownership of land being the sole stepping-stone to a title has gone for ever. What, for instance, would peers of four or five hundred years ago have said to the creation of such peerages as those of Lord Macaulay, Lord Leighton, Lord Lister, or Lord Tennyson? Not one of the four could have claimed a peerage on the ground of landed possessions, and the gifts that distinguished them would hardly have been recognised. Now personal distinction is no bar but a pathway to the peerage, and 'trade' is no disqualification. The company-promoter is frequently alert to secure peers for his directorates, and more than one peer have opened shops in London for the sale of the products of their land.

To some extent the change in the position is illustrated by the change in the character of the title. Trace the various modifications for a moment. The duke is the highest of our modern titles. Most people would say at once that it is derived from the Latin *dux*, 'a leader.' Among the Normans the commanders of armies were called dukes—Duke William, Duke Richard, and Duke Robert, for

example. When Edward the Third introduced the title into this country he followed the fashion which had then come into vogue on the Continent, and styled his eldest son, the Black Prince, Duke of Cornwall, thus giving the title a place-name—in other words, associating it with land. The Duke of Cornwall has been a title of the eldest son of the British sovereign ever since, and the revenue from the lands of the duchy is still enormous. One may briefly recall, though the facts are well known, that other titles in the peerage which we have introduced from abroad also originally indicated connection with the land. That of marquis was first given to those who commanded the marches or border districts. The earl had charge of his county, and to this day the earl's wife is a countess. In the earl's absence with the king or Court the affairs of the county were conducted by his deputy or *vicecomes*, who survives in the viscount of to-day.

That association with the land was almost invariably emphasised with the place-name of the title. Even now, when a new peerage is conferred, there is a question whether the recipient will choose to be known by the name of any estate he may happen to possess, and many familiar surnames become lost in a place-name. Mr Disraeli, for example, became merged in the Earl of Beaconsfield. But the practice of adhering to the surname for the purpose of a title is growing, and has distinct advantages in maintaining identity, as any one may see by recalling such peerages as those already mentioned—Macaulay, Lister, Leighton, Tennyson; or by adding to the list the titles of Lords Wolseley, Roberts, Kitchener, Fisher, and many others.

A further change is to be noted in the frequency with which peerages are now created, amounting almost to democratisation. At the death of Queen Elizabeth the peers numbered only about sixty. James the First added forty-five, George the Third nearly four hundred, and Queen Victoria nearly three hundred. Now there are nearly seven hundred peers, and the numbers creep up almost every year, notwithstanding a steady stream of extinction through lack of male heirs. The holding of certain high offices, such as the Viceroyalty of India or Governor-Generalship of Canada, now usually means a step in the peerage. A peerage is generally given to the Speaker of the House of Commons on laying down office, because, as he has been First Commoner, no other dignity giving precedence above the First Commoner could be offered. Circumstances are constantly arising leading to the creation of new peerages. Thus for the part he played in the financial crisis which followed the outbreak of war a peerage was bestowed on the Governor of the Bank of England.

Another fact which marks the change from the old order to the new is that, whereas titles in the peerage are, as belonging to the older

order, hereditary, none of the newer orders of distinction, with the exception of the baronetcy, is hereditary, and the baronetcy was of course in its origin a monetary distinction. When James the First instituted it no less a sum than one thousand pounds had to be paid for each baronetcy, and not more than two hundred baronetcies were to be created. Both in England and in Ireland bestowal of the order was made the means of providing funds for defending the new plantation in Ulster, whence in the popular view the 'Red Hand' of Ulster. Later Charles the First extended the order to Scotland in association with the scheme for developing Nova Scotia, and something like three thousand pounds had to be paid for each baronetcy. But all these conditions were swept away when, with legislative union, came the recognition of baronetcies as an order of the United Kingdom.

A knighthood, of course, is not hereditary. It is an old title that figures largely in chivalry, story, poetry, and song. In recorded history it was conferred by King Richard the Second on William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, for mortally striking Wat Tyler to the ground, and many trace its present form to that incident. Queen Elizabeth thought it a sufficient honour for Francis Drake in recognition of his exploits on sea. Nowadays it is given with some freedom for service in the public weal in almost every sphere of activity.

But perhaps the most significant point to note is that, while in bygone days the sovereign rewarded a favourite with a grant of land or a peerage, the recognition of service to-day most frequently takes the form of appointment to one of the orders of distinction which are never hereditary. Two of these, however, may fairly be described as ancient. The Order of the Garter, legend says, dates back to the battle of Acre, when King Richard the First caused twenty-six knights who stood by him to wear thongs of leather about their legs. In its present form the order was founded by Edward the Third. The Garter is not now of leather, but of dark-blue velvet, edged with gold, and having a buckle and pendant of richly chased gold. Round the buckle is the motto of the order—'*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' As to this there is a tradition, difficult to prove or disprove, that at a Court ball the Countess of Salisbury, who stood high in the favour of King Edward the Third, dropped her garter. The King picked it up, and, observing some of his courtiers smile as though this were not an accident, exclaimed, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' Hence the adoption of the motto. In 1831 membership of the order was limited by statute to the Royal Family and twenty-five knight-companions (with occasional extra knights admitted by special statute), who are mainly chosen from foreign royal personages and men of the highest rank in this country.

The inclusion of foreign royalties recently led,

as readers will recall, to a very acute controversy. The Kaiser, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Württemberg, the German Crown Prince, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the Duke of Cumberland were all Knights of the Garter, and the question arose whether, owing to the character of the war, they could retain the dignity. Popular report said that the Kaiser resigned at the outbreak of hostilities, but this, it was found, had no legal effect, as no provision was made for the resignation of a knight. King George therefore solved the matter by striking all the eight names off the roll. The King of the Belgians received the honour in succession to his late uncle, King Leopold. The Earl of Rosebery, ex-Prime Minister, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, some time leader of the Opposition in the Lords, are Knights of the Garter. Sir Edward Grey is the only commoner holding the distinction, a Garter having been bestowed upon him some months ago in recognition of his work as Foreign Secretary. More recently, for his great services at the War Office, His Majesty conferred a Garter upon Lord Kitchener.

The Order of the Bath is usually counted as dating back to the fourteenth century. The honour of founding it is ascribed to Henry the Fourth, who, at his coronation, we are told, fixed the number at forty-six. It is said that the name is derived from the custom of bathing by the knights before receiving the golden spur, one of the insignia of the order. But the original form of the order became extinct. George the First revived the name under new conditions, military and civil sides have been introduced, and the number of knights and companions is unlimited.

The newer orders illustrate the growth both of the United Kingdom and the Empire. The Order of the Thistle is peculiarly Scottish; that of St Patrick is Irish. The Order of St Michael and St George specially marks the colonial service; while the Star of India, the Order of the Indian Empire, and the Kaisar-i-Hind, as the names imply, are reserved mainly for recognition of work relating to India. The further growth of rewards for service to the Empire may be traced in the establishment of

the Royal Victorian Order about the time of the Diamond Jubilee, thus setting a seal in some degree upon the many activities of Queen Victoria's reign; while the Imperial Service Order, inaugurated in 1902, marks the close of the Victorian era and the beginning of the short reign of King Edward the Seventh. Beside these are orders, notably the Distinguished Service Order, conferred in special recognition of military or naval distinction, as bestowal for many heroic acts during the progress of the war abundantly proves. Ladies have the Order of Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, and the Royal Red Cross, the last-named, of course, for the work of nursing. They may also be members of the Order of St John of Jerusalem.

Another reward greatly coveted, marking personal distinction rather than the possession of property, is membership of the Order of Merit. This again is a new order. It was instituted as recently as 1902. The sovereign may admit to it only twenty-four members, who must be subjects of the Crown 'who have rendered exceptionally meritorious service in navy, army, or the advancement of art, literature, and science.' Who shall say that that intention has not been maintained when it is seen that the members of the order have already included or now include such names in the army and navy as Wolseley, Roberts, Kitchener, French, Fisher, and Seymour, with in other walks of life names of such eminence as those of Lister, Huggins, Hooker, A. R. Wallace, Lord Rayleigh, Lord Bryce, Lord Morley, Lord Cromer, Alma Tadema, F. G. Watts, Holman Hunt, Sir William Crookes, Florence Nightingale, Thomas Hardy, Sir Archibald Geikie, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir J. J. Thomson, and Lord Haldane? Yet, while the Order of Merit ranks so high, its distinguishing letters O.M. pass almost unnoticed by the multitude. Like the Privy Councillor's P.C., the O.M. confers no title such as 'Sir,' and of course it is not hereditary. But in considering it, the idea that emerges is that the O.M. and all the other distinctions that have been enumerated are conferred not for territorial greatness, but for service in one of the myriad forms of activity that aid mankind or add lustre to the State.

BETTY GRIER.

By JOSEPH LAING WAUGH,

Author of *Robbie Doo*, *Cracks wi' Robbie Doo*, *Thornhill and its Worthies*, &c.

CHAPTER X.

THE painters have come and gone, and on the dining-room walls and woodwork they have left evidence of tasty, careful workmanship. John Boyes, to whom the question of wall-paper was referred, was of the opinion that the decorative scheme adopted by Mrs Black for her parlour

was not exactly applicable or advisable in our case; so Betty at once deferred to his better judgment, but warned us, all the same, that if the work didn't turn out a success we were not to blame her. There was, however, no occasion for what she calls 'castin' up,' as the room looks

exceedingly well, and we—that is, Betty and I—have complimented John Boyes, who likewise looks exceedingly well, not so much perhaps by reason of our commendation, but because his account was asked for and paid the day after the work was completed. I understand the general rule in the locality is to pay tradesmen's accounts once a year, and when I offered such prompt payment John was both surprised and perplexed.

'I thocht, Mr Russell,' he said, 'that you were satisfied wi' the job;' and he placed his hat on Betty's kitchen dresser, fastened a button in his coat, and stood on the defensive.

'And I *am* pleased with the job, Boyes,' I replied. 'You and your men have worked well, and—and whistled well,' I added, with a laugh; 'and in attending to this work just now you have suited my convenience.'

'Well—but—does it no' look as if ye warena pleased, when ye're payin' me so soon?'

'No, no, Boyes, you mustn't think that. I happen just now to have the money beside me, and now that the work is completed it is yours, not mine.'

'Oh, that puts a different complexion on the face o't, as the monkey said when he pented the cat green;' and he gave a cough of relief, and surreptitiously bit off a chew of brown twist. 'It's no' often that money's put doon on my pastin-table, as it were, an' it's braw an' welcome. I assure you I'll no' forget ye wi' leebral discoont, let me tell ye.' When he came back to receipt the account he borrowed a penny stamp from Betty, and with great deliberation and no little ceremony drew his pen several times through the pence column, completely obliterating the 8½d. 'Ye see, sir, when a gentleman treats me weel, I'm no' feart. We'll let the eichtpence ha'penny go to the deevil, an' that'll be five pounds six shillin's—nate, as it were.' He stowed the notes away down in his trousers-pocket, unbuttoned and rebuttoned his coat, and jocosely informed me that the price of liquid drier was on the rise, and he would now lay in a stock before the market was too high. An hour afterwards I saw him emerge from the side-door of the inn, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, and the term 'liquid drier' was to me stripped of any technical vagueness it had previously possessed.

I have rearranged all the old dining-room pictures so that, without discarding any of them, I shall have sufficient space for the painting of Nith Bridge which the Laurieston minister looked upon as a valuable asset to his bazaar. One day, when I was confined to bed upstairs, I pencilled a note to my confidential clerk in Edinburgh, asking him to find out in which of the five Lauriestons noted in the Post-Office Directory a bazaar was to be held, and to make sure of purchasing thereat a certain oil-painting of which I gave full particulars. Ormskirk is a

cute, long-headed chap; and, knowing the man well, I was really not surprised when yesterday morning I received a letter from him advising me that, without any difficulty, he had 'struck' the right Laurieston, and that through our corresponding agent in Falkirk the picture in question had been secured. Following out my instructions, he is getting it suitably framed; so I trust shortly to see the space filled which I am reserving for it.

Poor Betty has put herself to no end of trouble over the modernising of this room. She has planned and worked unceasingly; and as she couldn't be in two places or do two things at once, Nathan and I these last few days have been in a manner neglected. I was sorry to know of her toiling on late and early, and I told her to get a woman in to help her; but all she said, and that with a sniff, too, was, 'It may happen;' and for the first time I saw Betty's nose in the air. And now that everything is done that she recommended, she is regretting all the expense I have been put to, and bewailing the fact that 'eften a' it was hardly worth while.' 'It's a braw, braw room, Maister Weelum,' she said, as she surveyed it for the twentieth time from the doorway—'a braw room indeed, and I trust ye'll lang be spared to enjoy it. Ay, I do that;' and she sighed.

I looked keenly and quickly at her.

'No, no, Maister Weelum, I dinna mean that. I'm no a dabbler amang leaf-mould;' and she laughed cheerily. 'A' the same, an' jokin' apairt, I trust ye'll live to get the guid o'a' your ootlay. At ony rate, ye'll be gay bien here ower the winter. An' when ye're weel again, an' away back to yer wark in Embro', ye'll no' forget that ye have sic a place here. Somewey, I think ye'll get marrit sune—hoo I think sae I canna tell, but the look's comin' to your e'e—an' whatever the lucky leddy may be, ye needna be feart to bring her here, for it's a room fit for a duchess.'

The early fall of snow, which I shall ever associate with the doctor's love-story, was, after all, very slight, and except in the uplands, where it lies in the crevices gleaming white in the wintry sun, it has almost entirely disappeared. I have been allowed outside again, and, but for a little stiffness, due, the doctor says, to inaction, I am feeling wonderfully strong and even vigorous.

John Kellock the butcher is the nominal owner of an old bobtailed collie which rejoices in the name of Bang. Bang carries with him into old age many mementoes of his pugilistic days, not the least obvious of which are a tattered and limp ear and a short, deformed foreleg. He is long past active service, and only barks now from the shop-door when sheep pass along the village street; but he dearly loves a quiet dander down the pavement and along the country road with any one who has a mind to chum with him

and can keep step with his. John Sterling the shoemaker is also the nominal owner of a dog, a Dandie Dinmont named Jip, which was long a doughty antagonist of Bang, but he is now on the pension list too, and glad of congenial company of limited locomotive capabilities. So the three of us—all more or less ‘crocks,’ and mutually sympathetic—take a constitutional together almost every day. I have mentioned Jip last, but really it was he who made friends with me first. His master made no demur to Jip’s frequent strolls with me, as he himself leads a sedentary life, and no man knows better than he that a dog should get exercise; but since Jip has on more than one occasion taken French leave and remained overnight with me, I am afraid jealousy is springing up in the shoemaker’s breast. Bang noted the ripening acquaintanceship, and girmed disapproval as we passed the butcher’s shop; but I never neglected an opportunity of scratching his shaggy underjaw and talking coaxingly in a ‘doggie’ way to him, and so it came to pass that after following us bit by bit, day by day, he agreed with Jip to bury the hatchet, and we are now a happy trio and the very best of friends.

As companions in a country walk I prefer Bang and Jip to any man I know. I can be silent and meditative, and they don’t feel neglected or out of it; and when I am minded to talk, they, in the wag of the tail and the intelligent look of the eye, respond and approve. But they never trespass upon my attention or disturb my vein of thought.

At first, after our walk, when I reached Betty’s door, I asked them to come inside, but they stood with a dubious look in their eyes and with heads turned sideways. Then Jip evidently remembered that John Sterling had paid his license, and that he was in duty bound to make some show of recognition; so he walked sedately and with fixed purpose across the street, while Bang, with recurrent memories of truant acts associated with ash-plants, limped his way to Kellock’s door. Now, however, they have both flung discretion and fears to the winds, and accompany me to my fireside with an ‘at home’ sort of air, and just as if Betty’s abode were their own.

Betty has a cat, a very nice, comfortable-looking cat, with a glossy, well-cared-for fur, and a strong masculine face; and she often wonders why I take no notice of Jessie, as she, in her simplicity, misnames him. The truth is, God’s creatures, great and small, interest and appeal to me, but I cannot love cats. I admire their graceful movements, their agility, their cleanliness so far as their fur is concerned; but their eyes cannot draw me lovingly to them as a dog’s can, and I have the feeling that they are capable of loving only those who minister to their wants, and that they are putting up with domesticity because it assures them of food and shelter

without putting them to the trouble and inconvenience of seeking it for themselves. I am sorry I cannot love Jessie, but it can’t be helped. Jessie, I know, never loved me; and since Bang and Jip have got entry to the house I know she positively hates me.

This afternoon Bang and Jip accompanied me as usual in my stroll, and after I had leisurely surveyed all the countryside around, and the two dogs had to their hearts’ content explored every rat-run in the roots of the bordering hedgerows, we turned for home. For a little while I halted at Hastie’s gate, and watched with interest the northward rush of the afternoon express. I remembered how, when a boy, I used to stand at this coign of vantage, with my eyes riveted on the speeding trains, following them in imagination and desire through distant fields and woods, past towns I knew of only through my geography, on and away to the busy, bustling terminus on the Clyde, with its big houses, its long streets, and attractive shops. How I envied the driver on the footplate, and how I longed to be a passenger with him *en route* to the city which was then to me unknown and unexplored! *Experientia docet*; the express in its flight was as interesting to me as it was then, but the desire and longing to be in it were lacking. ‘No, no,’ I said to myself; ‘no bustling city for me at present. Here around me is life without veneer; here is the peace I crave; here, I feel, is the goal.’ The sound of approaching footsteps cut short my reverie. I turned my head, and for the second time I looked into the eyes of my dream-lady.

Had I had time to gather my wits and consider the situation, I should probably have recognised her presence by merely raising my hat, but this was denied me; and, acting on a sudden impulse, I went forward to meet her with my hand outstretched. With a look of surprise and, I imagined, annoyance, she stopped and regarded me earnestly for a moment. In a flash it came to me that we had never been introduced, and I blushed awkwardly and retreated a step, muttering an incoherent apology. Then ensued a long pause, an awkward silence. It was Bang who came to the rescue, and saved the situation. Wagging his scraggy apology for a tail, he sidled up to her, and in an ingratiating, wheedling way which only a dog possesses, he claimed her attention. She spoke to him, and stroked his shaggy head. Then Jip ventured forward, demanding his share of her favours, and she bent down and asked him his name. I remained tongue-tied and ill at ease, and was wishing myself a hundred miles away, when she suddenly looked toward me and smiled.

‘I consider a collie and a Dandie Dinmont ideal companions,’ she said. ‘They are evidently very much attached to you, and old friends are the best friends.’

‘Friends, yes; but they don’t belong to me,’

I replied. 'Bang here is an old pensioner of the village butcher, and wee Jip is the apple of our local shoemaker's eye. We've been good chums since I came down here, and I seldom go for a walk without them.'

'They weren't with you that day in Nithbank Wood?'

'No.'

'By the way,' she hastily interposed, as if glad of an opening, 'I am pleased to have met you again, and to see you are none the worse of your indiscretion in venturing so far when you weren't feeling fit. You have only one walking-stick now, instead of two, so I argue you are making good progress. Do you know,' she continued, and she gave me a look which set my heart thumping, 'I have, time and again, reproached myself for leaving you as I did. You acknowledged you had attempted too much, and you looked so helpless, so—so'—and she hesitated. 'What is that very expressive Scots word, now? So'—

'Forfaughten,' I hazarded.

'That's it—*forfaughten*; and you must have felt *forfaughten*, otherwise the word wouldn't have appealed to you as suitable.'

'Well, I admit now, I was, but at the time I didn't wish you, a lady and a stranger, to know it. Besides, you had already done a good deal for me, which, allow me to repeat, I shall not readily forget.'

I was gradually regaining the confidence I had lost, and felt inclined to say more, and to tell her of my dream and what her presence meant to me; but I restrained myself; and, pointing to the paint-box she carried, I changed the subject by asking her if she was finding much inspiration in our beautiful surroundings.

'Yes—oh yes!' she replied; 'it is a beautiful countryside, and the longer I live in it the more I see in it to admire. A wooded locality, such as this, looks at its best—at least from an artist's standpoint—in the late autumn, when sufficient foliage is shed to allow the gray-purple of the branches to mingle with the yellow and russet of the leaves. I am fortunate in being here at this particular time, and I have made quite a number of sketches, which I may work up later. But I am not really an artist. I am only a humble amateur, though I may to an extent have the eye of an artist—to appreciate all the beautiful sights, you know, and that, after all, is something. But I must be going. Good-afternoon; and I'm glad that you are getting on so nicely.—Good-bye, Bang.—Good-bye, Jip;' and she gave them a parting pat, and walked away.

It is a very slender hair to make a tether with, but somehow the fact of her remembering the dogs by name is a consoling thought, and a source of peculiar satisfaction to me.

(Continued on page 585.)

HOME-MADE WINE.

By Mrs DOUGLAS.

IN years when fruit is abundant there is no more delightful and easy way of using up surplus supplies than by making them into wine.

Wine-making, like other things, is very simple when you understand the process; yet the process of fermentation is one that, even in these days of more scientific education, is not always taught in schools. Fermentation, to define it in a literary rather than a scientific manner, is Nature's ingenious method of utilising her own fatal tendency to decomposition. Wine, bread, cheese, and beer are all triumphant results of judiciously directed decomposition. Man, not to be outdone by Nature, first aids and abets, and then imitates and improves upon her. Grape wine is Nature's own incomparable effort; for the grape, as Bacchus first discovered, supplies its own fermentation; it creates its own yeast, and the natural warmth of the climate in which it is grown aids its development. There was a curious habit in the old days, when the weather was inconveniently cool and the fermentation did not proceed as it ought to have done, of putting a man into the vat, that the natural heat of his body might stimulate fermentation!

The difference between grapes and other fruits,

as regards wine-making, lies in two things: first, that no other fruit has the inborn power of fermentation so strongly as the grape; second, that the acid of the grape is tartaric acid, which, when fermentation starts, precipitates itself on the edge of the cask and of the bottles in the form of cream of tartar, and so relieves the wine from any excess of acidity. The acid in most other fruits is mainly malic acid—sometimes there is oxalic or citric acid—which is not only an inferior acid, but lacks this power of precipitating itself, and so to these fruits a large amount of sugar must be added to counteract the acid that remains in the wine.

Thus the process of the home manufacture of British wines resolves itself into three stages: (1) the bruising of the fruit and the addition of water to extract the juice; (2) the sweetening of this juice with sugar, and putting it in a warm place to ferment, adding yeast when necessary; (3) after it has fermented, keeping it in a cask in a cool cellar until it matures, examining it, and fining it to attain clearness and sparkle.

One of the best wines that can still be made is gooseberry wine, for the gooseberry—called by an astute Scots gardener the vine of Scotland—

flourishes in the North long after it passes in the South. The plentiful rainfall in the North swells the berries, and in the South of Scotland you may make a gooseberry wine almost equal to sillery.

The gooseberries should be fully grown, but not too ripe. Pick and bruise the fruit, and put it in a large tub in the proportion of forty pounds of fruit to four gallons of water. The wise old wine-makers stirred and bruised the berries with their hands. After twenty-four hours the gooseberries are run or pressed through a big bag of either loosely woven flannel or canvas, and then to the juice thus obtained is added from twenty-five to thirty pounds of sugar, the quantity of liquid being made up, after the sugar has dissolved, to the amount of ten and a half gallons. All this is put in a tub and placed where it will attain a temperature of from fifty-five to sixty degrees Fahrenheit; the corner of a roomy old farm-kitchen is as good a place as any. Throw a blanket over the tub, and let it stand for from twelve to twenty-four hours, according to the time at which fermentation develops. When it has developed put it into a cask to continue its fermentation. It can be tested from time to time, and the fermentation stimulated, if necessary, by the addition of yeast. When the fermentation is complete the cask is removed to a cool cellar, and it can remain there until the spring, when it may be bottled. It will be clearer and brighter, however, if transferred to a clean cask about December. It should also be 'fined' with isinglass. The isinglass is dissolved in tartaric acid and water, and then added to the wine, as it has the quality of collecting all the impurities and carrying them to the bottom. Gooseberry wine should not be drunk under five years; some that has lain for twenty years attains a wonderful aroma.

Rhubarb wine is a good thing to make, because rhubarb grows so profusely that most gardeners have a difficulty in using it up. Take twenty-five pounds of rhubarb, wipe the stalks, lay them on a clean board, and bruise them with a flat-iron. Put them in a tub, add five gallons of

water, and let it stand for nine days, stirring occasionally. Strain the liquor thus obtained, and to each gallon add three pounds of sugar and the juice and half the rind of a lemon. Put it in a cask with two ounces of isinglass, and let it stand for a month to ferment. A little currant or damson juice improves the colour of rhubarb wine.

Rhubarb and gooseberry wines have been mentioned because these are products often too abundant. But the wine-maker, once he gets his hand in, is not content with commonplaces, and there is no end to the many curious things he may experiment in. There are the flower-wines—cowslip, marigold, and gilliflowers. Here we have poetic vintages worthy of the Japanese and his chrysanthemum salad. There is the birch wine made when the sap rises in the trees in March. 'Solerion' is 'a small wine' made in a quaint way with raisins, and 'Nants wine' may be cleverly counterfeited with raisins and elder-berries. Nants or Nantes wine, it may be mentioned, was a kind of brandy that owed its name to being shipped from the French port of that name. Scott refers to it in the *Pirate*: 'What a leer the villain gave me as he started the good Nants into the salt water.' After all, raisins are but dried grapes, and are very good to make wine with.

Brillat-Savarin rates the desire for wine extremely high. He considers that and the anxiety about a future state to be the two things that separate men from beasts—to be, in fact, their most distinctive attributes; 'the masterpiece of the last cosmical revolution,' as he largely but vaguely puts it.

Here is a recipe for 'Ebum Drink' from an ancient book: 'Put one peck of Elder berries to the quantity of halfe a hogshead of Ale 2 penny worth of Cloves and mace bruise all your Spices boyle all together with the berrys till they breake, then strain them through a Straining Sive and when 'tis coole as your usuall wort put barm to it as to beer. There must be some hops be boyl'd in it. And when fitt to bottle, bottle it with a lumpe of loave Sugar it will drink much ye more Lively. It is good for ye Spleen or Dropsy.' The writer of this recipe is deliciously sparing in punctuation.

HIS OWN PETARD.

By GURNER GILLMAN, Author of *The Making of a Bishop, &c.*

THE Bishop came briskly into the room. In his right hand he was carrying a gentleman's visiting-card, and on his forehead there was a tiny pucker of doubt. The young man who was looking out of the window turned round quickly.

'I can spare you five minutes; no more, Mr—— Here the Bishop paused, referred to the card he held, and added, 'Harcourt.'

'It is good of you to see me at all, my lord,' Mr Harcourt said nervously.

The Bishop waved him to a chair. 'Not at all! I endeavour to do my duty at all times, Mr—er—Harcourt. You are not one of my clergy, I think?'

'No, my lord; I am in the Exeter diocese. But I have heard such glowing accounts, if I may say so, of your lordship's grasp of affairs and capability for giving advice that I have ventured to intrude upon you thus.'

The Bishop beamed. 'And may I know the name of your informant?' he asked.

'It was your lordship's daughter,' Mr Harcourt replied.

'Not an impartial judge, I fear,' said the Bishop.

'Your daughter, my lord,' went on Mr Harcourt hastily, 'happened to become acquainted with the fact that I stood in need of advice, and heartily recommended that I should come to you.'

'Well, well! we must come to the point,' observed the Bishop. 'The fact is, Mr Harcourt, that I am momentarily expecting the arrival home of my daughter. She has been away from home for a month, and I must be free to welcome her.'

'I will not detain you, my lord. Perhaps another time'—Mr Harcourt was horribly nervous, a fact that did not escape the Bishop. The young man had perched himself on the extreme edge of his chair, and was fumbling awkwardly with his hat.

'There is no time like the present,' observed the Bishop. 'Pray proceed.'

'The matter upon which I wished to consult your lordship is of a somewhat delicate nature;' and Mr Harcourt coughed deprecatingly.

'The old tale, I perceive. A girl!' And the Bishop emitted something that was first cousin to a chuckle.

'Yes, my lord! A girl!'

'Girls,' declared the Bishop sententiously, 'are the curse of the younger clergy. They defer to them, they flatter them, they surround them with an atmosphere of adulation, and they spoil them. Oh, I know—I know, Mr Harcourt! I was a curate once. Some woman has been setting her cap at you, eh?'

'Not exactly, my lord. I am afraid that I'—

'Quite so, my dear lad! Quite so! You think that you have been the hunter, whereas, in fact, you have been the hunted. That is mere feminine diplomacy, and is as old as our common mother herself.'

'In justice to the lady, my lord'—

'Don't worry about the lady. She is in very capable hands, believe me—her own. Simply drop her! Have no explanations, or you will become the worse entangled.'

'But, my lord'—

'I will not listen to a single but!' declared the bishop heartily. 'You have been a little foolish, a little indiscreet, shall we say? In his young days who has not? But to continue in folly is worse than foolishness; to pursue the path of indiscretion is lunacy. Now, Mr Harcourt, listen to me. You must be master of yourself. You know the greatness of that. And the man who is master of himself can compel his inclination to walk hand-in-hand with his ambition.'

The Bishop rose from his chair. He regarded Mr Harcourt as a crowded congregation, ready

to pick up the pearls of wisdom that dropped from his lips. 'When I was a young man, Mr Harcourt, old enough to know better, but a young man, I experienced a tenderness for a girl just as enchanting as the lady who is not named between us. And I saw, as you see, the folly of what I was about to do, and I uprooted that tenderness from my heart. What followed? I schooled my inclination till it was ready and willing to walk with my ambition. And as a result I married the Archbishop's daughter.'

'But, my lord,' protested Mr Harcourt, 'I do not happen to be the Archbishop's secretary; and, even had I the honour, his Grace has no daughter.'

The Bishop laughed. 'You are a very literal young man,' he said. 'I am not suggesting that you should seek a wife at Lambeth. I am merely laying down certain main principles.'

'Your lordship suggests, if I understand rightly, that the daughter of a Bishop would do equally as well.'

'I did not say that, Mr Harcourt. I should be sorry to advise you generally; but even an Archdeacon as a father-in-law would not be calculated to prove a hindrance to your advancement in the Church.'

'May I say,' said Mr Harcourt, 'that your lordship's daughter is very charming'—

The Bishop held up his hand warningly. 'We will not become personal,' he said with a touch of asperity. 'My daughter is my daughter, and her name must be kept out of discussions of this kind. Do not think that I wish to be severe, Mr Harcourt; but it is my considered opinion that you made an error of taste there. May I ask if you have a benefice?'

'No, my lord. At the moment I am an unemployed curate. I have a few hundreds a year of my own, which fortunately enable me to pick and choose my vicars.'

'I agree that you are fortunate. There are vicars and vicars. I had my experience years ago. Have you any other questions you wish to ask me?'

'I had several, my lord; but they seem to me to be unnecessary now.'

'I am glad to hear you say so. That means that my advice has not fallen upon stony ground.'

'And yet, my lord, somehow your advice seems to have a worldly flavour.'

'Admitted! admitted!' agreed the Bishop graciously. 'You will observe, though, Mr Harcourt, that I have advised you to do nothing that can be called mean or mercenary. I have counselled you to conquer yourself, a deed which, as St Paul reminds us, confers greatness upon a man. I told you that it was an essential that you should be able to command your inclination. I do not forget the teaching of the Church concerning Holy Matrimony. When

you marry you will promise to love your wife, and you will perjure yourself at the altar if you are not able to do so. All that I say is, love wisely.'

'I follow your lordship. There is one further difficulty which presents itself to me. Bishops and Archdeacons do not give their daughters in marriage to unbeneficed priests who lack influence.'

The Bishop laughed gleefully, 'I fear,' he said, 'that yours, Mr Harcourt, is the faint heart that never won a fair lady. And that is what you have to do. Win the lady first. Her father is a secondary matter. Ways and means of overcoming parental opposition will suggest themselves to you, or to the lady, when the time comes, depend upon it. I know that they did in my case. I have no time to tell you the whole story now, or I would do so; but I assure you that my father-in-law did not receive my proposition for his daughter's hand with that enthusiasm I could have wished or that I considered that my attainments warranted. To tell the truth, he accused me of all kinds of things of which I was innocent. He accused me of having abused his confidence, and the like. But being a wise man, he bowed to the inevitable when he realised that it was the inevitable that had come upon him. The story is pretty well known; I wonder that you have not heard it.'

'I think that I have heard something of it, my lord. You must have been a very resolute young man.'

'I think that I may say without conceit that I was,' the Bishop admitted. 'And that is my last word to you, young man: be wise and be resolute! Ah, I hear the car! Here is my daughter. I must beg of you to excuse me.'

'Just a moment more, my lord.'

'Not one!' said the Bishop with decision, and made toward the door.

Mr Harcourt, overcome by nervous trepidation, caught the prelate by the tail of his coat. 'My lord,' he said, 'supposing'—

The Bishop turned upon him, his face flushed with anger. 'You presume very greatly,' he said. 'Leave go of my coat at once! I positively decline to hear another word.'

'But, my lord, I insist.'

Mr Harcourt had succeeded at last.

The Bishop turned on him, his face now purple with outraged dignity. 'You dare to use the word insist to me!' he said. 'I have received you here. I have listened to you. I have given advice of great value. I have treated you, a stranger, as though you were my son, and you speak to me of insisting! You have more resolution than I thought.' And his lordship laughed nastily. 'Leave my house at once, Mr Harcourt, and never dare to come here again. Such insolence passes all'—

But what his insolence passed Mr Harcourt was never destined to hear, for the episcopal eloquence was cut short by the opening of the door of the room and the entrance of a radiant girl.

'Oh dad! dad!' she said, holding out both hands to the angry Bishop, 'it is good to see you again.'

The Bishop forgot his anger in the sunshine of that smile, and took the hands held out to him, and kissed their owner on the lips with fond pride. And for the moment Mr Harcourt too was forgotten.

Quite suddenly the Bishop released his daughter's left hand, which he had been holding in his right. He had felt the touch of smooth metal, and had experienced a sense of shock. He looked down at the hand he had just released, and saw the plain gold band adorning it. 'Barbara! Babbie!' he cried sharply.

The girl held out her hand to Mr Harcourt, who took it.

'With the greatest resolution, we acted this morning upon the excellent advice your lordship has given me,' the young man said.

For one—two moments the Bishop did not know whether to be furious or to laugh. Then a rush of paternal feeling overcame him. 'You love her?' he asked, looking Harcourt squarely in the eyes.

The young man, whose nervousness was past, laughed frankly. 'My inclination walks with my ambition,' he said.

Then with great boldness he kissed his bride.

OUR INCOMPARABLE INFANTRY.

THEY go, arrayed in splendid power,
By dark and silent ways,
To meet the full, tremendous hour
That crowns their waiting days.

They sweep, a great, resistless tide,
Through fire and flame and shell,
To shatter with triumphant pride
The armaments of hell.

But where they press, to do and die,
A phantom army stands,
Holding a guiding torch on high,
With strong unfaltering hands.

The flames their broken line reveal
Shall still undarkened shine,
As when they stood, a wall of steel,
And held the British line!

The first to go, the first to fall,
With lavish blood outpoured,
They heard the far, faint bugle-call,
They saw the unsheathed sword.

Britain shall lay her honour low,
Shall fling her crown away,
If she forget those first to go—
The men who showed the way!

G. ROBERTSON GLASGOW.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

A MEMORY OF LOCHLEVEN.

By H. HILTON BROWN.

THERE is but one 'memory' of Lochleven. When we invoke the recollection of the past we invariably think of the beautiful and unfortunate queen who was imprisoned in its small and dingy Castle. But the story of that tragic imprisonment has been told once for all in the pages of *The Abbot*, and it is not for me to retouch a tale which has been immortalised by Sir Walter. The memory which I seek to recall is far more ancient than the episode of the unhappy Mary, and of a totally different character.

I was seated on the northern slope of Benarty when the idea came to me. Beneath me extended the placid surface of the lake, lying like a great mirror fashioned in the shape of a heart. In the lower right-hand corner was St Serf's Isle, in the upper right-hand the Castle Island, with its ruins dimly visible. Along its eastern banks the grim slopes of the Bishop's Hill towered above the villages of Scotlandwell and Kinnesswood, and were themselves overtopped by the twin peaks of the Fifeshire Lomonds. Behind and to the left of the Castle Island the gray smoke of Kinross rose straight up in the still air, while in the distant background I saw in the east the tall chimneys of Leslie, and in the west the gray-green mass of the Ochils.

As I looked I was reminded of a bold feat performed here by Sir William Wallace. It has been overshadowed in popular estimation by greater deeds of that hero, and has been forgotten by most historians; yet it is worthy of being kept in remembrance, because it has something to teach us. The incident is graphically told in the verses of Blind Harry. The bard wrote a couple of centuries later, but in this instance he has probably preserved an authentic tradition. His narrative of the deeds of Wallace is frequently marred by gross exaggerations, and even by statements that are utterly incredible; but it has been corroborated by documentary evidence in so many small details that we are justified in accepting it as truthful when it relates facts that do not strain our credulity too far. The episode of Lochleven is in itself a credible story.

Sir William had cleared the English out of such minor strongholds as they had secured in Fife, and turned his attention to further efforts in the north. The map of Scotland shows what a peculiar situation is occupied by the county of

Fife. Water surrounds it on every side except the west, where for a considerable distance it is fenced from the rest of the country by a natural rampart and moat, consisting of the two Lomonds and Lochleven. Wallace would probably leave the county by the comparatively open passes north or south of this barrier, and he seems to have chosen the latter, as the minstrel brings him to the south-east corner of the loch.

From time immemorial the great road to the north, whether footpath, bridle-track, turnpike road, or railway line, has passed up the west side of Lochleven. In consequence of this fact, the Castle on the island was a point of strategic importance, commanding the main thoroughfare which linked north and south together. The King of England was too good a general to neglect this position, and had placed a garrison in the Castle. As the waters of the lake cut off approach from the shore, as the fortress was beyond the range of any missile then known to the military art, as there was but a single boat available, and that one was moored at the island, the position might well have been deemed impregnable.

When the shrewd and valiant Dugald Dalgetty was criticising the strength of the Castle of Ardenvohr, he said to Sir Duncan Campbell that no fortress, 'however secure in its situation, is to be accounted altogether invincible, or, as they say, impregnable.' So it proved in the case of Lochleven. Wallace picked eighteen trusty men, and stationed them on the shore of the loch. He himself swam in the dark out to the island. It is easy to state the bald fact and think little of it, but the feat was very daring. It is always dangerous to swim in a Scottish loch after dark. The cold, black water chills the blood, and the gloomy shadows of the surrounding hills, rising against the dim light overhead, produce feelings of solemnity and awe sufficient to quell the bravest heart. Wallace was not a man to be frightened by mere feelings, yet there were considerations which even he must have known to be serious. Swimming out from the shore into darkness, he might err in the matter of direction. The island and Castle stood too low to be visible from the water-level at night, and had he passed them he would have been challenged by the English sentinels. Added to this,

there was the obvious risk of being heard or seen as he approached, and discovery meant death.

The upshot proved the soundness of his judgment. He steered a true course, and landed on the island without being heard or seen. The boat was quietly launched and rowed to the shore. The trusty eighteen embarked and reached the Castle. The garrison were completely taken by surprise, for they had placed too much confidence in the insular position of the stronghold.

The possession of this place was of much consequence to Wallace. He was on his way to the north to raise levies for the Scottish army which afterwards met and defeated the English at Stirling. A fortified position in the hands of the enemy, set directly on his line of communication, and not only acting as a menace to parties of his own troops, but also serving as an outpost for those of his opponent, would have fatally interfered with his plans. In this incident, therefore, we recall the memory not only of a gallant deed, but of a success which had no small bearing on the history of Scotland.

The story of Sir William Wallace, taken as a whole, is one of many instances in history which demonstrate that to self-denying resolution and courage nothing is impossible. His career was truly remarkable, even after we discard the legendary embellishments which would make him superhuman. His gifts as a political and military leader were of the highest order. The strategy and tactics which he used in the management of an army vastly inferior both in numbers and equipment to that by which he was opposed were worthy of the great masters of the art of war; the diplomacy and firmness which he displayed in promoting the interests of Scotland before the Courts of France and Rome were of a quality rarely found combined with military genius. But these characteristics were more or less shared by other great Scotsmen, such as Bruce and Douglas. The outstanding attribute of Wallace was something very different from such qualities, and far higher.

When he first appeared upon the scene his country was sorely in need of a leader in whom the people could trust. The Scottish nobles, who ought to have been the leaders of the nation, were too deeply interested in personal claims to the throne of Scotland, or to large baronies in England, to be reliable guardians of the national liberty and honour. Sir William Wallace, from his rank as a knight, was entitled to command an army in the field, and he had no personal claim to put forward, no individual ambition to serve. His interest was at one with the interest of the Scots, and, like them, he sought only the independence of his country. His aims were not vitiated by ambition. It is touching to observe the scrupulous care with which he made it clear in every letter and proclamation that he represented the Scots king and people, and took care that whenever his name was coupled with

that of another leader it was placed last. His nature was most noble and unselfish.

There is an aspect of the War of Scottish Independence which is often ignored. One of the chief results of the struggle was the salutary lesson it taught to the haughty mail-clad knights. They had hitherto deemed themselves invincible in conflict with those whom they contemptuously regarded as an inferior race; but Sir William showed them that peasants and artisans, on suitable ground and properly led, could inflict crushing defeat on the proudest chivalry of Europe. This truth was confirmed on many a subsequent field, and the knowledge laid the foundation of the modern conception of warfare.

One reflection arising out of these events may close this memory, and happily it is comforting, especially at this juncture, when the forces of the British Empire are being marshalled to maintain the cause of truth, honour, and freedom. We have been assured by pessimistic writers and others that the British race is decadent. We have become, they say, neurotic, self-seeking, greedy for money, eager for pleasure, and deficient in patriotic spirit. It has been asserted over and over again that in a national crisis we should be found wanting. Sweeping generalisations are always dangerous, and this instance is no exception. The glorious rally of the sons of the Empire has given the lie direct to these miserable allegations. But apart from this, we might have inferred the folly of such *à priori* judgments from the lesson taught to us by the history of Wallace and the Scottish War of Independence. There was never a nation which seemed more hopelessly sunk in apathy and deserted by its natural leaders than Scotland at the end of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth. Then, if at any time, one might have predicted the disasters which were bound to follow selfish schemes and restless ambition. The king was a puppet in the hands of a powerful and unscrupulous opponent. The nobles were mostly time-servers, eager to save their rich fiefs in England, even though in so doing they should sacrifice their Scottish allegiance and the honour and liberty of their native land. The people were poor, oppressed, disorganised, and without leaders in whom they could place confidence. No conditions could appear more desperate; and yet it was in this seemingly decadent period, and at this apparently hopeless crisis, that there appeared for her deliverance one of the most noble, courageous, and unselfish of patriots.

May we not, therefore, take courage and disregard the pessimists? So long as Britain is true to her high traditions, so long as she maintains inviolate her faith and pledged word, so long as she is ready to fight for truth, honour, and freedom, so long will she prevail, and the forces of violence and mean treachery, though clad in triple mail, will go down before her. In the day of her necessity there will always be found another Wallace.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—*continued.*

THE sight filled me with elation. Peat-reek rose from farm-steadings and cottages dotted in the distance, the great strath, placid in the sun, holding a suggestion of peace and quiet after our days and nights of wind and weather, strained nerves, tired bodies, and meetings with violent men. It held, too, the promise of our journey's end. I saw us, in a few hours at most, sitting safe round the fire and at good cheer in the 'Norway Lass' at Garmouth; the *Gannet* waiting, ready for sea; the voyage over; a vision of Charlotte and cloudless days in store for us two together.

'*En avant!*' Bertrand called gaily, with a clap on my shoulder that scattered my day-dreams. 'Are you asleep, *mon vieux*? The captain, too, he is what you call mesmerised!'

Anthony, a little way in front, was gazing up the strath, in the only fit of abstraction I ever saw him surrender to.

'What are you looking at, captain?'

'Hame. Ayont the hills there up the Spey I was born. It lies in the howe ten miles up the strath, in the bield by the river. I havena seen the place for guid kens the years. Whiles I think I'll turn my back on the unchancy business o' "free-tradin'," and rest content wi' a snod bit farm in the glen; but, man, I doot I'd be thinkin' lang to have the tiller in my hand. Every voyage had to be the last, and here I am at it still, and like to be till the North Sea gets my bones. When I'm at sea the Spey calls to me, and if I'm a week ashore the sea cries "Come back;" and so it will be to the end o' the ballant.'

'Tis a noble valley. It reminds me of many in France,' said Bertrand mischievously.

'France! Where ever did you see the like o't in France?' the captain snorted contemptuously. It was plain that to him nothing could compare with the stream of his youth. 'Na! na! There is no river like it. D'ye no ken the sang:

Wander east, wander west,
By Nith, Tweed, or Tay,
But seek North for the best,
The lang run o' Spey?'

I think these were the lines. Truly, they went on crutches; but Anthony ended the doggerel on a note of triumphant finality, and put the horses forward as one who had closed the subject. We allowed him the last word. After all, patriotism, whatever the logicians may say, is for any man a cleansing and redeeming thing, and in the Scots a noble passion. Many times since then I have met Speyside men far from the heather, and heard their voices soften at the memory of their river of the mountains.

The track dropped gradually until we came

to fairly level country, and beside a burn we loosened the girths and watered the horses.

While we rested, a man appeared a little way off, and vanished into the heart of a bunch of spruce. He was perhaps only an inquisitive rustic, but I was uneasy, and when the bushes at the edge shook more than the wind warranted, I went forward to them. But he was too quick for me. He had heard or seen me and made off.

'We saw him,' said Bertrand when I rejoined them; 'a scarecrow of a man, running like a hare. Innes says he is the same one who asked us about the cattle.'

Innes struck in with, 'He is a scout of Macdonell, like enough.' His white face said more than his words.

'Maybe!' said the captain; 'maybe! Standin' lookin' at each ither 'll no' strauchten matters. Let us push on, and keep well in the open.'

All turned to the horses at the words, the panniers were re-slung, and we went forward to the last stage of the descent to the levels of the Spey, along the downward slope of a great hog's back of country.

Innes was plainly terror-ridden, keeping between the horses, peering around him in an agony of suspicion of every bush. Though I loathed the sight of the craven, and the sound of his voice harping on premonitions, nevertheless he had good grounds for fear, and every yard we went we kept a strict watch.

The Spey's voice grew from a murmur to a hoarse and clamorous sound as we drew nearer, to find it swollen by rain and innumerable hill-burns, abrim from bank to bank with the swiftest river current that I have seen.

'She's risin',' said Anthony. 'If it's still rainin' up-country she'll be in spate in an hour or twa. We are safe so far, for we kept off kenned roads; but if the man on the hill is a spy o' Left Hand, ony mischance might happen atween here and the mouth o' the Spey. I'm no just easy aboot it; so I commend a safer plan than the horses and the road—ay! and a quicker. It's to gang by water. There are "floaters" comin' down Spey every day, and a guinea or two will be wisely wared on them. We may find some there, like enough!'

He pointed to a plume of peat-reek, which turned out to be from the clachan of Rothas, a drab-looking handful of clay-built, thatched-roof cottages about half a mile from the river's bank. Notwithstanding its squalor, the place, like all north-country clachans, possessed a change-house, and thither the captain led us. A raucous sound of rough voices singing came through the window. Standing by the horses, we consumed oatcakes and some new and fiery spirits, the only liquor

the house boasted. The goodwife who brought the stuff to us was a buxom dame. She took two looks at Anthony before she spoke, and her first words roused us like an alarm-bell.

'If I'm no wrang,' she began, 'I had a gentleman here speirin' for ye the day.'

'Very likely!' quoth Anthony glibly. 'We're half-expectin' to meet some folks here. Wha was he?'

'He didna say. 'Twas the best o' an hour syne.'

'Whatna way did ye ken it was me he was seekin'?''

'Weel, it's no' your faut, I'm thinkin',' said she, after a moment's hesitation, born of a struggle between politeness and direct speech; 'but, if ye maun have it, he said I would ken ye by an afflektion—that ye had but a single e'e, and no offence to ye!'

'Ye've twa o' the best o' them, mistress,' said Anthony gallantly. 'I think maybe 'tis the gentleman we ken. D'ye mind on what he was like?'

'Fine that! A big, upstandin' man, weel put on, but his claes sair connached wi' travel, and he had his brogues stolen, he said. The souter gied him a pair.'

Anthony gave us a glance. 'He's no inside by any chance?'

'No. There's only some "floaters" havin' a spell off.'

'Weel, mistress, we'll mak' a clean breist o' it. If I'm no wrang, the stuff we're drinkin' never paid a saxpence to King George, and we here happen to be in the free-trade oursel's. The gentleman ye saw is neither mair nor less than a preventive officer. If he lost his brogues, it's maybe less than he deserves. We would as lief see the deil, and that's the truth. We'll see the inside o' Elgin jyle unless ye can help us!'

The word 'preventive' wrought like magic. The good woman poured the vials of her wrath with astonishing fluency on all such interference with honest folk. She had a 'good-brother' who had to flee the countryside because of them. By this thing and the other they were the curse of the country. She would never lift a finger to help the likes of them—never! She was our ally on the spot.

'It's like this, mem,' Anthony went on when she paused from sheer want of breath. 'There's a warrant out for us,' he lied easily. 'If we gang by the road wi' the horses, as like as no' we'll be taken. I've no mind to risk it. But gi'e me a word by your lane.'

The two went into the house. The singing suddenly ceased, and in a few minutes the captain came out with the goodwife, and along with them a couple of the 'floaters,' as rough-looking characters as could well be imagined, one of them tall, lean, and bony; the other a shaggy, red-haired youngster in a ragged kilt; both of them reeking of whisky. A rough and dangerous life

theirs, and a hard-drinking one, I was told, but in the main the Spey 'floaters' were men of nerve and brawn, as demanded by their calling.

We gave good-bye to the dame, and with the horses followed the men across a haugh to the river's edge, where a 'float' lay moored in the shallows. This was a number of newly felled tree-trunks chained together. They had been felled far up the Spey, in the big forest of Badenoch, and were being floated down the river to Garmouth, to the shipbuilding yards there. The two men had been on the 'float' for many hours, and had run ashore for a rest and a 'dram.'

The panniers were lifted on to the raft, and the horses sent back to Rothes to wait our orders.

'A guinea apiece, lads, when we are down Spey,' said Anthony. (I dare say this was more than they had ever dreamed of making honestly in a couple of hours.) 'Ye ken the river?'

'We could tak' ye doon i' the dark, captain.'

'Cast off, then, and move lively. We're in a hurry!'

The two men slipped the cable. Each took up a long pole, very thick, and shod with iron, and shoved off. The strange craft's snout was soon in deep water, the hand of the current caught it, and the mass swung slowly into mid-stream. Except Innes, who was nearer the front of the float, we sat amidships, where the panniers were. The two men stood upright, pole in hand, watchful eyes on the river, guiding us with surprising skill. They knew every shallow and every bend of the river by heart. Once my throat went dry, for the 'float' suddenly checked, veered round broadside to the current; the swift current was dammed for a moment, and a rush of icy-cold water brimmed over the edge and made us jump to our feet. It came up to our knees and was gone in a moment; but the two pilots scarcely gave it a glance. Next moment we shot, head on, as it seemed, to a huge knuckle of a rock thrust out from the bank into the swirling brown water. I shut my eyes and held on, but there was no concussion. The man in front, eye, hand, and muscle balanced and co-ordinate, timed his action to a second. The 'float' knew and answered the master's hand, and shot safely round the sharp bend like a live, conscious thing.

'Well handled!' called the captain. . . . 'My God! what's that?'

'That' was the sharp crack of a pistol. Innes, on one knee in the front, put his hands to his throat and staggered to his feet.

'Hold him!' some one shouted. The 'floater' sprang, too late. Innes, with a choked cry, lurched into the current. A red tinge stained the surface.

A second shot rang out, spattering the face of Hugh Scott, the mate, with peat from the top of one of the panniers.

We dropped instantly to what cover we found, the captain, Scott, and I in the shelter of the

panniers, Bertrand and the two 'floaters' wriggling behind a big pine's bulwark. From where I crouched I could see something dark in the broken water in our wake. It was Innes. He had come up, and was struggling desperately to get clear of the current. He went under twice, came up again, this time with head and shoulders clear, nearer the bank, and half wading, staggered into the shallows and fell, to crawl slowly foot by foot nearer to the bank. He was two or three yards from the shingle, when from behind a boulder rose the figure of Macdonell. He stood erect, arms folded, watching the wretched crawling object in the shallows.

'We'll be out o' range! Quick!' said Anthony.

I took careful aim and fired. The bullet hit the shingle. The captain's and Bertrand's pistols rang out in quick succession, too late. There were a harmless couple of *zippys* on the water. We were out of range. The two 'floaters' ran to the front and heaved against

the poles; but the current was fierce, the momentum of the great raft tremendous. We drifted thirty yards before I felt it check.

Macdonell fired once at the raft, more, I think, to assure himself of the range than with a hope of winging any of us. He walked without haste down to the shingle and bent over the doomed man. I saw his hand rise and fall twice, and with the first blow a faint scream reached us. Then Macdonell waded out waist-deep with his limp burden into the river, and held it under water.

Anthony had shouted to the 'floaters' to bring us nearer the shallows. The 'float's' bows were swinging slowly round. We were ready to jump; but Macdonell saw the movement. Watching us warily, he backed a yard or two, swung the dead man up over his shoulder, and heaved him far into mid-stream. It was the last of Innes. The murderer waded out, washed his hands in the water, ran across the shingle, and vanished into the dense cover of the brake.

(Continued on page 596.)

MORE LINKS IN THE CHAIN OF LIFE.

By AUBREY CRASHAW DENHAM.*

IN an interesting article by Miss Winifred Jones, entitled 'Some Links in the Chain of Life,' which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* for November 1913, it is stated that with the death of the 'Warsaw Jew,' in 1912, there died probably the last man who could boast of having seen Napoleon. As the point is one of some general interest, it may at once be said that this assertion is incorrect. There are still living at the present day two men who, in their now far-distant youth, not only saw, but had the honour of conversing with, the great Emperor.

The elder of these two links with a famous past is a Cossack of the Don named Peter Laptieff, who is now one hundred and twenty-one years old, having been born on 29th June 1794. He was one of the eight Russian survivors who in 1912 took part in the celebrations of the centenary of the Battle of Borodino (styled by the French *La Moskova*). This hardy old veteran related his experiences of 1812, when he was living in the province of Vilna, in the following terms:

'When we heard the French were coming into Sventsian (a small district town in the province of Vilna), the whole of our family fled, with what they could carry away with them, into the Tsvikminsky woods, about three miles off, and there we concealed ourselves from the enemy for three or four days. But I could not resist a desire to see the French soldiery, and in order to get a sight of them I left the family and made

my way through the forest to the Ekaterinsky road. My plan was to climb into a tree and look on. The French at last noticed me, and I was taken prisoner and marched into Sventsian.

'The next morning they conducted me to the house where Napoleon was lodged (Girutsia's house in Vilna Street). The Emperor was sitting on the balcony and drinking coffee. He asked me through a Polish interpreter whether I knew well the road to Düna, now Dvinsk. I replied that I knew it. Napoleon then ordered me to show the way to a vanguard detachment of his army. We marched, with short intervals of rest, for thirty-five hours. During one of the halts, when the watch over me was relaxed, I managed to escape and disappear into the forest, where I wandered about for nearly a week, until I found my father near Sventsian.'

Subsequently Laptieff fought at Borodino, and later served in the Crimean war and in the suppression of the Polish insurrection of 1861-63. He eventually settled down to a commercial career, as the proprietor and manager of a small brickwork, remaining in business until the year 1900, when he retired. He now resides with his son and grandson in the village of Melakh, Sventsian, near Vilna. Despite his great age, he still retains, it is said, a remarkably clear memory.

The other living link with Napoleon is a Frenchman named Pierre Schamal, who resides at Paris. He is now one hundred and nine years old. Schamal was the son of a soldier in the Imperial Guard. When a child he was taken by his mother to the Palace of Saint Cloud, where his father was on duty as a sentry,

* Since the above was written, we regret to learn that the writer, Lieutenant Denham, was killed on 1st April in the service of his country.

the Emperor being then in residence. Napoleon happened unexpectedly to come across Madame Schamal with her little son, and—always fond of children—he stopped and spoke kindly to the little Pierre, asking him if he intended one day to become a soldier like his father. Schamal remembers as a child having played with the little King of Rome in the alleys of Saint Cloud. In later life Schamal officiated as dresser to Talma the celebrated actor, and was afterwards chief costumier of the Opera House in Paris.

There are in all perhaps a dozen centenarians—including Peter Laptieff and the seven other survivors of Borodino present at the centenary celebrations—who were witnesses of the stirring events in the great Napoleonic drama. But it is doubtful if any of these actually set eyes on the Emperor himself; although four or five years ago there was still living in Belgium an aged woman who, when a little girl, was taken by her mother before the Emperor, on the morning of 16th June 1815, to complain of some exactions levied by the French soldiery on her farm. It is possible that she may yet survive. At all events, I do not recollect her death having been recorded in the papers. There is to-day living at the village of Mankovo-Kalikovskoi, in the Don Cossack territory, a sturdy old woman, still able to engage in housework, named Mary Popoff. Her exact age is not known, but it is somewhere about one hundred and twenty-five years. She was living in Moscow at the time it was occupied by the Grand Army, and remembers having seen the city in flames. At the village of Dormovo, in Germany, lives an aged yet still active old lady popularly known as 'Old Mother Stavne.' She was born on 16th October 1794, and well remembers the return from Moscow of the shattered remnants of Napoleon's gigantic host. On the approach of Napoleon she and her parents fled to the forests. A portrait of her, hale and hearty, and still engaged in work on her farm, appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on 24th October 1913.

In conclusion, it cannot be too clearly stated that the tradition of Napoleon having landed at Lulworth Cove is an oral tradition only, and is not based on any historical or documentary evidence. Although it is quite possible that a woman may there have witnessed, as described, a landing from a French vessel, it is very certain that Napoleon himself was not amongst the party; and, in fact, that his nearest view of our smiling shores was obtained on that summer morning of 24th July 1815, when the *Bellerophon*, bearing her illustrious captive, dropped anchor in Torbay, five weeks after the crowning catastrophe of Waterloo.

Another correspondent, the Reverend E. C. Wareham, sends us the following: 'When I was a boy of about six years of age I was visiting an uncle in Dorsetshire, who one day took

me for a drive in a dogcart. I remember very well indeed my uncle stopping the trap in a village through which we passed, and pointing out to me a very old man sitting on a bench under a tree in front of a cottage. He asked me to jump down and shake hands with the man, and I asked my uncle why he wished me to do so. He told me not to ask questions, but do as I was told; and accordingly I did so. All I can recollect of him was that he was apparently of very great age. When I returned to the dogcart my uncle said to me, "Now, when you are an old man you can say that you have shaken hands with a man whose grandfather fought at the Battle of Naseby." The grandfather was in reality a drummer-boy at that battle, which was fought in the year 1645; so that, assuming Mr Wareham to have spoken to the old man in the year 1845, the grandfather must have been alive about two hundred and fifteen years before the date of their meeting, if we assume that a drummer-boy would be about fifteen.

REMARKABLE HISTORICAL LINKS.

By GEORGE PIGNATORRE.

How rapid and thorough are the changes wrought by Father Time on the social aspect and on the political conditions of the more recent generations in comparison with those wrought by him on inanimate nature is hardly conceivable at a first glance. One single life protracted beyond the usual span, a combination of certain circumstances, or both causes united, will frequently supply the one or two links needed to connect the present with a past removed from us not only by an intervening lapse of time, but also by habits of thought, by a mode of living, by a social organisation very different from ours, and hence apparently very distant when viewed through modern spectacles. The instances of individuals whose lives have been prolonged beyond the allotted span of threescore and ten, who have been intelligent spectators or actors at widely separated periods of their country's history, irrespective of coincidences or chance combinations, are of course relatively few; but they do occur, and they serve to enforce more strongly than any possible combination of circumstances the fact of the relative propinquity of events which we are accustomed to regard as very far off from us.

The names of two illustrious men who witnessed their respective countries attain the pinnacle of greatness, and saw their decadence, spring to the memory. Isocrates the Athenian was born in 436 B.C., when Athens was at her zenith, the mistress of the seas, the focus of art and literature; and died in 338, when her power was struck down for ever on the plain of Chæronea. Fontenelle, again, came into the world in the year 1657, under the Protectorate during the

minority of Louis the Fourteenth, and died in 1757, three years before the accession of George the Third. Fontenelle was a contemporary of the famous warriors, statesmen, artists, and the writer of the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, when France was the leading state of Europe in art, science, and literature; he knew them all, and survived to behold France fallen from her high estate, on the verge of the disastrous Seven Years' War. Both the Athenian orator and the French writer were spectators of woeful and portentous changes; and if the decline of France was not, owing to peculiar causes, either final or complete, she never regained the ascendancy she had enjoyed in the second half of the seventeenth century; and the life of Fontenelle, like that of Isocrates, covers an important epoch in the annals of his country. But instances of longevity in the persons of humbler individuals who have borne their part as actors or spectators in distant periods can be quoted in every age.

Some of these, as bearing on recent events, are especially illustrative of our subject. A certain Baron Waldeck, a native of Prague, who terminated his long career in 1875, was born in 1766. He was the senior of Napoleon, Wellington, and Soult by three years; he was ten years old when our revolted colonies proclaimed their independence; he was in the prime of early manhood when Louis the Sixteenth and his fair queen were executed, of which event he was an eye-witness; he saw the rise and fall of the First and Second Empires and the dawn of the present Third Republic. There are many middle-aged Parisians who recollect Baron Waldeck strolling along the boulevards of renovated Paris, round the purlieus of the Palais Royal, where he had seen and heard Camille Desmoulins haranguing the crowd, recalling, as he wandered, those far-off days.

As late as 1911 there were three persons still living whose memories ran back to the first decade of the nineteenth century. The youngest of these centenarians was a Frenchman named Channer Roi, who had completed his one hundred and fourth year, and who had not only seen Napoleon on more than one occasion, but had had the honour of being dandled on the imperial knee when a child of four. Roi had been taken by his godfather, Talma the celebrated actor and a personal friend of the Emperor, to the Comédie Française. Napoleon happened to be present, and Talma went with his charge to the imperial box to pay his respects or receive instructions regarding the subject of the play; and the Emperor, who was always affable when among old friends, unbent so far as to take the bright little fellow on his knee. Roi was wont to tell of this incident, of which he was very proud, and which people said had made him a Bonapartist for life. He was twenty-four when the first working railway was opened, and he lived to see the completion of the trans-

Canadian and trans-Siberian lines, and the laying down of a long portion of the Cape to Cairo line. Save in Great Britain, the United States, and Switzerland, absolute or personal monarchy was the sole form of government in 1804; constitutional monarchy is the form now more or less successfully applied everywhere. In short, when you came into contact with old Roi you felt that you were face to face with a bygone period, totally different in aspect from the present age, though seething with the elements of a coming evolution.

The second member of the trio in point of age was a Mrs Dennis, a Russian by birth, but married to an American, who had reached her one hundred and eighteenth year in 1901. This very ancient dame, who had preserved unimpaired all her mental faculties and in a great measure her bodily powers, was an eye-witness of the entrance of Napoleon into Moscow in September 1812, and likewise of his departure from the burnt-down city on the first stage of that downward path which was to lead to and end at St Helena. The Emperor was wrapped up in furs, and wore a fur cap or bonnet drawn down over his ears instead of the historical cocked hat. Mrs Dennis, whose one hundred and seventeen winters had neither chilled her blood nor dulled her mind and memory, was wont to speak of Governor Rostopchin, by whose orders Moscow was fired, of her escape from the city, of her return, and of Napoleon, as of recent events. Her recollections, indeed, went much farther back, to the days of Eylau and Friedland (1807), and to the reign of the murdered Emperor Paul (1801), whose descendant, the present Nicholas the Second, she had lived to see.

The third and oldest of these survivors of the epoch of the first great French Revolution and Empire was, or is, a Portuguese who fought under Beresford and Wellington throughout the six years' Peninsular war. He had often seen the Duke of Wellington, as well as Picton and Crawford, and at the age of one hundred and twenty has lived to see his country again plunged into anarchy, whence she had been rescued by the strong arm of Britain. As a youth of seventeen, Perez had witnessed the flight of the royal family overseas, fleeing before Junot, who fortunately for himself found Lisbon undefended. Again, twice overrun by the French armies, Portugal was saved from conquest by British steel and British gold, only to fall back, unfortunately for herself, under the former misrule which seems to be the lot of many Latin races. Twice has this Portuguese patriarch beheld the flight of royalty, only to be followed by a régime of anarchy and corruption. In the hasty departure of King Manoel we see events repeating themselves in a vicious circle; but if time has stood still in Portugal and Spain, in some respects it has moved swiftly in other countries within the last one hundred and twenty years. Throughout the

world, indeed, the portentous material changes effected, owing to the fruition of the accumulated knowledge of ages, would have caused a second Rip Van Winkle, who had fallen asleep in the year of grace 1790 and awoke in 1910, to think himself under a spell or still dreaming, or even transported to another planet similar to ours, but not identical. Yet this momentous epoch in the world's history has been covered by one single life protracted but some fifty years beyond ordinary old age.

But, apart from such exceptional cases of longevity, there are many instances on record in which the link is supplied by a peculiar combination of circumstances. On this head I can quote some personal experiences.

During my residence in Athens in the 'seventies as a law student, I had the privilege of being introduced to General Sir Richard Church, who had fought at Aboukir, had been present at the blockade of Malta by the British fleet, and had, as Captain Church, been severely wounded at the siege of the fortress of Santa Maura, held by the French in 1809. On the conclusion of peace General Church entered the service of King Ferdinand the First of Naples and Sicily, who conferred on him the title of Viceroy and of *Alter Ego*, with full and unlimited powers over two of the most distracted provinces of the kingdom. The two Puglia were at that period the prey of brigands and outlaws, and of those secret criminal associations in which southern Italians have always excelled. These criminal elements are especially formidable on account of the friendly or passive attitude of the population, who, if they do not actively abet the bandits, never assist the Government in its efforts to bring notorious murderers or other lawless characters to justice. Yet the daring and energy of Church enabled him, in spite of the many moral and material obstacles, to quell brigandage in this disturbed zone. Within a year he handed back to King Ferdinand his pacified provinces. During the later years of the War of Independence waged by the Greeks against their taskmasters, General Church—who had gone over, like Byron, Cochrane, and other illustrious Philhellenes, to the assistance of the Greeks—organised the first body of regular troops, no easy task in view of that spirit of indiscipline which seems inborn among the Greeks. In reward for his services, Church was promoted to the rank of General in the Greek army, and he was allotted a yearly pension of nearly six hundred pounds, which, considering the value of money at that time, would represent twice that amount at the present day.

General Church, when I knew him, was about eighty-seven, but still very erect and alert, with iron-gray hair which the snows of so many winters had not sufficed to blanch, as they had not been able to numb his blood or his intellect; and, a living monument of history, his accounts

of the scenes he had gone through were lucid and vivid, and many were the incidents he related to me of his long and eventful career.

Within the narrow circle of my family there were two who remembered well the old Venetian oligarchy and its downfall in 1796, and the Napoleonic era. These were my grandmother, who died in 1873, aged ninety-two, and who would insist on calling the British residents in the Ionian islands *Provveditore*,* the Venetian corresponding title; and my granduncle, Chevalier Marino Metaxa, who had been on a mission to Paris in 1808, and had been received by the great Emperor. Though, owing to circumstances, my granduncle reaped no material benefit from his interview with the Emperor, he ever remembered the event with pride. He died, aged eighty-two, about 1860, and thus a man of middle age, living in 1915, may have known a contemporary of Napoleon, and of the fall of monarchy in France. A distant kinsman of my relation, Count Metaxa, is, or was, a Rear-Admiral in the British Service.

But perhaps the most singular case recorded of an intermediate link between past and present, without the agency of a centenarian, was that of the Duchess of Richelieu, in connection with whom an incident is recorded as having occurred at the Tuileries in the year of grace 1867, the year of the great Paris Exhibition, as well as of crinolines. The Empress Eugenie, then in the heyday of her prosperity, held a private reception, to which only a privileged few were admitted. The subject of Court etiquette observed under the old régime was being discussed, when, without warning, an old lady sitting near the Empress said very calmly, 'When my husband was a page at the Court of Louis the Fourteenth,' &c., and proceeded to give a detailed account of the official forms and ceremonial in force at the Court of the great king; but to these particulars those present paid little heed—the opening statement had been too startling. Had the Court Usher or the Master of the Ceremonies ushered in at that instant Madame de Montespan or Mademoiselle de la Vallières the blank amazement of the assemblage could not have been greater. Nevertheless the statement of the old, dignified Court dame was as veracious as it was startling. The speaker, Madame la Maréchale de Richelieu, had been wed in 1788, at the early age of sixteen (early marriages were the rule in those days), to the Duke of Richelieu, Marshal of France, the hero of Fontenoy, the captor of Port Mahon, the brave, witty, but frivolous and gay grand gentleman, a scion of the proud nobility of France of the eighteenth century, of which he was one

* The *Provveditore* or *Proveduro* was the title bestowed under the Venetian rule on the Governor of the island of Cephalonia, and that of Resident was the name given to those who held the same office under the British Protectorate. Among these were Sir Hudson Lowe and the great Sir Charles Napier, with both of whom my ancestress, Maria Pignatorre, was personally acquainted.

of the most perfect types. The old Duke had reached the patriarchal age of ninety-two when he espoused the young girl; but in spite of his fourscore years and twelve, he was ever the witty, courteous gentleman of the old régime, one of the brilliant courtiers of King Louis the Fifteenth. The Marshal-Duke had been a page of the Grand Monarque, who died in 1715, and was consequently an authority on matters of Court etiquette. And thus it came to pass that, at the Court of the Third Napoleon, in the age of railways and steamships, of nationalities and constitutions, without the intervention of an elixir of life, the widow of an ex-page of Louis the Fourteenth was able to speak of the great Bourbon as a contemporary. The chain of connection might be lengthened to the present period, for there are doubtless some few still living who may have seen, if not spoken to, the venerable relict of the Duke of Richelieu, in his youth a page of Louis the Fourteenth.

Many other instances could be cited, almost as

singular, of similar historical *rapprochements*; but enough has been said to prove the pregnant fact of the rapid changes a few years will effect in our age of compound material and intellectual progress. The fleeting existence of man, a mere imperceptible atom of time in the physical history of the globe—whose annals engraved on rock and sand refer back millions of years—serves as a measuring unit of the political life of nations. A few generations strung together will often suffice, and the span of one single existence will cover an historical epoch within which trenchant and far-reaching social mutations have occurred. Some of these are permanent, some have come into fruition before their time, evanescent, reminding us of the necessity of observing the golden rule of *festina lente*—in homely English, the more haste the less speed—which even the most civilised nations are apt to overlook in their headlong course, and which less civilised communities systematically ignore to their injury.

BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN I got home, and was comfortably seated in my arm-chair by the fire, Betty came in to set my tea, and I wasn't long in noticing that, from her abstracted air and the listless way she was moving about, she had something on her mind. She looked for a moment or two at Bang and Jip lying comfortably curled up on the hearthrug. 'Thae dugs are braw an' snug lyin' there,' she said; 'an' my puir Jessie's sittin' in the cauld stickhoose in the huff. No' that I grudge them their warm bed, for I'm gled—he'r't gled—to see them peaceable at last wi' yin anither. It's nae time since they were girmin' an' fechtin' an' tumblin' ower each ither frae the Cross to the Gill, an' noo, haith, they canna get ower cheek-for-chowie. Ye maun ha'e a wonderfu' wey wi' dugs, Maister Weelum. It's a peety ye couldna exert it in ither weys.'

I know Betty too well to venture assistance, and I had the feeling that she would soon work her way round to her subject without my aiding and abetting.

'The kettle will soon be through the boil, an' ye'll get your tea in a jiffy,' she said. 'Imphm! it's a gey comfortable-lookin' chair, that yin opposite ye, Maister Weelum; an', d' ye ken, I met a leddy the day that I wad like to see sittin' in it.'

'Indeed, Betty!'

'Ay. I dinna ken when I was sae much impressed wi' onybody at first sicht as I was this day; an' when I was sittin' lookin' at her, an' listenin' to her voice, something whispered in my ear, "That's the wife for my boy."'

'My goodness, Betty, you're forcing the pace! I laughingly said. 'First you wish to see this

lady sitting in my chair, and in your next breath you say you wish to see her my wife! Where did you meet this paragon?'

'Weel, this efternoon, when you an' the dugs were awa' yer walk, I slippit in next door juist for a minute to see hoo they were a' gettin' on, an', as I usually do, I opened the door without knockin' an' walked strecht ben to the kitchen, an' there, Maister Weelum, sittin' on the wee laich nursin'-chair at the fireside, was the leddy I speak o'. I gaed to gang back into the lobby; but Mrs Jardine wadna hear o't, an' she made me step in, an' she introduced me, quite the thing, mind you. Ye see, Tom's wife was toon bred, an' she kens a' the weys o't, an' she mentioned me by name an' the leddy by name; an' if she had been staunin' in a drawin'-room on a Turkey carpet, an' cled in brocade, she couldna ha'e dune it better. I juist didna catch the leddy's name, for what wi' the suddenness, her bonny face, an' ae thing an' anither, I was sairly flabbergasted an' putten aboot. It seems, however, that she's in the picter-pentin' line, an' she's ta'en a great fancy to wee Isobel, an' she's makin' a portrait o' her. A week or twae bygane she saw the wee lass staunin' at the door as she was passin', an' she was so struck wi' her bonny wee face an' her lang fair hair that she spoke to her an' asked to see her mither. Weel, the upshot o' this was that, as I've said, she is pentin' her, an' a capital picter she's makin'. It's hardly finished yet. I ken fules an' bairns should never see hauf-dune wark, an' I'm no' a judge, into the bargain; but I'll say this, photographin' micht be quicker an' mair o' a deid like-

ness, but it's no' in it wi' yon for naturalness and bonny life-like colour. But that's by the way, as it were. Her work is guid, without a doot, but she hersel's a perfect picter.'

I felt my heart beginning to thump and throb, and my breath getting catchy. 'Pity you missed her name, Betty,' I said, with forced unconcern.

'Ay, as I telt ye, I was putten aboot, an' missed it; but I'll speir at Mrs Jardine again, 'at will I.'

'And—and what is the lady like?' I asked, with as much indifference as I could command.

'Weel, Maister Weelum, I juist canna exactly tell ye. She's yin o' the few folks ye meet in a lifetime that ye canna judge o', or scrutinise bit by bit. It's impossible to do that wi' her; you've to tak' her in a' at aince, as it were; ye ken what I mean—eh?'

I did, and I didn't; but I nodded as if I understood.

'What struck me mair than ocht else,' she continued, 'was her couthie, affable mainner. To look at her ye wad think that she's a' drawn thegether—prood-like, ye ken, wi' an almichty set apairt kind o' an air; but whenever she speaks an' looks at ye, ye've the feelin' that she's a' roon aboot ye, an' that there's only her an' you in the whole world. An' she was so composed an' calm, so weel-bred without bein' uppish! Oh, I tell ye she juist talked awa' to Mrs Jardine an' me as if we were o' her ain kind. An' when she rose up to gang away, an' was staunin' her full heicht lookin' doon on us, do you know, Maister Weelum, she seemed to me to be kind o' glorified, an' the kitchen an' a' its plenishin's faded frae my sicht, an' a' I was conscious o' was the kindly glent o' twae big dark een an' the feelin' that I was in the presence o' some yin by-ordinar'—imphm! An' efter she had gane I couldna carry on a wiselike conversation wi' Mrs Jardine for listenin' to the whispered words in my ear, "That's the yin! That's the wife for Maister Weelum."

Since the forenights began to lengthen the doctor has got into the way of dropping in and smoking a quiet, meditative pipe with me over the chess-board. When he called to-night I drew out the little table with the squared top, and we settled down to our game. But my mind was not concerned with bishops, pawns, and knights, and my thoughts kept careering between Hastie's gate and Mrs Jardine's kitchen. I made an effort to centre my interest, and to look the part of the keen, zealous player; but, unfortunately, I cannot dissemble. I lost two pawns very stupidly, and the doctor looked keenly at me, but said nothing. I blundered on, and at last I made a move which caused the doctor to smile. He got up, relit his pipe, and sank into an easy-chair. 'Ah, William,' he said, 'Love is a tyrant! Heart claimed, thoughts claimed, all dancing attendance on the enslaver.'

I blushed, and made a show of riping my pipe into the coal-scuttle to hide my confusion. Then I told him of the meeting on the Carronbrig road, and of Betty's experience in Mrs Jardine's kitchen.

'The plot thickens, William,' he said, as he rose to go; 'and if I were you I would tell her of your dream next time you meet her. It will interest her in you; and, you know, once interest is aroused—well, love will follow. Good-night.'

My picture has arrived, and I have got it hung in a favourable light, in a place of honour above the mantelpiece. I became quite excited when it was delivered, and, like a child with a new toy, was impatient to see it, and to gloat over it. But the lid of the wooden case was tightly screwed down; and, as a hammer and a saw were the only joinery tools which Betty possessed, I had to call in Deacon Webster's aid, and Betty, poor body, got no peace till he arrived with his screwdriver. When at length the picture was taken out of its packing I noticed there was no signature in the corner, and this at the time was a keen disappointment to me; but it has ceased to trouble me now, because I have the feeling that it will shortly bear the artist's name, and till that time comes, when I am not admiring her handiwork, I shall just entertain myself filling the corner space with names which appeal to my mind as fitting and appropriate.

When I asked Nathan's opinion of my purchase, he looked several times very deliberately from me to the picture; then, after a pause, informed me he had 'never till noo seen purple gress.' I explained to him that this was the purple sunset glow; but he shook his head sceptically, spat in my fire, and walked slowly ben into the kitchen. Betty, who spent her early girlhood in the Keir, is delighted that a picture in which her native parish hills are depicted should be hanging on her walls, and she was very anxious to know who the painter was, and how it came into my possession. I just said I was very much interested in the artist, and that the picture had been sent from Edinburgh. She pointed out to me, what I hadn't noticed before, that the bright richness of the gold frame made the others shabby and tarnished-looking, and she warmly advocated the application of a liquid gold paint which John Boyes retails at sixpence a bottle, and which, she assures me, 'is liker pure gold than a sovereign.' Betty dearly loves to dabble in paint. It was Nathan who acquainted me with this predilection, and he instanced a case of her blue-enamelling the long hazel crook, the representative staff of the Ancient Order of Shepherds, which on gala-days he carries in the procession; and another, when she varnished, with a strange concoction, a workbox which she has never been able to open since. Knowing this, I purposely belittled Boyes's liquid, and assured her that in a week or two our eyes would become so

accustomed to the conditions that we shouldn't distinguish any difference between the frames. It grieves me very much to thwart Betty; though, truth to tell, I seldom have occasion to do so, as our opinions on the big things of life, the essentials, are rarely in conflict, and the smaller we think not worth wrangling over; so I talked her into a gracious amenable humour, and ultimately took leave of the subject in what I considered mutual agreement.

This morning, however, when she brought up my ante-breakfast cup of tea, she reverted to the subject without any preliminaries. 'Man, Maister Weelum,' she began, 'I've just been takin' anither look roon' the dinin'-room. Noo, since we've got it done up it's the first thing I do in the mornin' and the last at night; and, do you know, I feel quite prood and important when I'm puttin' a nice white cover on the big table, and the silver candelabra in the centre o't. But, oh man, since yesterday I'm positively he'r-sorry for thae auld frames. In a mainner it's my pleesure spoiled; to me it's a case o' dead flies in the ointment, ye understaun? Imphm! and I'm gettin' fair angry at the new yin hangin' oot so prominently and skinklin' as if to chaw the ithers. Dod, I imagine it's laughin' and jeerin' at them. Noo, Maister Weelum, twae sixpenny bottles o' John Boyes's gold, spread oot thin, would amaist do the whole lot, and—and I'll put it on myself. I'm rale knacky wi' a brush. It'll no' come to much—implum!—the cost'll be very little. What think ye?'

'I don't know, Betty, I'm sure. I'm sorry to know the old frames annoy your eye. Personally I like the old ones better than the new one; but I'll tell you what, Betty,' I said gleefully, as a happy thought struck me; 'we'll get the new frame coated over with some sort of stuff to dull it down a bit. They'll be all alike then. How would that do?'

'It'll no' do at a', Maister Weelum,' she said emphatically. 'That picter maunna be touched. No! no! It has some history, or I'm cheated. Time will prove'—

A sudden loud knocking echoed through the house and cut short her sentence. 'Mercy me, what a bang!' she said. 'That's Milligan the postman, and as sure as my name's Betty Grier he'll bash through that door some day;' and to my relief—for she was stumbling into 'kittle' ground—she hurried downstairs.

Since I came down here my correspondence has become almost a negligible quantity. I rarely write to any one, and the few letters I receive are of a more or less private business character. I had two this morning—one from the treasurer of my club reminding me my subscription is due at the end of this month, and the other from my partner, Murray Monteith, who, after alluding to minor matters, writes as follows:

'Now for the real reason of my troubling you at this time. The Hon. Mrs Stuart wrote to

me yesterday from Nithbank House, near Thornhill, saying she was desirous of consulting me on a very important matter; but owing to indisposition she couldn't travel to Edinburgh, and she would be much obliged if I could make it convenient to call on her at that address any day next week. I wrote to her by return saying I would travel south on Wednesday first, and would be with her during the early afternoon of that day. As you know, I am a stranger to your native county; but I presume Nithbank House is within driving distance of Thornhill, and as I am due at the station of that name at 11.30 A.M., I shall thus have ample time to call on you prior to my visit, and talk over matters with you.

'The important matter she refers to is, without doubt, in connection with the affairs of her brother-in-law, the late General Stuart, which, I regret to say, are still in a most unsatisfactory state, owing to our inability to unearth a will or to procure any information regarding his marriage. We have made exhaustive inquiry in every conceivable direction, but without result; and his daughter, Miss Stuart, must now be acquainted with the facts as they at present stand. She called here on the 17th ult., and asked to see you. Ormskirk informed her that you were at present invalided in the country, and showed her into my room. We talked over matters in a general way, and I think I managed to satisfy her on the main points, without giving her any reason to suspect we were faced with such serious difficulties. But, as I have said, she must be told now, and I approach this part of the business with misgivings, as it is a very delicate matter indeed; and, from the little I have seen of her, I argue she will take it very keenly to heart. For us to inform her, in our cold, unfeeling legal phraseology, that she is, in the eyes of the law, illegitimate would be nothing short of brutal, and I trust we may prevail on her aunt to discharge this unenviable obligation. I assure you I have no desire to trouble you unnecessarily at this time with business concerns; but, as you are in the immediate locality, and are not only acquainted with the parties but conversant with all the details of this case, I hope you will see your way to accompany me to Nithbank. Miss Stuart informed me that she had transacted business by correspondence only, and that she had not yet met you. Would this not be a good opportunity for us all to meet and decide what ought to be done?'

Needless to say, I shall be delighted to receive Murray Monteith here. We must arrange to have him remain overnight with us, and I shall take peculiar pleasure in introducing him to Betty and Nathan and Dr Grierson, types, I feel sure, which he has never met before, but which I am equally sure he will appreciate. I shall certainly accompany him to Nithbank House; and I must be prepared to have the vials of the

Hon. Mrs Stuart's wrath poured out upon me when she learns that for almost six months I have resided within two miles of her, and have not considered it my duty and privilege to call on her. I am very, very sorry to learn from Monteith that things have turned out so unfortunately; but somehow I have dreaded such an outcome all along. And my heart goes out to that poor girl who is likely to lose her patrimony under the inexorable law of succession. But, wait now, let me think. Yes, these four thousand Banku oil shares which her father

transferred to her, on her coming of age, are hers, and cannot be contested; so that, after all, if our worst fears regarding the property are realised she will not be penniless. I wonder if she is a level-headed business girl, and if she knows to what extent she will benefit from this. Banku oils are worth looking after. This will be one cheering subject, at least, which we may broach to her. But, after all, the stigma of illegitimacy remains, and money cannot make up for that. Poor girl!

(Continued on page 600.)

BIRD VISITORS TO A TINY HEBRIDEAN ISLE.

By R. S. CLYNE.

TO the nature-lover the woodland copse, hedge-encircled field, riverside, seashore, and lonely mountain tarn have—in each recurring season, with their varied plant and animal life, and chiefly the bird visitors—a thrilling interest of their own. So fares it with a small detached rocky islet which I have in my mind's eye, a lone, abandoned spot, though busy enough on some occasions. But, apart from the interesting bird visitors it annually attracts, its situation gives it an additional significance. Our little islet is an offshoot of the Lewis, and the extreme north-west corner of the long range of Hebridean Isles exposed to the open front of the North Atlantic.

Thoroughly deluged and scrubbed all the winter months by the forceful brush of the ocean billows, a few patches of rough grass, tufts of sea-pinks, and campions in the interstices of the rocks are all the vegetarian yield it can boast to give to it a bit of greenery during the summer months.

Naturally few birds resort to such an abode during the winter, but it is only in the wildest of weather that it is completely deserted. Gray crows, ravens, and marauding big black-backed gulls fly there with purloined tit-bits of fur or feather, where, out of gunshot range, they can enjoy the feast in safety, and tauntingly caw or croak defiance. For like reason do also hard-hunted flocks of plover, whimbrel, and curlew often find there a timely refuge. On its shag-rock a score of sheeny, bottle-green, mature birds or brown-gray-breasted immatures rest after fishing operations, and, taking advantage of a stray sunbeam, spread out their pinions to its warmth. Round its weedy reefs, when fair weather favours, a flock of eider-duck are often diving; also, but less frequently, numerous long-tailed duck, for they mostly prefer to fish in the sandy bay round the corner. Redshanks, knot, and purple sandpipers are its smallest winter guests, which come to forage for small marine life in the pools around its base.

With early spring come other visitors to this

and kindred inshore islets. Flocks of kittiwakes—the loveliest of rock-birds, and fit emblems of purity—thither betake themselves for several weeks after their arrival in February, and before they occupy for the season their adjacent nesting-cliffs. In February also arrive the lively, interesting tysties or black guillemots—the birds with the butterfly flight—to claim a resting and courting place on the low ledges, and later on a nesting-cleft on the rugged profile of our little skerry.

In March and April flocks of local-breeding herring-gulls resort there in the evenings, and doubtless keep up their usual courtship, calling all the night long, though nobody is nigh to hear. About a dozen pairs will commence nesting on its northmost corner in May, and most of the young will be on the wing in August. Noisy oyster-pickers, soon after their appearance in April, return to its safe retreat, where they for a few seasons successfully reared their little family.

In May migrant flocks of corn-buntings and white wagtails, arriving exhausted after a long sea-flight, are glad to make our little islet a temporary resting-place on their southern journey.

Last season fulmar petrels, during their first and prolonged stay here, chose to patronise our handy resort, often resting there after their swift-like circling flights; and we are in hopes that this year the little isle or the adjoining cliffs may claim them as a breeding species—an acceptable addition to the number.

For several years a small colony of about two-score of Arctic terns nested successfully on its grassy flats and over the rocky surface; but of late years these have dwindled down to only a few pairs of late arrivals, evidently those hunted and harried from other colonies, and forced to seek fresh quarters out of reach of human pilferers. We welcome the coming of these noisy, fleet-winged summer visitors, amused with their shrieks of intimidation and the threatening swoops with which they assail intruders on their domains; and we respect the faithful, constant labour they exercise in the feeding of

their nestlings till long after they are on the wing.

A small colony of local-breeding common guillemots also find there a suitable perching-place throughout the summer, when a smooth-water landing can be effected. Around it they can find food sufficient at the door of home; when tired they rest in rows until hunger again urges them to engage in another diving expedition.

Gannets do not visit the little isle, but in hundreds, sometimes thousands, pass over it daily on their eastern flights all the summer months. On their western flights they usually pass a mile to seaward. Whenever gannets seek to land or rest on any place other than their common home—one of the few recognised gannetries—or the bosom of mother ocean, they are sick or wounded unto death. Their hours of life are surely numbered.

To the little isle come in late summer lots of newly fledged gulls and kittiwakes, still baby birds with the downy covering of chickhood unshed. Evidently pleased are they with their first short adventure out to sea, but are ever hungrily gaping and seeking food from any and every parent bird which puts in appearance.

It is not too far removed from favoured cliff haunts of starlings, and numbers are often seen perched on its highest peaks. They may even share with the tysties some of their suitable nesting-vents. Migrant rock-pipits pay it seasonal visits, and the resident birds are only absent when wild weather compels them to seek an inland shelter. Peregrines, merlins, and frequently Iceland falcons also find it, in their discursive autumn flights, a resting and feasting place and coign of vantage, as did the black-coated rievers in the spring. It is frequently visited by parties of blue rock-doves, which in hundreds occupy all

the year the wave-hollowed caves in the vicinity. Scarce as is the herbage over its surface, there they safely collect a supply for the replenishing of their nests.

When our breeding sea-birds have gone, early autumn brings to it visitors of another sort. Migrant thrushes, redwings, and blackbirds, when in numbers round the coast, seek a hiding-place in its dividing gullies; and when, in mild 'backends,' there are present belated wheatears, warblers, fly-catchers, and goldcrests, feasting round the cliff-edges, where the midges are in myriads, thither, to the extreme limit of the little isle, do the small mites wing their flight, as if eager to evade the prying eyes of chance observers.

By the sea and from the sea the majority of the visitors reap their harvest. They live in a world and way of their own. Some find a sufficiency of food underneath or on the surface of the changeable, restless ocean, whether it be quiet, docile, and accommodating like some willing servant, or in the furious, raving, masterful mood of a cruel war-lord. Others find a rich provision on its shores, scavengers of the motley garbage cast up by it in its wrath.

In all our winged seaside visitors we take an interest, noting their several characteristics and their whole wonderful existence, and give each a greeting on its return as the seasons circle round. It is said that solitariness and the sea breed strange thoughts, and that the noise of the winter winds and ocean waves thundering in our ears at times beat curious ideas into our head; so we sea-dwellers welcome the early movements of the birds, usually to us the first indication that spring is near. Then we know it is time to bestir ourselves to fresh exertions, and feel a renewed impetus to be up and doing.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

PART II.

FOR the first time for a fortnight Dene chuckled grimly. He realised he held his enemy in the hollow of his hand. It would take her at least two minutes to dive, and the *Nestor's* stem would have crashed into her long before that. One touch from that knife-edge would either sink her outright or damage her so seriously that she would not be able to dive and escape.

He had no feelings of sympathy for his victims. He was merely very excited and rather happy—happy in the thought that he was about to destroy one of the instruments and some of the perpetrators of German frightfulness. To tell the truth, he gloated. He would still gloat when his ship's sharp stem drove deep into the shell of the submarine and sent her to the bottom like a stone. If any of her unfortunate crew did float after the collision, he felt as if he could

gloat again when he saw their struggling figures in the water. He would see their awful staring eyes and the agony of fear in their faces; but he would not make a move to help them. 'Save, Englishmen; save!' they would cry in broken English as they floated past. This had been their piteous appeal when one of their destroyers had been sunk during the battle of the Bight of Heligoland on 28th August 1914. On that occasion the *Nestor* and several of her consorts had stopped, lowered their boats, and had been the means of saving many German lives. But what had happened? A hostile light cruiser had appeared on the scene, and had shelled them heavily while the boats were still away on their errand of mercy.

The Coronel incident, when Von Spee's victorious squadron steamed through the strug-

gling survivors of the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* after their ships had been sunk by the gunfire of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*; the *Falaba* and *Lusitania* affairs, when innocent non-combatants, some of them women, had been sent to their doom by a submarine; and, above all, his own great tragedy, had hardened his heart. Mercy? His enemies never exercised it, so what right had they to expect it from him? If he did ram and sink this submarine, there would be no survivors; he would take good care of that. A corpse or two to prove that he had done it, perhaps; but no survivors! He chuckled grimly. Revenge would be very sweet.

Then suddenly came a sharp roar as the four-inch gun on the forecastle went off. It was practically impossible to miss, and the shell, driving home on the low-lying hull some distance abaft the upstanding conning-tower, burst with a loud detonation, a brilliant sheet of ruddy flame, and a cloud of black smoke.

'Fire at the conning-tower!' somebody shouted.

Again the four-inch gun barked, but this time the gunlayer was flurried and excited, for the projectile missed its target altogether, and burst harmlessly in the sea beyond.

The *Nestor's* men, hearing the first report, were rushing to their stations. The destroyer had been travelling at about twelve knots when the submarine was sighted; but now, with her turbines using every ounce of steam they would take, her speed was momentarily increasing. The submarine was now so close that the gun could not be depressed sufficiently to fire again. Two hundred and fifty yards, two hundred yards, one hundred yards.

'Starboard a little, coxswain!' Dene whispered, breathless with pent-up excitement. 'Steady so!'

'Steady it is, sir!' answered the petty officer calmly, twirling his wheel. Æons of time seemed to pass before the crash came. In reality something under a minute went by between the time the submarine was first sighted and the actual collision; but to Dene, waiting on the bridge, it seemed an eternity.

On board the submarine only one man could be seen, and he was a young-looking, fair-haired officer standing on the conning-tower. He made no effort to go below, and the lieutenant-commander could even see the frightened expression in his eyes and hear his orders to the man at the steering-wheel in the interior of the craft below. Fifty yards, twenty-five yards.

The submarine's helm was suddenly put hard over to dodge the expected blow. She began to circle round; but her last despairing effort was too late. The *Nestor* was quicker on her helm than she, and the destroyer's coxswain, noticing the enemy's alteration of course, promptly moved his wheel ever so slightly to follow her round. Dene saw the officer look up at the destroyer. He evidently realised that his last

manœuvre was useless, and that the collision was inevitable, for he shouted something to his men, and a sailor's head and shoulders appeared in the opening of the conning-tower. Then the hostile craft disappeared, shut out from view behind the *Nestor's* high bows.

Dene gripped the bridge-rail and braced himself for the shock of the collision. It came, a shivering jar which nearly stopped the destroyer dead, and hurled many of her men to the deck. She heeled over bodily. There came an awful grinding and wrenching of violently distorted metal, and then a series of sickening muffled bumps and crashes deep down below the water-line as she slid over her antagonist and forced her under. The blow had not cut the submarine in halves; but it had opened up a great hole in her double hull, through which the water was now pouring like a mill-slucice.

The lieutenant-commander leaned out over the end of the bridge and looked into the sea. He was vouchsafed a momentary glimpse of the gray bow of the stricken vessel standing out of the water at an angle of forty-five degrees. It was sinking gradually, scraping along the destroyer's side, and so close that he could have jumped upon it.

'Hard a-starboard! Full speed astern port!' he ordered, watching the remains swirling by. Whatever happened, he must keep his stern, with the rudder and propellers, clear of the wreck.

The *Nestor* turned fast, and by the time her stern was level with the spot where the collision had taken place the blunt bow of her adversary had disappeared, sucked under the water as if by a gigantic magnet. All that remained was an ever-widening circle of thick, iridescent oil floating on the water and a commotion of gigantic air-bubbles, with, in the midst of it, three life-buoys, a few floating spars, a small collapsible boat bottom up, and the dark heads of three swimmers. All the rest of her men had gone to their doom in the riven hull of the vessel, now sinking quietly to its last resting-place in the still depths of the North Sea. Dene saw one of the survivors reach a lifebuoy, clutch it, and then wave an arm to the British destroyer.

'By God!' he muttered; 'I can't let the poor devils drown! Call away the whaler!' He forgot his previous thoughts of revenge. There was something so utterly un-British and unmanly in leaving drowning men to their fate that he could not resist the impulse to save them.

The *Nestor's* way was stopped, and the boat was lowered; and presently he had the satisfaction of seeing the three poor wretches dragged on board and rowed back to the ship. One of them was the officer in command.

Soon afterwards the destroyer's engineer-lieutenant, clad in dirty overalls and dripping with water, appeared on the bridge.

'Well,' Dene queried anxiously, 'what's the damage?'

'We're badly holed forward,' said the other. 'The foremost oil-fuel tanks are leaking, and most of the stuff's already gone overboard. Several plates and frames are smashed. We've made a lot of water forward, of course; but the collision bulkhead is intact, and seems to be holding.'

'Thank the Lord! D'you think we can get back?'

'Certain of it, sir! We can keep the water abaft the bulkhead under with our ejectors. It'll mean a dockyard job to dish her up, of course; but so long as you go dead slow, and the weather holds fine, the collision bulkhead will stick it. By the way,' he added, 'do you know what submarine it was?'

'No. Why?'

'I heard one of our seamen say it was U69,' said the engineer, with a meaning glance at his commanding officer.

All the colour left Dene's face. 'U69!' he ejaculated hoarsely, clutching the engineer by the arm in his anxiety. 'Are you quite certain? For God's sake, man! are you quite sure?'

The engineer-lieutenant nodded. 'The man I heard it from said one of the survivors had told him,' he answered quietly, disengaging himself.

Dene turned abruptly on his heel, and for some seconds walked up and down the small bridge nervously clenching and unclenching his fists. He was thinking hard, trying to make up his mind what he should do. Could it really be true that the man who had torpedoed the *City of Edinburgh*, the man who had been responsible for the death of his wife, was now a prisoner in his power?

'The number of the submarine you commanded,' said Dene with ominous quietness, 'was U69?'

The rescued German officer, very ill at ease, fidgeted as he sat on the cushioned locker in the *Nestor's* wardroom. He was clad in borrowed clothes belonging to the destroyer's first-lieutenant; and, though he had been quite uninjured when his vessel was rammed, he looked abject and miserable. 'You haf ask me zat before,' he growled in English, glaring unpleasantly at his captor. 'I answer nozing!'

'It doesn't matter in the least whether you answer or not,' the Englishman replied with forced politeness. 'I have already found out from the two men we picked up that it was U69.'

The foreigner's expression changed. 'Ach!' He laughed nervously, shrugging his shoulders. 'Zey tell lies. Zey say zat to please you!' It was an obvious untruth—so utterly obvious that Dene was not deceived.

'I prefer to believe it,' he observed, putting one hand into the pocket of his monkey-jacket.

The German shrugged his shoulders again.

'I believe it,' the lieutenant-commander reiterated with an icy coldness in his voice. 'Now, I will tell you a certain story. Do you happen to be a married man, by the way?'

'I am,' nodded the other, looking up with curiosity in his eyes. 'Bot vat ees zat to you?'

'Never mind. About a fortnight ago—sixteen days ago, to be quite accurate—U69 torpedoed and sunk a ship called the *City of Edinburgh*. It happened somewhere off the Scillies. Were you in command of the submarine at the time?'

Dene looked at his prisoner with a frown on his face and a steely glitter in his eyes.

The foreigner would not look at him. 'I do not answer,' he replied, licking his dry lips.

'You refuse to answer?'

The German nodded.

'Very well. If you refuse to answer one way or the other, I shall take it for granted that you were in command of U69. Do you hear?'

'Eet ees all ze same to me vat you believe,' retorted the other with another contemptuous shrug of his shoulders. 'I do not care!'

'Very well, then. Since you will not clear yourself, I assume that you were responsible for sinking the *City of Edinburgh*. She was a passenger-ship; I suppose you know,' he added with horrible deliberation. 'She had a lot of women on board. One of those women happened to be my wife! She was not saved!' He paused to allow his words to take effect.

The German changed colour and twisted his fingers nervously. He had some idea of what was to come next.

'Yes,' Dene went on, raising his voice; 'one of those women was my wife! You are a married man yourself, so perhaps you can understand what my feelings are. Do you?' he asked angrily, longing to strike his prisoner in the face, and only restraining himself with an effort.

'I say nozing,' repeated the other, licking his lips and looking round with a hunted expression in his eyes.

'You say nothing!' Dene muttered between his clenched teeth. 'You will not clear yourself?'

The German shook his head.

'Very well,' the Englishman said slowly; 'you are a murderer! Yes, a murderer! You understand what that means, eh? I see you do,' he added, laughing grimly as his enemy quailed. 'If I had my way I'd shoot you like a dog! Shoot you, do you understand?' He suddenly produced a small automatic pistol and balanced it carelessly in his hand.

His enemy's face blanched. He shrank back from the weapon with horror in his eyes. 'You vill shoot me?' he gasped.

'Nothing would be easier,' Dene answered with a contemptuous smile, gloating over his prisoner's terror. 'If I had my way I should do it here. Nobody would be any the wiser.

My ship has rammed and sunk your submarine. I have picked you up, and two of your men. It would be quite easy for me to say that there were only two survivors. Two survivors! Do you understand?

'You will keel me?' ejaculated the other, starting up from his seat with genuine alarm written on his face. 'You cannot do it!' He looked round nervously for some means of escape.

'You can't get away.' The Englishman laughed grimly, toying ostentatiously with his pistol. 'I can shoot you long before that. We are alone here—quite alone!'

The German clenched his fists and advanced threateningly.

'Stand back, you fool!' Dene exclaimed, levelling his weapon. 'Stand back, I say, or I'll fire!'

The prisoner recoiled.

'I could shoot you!' the lieutenant-commander went on angrily. 'I should like to do it, but I am not a cad. I don't kill unarmed people. Sit down and listen carefully to what I say. Sit down!' He still held the pistol steadily.

The German obeyed without a murmur.

'I'll tell you what I propose to do,' Dene resumed. 'I am going to give you a chance for your life. I have another pistol here, exactly like this one. It is loaded. I will give it to you, and then I shall go to the other side of the table and shall count one, two, three. At the word *three* we both open fire, and go on firing until all the six cartridges are fired. You may be killed, or I may be, but I'm giving you an equal chance. Do you agree?'

The foreigner hesitated, licking his dry lips.

'Be quick! Do you agree?'

'No; I will not fight! I demand treatment of prisoner of war. Eet ees not fair zat you should propose'—

'Fair!' Dene interrupted, curling his lip. 'Fair! I'm giving you an equal chance! Did you give the passengers of the *City of Edinburgh* a chance of saving their lives? No, you hound! You fired the torpedo before they could even lower their boats. Fair! Who are you to talk like this? You're a murderer! Yes, a murderer of innocent women!'

'I vill not fight!' the German repeated mechanically.

'Bah!' the lieutenant-commander retorted, 'You're not worth killing! You're a coward! Yes, a coward!' He returned both pistols to his pockets.

The German seemed rather relieved, for the expression of terror left his eyes. 'I am not coward, I'—

Dene laughed bitterly. 'No coward!' he jeered. 'Humph! I should have said you were! Nevertheless, I will not kill you. I will merely'—

He finished his sentence by springing at his

enemy and striking him violently in the face with his fists. 'Take that!' he exclaimed, his pent-up rage getting the better of him. 'Take that! and that! Hit me back! Come on! Hit me back!'

The German made no effort to defend himself, but collapsed on the locker, trying to protect his face from the rain of blows.

Dene recovered himself and glowered at his cowering foe. 'That is how I treat a coward!' he ejaculated breathlessly. 'You will probably remember this day till the end of your life. When you do get back to Germany after the war, you can tell your wife that I spared you for her sake—that I spared you; I, whose wife you murdered! I am a fool to do it, I know; a fool!'

He turned abruptly on his heel and left his stricken enemy to staunch the blood flowing from the wounds in his head.

Early the next morning the *Nestor*, with a collision-mat over her damaged bows, and two tugs lashed alongside, limped painfully into a certain dockyard port on the east coast. The prisoners were landed in charge of an armed escort, and half-an-hour later Dene received a telegram.

'Missed passage in *City of Edinburgh*,' it ran simply. 'Have just arrived Plymouth in *Somali*. Am going straight to London.—MAUD.'

Dene gazed at it, unable to believe his eyes. His wife was still alive; his wife, who he thought was dead! A great wave of thankfulness surged through his heart. 'Thank God!' he ejaculated feebly. 'Thank God!'

He had two good reasons for thanking his Creator.

STODO KIRK, BY THE RIVER TWEED.

WHERE sleep they now who built thy aged walls,
And laid them deep beneath the clover sod?
Who raised this tower whence silvern music calls
The moorland shepherds to the feet of God?

The evening shadows touch thy tranquil breast,
Outside thy gates the happy children play;
But in the calm of heaven's eternal rest
God keeps the builders of that other day.

Mayhap this mound the sacred fragments hold
Of one who fled the troublous ways of men;
And, as the waves of longing round him rolled,
He built to God this temple in the glen.

Tweed's gentle river seeks the restless sea,
Its murmur trembles on the evening air;
And from those shades that round envelop thee
I hear the sound of angels chanting there.

Oh day of life whose hours un pitying glide!
Oh house of God, touched with a tender grace!
I find my peace, on this sweet eventide,
Beside the portals of thy holy place.

GILBERT RAE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

X-RAY WORK IN WAR-TIME.

By FRANCIS VIPOND, an X-Ray Worker.

THE war has, amongst many other things, brought X-ray work into prominence on account of its great usefulness to military surgeons in the work of locating bullets and fragments of shrapnel, and in treating fractures and injuries to bone. To those, however, not actually engaged in X-ray work it still remains something of a vague mystery, and to many of the victims condemned to 'go under the Hex-rays'—as Mr Atkins often puts it—the X-ray room is regarded as a dread combination of a witches' cave and a torture chamber of the Inquisition.

Most people know that the mysterious emanations of a powerful electric current passed through a glass tube of high vacuum causes the production of a group of rays of weird potentiality, and that amongst these rays those termed 'X' have been harnessed by scientific men for the use of their suffering fellows. It is common knowledge that these X-rays were first identified by a German scientist of the name of Röntgen, and that by their means broken bones may be seen and bullets and other foreign bodies localised in the victim of accident or war. It is often affirmed by those who have been in an X-ray room that the rays are of a beautiful yellowish apple-green colour; but this is a mistake. The colour is due to fluorescence of the glass, the rays themselves being colourless and invisible. The English glass now used for X-ray tubes (German glass being no longer obtainable) fluoresces a most exquisite blue-beryl shade of blue. The German glass was a soda glass (its exact manufacture being a trade secret); the English is a lead glass.

If, then, you pass an electric discharge through a glass bulb of very high vacuum a fluorescence appears on the walls of the tube or on any suitable object that is placed between the electrodes. The electric ions themselves are termed 'kathode rays.' After the kathode rays impinge upon the glass wall of the tube—or, as is now done in X-ray tubes, on an anti-kathode of platinum of tungsten—we get X-rays. This anti-kathode (or target), enabling us to focus the rays, was introduced by Herbert Jackson.

X-rays have the power of penetrating various substances which are opaque to ordinary light, this power varying inversely with the density

of the substances in the path of the rays. Bone, for instance, is denser than flesh, hence we get shadow pictures of bones enabling us accurately to diagnose fractures. Again, the density of bone in disease differs radically from that of healthy bone, so that bones afflicted with tubercular or other forms of disease may be accurately classified for the information of surgeons or physicians treating such cases. Most metals—aluminium is a notable exception—are opaque to the rays; hence bullets, needles, pins, &c., throw heavy shadows, and are easily located by means of the rays. Bismuth, either in the form of capsules or a kind of thick gruel, is administered to patients with symptoms of œsophageal or intestinal obstruction, and a series of radiograms being taken during the digestion or swallowing of such 'meals,' an accurate picture of the condition of the œsophagus, stomach, or intestines is obtained. Malignant disease is thus negatived or demonstrated, and the physician or surgeon knows exactly where and what is the fell disease he has to tackle, for the bismuth throws a dense shadow wherever it passes. Bismuth emulsion, too, is injected into sinuses, and their depth and course thus ascertained.

Ringworm, a disease of the skin caused by minute parasites, afflicting the skin with an especial preference for the scalp, is treated with the greatest success by means of X-rays. Let us follow the course of a shrinking and scared small youth, who, condemned by the skin specialist of a London hospital to X-ray treatment for ringworm, is led, awed and somewhat sullen, by an officer of the Education Committee of the great city of London, to the treatment room of the hospital's X-ray department, the door of which is opened to his guardian's knock by a nurse, to whom a paper is handed setting forth the victim's complaint, age, address, school, and other details. This missive the nurse in her turn hands to the Sister in charge, whilst little Willie wishes he could turn and flee, or that the earth would open and swallow him up.

'Do it 'urt much, miss?' he whispers to the nurse, who looks kind and friendly, as Sister fills in a card with instructions as to the dosage, &c., he is to receive.

Nurse shakes her head and laughs as she takes a blue pencil and a tape measure from a drawer, and proceeds to measure out mysterious angles on Willie's closely-shorn bullet-head, marking what are apparently five points of interest thereon with the blue pencil. These five blue dots represent the five 'areas' which are to be X-rayed. So accurately is this system worked out that, if properly applied, every hair of the head falls out, leaving a scalp resembling an ostrich's egg or the proverbial billiard ball, on which it seems to horrified parents a sheer impossibility that hair can ever grow again. Nevertheless, grow it does, beginning as fine soft down, and ending in a normal crop; in the end all is well, including the cause of the trouble, the ringworm, which is totally eradicated.

Meanwhile little Willie surveys his surroundings with rapidly growing apprehension and alarm, Sister uttering the cryptic remark, 'Tube eleven, nurse. Two or three milliamps, one P.D.,' vanishes, and Willie finds himself lifted on to an operating-table and gently laid flat thereon. A second nurse emerges from the shadowy background of switchboards and tube-racks which make up the scenario of the Inferno into which an unkind Fate has precipitated little Willie. She throws a lever across from point to point, and a sound as of an underground train starting rumbles through the quiet room, vibrating and jarring up Willie's already overwrought spinal column. He wonders dully if he may not perchance be electrocuted, an accident he has read of in the Sunday Press as occurring to trespassers on electric railways.

Nurse No. 1 bends over him. 'There is nothing to be frightened of,' she says in a level, soothing voice; 'it is only a light. But you must keep quite still.'

Willie yields to the inevitable. A square box is lowered to a few inches above one of the blue spots marked on his head, then, 'Quite still, my lad,' says nurse, and there is the clang of a lever as the second nurse turns the current into the tube. Willie's eyes, ears, and all vulnerable portions of his person are protected by thick sheets of rubber; but he is aware of a curious yellow glow somewhere above him. His scalp prickles and tingles, then after a second or two he falls asleep, only when the first of the five areas is finished to be roused to be put in position for the radiation of the second, and so on throughout the five on which the rays have to exert their influence.

The dosage is not given haphazard. An aluminium filtering screen of known thickness is employed to filter out the rays which burn the skin, and each dose is measured by means which never vary. In this way all risk is obviated, and with the highly trained operators who alone are employed in our hospitals all risk to the patient is eliminated. Sometimes a child is so restive and scared that adequate dosage with the

rays is impossible, and the patient must be sent away as untreatable; but this is an exceedingly rare event. Parents and those who come in charge of children almost invariably do their best to help the nurses to reassure and control the children under treatment.

'Enery,' said a woman the other day to a wildly kicking and struggling small youth whom two nurses were vainly endeavouring to reassure, 'if yer don't chuck it, 'ome ye goes, an' what 'll yer pa say?'

'Tan me,' wailed 'Enery, and the Scylla of the X-ray operating-table plainly faded into insignificance before the Charybdis of his parent's just wrath. His relative's firm hand pressed him down in the position nurse demanded, and beyond a few snuffles of irrepressible protest, we had no more difficulty with 'Enery.

'E's 'eavy in the 'and 'is pa is,' his relative confided to us as we gave her a paper requesting her to bring Henry to see our electrical and radiographic specialist in three weeks' time, and duly to wash Henry's moulting head with soft soap once a week during the interval. 'E don't stand no nonsense with 'is kids.'

'Sensible man!' said the nurse. 'Don't forget to bring Henry up here in three weeks, will you?'

In three weeks a bald and grinning Henry is led up for inspection; and on his card the doctor jots down 'Epilating nicely,' so that we know that all is well with him.

Every X-ray treatment for ringworm takes an hour or more to carry out, and the wear and tear on the tubes used is great; but it is becoming more and more used, as its certainty and effectiveness become known. The treatment of cancer, skin diseases, &c., is undertaken in this department, and in certain cases radium is used. The radium applications are kept in a casket which, when not in use, dwells in the office safe, from which only the radiographer (who keeps the key of the casket) may obtain it. It is perhaps well that patients with various skin diseases do not realise that, as they sit comfortably reading in the treatment-room, the little square or circle or tube which has been plastered on to them is worth anything from three to five hundred pounds.

Though treatment with X-rays is extremely interesting, diagnostic work is perhaps even more enthralling. In the surgery a house surgeon examines an elderly man's wrist.

'Colles, I think, Sister,' he says, scribbling on a paper. 'Send him to the X-ray people for report.'

Daddy listens with a sinking heart. X-rays are amongst the horrors they keep in hospital, he knows. What do they do to you 'under the Hex-rays'? His heart sinks yet lower as a nurse leads him down a corridor and knocks on a door bearing the legend, 'X-Ray and Electrical Department.'

The door opens, and daddy is handed over to another nurse, who reads his paper. 'Right wrist. Query, fracture?' she quotes. 'Come on, daddy. Don't look so scared; we aren't going to electrocute you. We are only going to take a photograph of your bones.'

Daddy, considerably reassured by her manner, follows her into the room. 'I ain't never 'ad me photer took afore,' he confides as he is piloted to the X-ray operating-table, above and below which are queer objects of thin hollow glass. He is asked to put his injured wrist on a parchment square in the middle of the operating-table, and he notices that high above him is a network of insulated cables, whilst against the wall are tubes and things that look like glass rods above a tall marble switchboard. Another switchboard somewhat resembling the controls of an electric tram is at the other side of the room, and above it are dials and gauges. The nurse in charge of him puts a queer yellow object, like a framed and glazed picture with brass handles, over his swelling and painful wrist, carefully easing all pressure by resting it on sand-bags. 'All right,' she says to a second nurse who is standing by the control-table.

Suddenly the electric light goes out, and there is a pause in darkness; then with a click a lever is touched, and the screen above daddy's aching wrist is flooded with an unearthly yellowish-green light.

'Look!' says the nurse. 'You've made a nice mess of your wrist, daddy.'

Daddy looks. He forgets the pain as he gazes on the bones of his arm, which even he knows should not stick out in angular splinters. 'It's all along o' them nasty dark streets,' he says. 'I stumbled orf the kerb an' fell against a barrier, an' there ye are. Wonderful thing this 'ere,' he adds, as in the darkness over his head strange violet flames flicker and dance about the cables like impish spirits at a witches' carnival. 'I never thought to see my own bones like this 'ere.'

'Don't move your arm,' says nurse, and the lights spring up. The fluorescent screen is taken off his arm, and its place taken by a dry plate in a double envelope, which is exposed for about five seconds. A second position is taken, so that the fracture may be verified and localised, and daddy is told to go back to the surgery, where in the course of ten minutes or so the developed plates of his broken wrist arrive to guide the surgeon on duty in the setting of the fracture.

As daddy goes out of the X-ray room a soldier is wheeled in on a stretcher trolley. This warrior has a bullet in his chest, the position of which has to be located for the surgeons. After him other soldiers come, some from the wards, others out-patients. Some have bullets or pieces of shrapnel embedded somewhere in their bodies, and these have to be found by means of the

X-rays. There are now many efficient means of accurately localising such foreign bodies, which in some cases are extracted in the X-ray room under the fluorescent screen. Strange are the things issuing from the German shells that are found in the persons of our gallant warriors. A brass screw-nut was discovered under the X-rays in a man's leg, and subsequently removed by the surgeons. The victim of this missile preserved it as a 'keepsake o' them blasted Germans,' in a highly polished condition, hung to a chain along with his identification disc, and—he was a very devout Catholic—a crucifix.

Bullet wounds are often complicated by terrible fractures of bone, and here again X-rays are in constant requisition in order that the progress of the healing of these injuries may be observed. It can be seen, if the fragments are in good position, whether they are uniting properly. If this is not the case, operations are undertaken, so that the greatest possible usefulness may be retained in the injured portion. If the fragments of a bone shaft, say, are not uniting as they should, or the position of the fragments is bad, the surgeon cuts down on the bone and secures the splintered portions by means of a plate or screws. When the knee-cap is broken in two (a very common injury) the portions are lashed together by means of silver or copper wire. A bullet through the jawbone is not a pleasant injury, but modern surgery tackles its repair with success. An X-ray picture shows where the mischief lies, and by means of skilfully arranged plates and frames the jaw is again made serviceable.

As well, however, as wounded soldiers there are sick ones, and X-rays are used more and more for purposes of diagnosis. On the fluorescent screen the beating of the heart can be watched; if there is pleurisy with effusion, the rippling waves on the fluid in the thorax can be clearly seen. Now that instantaneous radiography is possible—for with the tubes and high-tension apparatus now at our command exposures of one-hundredth of a second can be given—clearly defined pictures can be taken which show the heart and lungs, and any abnormal condition is easily recognised by the radiographic specialist. Tuberculosis of the lungs, for example, or internal cancer, can be clearly made out, as can aneurism and dilation of the heart. Calculi (stones) in the kidneys, &c., can be photographed and their positions localised like any other foreign bodies which are opaque to the rays.

X-ray work is growing every year in scope, usefulness, and, one might add, in safety, both as regards patients and operators. With the safeguards now employed accidents practically never occur. The skin is shielded, and the rays are filtered so that they only reach the spot they are intended to act upon, and in known and carefully measured doses; and all the time

we are learning, and the practical use of X-rays grows and grows, and will go on growing as the wounded pour in on us.

An efficient X-ray department is expensive to maintain, and, like most other things, the price of apparatus is steadily rising because of the war. Plates, for instance, have increased in cost 20 per cent.; and we use a lot of plates, from the humble half-plate to plates fifteen by twelve inches. Larger plates, twenty by fifteen inches, are used mostly for heart and lung diagnosis, and cost two shillings and sixpence apiece, or at the present time rather more. The great dishes of fixing solution for these plates have to be supplied with two quarts of solution each—that is, two pounds of hypo (thiosulphite of soda), with two ounces of meta-bisulphate of potash, to two quarts of distilled water go to make up the complement of each dish. The dishes themselves for these developing and fixing operations cost six shillings apiece. X-ray work is not cheap, and house governors are wont to remark sourly to the X-ray staff that their department eats money. Still, X-ray work has come to stay, and to those engaged in it is absorbingly interesting.

A good X-ray assistant must understand

thoroughly the management of tubes, which are rather like thoroughbred horses to deal with. Some are fretful, some are willing and tractable, some are bad tempered and difficult. Each tube has a distinct personality of its own, which must be studied and considered. A good practical knowledge of photography as applied to X-ray work is required, as the development and manipulation of the plates require absolute accuracy and faultless technique. A good working knowledge of osteology and elementary anatomy is essential for the interpretation of the results achieved. To this must be added a smattering of electrical physics and a certain amount of mechanical skill in managing the various details of the switches and controls.

Most of us feel that we are learning all the time. As one thing is mastered some fresh method crops up. It is in some ways trying and exacting work, but results pay for pains taken. It is worth any amount of trouble when the medical radiographer in charge of the department gazes on a negative placed for his inspection in the viewing box, and says, 'A beautiful picture, Sister,' as he surveys what to the uninitiated looks like a confused jumble of bones.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A BUSY EVENING.

CROUCHING under cover of the panniers and the pine trunks we waited Macdonell's next move, while the unsteered 'float,' swinging into the current, gathered way in the rising river. Bertrand, well sheltered, put his hat on his sword-hilt and raised it slowly above the pannier. A bullet sang past it. I caught a glimpse of Left Hand slipping from behind one tree-trunk to another, and got a shot at him, but it was almost at random.

'Lie still. We're comin' to open country. My gentleman will have to show himself,' said Anthony; but when the 'float' came clear of the wooded banks, we saw him running on the level holms that flanked the river. Here the face of the country changed abruptly, the Spey's banks, rising almost sheer in tree-clad slopes, cliffs with great splashes of red sandstone, adventurous birches hanging to dizzy footholds on their crests, shutting out from us everything except the darkening sky. To steer the raft to the opposite bank was too hazardous, for Macdonell, under cover, could have picked us off easily as we disembarked. Every minute sweeping downstream meant a step toward safety, so there we lay, making the best of it, watching the interminable procession of the trees for a tense ten minutes, until the Spey swerved in a sudden bend round a bastion of rock. The 'float' ground along the rock's face, hesitated, buried

its bows sulkily in a spit of sand, and stopped dead. The 'floaters' strained at the poles. Ten, twenty seconds passed. The big mass crunched along the rock for another yard, and stopped again, the water, dammed by her stern, coming flush with where we lay. Not an inch farther could the men move her. Sick with apprehension, we all tugged and strained until exhausted, and then, to crown our discomfiture, from the leaguer of shadows of the trees at the rock's crest, there floated down to us a chuckle, a voice, an easy, mocking, confident voice, which hailed us with, 'Good-day to ye, gentlemen!' and a hand with a pistol in it waved to us from behind a tree.

'I said I would see day about with Innes. Now it's your turn. The luck's with me. Ye would go by water, would ye! A blunder, eh! a blunder? What say ye? Nothing? Has Mr Layton lost his voice?'

We stood silently waiting. Bertrand's hand closed on mine in an instant's pressure.

'And Cousin Bertrand too. Well, this is the end o' the ploy. If your mind runs on prayers, better begin them.'

Bertrand spoke first. 'Make an end of this,' he called.

'Ah! The French bantam crows! But do ye hearken to me. Whether ye die in fair fight or like rats in a trap is of little consequence.

But ye misjudge me sorely if ye think it's blood or vengeance I'm after. Ye are in the hollow o' my hand. Ye are blind if this is not plain to ye. I seek no blood, but blood it shall be if ye do not come to terms. See!' and he waved a white cravat from behind his shelter. 'A truce!'

I risked it, and held out a handkerchief. 'A truce be it, then. Lay down your arms where we can see them, and we'll do the same.'

To our astonishment, without hesitation, he bent down and laid his pistols against the foot of the tree where we could see them. We put ours down on the top of a pannier, and Macdonell instantly stepped out into the open.

'Here are my terms,' he began.

'Our terms,' I interrupted.

'Mine.'

'Ours.'

'This is a sorry beginning, Layton.'

'It is the beginning and the end,' said I. 'Our terms are that you finish the duel that you ran away from on the Culbins.'

He laughed, slipping back to the shelter of the tree's trunk. 'Mr Layton of the high hand! Ye were ever a fool. If I refuse; for it seems to me this is a one-sided offer'—

'Then the truce is ended.'

'So be it. But one word before we go back to—what name will I put to it, war or murder? Here ye are; your muckle raft failed you, and the French money beside you. Here am I, with nothing to do but stop behind my tree and draw trigger. Come! The cartes are with me, but I'm no' ill to deal wi'. Dispeace in this business leads nowhere, and, all said and done, I am dealing with my clan and blood. Give me half of the money and there's an end o' the weary business. Take time and think on't.'

'There's something behind this,' Anthony whispered, and this was my own view. For Left Hand to have suggested terms when he had the prospect of easily regaining the whole money was incredible. There must be a reason for it and one that had nothing to do with chivalry. For all his air of confidence, I thought he was peering at us too anxiously for one holding, as he put it, all the cards.

'I'll give ye another minute to decide,' he called.

Bertrand anticipated me. 'Get behind your tree again, you dog! Not a single *louis* will be touched by you unless you steal them,' he called out.

The minute sped. Never a word did Macdonell say, but watched us warily from behind the tree, without a movement.

The 'float,' I thought, moved slightly. I held my breath in intolerable suspense. Again it moved, this time lifting perceptibly. The river was rising. The water between the rock

and us widened. Macdonell stepped from the tree's shelter, the white cravat in his hand, without a word. I felt the lift of the current as the 'float' swung clear, and though we were manifestly leaving our perilous anchorage, there he stood like a man carved out of stone. He never even picked up his pistols. Another minute and we would be out of range. The Spey bore us on through the gathering dusk, until all that I could make out was the speck of the white cravat. It dwindled to a pin-point and vanished. Mystified, I turned to the others. What did it mean? He had tracked us, lain in ambush, sped a bullet at us, gloated over our helplessness when we grounded, and in the end had allowed us to float away down-stream scatheless.

'There is something, as Anthony says, behind this,' said Bertrand, voicing all our thoughts; and indeed there was, something that I afterwards discovered from Left Hand's own lips, so simple a thing that none of us gave it a thought.

'Whatever it is, Lord send that it bides in him till we are in Spey Bay an' my hand on the tiller. Then, the back o' our hands to the gallows-bird,' said the captain.

'Amen to that!—How far now to Garmouth?' I called to the 'floaters.'

'Less than fower mile,' came the answer.

Four miles—the open sea—and victory. The thought stirred me like wine. Two or three days more, my back turned on these fevered days and nights, I would be beside my Charlotte, and at the thought I could have knelt in thankfulness where I stood.

The Spey had gathered strength, and as the night came down we sped under Fochabers Brig, and soon saw in the distance a little half-moon of lights. Never was a sight so welcome.

Anthony explained his plan.

'I'm in no ways expectin' trouble, but we'll leave nothing to chance,' he told us. 'The "float" will be run alongside the others. You and Hugh Scott here can wait and keep a weather eye on the bawbees, and Monsher and I will see how the land lies. The Preventive gentry may be on the move, and, warrant or no warrant, I'm a kent man. Money isna contraband, but twenty thousan' lewies and a wheen guineas would mak' them stare. The Excise are Hanoverians to a man, or pretend to be. It would be "a case for inquiry." I ken what that means! Some doited auld wife at the court at Elgin glowerin' ower his specs at us, the *Gannet's* mast wi' the King's mark on't, and the Revenue cutter's crew aboard. No' if I can help it! So I'll gang to the ship an' come back and report.'

The Spey flotilla at Garmouth lay in dead water by the left bank; some two score 'floats' moored to stout posts. Ours was berthed at the rear. A few idlers collected and exchanged

greetings with our 'floaters,' but it was dark, the arrival of a 'float' was a common occurrence, and the panniers were well covered.

The captain and Bertrand stepped ashore into the darkness, leaving the mate and myself with the French money. An irksome half-hour passed, silent but for the even voice of the Spey's current and the great timber rafts straining at their shackles, until our ears caught the clank of oars, the yellow eye of a lanthorn crept nearer us, and the *Gannet's* dinghy with Anthony and one of the crew pulling, brought up alongside the 'float.'

'Move lively,' whispered the captain, clambering on board, 'and get the stuff in. There's a King's sloop in the harbour.'

Very quietly and swiftly the dinghy was loaded with the canvas bags. When the last one was stowed, a net was thrown over them, Anthony whispered a word or two to Scott, and without a word the mate pulled off alone into the darkness.

'The *Mastiff* has been dodgin' along the coast for a week,' Anthony told us. 'She's an armed sloop, ane o' a King's squadron. There's wild stories o' a French landin' under Lord John Drummond, and Lewie Gordon has been busy recruitin' in the North for the Prince. Like enough, the sloop's here to gather news. Her commander has searched a brig in the harbour already, and if he ran across a cargo o' French siller in the lugger I'm thinkin' he would be seein' himsel' admiral on the spot. But I'm no' anxious to help him to promotion. So, 'gin he comes aboard I'll show him a clean hold, and we'll up anchor and pick up the mate and the bawbees when my gentleman's back turns.'

The 'Norway Lass' Inn was crowded with tars, 'floaters,' sailors, shipyard hands, all busy at tobacco and drink after their day's work. Much to the delight of our two 'floaters,' we paid them handsomely, laying the strictest secrecy on them, and then went down toward the *Gannet's* berth.

'Keep a ceevil distance ahint me,' the captain counselled. 'Ye'll play at being deck hands for the next ten minutes. It's little disguise ye need.'

Indeed we should have passed for anything on this earth except gentlemen; unshaven, weather-beaten, our clothes torn, stained with sea-water and rain, we looked like the frowsy hangers-on of a sailors' tavern.

A cluster of people where the *Gannet* was warped separated when the captain appeared and a young naval officer came forward. Drawn up behind him on the wharf were half-a-dozen of his men with cutlasses.

Anthony went forward.

'Are you the captain?' the officer asked.

'At your service, sir.'

'A smart craft. Your port?'

'Rye.'

'You carry a large crew for a lugger.'

'Maybe, sir; we whiles need them a', replied Anthony.

'I wager the *Gannet* has showed her tail to the revenue cutter many a time.'

A smile flickered on Anthony's tanned face. 'She can sail, sir. I'll say that for her.'

'However, running brandy or lace does not concern me unless it's done under my nose. There are weightier matters afoot.'

The captain turned, nodding to us. 'Get for'ard, ye swabs,' he growled.

We stepped on board.

I pretended to busy myself pulling and hauling, but I was near enough to hear some of the conversation. The officer produced a paper and began to read it. I caught 'Enemies of our Realm . . . importation of arms and ammunition . . . assist all officers and others . . . disaffected persons,' and so forth.

'Sir,' said Anthony, after a line or two had been read, 'I ken my duty to the king's warrant. If yours calls ye to search my ship, I'll be blithe to help ye. I have an empty hold and neither arms nor Jacobites. I've neither the mind nor the shiproom for them.'

The officer came on board, followed by his men, and Anthony led the way to the hold. They returned in a very few minutes. The sailors went ashore and the officer gave a last look round the deck.

'I was looking for something more than a clean hold, I may as well tell you. A fair wind, captain! I hope your pockets will never be as empty as your ship,' said he as he stepped ashore. He marched off with his men, and the tramp of their feet had hardly died away when the *Gannet* cast off.

The captain, standing by the man at the tiller, peering into the darkness, pointed to a tiny yellow point of light that blinked in the distance, and swung a lamp over the bulwark with the motion of a pendulum half-a-dozen times. Instantly the yellow point vanished, the *Gannet* wriggled along in the dark, and in ten minutes the light showed again fifty yards on our port. It was the dinghy, pitching in a jabble of waves.

The mate ran alongside, I got into the dinghy, and the two of us handed the bags over the side to Anthony. It was a ticklish job and slow, for we were just inside the bar and the little boat tossed and capered like a restive horse in the swell. Once at least my heart was in my mouth. She had shipped water, heeling to the gunwale, and for a black instant I pictured the French money lying on the floor of the sea, all our labour lost in a twinkling. If the thought of it gave me a chill sweat, it made me alive to the danger, and every package after that was handed out singly, without haste, and transferred to the

Gannet in safety. The dinghy was made fast, and I drew a long breath as the *Gannet* made for open sea.

The fore-hold was a dingy little hole—narrow, ill-lit by a ship's lamp, dirty, reeking of stale tobacco and bilge-water—yet no palace could have been welcomed by us half so joyfully as that cramped kennel. It meant safety, a safety honourably and hardly won. As I write there comes to me recollection of that evening, the undescribably grateful sense of peace as we sat at rest, the sea making music on the forefoot of the *Gannet* heading south under a brisk wind.

We turned in, tired and happy, and I fell asleep piecing together my doings for the last month. The Garth—my Charlotte—the Highland army—Holyrood—the lone *Marie des Anges*—the swift-running Spey. Was it real, or a fantasy,

a dream, a tale from a book? But I woke to the tramp of feet overhead, the tang of the sea, and the *Gannet*, every inch of sail pulling, spinning gaily in the tide round Rattray Head.

We had a 'soldier's breeze' for the rest of the passage. The North Sea for once held its rough hand, and the deck was bone dry.

We agreed that Bertrand should take the money to Mr Waters the banker in Paris, through whom it came from French supporters of Charles Edward. If they chose still to devote it to his service, well and good. It was not my affair. I was for King George, it is true, but I had gone into the adventure with no political aim. Casuists and logic-choppers may split threads as to whether I was justified. Charlotte's hazel eyes may help to answer them.

(Continued on page 612.)

THE PASSING OF THE 'QUEEN'S HEAD.'

By A. PETER.

THE Post-Office authorities lately issued a notice stating that the use of postage-stamps bearing Queen Victoria's effigy would not be valid after the last day of June in this year of grace 1915. This cannot be regarded as a hardship, inasmuch as her late Majesty died fourteen years ago, and during that period King Edward reigned for nine, and our present sovereign has reigned for five, years; so that the number of stamps of the Victorian era in circulation must be small. However, the intimation marks an epoch, for it was in Queen Victoria's reign that postage-stamps were first used in England. Previous to their introduction letters had to be taken to one of the branch offices, which were limited in number even in large cities; and if the sender prepaid the postage a red mark was affixed, and it went forward. If the sender did not pay in advance, the postage was payable on delivery, which was very customary, and was frequently considered the safest method of insuring that the missive would reach its destination. Of course the rates were high, being eightpence to places some fifty miles distant, while from Dublin to Paris the postage was one shilling and elevenpence; but in most of the principal cities and towns there were local penny posts, with twopenny posts to the suburbs. The adoption of postage-stamps took place on the 6th May 1840, and was due mainly to the efforts of Sir Rowland Hill, who laboured long to demonstrate the loss to the State and the public by the then existing method of conducting this important traffic.

When the new stamp was introduced it was invariably called the 'queen's head,' and old people used this term for many a long day afterwards. When first issued to the public the

sheets on which the stamps were printed were not perforated, and each had to be separately cut, a process both slow and troublesome; and it was some years before perforation was adopted. The stamps were also thicker in substance than those at present in use, and not so adhesive. There are representations of Queen Victoria on the stamps issued during her long reign from the young girl of the forties to the aged lady of the twentieth century. The various advantages given to the public since the advent of these useful little articles in regard to the weight and delivery of letters have been many, and the multiplicity of receptacles where they can be deposited has added greatly to the enormous increase of written and printed matter.

Among the drawbacks of the postal system when Queen Victoria began her reign was the limit placed on enclosures. If a single sheet of paper was cut in two the letter was charged double, or if an address was enclosed on a separate piece of paper the same charge was enforced. With all the difficulties then in the way of correspondence it is not surprising that the practice of 'franking' was much abused. Certain persons had the privilege of sending letters free by simply writing their name across the envelope or cover. Members of Parliament were allowed to frank ten letters a day, and were also allowed to receive at the rate of fifteen daily free of charge. How far these rights were exceeded it would not be fair to inquire or easy to ascertain; but, what with the difficulties of posting and the cost, every device was resorted to by persons having much correspondence. Friends going any distance would be entrusted with numerous missives to deliver, and poor

persons would frequently refuse to pay the postage demanded on delivery, being content with an outside glance at the writing, which showed that the sender was in the land of the living. Sir Rowland Hill succeeded in his efforts to show how the splendid idea of a universal inland penny postage of a certain weight could be made a success; and since his day much more has been

done. Seventy-five years have passed since our ancestors first affixed stamps to their letters, and with curiosity and interest received at their doors those delivered bearing the 'queen's head.' Now another chapter of the great postal history of these islands is closed and the first stamp that we knew takes its place among the relics of the Victorian era.

BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER XII.

PONDERING these thoughts, I slowly dressed and went downstairs to breakfast; but so wrapt up was I in reflection, and engrossed in legal procedure and probable eventualities, that, when Betty appeared with my bacon and egg I could scarcely reconcile myself to my surroundings or at once realise my whereabouts. Fortunately she didn't notice my preoccupied air, otherwise my firm's long blue tax-looking letter would again have been blamed and execrated; nor did she make any attempt to pick up the thread-ends of our conversation regarding the regilding of the old frames. I wondered at this, as the conditions were propitious; and Betty, as a rule, follows up the trail of a crack as surely and consistently as a weasel follows a hare.

'Joe's in the back-kitchen brushin' your boots,' she said, as she handed me the morning papers; and I sighed with relief in the knowledge that Boyes's liquid was likely, for the time being at least, to remain on his shop shelf. 'Puir sowl, he's quite pleased when I ask him to do ocht for you,' she continued. 'Yesterday, without bein' bid, he got oot yin o' your suits o' claes and pressed it wi' my big smoothin' ern on the kitchen table, and he's made sic a job o't as wad be a credit to ony whip-the-cat. He has learned mair than drillin' in the army, I tell ye.'

'I believe that, Betty,' I said. 'The service is often a capital schoolmaster. But it was very good of him to look to my clothes. I'll not forget him for that.'

'Oh, mercy me, Maister Weelum, dinna you gi'e him ocht! He wad be black affronted and terribly displeased if ye offered him money. No, no, it's neither wisdom nor charity to gi'e to Joe, for he's made mair siller lately than he kens hoo to tak' care o'. I can tell ye he cam' hame this time wi' a weel-filled pouch, and for the first week o' six workin' days he did mak' it spin!'

'Spin, Betty? How in the world did he contrive to make money spin in Thornhill?' I asked.

'Haith, if ye had only seen him ye wadna need to ask. Ahem, spin! Ay, Joe can not only mak' the money spin, but he spins himself,'

an' he mak's every yin spin that'll sit wi' him. But mebbe I'm gaun ower quick. Did ye no' ken that Joe tak's a dram?'

'No, Betty, I did not; and, as he's a brother of Nathan's, I'm surprised to know it.'

'Oh, weel, but it's juist possible that I'm wrangin' Joe noo. He's what I wad ca' a regular drammer—tak's his gless o' beer every day—ye ken; but aince a year, and for a while after he comes back, he gangs fairly ower the score baith wi' drinkin' himsel' and treatin' ithers. Ye ken he then has siller galore among his fingers, and wi' Joe, as wi' the rest o' folk, "the fu' cup's no' easy carried." Last year he had a gey time o't; spent a lot, and grudged it terribly when it was a' gane. Nathan canna be bothered wi' m in his thochtlessness. A' he says is "Benjy's a fule." He ca's him Benjy because he's the youngest o' the family. Ay, that's a' he says. But somewey I'm sorry for Joe, and I'm aye ceevil and nice to him. And, what think ye, Maister Weelum? He has signed the pledge to please me, 'at has he, and he hasna touched a drap for nearly three weeks. It's wonderfu' what a bit word will do, if it's spoken in season.'

'Yes, Betty, that is so,' I said meditatively; 'that is so. It is very good of you to interest yourself in Joe. I'm sure he'll bless your name every day.'

'Imphm! I've nae doot he does; in fact, I'm sure he does,' and a queer smile broke over Betty's face. 'Ay, he blesses my name, sure enough; he's a Hebron, ye ken. The Hebrons never say much, but they look a tremendous lot, and Joe's been lookin' at me lately as if he was blessin' me. The fact is, he's sairly off his usual. He has a queer cowed look I never saw before. Oh, the man's no' weel, and I'm sure he blames me for it. This mornin', when he cam' doon, he was lookin' fair meeserable, and I asked him, in a kindly sympathetic wey, how he was feelin', and, said he, "Middlin', Betty; very middlin'." It's a very stiff job this I've tackled. I've been teetotal for twenty days, and I've saved as much as'll buy me an oak coffin; and, Betty, if I'm teetotal for other twenty days, by the Lord Harry, I'll need it." And d'ye ken, Maister Weelum, he was so

fa'en-away lookin' that, though I kenned it was plantin' wi' ae haun and pu'in up wi' the ither, I gaed away and poured him oot a wee drap, juist a jimp gless, and then I gi'ed him your boots to brush, and he started to whussle like a mavis.'

Betty's face was quite serious when she was telling me this, and when I looked into her kindly, concerned eyes, and thought of Joe's patient misery, I began to laugh, and I laughed till the breakfast crockery rattled. She looked at me in wonderment, and, lifting the teapot, she made for the door.

'Excuse me, Betty, and pardon my levity,' I said; 'but just one moment'—

'Oh, I'll excuse ye,' she said as she halted. 'There's nocht I like better mysel' than a guid laugh, but it maun be at something funny; and if it's Joe you're laughin' at he was far frae funny this mornin', I tell ye.'

'I can well understand that, Betty; but I was going to say'—

'Maister Weelum, excuse me interruptin' ye, but do you believe in ghosts?'

'Do I believe in ghosts? Certainly not. Why do you ask?'

'Weel, I'm gled to hear ye dinna believe in them. I say wi' you; but Joe's juist been tellin' me that he met a leddy this mornin' on the public street that he could sweer died twenty-four years bygane. So what mak' ye o' that?'

'Oh Betty, Joe's most surely talking nonsense. Where did you say he met the lady?'

'Haith, Joe'll no' alloo it's nonsense. He's very positive aboot it. His story to me was that he cam' suddenly on her gaun roon' Harper's corner, and he was so frightened and surprised that a' gumption left him, and he couldna look efter her either to mak' sure o' her or to see where she was gaun. He was as white as a sheet when he cam' in to me, and between the fricht and the lang want o' his dram he was in sic a state that I'm sure the Lord will coont me justified in gi'en him a mouthfu'. What I tell ye before was only half the truth, and noo ye ken a'.'

I don't know Joe very well. Since he came home I have had few opportunities of meeting him and analysing him; but when Betty was talking he was very vividly flung on the screen, so to speak, and a possible trait in his character occurred to me.

'Betty,' I said, 'don't you think that Joe has just worked up this ghost story and feigned excitement and agitation, knowing you had spirits in the house, and that in the peculiar circumstances you would produce the bottle?'

'No, no, I dinna think that. Joe's a Hebron, as I've said, and the Hebrons ha'e neither the cleverness to think a thing like that oot nor the guile to carry it through. No, no, Maister Weelum, Joe met the leddy, whae'er she may

be, richt enough. I'm quite sure aboot that pairt o't; but of coorse he's wrang aboot the burial. It's been some yin very like her, and Joe's juist mistaken. Had this happened when he was as I ha'e seen him I wad never ha'e gi'en it a thocht; but this mornin'—weel, the man was—was ower sober to be healthy.'

'As you say, he's just made a mistake, Betty. At best, Joe's a mysterious individual; these annual disappearances are remarkable. Have you yet learned exactly where he goes?'

Her alert ear detected a cessation of brushing and whistling, and she walked quietly to the door, keeked past it, and then gently turned the handle. 'He has finished your boots,' she said, 'and he's gettin' Nathan's Sabbath-day yins doon frae the shelf to gi'e them a rub. Do I ken where he gangs? Ay, I do. For a lang time I jaloused; but last nicht he telt me a' aboot it, and as it turns oot I havena been very far frae the mark. His wife has a wee temperance hotel—a temperance yin—she kens Joe!—in a toon ca'd Brighton. She can manage a' richt hersel' in the dull pairt o' the year, but she's forced to get Joe in the busy time to gi'e her a haun wi' the fires and the luggage and siclike. She was only aince here, and we didna see much o' her; but frae the little I did see I wad tak' her to be a fell purposefu' woman, mair cut oot for fechtin' in a toon than settlin' doon to the quiet, humdrum life o' Thornhill. Joe in the airmy wad dootless be a' richt, but oot o't an' hangin' aboot here wi' a decent pension he wad juist be an impossibility. I was kind o' sorry for her when she cam' here. She had never been in this pairt before, and she didna tak' very kindly to it. She couldna understaun what we said, and we were in the same fix when she spoke. The first nicht she was in this hoose Nathan, for Joe's sake, tried to ca' the crack wi' her; but it gied him a sair heid, so he juist smiled and noddit to her efter that. She put twae months in here, and then she went away on her ain. First she kept lodgers; then she took this wee hotel, and by a' accoonts she's doin' weel. But it's a queer, queer life for baith o' them. Never a letter passes between them, and Joe seldom mentions her name. When he cam' back this time I asked him if his wife wasna vexed to pairt wi' him when the time cam' for him to leave, and he said he didna ken, for he didna see her. "Ye didna see her!" said I; "hoo was that?" "Oh," said he, "she was busy at her wark up the stairs, so I cried to her that I was away, and she cried back, "Right you are, Joe; so long till next July," and that was a'." Imphm! isn't that a queer state o' maitters, Maister Weelum? Mind you, I dinna a'the-gither blame her. I ken the Hebrons. They're a queer, quate family. Ye never can tell what they're thinkin'. I've the best o' them—ay, the best—and I often shut my een and thank God for Nathan; but if he had married ony

ither woman—I mean a woman wha didna ken him as I do, or make allowances as I can, and though she had been an angel frae heaven—she wad ha'e been as meeserable as I am happy. Ay, it was lang, lang before I understood Nathan, and the kennin' o' him was a dreich job, but it was worth it a'. Ye see, the Hebrons havena got the faculty o' expressin' their feelin's. They may be pleased or angry—it's a' yin—they never let on in their speech, but they show it in their actions; at least my Nathan does, and my impression is that Joe's wife—Sally her name is—doesna ken Joe yet. He'll no' ha'e met her half-road as it were, and gi'en her a chance o' gettin' to the bedrock, and she tak's his quateness for indifference, and the upshot is, as ye see, that for the best pairt o' a year she's as happy in Brighton as he is in Thornhill, and for the rest they put up wi' yin anither for the sake o' the siller their united efforts bring in. Ay, it's a queer world for some folk. But I'm deavin' ye. Joe'll be oot o' a job too, and to keep him richt I maun keep him workin' the day,' and she bustled off to encourage Joe in well-doing.

Later, I consulted with Betty about Murray Monteith's visit, and we arranged to get the south bedroom prepared for his reception. So I wrote him to-day at some length, extending Betty's invitation, and expressing my willingness to accompany him to Nithbank House. After I had finished my letter I perambulated the dining-room round and round, for the day was wet and boisterous, and I could not go out of doors. Bang and Jip, evidently conscious of the fact that a walk was out of the question, were making themselves at home on the hearthrug, and I was just finishing half a mile of carpet-walking when the street door opened, and Nathan's step sounded in the lobby. Betty had gone out on an errand, so I went ben to the kitchen.

'Hallo, Nathan!' I said, 'have you got a holiday to-day?'

Nathan looked up at me as he sat down in his armchair near the fire. 'I've ta'en yin, Maister Weelum,' he said. 'I've ta'en yin—very much against the grain, though. I'm—I'm—I'm no' feelin' very weel, so I thocht I wad juist come hame.'

'You did well to come hame, Nathan, and I'm sorry to know you are not up to the mark. You're cold-looking. Do you feel cold?'

'Weel, shivery weys, Maister Weelum; shivery weys. Imphm. Where's Betty?'

I told him she had gone out on an errand, but would be back presently; and, going into the dining-room, I poured out a glass of brandy and brought it to him. 'Here, Nathan, I know your mind on the liquor question; but put aside your objections and drink this. It will do you good.'

He smiled feebly. 'What would Betty say? Will ye tak' the blame?' he asked.

'Certainly, I'll take the blame, or rather I should say the credit. Drink it up now, Nathan.'

Joe, who had been splitting firewood in the stick-house, had recognised his brother's voice, and came into the kitchen. 'It is you, Nathan!' he said in surprise. 'It's no' often we see you wi' a dram gless in your hand, an' at this time o' day too. My word, but you're lucky.'

'Ay, Benjy, it is me, and I am lucky. I daur say ye wad like to chum wi' me the noo. Are—are ye still keepin' the teetotal?'

For a moment Joe looked shamefacedly at Nathan, then truth and honour—outstanding traits of the Hebrons—shone in his eye. 'No,' he said; 'I broke it this mornin'.'

'Ay—imphm! And hoo did you come to do that?' asked Nathan, without looking round.

'Betty tempted me, and I fell.'

'Oh, imphm! Betty gied ye a dram, did she? Weel, Benjy, whatever Betty did was richt. She didna tempt ye, man; she treated ye, that's what she did. Ye'll no' gang far wrang if ye're guided by Betty.—Eh, Maister Weelum!'

He was sitting very near the fire, with his long gnarled fingers spread out to the warmth, and he looked up sideways to me when he said this with a look in his blue eyes which told me, more pointedly than words, of his absolute confidence in her good judgment, and the pride he had in the possession of her love.

(Continued on page 619.)

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY TRADE AGREEMENT WITH RUSSIA.

By W. F. BATTEN.

CAN there not be another agreement for trade as well as an alliance in war between Britain and Russia to help to pay the enormous war-bills of both? An affirmative answer to this question would seem certain, given two conditions: first, the ability of our business men, if reasonably

assisted by our Government, to rise to the occasion; and, second, a satisfactory solution of the Dardanelles Question. Anglo-Russian co-operation in a trade war against Germany is no new thing, though we must go back to the days of the Czars of Muscovy and our own Tudor sovereigns.

for a precedent. To be precise, it was in 1555 that the first joint-stock trading company was founded in England, and called the Muscovy Company, both countries then attempting to break the German Hansa League's monopoly of Russian trade, which debarred English merchants from obtaining pitch, tar, wax, oil, hemp, and many other commodities, except under most tyrannical conditions and at ruinous rates. This co-operation between Russia and England came about by accident. An English vessel, seeking to make the North-East Passage to China, entered the White Sea, and anchored at Archangel. Her commander, Richard Chancellor, eager to extend trade, journeyed to Moscow, where he was most hospitably received by the Emperor. A Muscovite Ambassador was sent to England, and a trade agreement was signed between the two countries. After this London merchants carried on a most profitable trade with 'Muscovy,' as Russia was then denominated, and their goods even penetrated as far as the Caspian Sea. But the German Hansa League was always jealous of this commercial intercourse, and so long as its power lasted, retained its monopoly of the Baltic trade. In more recent times Germany has found a profitable market for her manufactures in her neighbour's wide domains, and German traders continued to retain their hold on Russian commercial affairs right up to the commencement of the present war.

Now, within living memory, and indeed up to some fifty-five years ago, Russia was really a 'peasant empire,' living by agriculture of a most primitive type, and supplying her other wants chiefly by home industries, just as was the custom in Europe during the Middle Ages, though for many generations her rulers had been trying to transplant into their great Empire the arts and crafts of their Western neighbours, despite the formidable difficulties they had to contend against. But during the second half of last century a revolution was brought about in the conditions of commercial life in Russia by the emancipation of the serfs, the rapid extension of the railways, and the facilities for obtaining credit to work sound undertakings through the influx of foreign capital, which also encouraged the foundation of new and the extension of old industrial and commercial enterprises.

Germany has now lost her enormous trade with Russia, and the vital question at present is: Shall her successor be the British Empire or the United States of America? This coming commercial chance is of gigantic proportions, and with foresight and enterprise our mercantile men, intelligently backed by the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade, should secure it, instead of allowing their only possible rivals to do so; for a great bond of good feeling is being developed and consolidated by the loyal co-operation of the two countries in the great war.

Meantime it may be helpful to enumerate the

commercial advantages that the homicidal madness of the Germans has caused them to throw away. The territories of Russia's Czar are nearly forty-four times larger than those of the Kaiser, whilst their population exceeds that of Germany by over one hundred millions; yet our business men hitherto have known little or nothing about Russia beyond Petrograd and a few of the other great towns. They certainly have never—by studying the language or even the habits and requirements of her tremendous population that lie out of the beaten track—made any serious effort to oust Germany from her commercial supremacy in that Empire. Last year, up till August only, Russia had exported more than one hundred and sixty million pounds' worth of her produce; importing nearly one hundred and twenty-four millions sterling of foreign manufacture and produce in return; yet out of the enormous sum of thirteen hundred and seventy-five millions sterling, which British foreign trade amounted to in 1912, we find the unsatisfactory total of only sixty-two and a quarter millions sterling representing this country's exports to and imports from the Russian Empire in that year. In passing it may be mentioned that Germany's ratio in the same period was as two to one of our own. Now Russia will be obliged to find a market elsewhere for her own produce probably to the extent of about fifty to fifty-five millions sterling in value, whilst also finding a country or countries capable of supplying her commercial needs to the extent of nearly sixty millions sterling in value; this because German trade—and probably the comparatively small Austrian trade also—is moribund already, and with peace and the largely increased spending power which her commercial expansion alone will bring Russia, to say nothing of the development of her great agricultural resources, these amounts will be largely exceeded. But our business men must wake up and be ready to grasp their opportunity; for it is not to their credit that in the five years preceding the war German trade with Russia showed an aggregate increase of one hundred and thirty-seven and three-quarter millions, whilst that of our own was only thirty-nine and a half millions.

It has been said that British traders should receive all reasonable assistance from the Government, the Foreign Office especially; but when we find that Great Britain has only some four dozen consuls and vice-consuls in an Empire that extends from the Baltic to the Pacific and from the Black Sea to the Sea of Japan—hardly enough for the larger centres of trade even—it cannot be contended that our Government has hitherto in this most important matter given all reasonable assistance to enterprising business firms. Not only so, but the system on which our consular service is run stands in need of a thorough overhaul, so that these officials should more effectively promote and assist the action of our business men.

As to this, the Foreign Office could not do better than take a leaf out of the German book, for wherever the German goes he has the whole force of the State behind him. The German Government has never—as our Government for many years past has done—regarded the trader as an adventurer in whom the State had no concern.

At present the whole vast machinery of German trade and commerce is stopped, its wheels fallen out of gear, its workshops empty, and its tariffs, bounties, aids to shipbuilding, &c., have all gone by the board. But sooner or later the great machine will be running again; therefore from now onward every effort should be made to establish British commerce in the Teuton's lost markets so firmly that its dislodgment shall not follow on the restarting of Germany's efforts. Indeed, not for a hundred years has there been so great an opportunity for regaining lost trade and for obtaining increases; but it is imperative that British traders should take their measures *now*. The British Industries Fair was a step in the right direction, for above all British trade should be conducted with the British Empire. The several Governments of the British Empire must work together and to more practical purpose than in the past, since that immense Russian continent stretches out toward the borders of several of them, as a glance at the map will show. In every trade centre of Russia a British representative of high capacity should be appointed to supervise our business interests, his duties being to collect and tabulate all information, to serve as a trade-intelligence officer, and to assist British traders by every means possible. His salary should be an excellent one, and his promotion depend upon his success. The British trader neither needs 'dry nursing' nor will tolerate the interference exercised by the German Government, therefore the consul's task is by so much the lighter.

With a new policy in Russia must come new methods if the good understanding between the two countries born of their fighting side by side is to be made to bear fruit in their commercial dealings after the war is over. Since the great and rapid increase in Russian railway mileage during the past two decades such important centres as Vologda, Kherson, Kharkoff, Moscow, Vilna, Kieff, and Baku are much easier of access, whilst the Bokhara Railway and some other important new lines will before long be put in hand; and a series of canals to improve the waterways connecting European Russia with Siberia is also stated to be under the consideration of the Government. Then there is a department of the Ministry—that of Ways and Communications—that has been created to look after the splendid service of waterways for inland communication in Russia, nearly twenty-five thousand miles of which are navigable for vessels, and about twenty-seven thousand for rafts. All these great extensions of railways and waterways

are unmistakable indications that the Russian Government is aware of the urgent need for a great expansion of trade to help to counteract the enormous financial drain of the war; also, that there must be found an outlet other than Germany for the enormous increase of her vast resources under these changed conditions. This, particularly in her products of grain and oil, should at once affect the British market. But in return Russia would provide a great and rapidly growing demand for iron and steel goods, machinery and spare parts of it, and especially agricultural steam machinery and implements, wool and cotton yarns, electrical fittings, motor vehicles, and above all for the output of our shipbuilding yards and engineering works, for sections of steel bridges and girders, and for railway engines and plant. Over and over again have Russian friends and British residents in Russia impressed on the writer how both the quality of British workmanship and the honest dealing of British contractors and manufacturers are appreciated there; but German underground influence and methods stood between these and the market. The Teutonic grip of Russian trade was too firm to be shaken off then. Doubtless American firms are on the watch to secure enormous orders in this direction; but at present their hold on the Russian market is not consolidated, though they have one sufficient to make an excellent jumping-off place for future efforts to capture it. There is, it is said, an American Commercial Commissioner travelling through Russia on behalf of the Trade Bureau at Washington, or about to do so, and this would almost certainly have reference to the demand for new mills and factories where new industries are being developed in certain populous centres.

As regards both telegraph and telephone requirements Germany has hitherto had a practical monopoly, and here there is new ground to break. As one looks over the official returns it is almost always the same story, a practical monopoly by Germany, as seen in the linen, hemp, and jute line, where we supplied 2 per cent. of the imports and Germany 75 to 81 per cent. Again, as to coal, for which there is an enormous demand now, hitherto the great syndicates in Germany, particularly in Westphalia, have recently succeeded, by fair means or foul, in underselling our British exporters; but the Westphalian miners are now otherwise occupied—enormous numbers of them doubtless permanently so—whilst but such a proportion of British miners have gone to the front as should not cause any lasting injury to the industry. Moreover, there are possibilities of multiplying the yearly output of the Northern and Midland English coalfields by three; there is all the labour that would be required to do so at hand, and the output of the east coast ports at present cannot be much under ten million tons annually,

which is quite easily handled. It would almost seem that by a providential arrangement our highly developed industrialism and Russia's enormous agricultural population are especially fitted to meet the needs of their respective countries. The great agricultural implements at Lincoln, Grantham, and elsewhere are capable of turning out goods that for durability and excellence of workmanship easily beat those of the American Harvester Company, that has recently done such good business in Russia; but American energy and business acumen will always have to be reckoned with.

The need for far more extended facilities for studying the Russian language with a view to the better equipment of British agents is urgent, though this concerns the great problem of how to readjust our present educational system to meet the needs of the Empire rather than an Anglo-Russian trade agreement; for in the future we shall have to face far keener competition in 'the civilians' war of commerce' than we have had to meet in the past. Then, too, when the great war is ended, Germany expects to reap the advantage of the damage she has done to the industries and agriculture of France and Russia, by flooding the markets of the countries now neutral with the goods she is at present accumulating for that purpose. It must not be forgotten, however, that in 'the civilians' war of commerce' the organisation of kindred industries in Great Britain would be of great advantage in attempting to capture the Russian market.

With regard to foodstuffs, Russia at present only raising one-seventh part of the world's

supply of wheat has of course to face competition in foreign markets; but in the case of rye, barley, and oats she can dominate them, as she produces about half of the world's supply. But besides the Russian market in Europe there is the Siberian one, and as Siberia will not have suffered from the effects of the war to any great extent it should prove a very profitable field in the future for British manufacturers and merchants. Finance is already strongly represented there by powerful syndicates—to the extent of nearly forty millions sterling it is said—and many credit associations have been established as the result. Siberia has an area of over a quarter of a million square miles of forests. There are large exports of pine and other kinds of timber, and an increasing trade is being done with both the British and Australian markets already. There are valuable mineral products also—according to the official returns including gold, platinum, copper, lead, and zinc—and considerable mining operations will be carried on in Western Siberia; and a number of well-known English companies, besides French and Russian, will be engaged in working these, which would produce a demand for mining machinery; whilst the extensive employment of British capital in Russia after the war should certainly promote our commercial interests there.

Before leaving the subject of a trade agreement with Russia, it may be mentioned that the present admirable ruler of that Empire is known to desire most earnestly that the good feeling existing between the two countries should be permanent, and that is all that is requisite to make it a pronounced success.

THE LOCUM TENENS.

By E. TREEBY.

A SOLITARY man was riding hard along the bush track, every now and again looking anxiously and apprehensively behind him, but in no wise slackening his pace except at long intervals when he paused altogether to listen intently, and then with a relieved encouraging pat to his foam-flecked horse, which seemed to share intelligently in his uneasiness, they went on again.

The night was tempestuously grim and dreary—every few minutes a chill deluging down-pour of rain, intermittently dashed with hail, lashed at them from the south, and both man and beast seemed fairly done up.

'Cheer up, Joker,' he said at last; 'even the heavens are siding with us to-night all right; they'll never track us so long as the blessed rain keeps coming down in buckets' full like this.'

His horse, too well trained to make audible answer, shook its head by way of acknowledgement, and they went pounding doggedly along the road again as before.

Suddenly the man's quick ear caught a suspicious sound even before the horse, which stopped dead in an instant at his master's warning touch on the bridle, and he listened again.

Hastily jumping off and winding the reins around his arm, he led Joker into a clump of thick bush. Leaving him there, he made his way, revolver in hand, steadily back to a spot from where he could see and yet be totally unobserved, and presently, with a great clog-clogging of hoofs on the soaking leaf and bark strewn track, and their dripping waterproofs glistening in the gray light, four troopers rode by.

'He can't be very far ahead now,' one said as he unconsciously passed within the hidden man's certain range.

'Even a black tracker wouldn't be much use to pick up his traces through this'—began another.

The fugitive listened breathlessly until their

voices died away in the distance, and then grimly pocketing the revolver went for his horse, and in two seconds they were doubling back and riding hard in the direction from which the troopers had come.

He rode on not slackening rein again until he came to a ford in miniature flood, and then he halted and looked around him anxiously, for he did not recognise the spot at all. He must have taken the wrong turning some little way back. He got a drink for himself and the beast, and then retraced his steps slowly and cautiously. But it was no use; he couldn't pick up the path again, and was practically bushed, to his chagrin. He turned tail and crossed the ford again, keeping a sharp eye all around him, and listening frequently.

'Before we know where we are, we'll be running into their very arms with this tomfoolery,' he growled aloud at last. 'I'm bothered if I know where we are now.'

He went on anxiously, still keeping an eye open all around, until at last they came to rather more open space than usual, and in the distance through the scrub he spied a solitary light in the window of a lone selector's hut. After cautiously taking his bearings, he made for it at once, getting entangled as he went in some barbed wire that gave him about five minutes going around before he reached the shanty. He rode up to the door and rapped, and a woman hastily and noiselessly opened it.

'S-s-h.—Oh thank heaven you've come, Tom'—she began, when she saw it was a stranger and moved hastily to shut the door; but he had put his foot in it before she could do so, and she was looking fearfully down an extended revolver barrel.

'Awfully sorry for this rudeness, madam, I can assure you, but necessity presses,' he said in a mellow, pleasant voice, taking off his hat politely, but still keeping her covered.

'Who are you? What do you want?' she asked tremblingly.

'Merely some food and the direction to Red Trail Gully, and a mum tongue that you've seen me at all.'

'That there's the road to the Gully,' she said, pointing to a dark patch, 'through that bit of bush, over the track and along the creek past Two Man Tree; you can't miss it, and just over the hill you'll see it plain. As for food, there's oats in that there shed for the horse, and I can give you some damper and mutton'—

A sudden, fearsome, choking, childish crying sound from within interrupted her.

'Oh my precious!' she moaned, flying inside the hut again. 'Oh my precious one'—

He took her word about the oats in the shed, and Joker was soon enjoying a snack, while his master came into the hut to forage for himself. It possessed only one room, and a bed took up one end of it, and a few spare chairs, an old sofa,

and a knocked-up bush table the rest. Beside the large open fireplace was a box-cradle, from which the young woman—she was hardly more than a girl—had lifted out a small fair-haired child, crying in the paroxysms of some infantile complaint, and sat down with it beside the fire.

The man helped himself to food from the table without a word, and ate rapidly as if there was not a moment to lose, going to the door every few moments to look out anxiously.

'Have you had any troopers by here to-night?' he asked at last.

'Yes; they woke the boy up with their noise—my precious, did it then—Oh mummy's boy! If I only knew what to do to make you better!' she cried desperately.—'Tom, for the love of God, do be quick and come'—and she broke off into a silent storm of weeping.

For the first time, the man seemed to realise her distress and the great trouble that overhung the place.

'What is the matter with the youngster?' he asked, coming over to her, still munching wolfishly at a great crust of damper and meat.

'Blest if I know,' she sobbed. 'Tom's gone for the doctor—he ought to be back soon; but it's five miles away, and then he may be at another case—and meanwhile my baby is dying. Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?'

He bent down and looked at the child frowningly, and then he went to the door again and peered out listeningly.

Then muttering savagely something about the tomfoolness of women having babies at all in the bush, away from any sort of civilisation, and that there ought to be a law to prevent it—that's what laws were wanted for instead of being mostly about things that didn't matter in the least—he finished up by saying gruffly, 'Here, give the kid to me, and hurry up and get some boiling water ready.'

'Are you a doctor?' she asked hesitatingly, holding the child protectingly to her while she regarded him apprehensively.

He didn't look altogether an object to inspire complete trust and confidence. He was a big man in the prime of life, although his dark hair was slightly tinged with gray over the ears and temples, but there was a stern haggardness and unemptiness about him that gave him a sinister aspect.

He laughed at her words as if he were suddenly tickled very much. 'No, but I very nearly was once, only the fates and some other people decreed against it; but I think I'm still good enough for a touch of croup.'

'Croup!' she almost shrieked in horror. 'Do you think he's got that? Why, they hardly ever get better from croup, do they?'

'Now, no noise,' he said not unkindly but firmly, taking the child from her reluctant arms. 'I tell you his life depends upon the way we

jump around now, and it will be touch and go. Hurry up with that water!’

For an hour they both worked strenuously with the simple primitive remedies at their command, thoroughly absorbed in the battle, she following his every direction with pitiful obedience.

At last he said quietly, with a professional reassurance, as he laid the child back in its bed again, ‘There, I think he’ll be all right now, as soon as he’s slept off his exhaustion.’

The mother bent over her boy in an ecstasy of gratitude and delight as he peacefully slumbered with faintly glowing cheeks and his hair crinkled over his head in damp moist curls.

‘If it hadn’t been for you he’d have been dead. Oh, what can I do to show you how thankful I am! And how Tom will be too when he knows about it,’ she whispered so as not to disturb the child.

‘He mightn’t be so much as you think,’ he gruffly cut her short. ‘Go to the door now and see who it is that’s coming along. If it is the troopers again, give me time to get out before the shooting begins and wakes baby.’

‘What! Is it so bad as all that?’ she asked with whitening face; ‘and it will be all through us if you are taken.’

He waved her to the door, and she peeped out as a stentorian voice outside shouted, ‘Here, Nora, come and give us a hand.’

‘No; it is Tom at last,’ she cried, joyfully throwing it wide open. The stranger followed her out.

A young man was supporting a drooping figure of a stoutish elderly man hunched up before him on his horse.

‘Here’s the doctor, Nora, drunk as a lord,’ he cried disgustedly. ‘I made him come; but much good he’ll do you, old girl.’

They helped him down and set him on his feet, where he swayed unsteadily. ‘How d’you dosh, Mrsh Fingal. Wheresh the pashent?’ he said thickly. ‘Damn fool business this, you know, Tom Fingal. A dose of castor-oil would have done just as well until morningsh.’

‘My God, doctor, if that kid pegs out through you’—

‘Hush, Tom,’ cried Nora, hanging on to him. ‘It doesn’t matter now at all. Baby’s better and sound asleep, thanks to this—friend,’ she finished hesitatingly.

Tom, though puzzled, nodded cordially to the stranger, only his heart was too full of rage at the doctor to think collectedly about anything else just then.

‘Well, what am I going to do with him?’ he asked helplessly. ‘Put him into the cow-shed for the night? I don’t feel inclined to tote him back again now.’

‘No; he’d get his death of cold there. Let him sleep it off till morning in the house,’ said

Nora grudgingly; ‘but for goodness’ sake, don’t let him wake baby up.’

They helped the doctor to the sofa.

‘What! you heresh, Spindrift Max?’ he suddenly muttered, peering beerily into the face of the stranger, who was helping him on the other side. ‘What the (hic) devilry have you been up to to-night?’

Nora turned pale and stifled an exclamation, while Tom looked curiously grave but made no comment; neither did the man who had been addressed by the name of the most notorious and most wanted outlaw in the country at that time. The doctor, without waiting for an answer, had almost immediately dropped into a profound slumber.

After he had had a look at his boy, Nora told Tom how the stranger had saved the situation.

Tom thanked him heartily, and was pressing upon him such refreshment as was available and a night’s shelter, when a sound of galloping horses was heard coming toward the hut.

The stranger quietly took direction of affairs. ‘Quick, tell me again the direction of’—

‘It’s too late,’ said Tom concernedly. ‘You couldn’t get out of here without being seen from the track.’

‘But he saved our boy—he would have died, and he saved him—we must do something, Tom!’ pleaded Nora.

Tom raised his shoulders helplessly. ‘My dear girl, we can’t do impossibilities.’

She went to and fro wringing her hands, and then all of a sudden she darted toward the big bed and commenced frantically rolling back the clothes and mattress.

‘He sha’n’t be taken, whatever he has done; he would have got away in time if it hadn’t been for saving our boy’s life.’

‘What are you doing, Nora?’

The stranger, who had been thoughtfully looking at the priming of his revolver, asked the same thing with his curious eyes.

‘Lie down here,’ she commanded him.

He hesitated. ‘It’s not much in my line. I think I’d sooner get out into the open,’ he said apologetically.

‘Get in,’ she insisted breathlessly; ‘don’t delay. It’s your only chance.’

‘I believe she’s got it,’ cried Tom admiringly. ‘You do what she says, stranger.’

He reluctantly did what they told him, and then she pulled all the clothes back again, and gently lifting the slumbering child from his cot she tenderly kissed him and put him on top of everything and sat down beside him.

‘Now, go,’ she said to Tom, ‘and tell them to come softly because of the child.’

‘The horse—the horse’ll give the whole show away,’ he growled in sudden gloom.

‘Idiot! Can’t the doctor have come on it,’ she said hurriedly.

'Right you are again, old girl.'

So he went out in time to prevent them all clattering noisily up to the hut together.

They dismounted, but only the sergeant and one trooper entered, and they came in quietly.

Nora half rose from the bed and pointed warningly to the baby with her finger on her lips.

They nodded reassuringly and sympathetically.

'We're out after Spindrift Max,' they told Tom.

'What's he wanted for?'

'Nathalia Bank robbery, one of the neatest and most daring affairs ever perpetrated. All the officials were found gagged, and he has got off with eight thousand pounds single-handed as far as we know.'

'And you haven't got a trace of him?'

'Yes; there are indications that he's probably planted the loot and run into hiding somewhere in the neighbourhood until things quiet down; so keep your eyes open'—

'Oh, sergeant, do you really mean to say that he is at large in this very neighbourhood?' asked Nora with well-counterfeited terror, coming hastily toward them. 'What shall I do while Tom is away all day?'

'Of course he doesn't mean that, Nora,' said Tom, winking warningly to the officer, who kindly and instantly took his cue that he wasn't to alarm her.

'I don't suppose so at all, Mrs Fingal, not if he knows what is good for his health. I'm sure I don't know what we'll have to do about old Penderson,' he went on, going over and eyeing the snoring doctor disgustedly; 'he's the scandal and disgrace of the whole district. There'll be a fine old row one of these days when somebody pegs out through his neglect.'

'I can tell you, sergeant, if my boy had gone under this time, there would have been some swinging for it,' began Tom hotly.

'Tut, tut, my boy—but I don't know that anybody would have blamed you.—Well, good-bye, Mrs Fingal; I'm glad the little chap's better.—So long, Tom; keep your eyes open, you know.'

The husband and wife listened until the sound of their departure died away in the distance, and then they helped the stranger from his hiding-place.

'There's not a moment to lose,' said Tom; 'you'd better get away at once. Turn straight down by the gully there, and follow it until you come to the little ford. You will miss them that way, and sooner be out of the danger zone. But I'll come with you a short step and put you on the way.'

He protested, but they both insisted.

'Oh well, my friends—good-bye, and thank you very much,' he said, shaking hands with Nora.

'I reckon we're only quits,' said Tom gruffly,

looking over at his boy, when a galloping was again heard outside.

The stranger had only just time to get behind the door and take out his revolver, as the sergeant strode in again. 'I forgot to tell you, Tom,' he said, looking shrewdly and keenly around, 'that there's a little matter of two hundred and fifty pounds reward out for Spindrift Max.'

'Is there?' said Tom interestedly.

'Yes; you could do a lot with two hundred and fifty pounds, Tom?'

'By Jove, yes,' he said, rubbing his head and feeling very uncomfortable under the sergeant's glance; 'I reckon it would come in handy.—Eh, Nora?'

'Yes,' she said faintly, but she looked rather apprehensively at him until he turned yawningly to the fire again.

'Oh well, keep your eyes open for that two hundred and fifty pounds, Tom—that's all,' and turned rather disappointedly to go, to their great relief, when, with a sudden ponderous creaking stir upon the old couch, which drew the attention of all upon him, Dr Penderson roused up.

'What's that—who's that you want, sergeant?' he called out thickly after him, as he struggled to a sitting position. 'Spindrift Max; why, I saw him only a minute or two ago. I'll bet you anything he's behind that door,' he chuckled, glancing triumphantly at Tom, who glared at him, while Nora gave a little helpless exclamation, as with a sudden movement and a revolver held before him, the sergeant threw back the door; but, to his chagrin and the Fingals' relief, there was nobody there.

Some six months afterwards Tom and Nora were astonished to receive a small heavy packet by parcel post. Inside was a box of two hundred and fifty freshly minted sovereigns, together with a fragment of paper upon which were the words, 'Clean money, a thank-offering from Spindrift Max!'

MY LITTLE PAL.

Two wistful eyes of softest brown
That watch my every smile or frown,
Four eager feet that leap and play
Around my slower steps each day,
A heart of gold for weal or woe,
And that's my little pal, you know.

For him no other form or face
Could e'er, in absence, fill my place;
No queen, returning home, could meet
Such ecstasy of welcome sweet.
With maddest wag of tail unfurled
He says I'm just his doggy world.

Oh, faithful friend, small comrade true!
All stolen joys I'd shower on you—
Bones on the rug before the fire,
The biscuits of your soul's desire,
And may I find, while life endures,
Oh, little pal, a love like yours!

MARY FARRAH.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

MUCH of our British mankind is as a prodigal son; humbled and stricken, it returns to an old Victorianism which in recent years has been held to be stupid and smug, and too conventional for the proper achievement of the possibilities of life, and so has been despised. Yet it had some good qualities; and, sore and unhappy now, realising what sad mistakes have been committed in pursuit of luxury, people practising extravagance only because it was extravagance and beyond the capacity of many others feel that the time has come to return to a simple manner of thought and life. In the new practice of this Victorian virtue a different outward appearance may be presented from that which it bore in the days of its first establishment. It may even be pretended that it is not Victorianism at all, but a system with the recommendation of novelty. We shall be with old Sir John Falstaff anyhow in the suggestion that the fact that one is turned virtuous is not good reason why there should be no more cakes and ale. Dundrearies and other soft whiskers will not again enter into the masculine fashion. Could ever lady return to crinoline? But Victorianism had really some great virtues, and they were chiefly those that were comprised in a proper view of the goodness of human simplicity. The Victorians deserve limited credit for the virtue, because it was natural and subconscious with them; but certainly it was a dominant feature of the British character at that climacteric when the Empire, its construction seeming to be completed, was unveiled, admired, and then taken for granted. The work done, the people went out for luxury and pleasure. Since then, however, an accident has happened, and some damage has been done, so the people begin with a telling instinct to feel that they should go back to some of the ways of thought and action that held them when the gorgeous ceremony of Empire completion was being celebrated. Some wonder that there should be any thoughts of Victorianism when the air is occupied with monoplanes and biplanes, and not a soldier with a scarlet tunic is to be discovered in any thoroughfare. But it is so, and the real tendencies of people are better indicated by the subtle instincts that are not

fully realised than by the most conscious signs that are publicly made.

* * *

There is this new business of thrift which has been taken in hand. In 1870 thrift was understood and practised, in 1890 it was admired, in 1900 it was respected, and in 1913 it was distantly remembered. Now the new Victorianism within the people puts them as far back to 1870 as they can reach. If the times get worse we may indeed go back much farther than 1870; but even now this reaction seems odd. Thrift! the mystery and the wonder of this new cult! It appeared at the first consideration that there was something interesting in it. Its practice included such strange behaviour as might be a form of ritual. A little book in limp leather, with some outside signs upon it, edged in gilt, having ornamental print and rubric pages, seems to be needed for the proper practice of this thrift by a people unhappy and in anxiety, who have come to make a necessary adventure into a great unknown. The other night one among us, with that occasional uneasy foreboding that takes the minds of men in these times, went moodily to a shelf to select a volume for consolation in some lonely hours, something to satisfy a restless state that only knew that it knew not what it needed. Something green on an upper shelf that had been almost untouched for a generation made a suggestion that equalled a demand. Such a book might have been bought from one of the baskets in Charing Cross Road last summer for threepence; it must now be regarded as one of the text-books of life, with numerous examples and exercises. The copy on the upper shelf had come there by some means from an old homestead in the North; it had been to parents, good and wise and excellently Victorian, as one of the best of books, than which possibly there was only one other better. It defined the best virtues and gave examples of how they had been practised; and in the simple Victorian days, when people believed without too much inquiry, the examples seemed convincing, and anyhow were silently absorbed. Perhaps the book was needed for home use, or it may have been that he who now found it on the upper shelf, and to whom its appeal was

quick, may have been too young to understand its full meaning; still he wonders why it was not part of the boy-baggage when first he left the home, why it made no trinity of truth and wonder with the Holy Bible and *Robinson Crusoe*, maternal inscriptions in each of them. This green one was a father's book, and that may have been the reason why. In gilt letters upon the cover is the title *Thrift*, and underneath it 'Smiles,' for the author was Dr Samuel Smiles. May one suggest to Mr Murray, who still publishes it, that he should send this book to press again for the advantage of millions of chastened Britons who now pick among the remains of the old Victorianism for some morsels that may serve them, and are especially inclined, with Government support, toward the doctrine of thrift which they do not properly understand.

* * *

The copy which was taken down on this occasion is dated 1876; and while the author's preface within it, evidently for the first edition, is dated November 1875, the title-page indicates that this book is one of the twentieth thousand. Here in our present vulgar term was a 'best-seller.' Smiles, we conjecture, had a peculiar opportunity after 1875 of doing service to his mistress Thrift for the mere love of such service, and not through any untoward circumstances surrounding him, for riches must have rolled his way. The vogue of his books was quite amazing. They sold by the hundreds of thousands; no home that had pretensions to being well-ordered and well-found was complete without one; possession of a library of Smiles stood for declared intention to succeed in life by the best Victorian means, and they were translated into other languages, so that we Britons with our traditional altruism should not deny to the semi-heathen some knowledge of the manner in which to help themselves, to develop character, to observe duty, to practise thrift, and to shape fine conduct. I wonder why Smiles gave us no secrets, plain candour and truth, from his own exceptional experience, in the form of a last volume, which should have been called 'Success.' For that we might have excused him the *Autobiography* which was published in the year following his death in 1904. You may say that there is something wanting in fervour of appreciation, something too critical in one's reception of the old apostle in the green mantle who in these times of trouble returns to us from the Victorian shades, and is to give us many mindfuls of the best advice. No; but with all his faults we have some sympathy with the returning prodigal who has had his heated life, and is being called upon to suffer, and we shall see to it that in his mood of repentance, with an honest desire to attack the twisted difficulties of this unknown thrift, he is set upon the proper path, and is not made the victim of soft nonsense.

Victorianism, we have openly admitted, was finely virtuous and was very sound; but all was not so real as it seemed. And one may declare at once that Smiles is suspected of having prepared his fine romances of industrial knights by such a process of plot and argument reversed as that employed with such grand success by the distinguished author of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. Each took a result, and then went back, step by step, to the beginning, with none to hinder. Thus Dr Smiles, with his poor boy become a merchant prince, worked back from the castle to the cottage along paths of his own selection, and found thrift, thrift, thrift for the paving all the way. Not anything mean did he ever see, anything selfish, anything ignoble, in any of his heroes; they were all stuffed tight with the best Victorian virtues, and admirably adapted for pictorial display on the coloured sheet almanacs with which, by grace of the local tradesmen, the kitchens and parlours of northern homes were decorated at Christmas time.

* * *

It is right that we should see that our suffering and fearing prodigal is not misled, and that we should, if necessary, scrape upon the outside of these Victorian idols. If we have sinned we have anyhow gained much in worldly knowledge and circumspection of which we are properly entitled to take advantage; and while we agree that we must and shall willingly return to a half-forgotten simplicity, we shall stand out for reality, and do not intend to be deceived. Ours must be a new thrift which neither the Greeks nor the Romans, neither the Germans nor the Puritan Fathers, nor the good Victorians whom now we again admire, had within their consideration or their practice. Something high-powered and penetrating is needed, something that makes a quick appeal to the mind, and suggests efficiency. If this new move to thrift had come upon us in times of peace—which would have been impossible—the proper thing to have done, had it been a national movement, would have been to appoint a royal commission upon the subject, which in course of time, it is hoped, would have taken the evidence of a hundred of the wives of the workmen of France—the thriftiest people in the world, the backbone of a nation if ever women were—and ultimately, about the time when our grandchildren might reasonably be expected to be terminating the sowing of their wild oats, the people should be presented with majority and minority reports of this commission, which in effect would be stern and unequivocal condemnations of waste in all its forms. A vast appendix in small type would leave no further doubt upon the matter. But these are days of war, when we do not wait, because the Germans will not wait; and so, instead of the royal commission, the Government takes the unprecedented and breathless course of itself

coming forward with plain recommendations about thrift, tells the people how to save their money, shows them how they should not waste, gives them some hints on gardening, and other kinds of things. It tells us to dispense with many things, and if after a moment's thought we discover that they come from foreign countries, to go without them more than ever. The Government exhorts us that before we spend a coin we should sit us down and think; and in the doctrine of hesitation, in the preaching of the value of second thoughts, the Government is tremendously right. Smiles was never inspired so well, for most waste and prodigality comes from mere and absolute thoughtlessness. The Government now suggests that we may grow our own potatoes and cabbages. Only once does the Coalition, or those who speak for it, aspire to any aphorism, or make attempt to achieve a lasting thought. 'To waste food is as bad as to waste ammunition,' says the Government. It is a tremendous thought; hardly anything better has ever come from Whitehall. Even if they are so bare and unadorned, so harshly brief, we like the new precepts on thrift better than the old ones of Queen Victoria's sparing days.

* * *

Let us return from the Government to Smiles. We begin to see that, though we desire the ends of Victorianism, and may practise again some of its methods, its teaching entire will not suit the times; and we do not admit it is anything against our own times that it does not. This 'thrift' of Smiles is in effect Money! money! money!—it is the cry for money, and more of it, and little enough of the good that it might do. It is save! save! save! so that there may be a bulky stocking in the eventide of life. That, indeed, is good advice; it stands for prudence, but it does not accord with all the best virtues of humankind. For sweet charity he gives the uglier name of generosity; and we see his heroes and heroines, become rich through the toil of thousands in their behalf, being exalted for giving a patch of park to their town and laying the foundation-stone of a memorial hall. One of them makes great advertisement of an old vow that the poor should taste of the prosperity that had been achieved. There was no hiding of one's own merit under bushels in those strange times. Modesty and humility are among the noblest qualities of man; but Dr Samuel Smiles knew little of them, and did not demand them in his heroes. Had he forgotten those lashing verses in his Bible in which the humility of the publican was exalted above the pride of the Pharisee? Five or six quoted texts, borrowed from authors of many nations, are at the head of every chapter of Smiles. He tells us that 'Thrift began with civilisation. It began when men found it necessary to provide for to-morrow, as well as for to-day. It began long before money was in-

vented.' And then, opening this solemn exhortation with the groan of muffled drums, he goes on to say that 'Wealth is obtained by labour; it is preserved by savings and accumulations; and it is increased by diligence and perseverance.' Wealth! accumulation! Great things indeed, but not well placed in codes of life-ethics. Even our Government down in Whitehall is not for wealth and accumulations now. And we soon begin to hear and see so much of wealth and accumulations that doubts upon the whole of this philosophy rise in our minds. 'Economy is not a natural instinct, but the growth of experience, example, and forethought. It is also the result of education and intelligence. It is only when men become wise and thoughtful that they become frugal. Hence the best means of making men and women provident is to make them wise.' Profundity! And then we are told that 'Prodigality is much more natural to man than thrift,' and so along.

* * *

One did not realise until now for how little the soul counted in the ideas and schemes of some of those early industrial fathers; and now we know that Smiles makes their infirmities worse than they were. He shows thrift as a soul-killing vice, a terribly vulgar thing. I respect the name of John Crossley, founder of the great Yorkshire firm, and I decline to believe that what should have been the sweetest, most uplifting episode in the life of him or any man was such a dull, material thing as it is represented. John Crossley was a poor but ambitious weaver; Martha Turner was a domestic servant of many virtues, who milked several cows each night and morning. She knew nothing of him; but 'when I went to the gate one evening,' she says, 'there was a young man standing there who asked me if I wanted a sweetheart. I answered, "Not I, marry! I want no sweethearts." I then went into the house and left him. I saw the same young man frequently about, but did not speak to him for years after.' And then suddenly she received a love-letter from him, in which he said there was a house vacant near his works, and it was a great chance. 'I told him that I was going home to spend the 5th of November, and would pass that way and look at the house, which I did. When I got home I asked my parents for their consent.' Her parents objected. She says 'I went in a distressed state of feeling to my bedroom, and opened my book that was the preparation for the sacrament, and the first place at which I opened I read these words: "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." This comforted me very much. I felt that the Lord was with me in this matter, and I could no longer doubt which was the path of duty.' I am not convinced that Martha's confidence of divine support at this crisis was justified on the facts presented.

Yet she and John Crossley, married at the dawn of the nineteenth century, made some sort of a success of it in life, and my doubts about their love-story as it is told increase. If this green book tells me the truth and the whole of it I do not like this theory and system of Victorian thrift. It was a sordid system, it was selfish, it was incomparably mean, and it was murderous to the soul. Life, during the most of the living of it, must be crushed. That philosophy is a curious product of its age. But because we do not like that teaching we shall not practise thrift the less or believe in it less. Indeed we shall be happy in it as the Victorians never were. We in our great present sacrifice shall learn the joy of sacrifice; and the practice of thrift, the little saving for a noble cause, the simplification but not the impoverishment, of life, shall become a real and not an affected pleasure. Much of the late extravagance has been due to thoughtlessness; the happy possibilities of thrift have not been understood. One might work hard for five pounds and spend it unnecessarily and without a thought. Strange that the work gave pleasure and the spending none, and that this should be repeated. The effort and the achievement! It has not been realised that economy means revenue, that this is a simple and real truth, and not one of those lofty and sometimes doubtful moralisings that once were taught the young in copy-books. The thrift pupils of the Government must be brought to realise that the maxim that if they take care

of the pence the pounds will take care of themselves is to be taken literally, and is a practical hint of supreme value. The pleasures of economy are better experienced in the saving of copper than of gold. The mighty truth that drops of water will make rushing rivers breaks upon our mind. And as a matter of the practical thrift with which we are concerned in these last days of the German Empire, is it not the case that a man who has twenty pounds a week often feels that amidst his many expenses he would be justified in buying for himself some little trifle costing five pounds which he has often coveted? He spends it all in other ways. And then by encouragement of Whitehall he cuts out unnecessaries and reduces his expenditure to twelve pounds, limits it severely and inexorably to that, and the joy of effort begins. And lo! he says to himself that if verily he can save again on the twelve pounds it shall be a covenant that the gift to himself so much desired shall be made. In the second month it is made, the man is richer than ever before, and there is satisfaction with the thrift. This is practical thrift, and it is on these new lines that it must be practised in these days when it has suddenly become necessary. We are just simplifying our life and making it easier, cleaner, and better. Spirits will be the more buoyant for it. We shall go on to our grand economy with a good conscience, knowing that 'many a crowded hour of glorious life' is still before us.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—RED DRUMMOSSIE.

THE *Gannet* did not risk venturing up the Forth, for King's ships were on guard, but she put in at Eyemouth, on the Berwick coast, and there I parted from Bertrand and our good comrade Anthony. The business of the *louis d'ors* was safe in Bertrand's hands. Other things being equal, I should have loved to go with him to fair France; but the settlement of an urgent affair of my own dwarfed all other thoughts; for Charlotte was waiting for me at Lady Hewat's, in Peeblesshire, and when the *Gannet's* brown sails faded, I turned my back light-heartedly on the sea and took the post-road inland. A night at Edinburgh; next day a ride in a light snow into the country; and then my Charlotte at the journey's end. We were married quietly in a little church by Manor Water, the good motherly Lady Jean giving Charlotte away, and in the afternoon, taking Glenira with us, we set out for my house at Darehope, where we have lived since, and where my wife waits me now.

Those were happy days. To be young, to be newly wedded to my heart's desire, to be beside her, in the light of her presence, after racking

separation; to reap quiet joy, peace, and ordered life in the heart of the hills after dark and danger-haunted days; to learn the magic and the fullness of the word 'home;' these things were mine—ours—in the 'Forty-five,' things that might well make a man humble and thankful. Looking back, I see now that I was neither humble nor thankful enough. 'The pride of life.' How often had I heard the parson ask deliverance from it, and comprehended not. The seeds of unrest were in my blood.

The winter of 'Forty-five' crowned its turbulent year. Wild winds hallooed down the ravines, the fells trailed misty pennons in a thousand changing shapes, the sun sulked behind leaden skies, and there were many weeks of snow, with drifts up to our windows. Yet the days passed quickly, chasing each other in a happy round of simple duties and pleasures. A week before Christmas we rode to Durrinston, but there were none of the heartsome festivities that I was used to in Westmorland, for trouble was in the air.

Charles Edward's army had turned back at

Derby, after the claymores had been so near striking distance of London that the frightened citizens called the day Black Friday. But there were dissensions and jealousies in the Jacobite councils, and the gallant, mistaken dreams of the clansmen were shattered. From the moment that Charles Edward was overborne the world held for him nothing but bitterness and disillusion. Those who knew him say that any cheerfulness he showed after the day his officers forced him to turn his back on London was but a mask. Let what might have happened had he pushed on remain a speculation for the historian. For the Prince, the retreat meant a slowly breaking heart. His old buoyancy was gone. The retreat from Derby, begun in bitter mortification, was the first step on the glissade that ended in the destruction of the hopes, the body, and soul of the Chevalier. Sensitive and generous natures pay dearly for temperament.

On our return to Darehope from Westmorland I found a letter from my brother waiting me. He was in London, having just arrived from Flanders, and counselled me to go post-haste to Edinburgh. Duke William was marching on Scotland against the rebels. 'This will see an end of the Pretender,' ran his letter. 'I have the good offices and influence of the Secretary, and you are to receive his Majesty's commission, a cornetcy in Kingston's Horse. So do you be ready to join at Edinburgh, where I hope to be on the 30th. I do not doubt that you must have had private affairs to impede you; but it is not meet for a Layton's sword to hang on the wall when his Majesty has need of it, so set out, Ned, with all despatch.'

I handed his letter to Charlotte, who read it and went pale to the lips; yet, though I knew her heart was torn at the thought of my fighting against the clans, no word of this fell from her. 'You will go, Ned,' she said at last, her head held proudly, but her eyes swimming. 'It is your wish, is it not?'

'I should be the first of my race to lag at home when the King wanted men,' I told her gently.

'You will go,' she repeated. 'You cannot fight for the Prince. The Elector is your King; but I—I cannot call him that. Ah! Next to you, Ned, the Young Chevalier has my heart. No! I cannot call the Elector King! If I could, my own hands should buckle on my husband's sword. But a sword is not a claymore, and no scarlet coat ever shone like the tartan. Yet you are proud of your name, and you—you must go,' and she fell a-weeping.

One morning, with snow on the ground and the promise of more in the dull sky, I threw boot over saddle once more.

I got my old quarters in Edinburgh at the 'White Horse,' and at three in the morning was awakened by a cavalry trumpet and the jingling harness of a troop of light horse, part of the advance guard of the Duke. Two or three hours

afterwards Duke William arrived at Holyrood, having come from London in four days. Edinburgh's reception of him (astounding to one who had seen Prince Charles ride into it but a few short months ago) showed the city's real heart. Joy bells pealed, the freedom of the city was presented to the Duke, and the same hall at Holyrood that I had seen ablaze with the white cockade now heard loyal and dutiful addresses from the Scots great officers of State.

I soon found my brother. Though we had much to say to each other, we had little time together, for the army was under orders to start early next morning, and every officer had more duties than time to do them in. To my great satisfaction, I was gazetted to a cornetcy in Kingston's Horse, my father's old regiment, and was presented along with a batch of recruit officers to the Duke. He was a young man of twenty-five, very obese, and with no personal charm of manner or address. He gave us a few words of welcome, in a strong and unpleasant German accent, and shook hands with us at dismissal. I have heard much criticism of him, so let me here say that if he was ruthless and savage he was of high courage, outstanding military capacity, and consumed by honesty of purpose. Not all his critics can say the same of themselves.

Next morning the Royalist army—fourteen battalions of foot, four regiments of horse, the Campbell militia, and field pieces, in all about ten thousand men—began its march north.

We expected to come to grips with the Highland army almost at once; but the Jacobite leaders decided to retire to the North, where they could hold out until the spring, when a great accession to their ranks was expected, as well as aid in money and men from France. We reached Crieff only two days after Charles Edward had left it. The rebel army was wonderfully mobile, and in consequence other tactics were adopted by us. The Duke is credited with saying that the 'Highland army would be defeated long before a battle,' and certainly events justified the prophecy, for the severe northern winter, exposure, and the short rations of the enemy were our allies. The pursuit was set about without forced or fatiguing marches, by way of Perth (where the Hessian troops joined us), through Angus to Aberdeenshire, by which route the capable Lord George Murray had led his wing of the Jacobites. At Aberdeen snowstorms and biting winds met us, and here the Duke decided to wait for the beginning of spring before spreading his net round the rebels, for the roads were well-nigh impassable for horse and foot, not to speak of artillery. We remained there for six weeks, drilling, exercising, and patrolling.

I have never been quartered in a colder place. Easterly gales off the sea, chilling me to the marrow, shrieked over the old town. The winter died hard; but at long last the snow disappeared; a week of dry weather shrank the rivers; spring

loosened the winter's leash, and much to our content we marched out on the 8th of April, and on a Saturday morning I saw the sparkle of the Spey again. Here we expected a check, for nature could hardly have contrived a better barrier to our advance. Why no resistance was offered to us is to this day a mystery to me. It was a capital error, for the Jacobites could easily have harassed us sorely; but, their batteries retiring toward Inverness, in three divisions we forded the great Highland river. I little thought when the *Gannet* stole out of the Bay a few months before that I should ever see the Spey again; yet here I was, my horse splashing the stream, a bright morning sun sparkling, the shouts of orders and the tramp of an army sounding in the clear air around me. The Spey was normal, vastly different from the brown swirling current when I had last seen it, and the whole army crossed over with the loss of only one dragoon. Not a shot was fired in Morayshire, and on the 15th we rested near Nairn, in good heart for the battle that would on the morrow settle the choice of dynasty for Britain.

Striking camp at five o'clock next morning, and after marching for three hours through heather and bogs that our horses often floundered in up to the girths, I caught my first glimpse of the Highland army, a black line on a moor about a couple of miles distant.

Culloden (or Drummoissie Moor, as the Highlanders call it) is an old story now, described so often and so differently that Jacobite and Hanoverian can have an ample choice of narrative. Mine is a personal statement, wherefore I do not set down all I saw, but only those things which are of intimate concern with my tale. Some things I remember were mere impressions, come and gone amidst the shock of battle, picked up, as it were, with the tail of my eye for a moment, to vanish when the smoke cleared away.

The squadron to which I was posted was lucky to be placed flanking the Scots Royals, who had the right of the first line; and about one o'clock, the ranks shouting 'Flanders! Flanders!' the Royalist army moved forward with the steadiness of seasoned troops.

The day changed from sunshine to dullness, a raw north-easterly wind with snow and rain beating against the Highlanders; who, after trying in vain to manœuvre to windward of us, began the action with artillery fire, and lost heavily by it. Here, I believe, they blundered. Our guns were immeasurably better laid. They knew little or nothing of attack by long-distance guns, for Preston and elsewhere had been won by brilliant *coups de main*. They had nothing to gain by standing in a losing artillery duel. It was foreign to the rank and file, but it was not until the guns had roared for half an hour that they charged. Indeed, the Mackintoshes

took the law into their own hands. Unable to reply, their comrades falling all around, they broke from the centre and rushed through the snow and smoke, followed by the others. The left wing was strangely inactive. I learned afterwards that the Macdonalds, insulted by not having the right of the line, refused to fight. The fire of the three files of our first line of muskets must have been appalling, but the Highlanders never wavered for an instant. Grape-shot swept them like a hail-storm. Wolfe's Regiment raked them on the flank. Yet they pierced our front, and though they came near our second line, not a soul reached the bayonets. I shall never see a more valorous charge, nor a more hopeless one. The whole of their first line was wiped out, and the crux of the fight came when the main body of the Royalists advanced swiftly and steadily. The rebels broke.

All that their system of warfare had taught them had been done. Cold print cannot describe their reckless bravery. Man for man, they might have faced any troops in Europe, but they were ill-equipped, out-numbered, and out-generalled. The last stroke fell when the Royalist dragoons (my troop among them) joined forces in the centre of the moor, and charged the wreck of the clans.

The spine of the rebellion cracked at that moment. The Jacobites, in full flight, split in two, the greater body breaking pell-mell for the open road to Inverness, greatly to their undoing, for the flat ground made easy going for horsemen. I saw scores of them cut down by our troopers. Their cries ring in my ears yet. The road was lined with bodies. Rivulets of blood stained the moor. It was my first sight of war, the horror and the pity of it, stripped of romance, naked and elemental. Never had soldier grimmer baptism!

We had halted for a breathing space. I was looking at my red sword, when an aide-de-camp galloped up with orders. 'Take a dozen men. Swing over to the left, search the moor for stragglers, and join us on the main road.'

I extended my troopers and began to quarter the ground. There was no track in the heather; the moor rose and fell in little dips, forcing us often to dismount and lead the horses over the difficult country. Any fugitives able to run had an advantage, so that I gave orders to swing farther to the left, to head them off toward Inverness. I was on the extreme left of the line, leading. Thus I went for a quarter of an hour until I came to a little ridge set about by fir-trees. Once or twice a pistol cracked in the distance; but the place was strangely silent after the rattle and roar of musketry and field-pieces and the scurry of hoofs.

Standing on the ridge watching my troopers, a line of moving red dots on the brown stretch

of Drummossie, a sound reached me from the clump of firs. I turned swiftly, pistol in hand, and listened. It came again, a heavy groan of some one in extremity. Not ten yards from me was a piteous sight, a man lying with his head on a stone, legs stretched full length, arms wide open, the palms upward on the ground, like a dead man's. He wore the dress of a Highland officer. His eyes were closed, a bloody bandage round his brows. I bent over the haggard black-bearded face.

'Here is water,' I said.

He opened his eyes and stared curiously at me. Instinctively I sprang back. I knew him. It was Philip Macdonell! For all his baseness, a great pity for him stirred me, for it was plain that he had come to his last adventure.

He drank the water greedily, and staggered to his feet. 'It is the meddler!' he said, and stood swaying, one hand against a tree, the other groping for his claymore.

'Let me die decently. Stand up to me, Layton, and draw!'

I put out a hand lest he should fall, but he rallied and lurched forward a step.

'Draw! I—I cannot run away this time.' The words rattled in his throat. His fingers closed on the hilt of his claymore; but he had not strength to draw it, and as he spoke his head dropped and he came slowly to his knees. 'This is the end, Layton,' he said.

I knelt beside him and tried to stanch his wounds, but he shook his head.

'I'm past help, and 'tis little occasion you have to help me. When ye drifted down Spey (ye mind on't?) I thought I had seen the last o' ye. I let ye go then. Did ye wonder why?' 'I did.'

The ghost of his old smile flickered for an instant. "'A work of necessity or mercy,'" I think the Catechism says. 'Twas necessity, and much against my will. Man, my powder ran done. Had it not been for that'— He broke off, eyes fixed on mine.

'Bend, Layton. I have something to say, and not many minutes to say it in. It was the

money, the accursed money,' he whispered. 'I would have begun over again with it, I thought. The Prince! Is he taken?' he asked.

I told him that Charles Edward had escaped.

'Ah, thank God! I joined him at Carlisle. Listen, Layton! Are you listening?'

I bent closer to him.

'I was a man, clean and honest as you are—once. Better had I never left the Strath and gone to France, for there came the cartes, adventures, want of money. Have ye ever been poor? I got out o' my depth, Layton, and I—I sold some Jacobite news to St James's. It had only to be the once, of course; but Master Secretary had me in his hand. He had but to whisper to break me. He got more secrets while I ruffled in Paris, and I got more money. That was the beginning o't. Then Glenira gave me his confidence about his mission to Scotland with the French money. Ye ken the rest. He was honest, and I was a liar—and worse. A black indictment; but I have paid, in part. No that I grudge it, for my heart—my boy's heart—the one that died—was aye for the Stuarts. . . . It is getting dark—the trees. Carry me out. Let me die in the open.'

I lifted him from the shadows of the branches out under the April sky. A lark, high above us, invisible, burst into sweet, piercing song.

He lay quite still, the shadows deepening on his face. His eyes, freighted with a message, sought mine.

'Lift me up, my enemy,' he gasped.

I put my arms about him, and helped him to his feet. He looked once round the wide shoreless sea of the moorland.

'Tell Charlotte that'—but what the message was I can but guess, for at the words his head fell suddenly on my shoulder.

A trooper and I carried the turbulent spirit's shell into the little wood, covered it with spruce branches, and I rode off to my duty, heavy of heart. For the passing of a guilty man, justly considered, is a thousandfold more tragic than an innocent's.

(Continued on page 632.)

THROUGH THE DARDANELLES BEFORE THE WAR.

IN view of the recent operations at the Dardanelles, and the present critical position of Constantinople, a short account of what I saw there on a voyage last year may prove of interest. Although it is now twelve months since I was in that direction, the recollection of every incident is still fresh in my memory, as though it were only yesterday that the events took place. We left Cardiff on 11th March with a cargo of coal for Malta, where four days were spent discharging, and proceeded light-ship to Nikolaiev, an important Russian port on the

Black Sea. After a very pleasant voyage through the Mediterranean, the proverbial blue of which fully justified its reputation, the weather being very warm, we rounded Cape Malia and proceeded northward through the *Ægean*.

When we arrived at Tenedos, which happened in the evening, we were obliged to cast anchor until the next morning, as the Dardanelles was still mined in places, lingering relics of the late Balkan war, the Turks being too leisurely a nation to remove them even though human lives were endangered thereby. The evening was

very calm, with a glorious sunset. It had been blowing a hurricane the whole day, and the relief was great. The setting sun, bathed in golden mists, was speedily nearing the horizon, twilight in these parts being very short. All nature seemed to be at peace with the world, a striking contrast to the tumult now raging round this locality. The mate and I stood on the bridge enjoying the scene: Tenedos, with its little bay and quaint, windmills on the left, the plain of ancient Troy on the right, and the Dardanelles in the distance. It may be as well to say something with regard to the general appearance of the country. To any one who has ever had the opportunity of visiting St Mary's, in the Scilly Isles, Tenedos town bears a nearer resemblance to that than to any other place I know of. The island, covered for the most part with scorched yellow grass and low bushes, presents on the east coast a small deeply indented bay shielded on one side by a hill on which the quaint windmills form conspicuous objects, the little town (more like a dirty fishing village than the gay flat-roofed cities one usually associates with the East) lying at its base. The Asiatic coast bears the same desolate appearance.

Early next morning we weighed anchor and proceeded on our course. Although the shores bordering the entrance to the Dardanelles are for the most part bare and flat, deep-purple hills can be discerned in the far distance. A long line of merchant vessels, most of which, like ourselves, were proceeding to the Black Sea, and had been obliged to anchor overnight on account of the mines, had now started on their course for the Dardanelles, the veritable gate to the East. This remarkable channel, varying in width from about a mile to as much as five miles, thirty-three miles in length, and with an average depth of thirty-five fathoms, is little more than a river, and affords the only means of approach to Constantinople and the Black Sea. The place being of such strategic importance, it is natural that its shores should have been strongly fortified from the very earliest days, for the safety of Constantinople depends very greatly on the efficiency of its defence. Every suitable point along its entire length has been utilised for earthworks, which bristle with guns, most of which can be seen from the ship as it passes, while others are more or less hidden from view, being situated farther off from the shore or on higher ground. As the width of the Straits averages two miles, and in one place only a mile, it will be realised that any ship, however powerful, proceeding up or down, is at a great military disadvantage, as it offers a conspicuous target to batteries concealed on either shore. Except for the fact that modern battleships have reached such a high degree of perfection that they are better enabled to contend with shore batteries than in former days, the position may be compared to that of a man with a revolver on

a narrow staircase who can hold his own against a whole army so long as his ammunition holds out.

Considerably before we had reached the entrance to the Dardanelles we had finished breakfast, and I was out on the bridge. The sky was dull and the purple hills rose in the distance, there was a cold wind blowing down-channel, and the land on each side looked bare and desolate. Nevertheless, the atmosphere was clear, and everything, with the aid of a telescope, could be seen almost life-size.

The ground on the Asiatic shore, just at the entrance, is occupied by the fort of Kum-Kale. About a mile farther south is a high headland on the border of the sea, on which the little town of Yeni-shehr stands, readily identified by a row of windmills near it, and, owing to its conspicuous position, a famous landmark to sailors.

Near Yeni-shehr is a tumulus marking the burial-place of Achilles. Kum-Kale (Sand Castle) is a village adjoining the fort of that name. Near by is the mouth of the river Scamander, draining the celebrated Plain of Troy. Judging from the marshy state of the ground, the stream has evidently changed its course several times. The miasma rising from the swamps is liable to produce fever during summer and autumn, and travellers should visit the ruins at some other period. Excavations in this neighbourhood have revealed the existence of four successive strata, each representing a distinct city, which had been erected one after the other on the same site. The second stratum, which showed signs of having been exposed to intense heat, is supposed by most antiquaries to represent the ruins of ancient Troy. Amongst a heterogeneous collection of remains the wonderful 'Treasure of Priam' was found, comprising vases, cups, and dishes of gold and silver, bracelets, rings, daggers, swords, and various other articles, many of which were fused together by fire.

Immediately opposite Kum-Kale, on the European shore, guarding the entrance to the Dardanelles, is the village and fortress of Seddel-Bahr, with a lighthouse and a modern battery. The village on the sloping hill, the remains of the old castle (very like our ruined castles) with a line of earthworks bristling with guns beneath, and the stony beach, combine to make a most diversified and pleasing picture. The general method of fortification seemed to consist of long 'cops' of earth covered with green grass kept as smooth and trim as a garden lawn, with depressions at regular intervals revealing the bright muzzle of a gun. Some of these guns were uncovered and quite exposed to the influence of rain and weather, others were wrapped up in tarpaulin sheets. Although guns placed behind such an emplacement of earth look most insecure, the recent bombardment has proved that our shells can do little damage beyond throwing up an enormous amount of earth and smoke.

Once inside the channel, progress is similar to

that up a river, and the eye is greeted by an ever-changing panorama. Below Chanak the scenery on the European shore is bare and lacking in interest, whereas the Asiatic side is covered with rich plains and wooded hills, with gay splashes of colour wherever a village makes its appearance, and here and there the numerous batteries along the water's edge.

The current running through the Dardanelles varies from one and a half to four miles per hour, so that it is sufficient to retard vessels considerably. In the present emergency it is important to note that its course is always from the Sea of Marmora to the Ægean, with the result that mines launched by the Turks at the eastern end can easily float down with the current, exposing an attacking fleet to the greatest peril. In the sinking of the *Bouvet*, *Ocean*, and *Irresistible*, the Turks have had an opportunity of testing the damage which they can inflict with the aid of the current and their insidious weapons. It is strongest in the spring, when the immense volume of water, caused by melting ice and snow in the Black Sea, has to find an outlet through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles.

The first place of interest after the forts at the entrance is Eren Keui, a village situated on the top of a hill, surrounded by woods, vineyards, and orchards full of figs, peaches, pears, and apricots. These villages, with their quaint wooden houses and painted roofs arranged in picturesque confusion, with an occasional mosque with its needle-like minaret and solid dome, all nestling amongst the wooded hills or situated at the very water's edge, are conspicuous features of the Dardanelles. About another eight miles farther up from Eren Keui we come to the famous Narrows, this part of the Strait, as the name implies, being the narrowest, guarded on each side by the 'Castles of Europe and Asia,' Kilid Bahr on the European and Chanak on the Asiatic shore. The fort of Kilid Bahr has a tall keep rising in the centre, and used to harbour eight enormous brass guns for throwing stone shot from twenty to twenty-nine inches in diameter. Close by is the village of Kilid Bahr, and south of it is a heavily armed modern battery.

The town of Chanak is the larger of the two and the more pleasantly situated, acts as a sort of advanced post to Constantinople, and is visited every day in times of peace by vessels of all nations, mostly merchantmen, which are compelled to stop here to show their papers of health, &c., and also to take a pilot on board to guide them through difficult parts of the channel. The mosques and minarets, the houses painted in various colours, the flags of the consuls, and the long line of handsome edifices bordering the water's edge, give to the place a gay and lively aspect. Chanak is the headquarters of the General who supervises the troops defending the Straits and controls the equipment of the forts. There is a considerable store of ammunition

there. Near the town is a massive stone fort with modern batteries armed with Krupp guns. A lovely carriage drive to Abydos enables travellers to visit the site of that ancient city. It was here that Leander used to swim across to visit Hero, a feat subsequently imitated by Lord Byron, the *tekkeh* where he resided being still pointed out.

The next town of interest is Gallipoli, on the European shore, at the inner end of the Straits, the width here being over five miles. From Abydos to Gallipoli, a distance of twenty odd miles, the same features on either shore are to be noticed: the Asiatic shore, low at the water's edge and gradually inclining inland to wooded hills, valleys, and rich plains, diversified with villages, mosques, monasteries, and tall clumps of cypress trees; the European presenting high, yellow cliffs, rising abruptly from the water, of a desolate and arid aspect, hiding the view beyond. It will be readily understood that if the present attempts of the Allies to overrun the Gallipoli peninsula are successful, these high cliffs will be distinctly in their favour, as they will be enabled to dominate from their heights the whole expanse of the opposite shore. On the other hand, the wooded hills and deep valleys on the Asiatic side offer the greatest facilities for the concealment of troops, batteries, and observation outposts, and seem to have been specially designed by Nature to favour the defending party. The town of Gallipoli, the largest on the Dardanelles, is situated on rising ground, and offered a lively aspect from the water. At the northern end was a considerable military camp, companies of Turkish soldiers walking up and down or being gathered together in knots. The men looked lithe and highly trained, and handled their rifles with great skill, but their uniforms were in a wretched condition. The town, in spite of its large population and commercial importance, is a poverty-stricken-looking place, and is, or was, unfortified. The harbour is small but useful, and is generally full of boats.

The voyage from Gallipoli to Constantinople, a distance of a hundred and twenty miles, is comparatively uninteresting, unless one should happen to be fortunate enough to catch the boat at Shar Keui which plies between Constantinople and the chief ports on the Sea of Marmora, passing through the most lovely scenery. During the greater part of the journey land is quite out of sight, or can only be faintly discerned in the distance. Marmora (Marble) Island is passed on the right, and looks like a gigantic bare rock standing two thousand feet out of the water. The northern half of the island consists of white marble, with scarcely any soil; the southern half, though rocky in places, has fertile, cultivated valleys. The celebrated quarries, which supplied most of the ancient towns in the vicinity with marble, are situated in the north-east side of the island, and are still worked.

The day was very hot, without a breath of wind; nothing could be heard but the monotonous throb of the engines as we glided through the oily water. We reached Constantinople late that night, when it was quite dark, but the lights of the city could be seen for miles out at sea like the reflection of colossal furnaces in the sky.

Next morning I found we were moored about half-way between Scutari, on the Asiatic shore, and Seraglio Point. The view from this position is one of the greatest splendour. The water all around is alive with small boats, crowded ferry steamers hurrying between the Horn and Scutari, and in the distance shipping of every description along the quays—liners, huge Turkish ironclads, graceful Greek feluccas, merchant vessels from all quarters of the globe, and little sailing boats dodging in and out amongst the traffic.

Stamboul, situated on a tongue of land washed on three sides by the waves, is one tangled mass of buildings, graceful minarets tapering to heaven, massive domes, terraced roofs, mosques large and small, barracks, towers, and ruined walls all united with the most varied colours, the most gorgeous architecture; and towering above all these the monstrous structure of St Sophia, the pride and beauty of the city and a conspicuous object from all points.

On the north shore of the Golden Horn are the crowded buildings of Galata, and above these the fashionable mansions of Pera, residences of European ambassadors and rich foreigners, interspersed with gardens and sombre cypress groves. Looking northward we see the magnificent white palace and harem of the Sultan, and stretching away beyond this the lovely shores of the Bosphorus, all aglow with palaces, villas, gardens, and fantastically painted houses lining the water's edge. To the east lies Scutari, with its mosques and melancholy cypress groves, and the enormous barracks used as an infirmary by Florence Nightingale during the Crimean war.

This extraordinary diversity of scenery—the blue water, the tangled mass of shipping, the dark cypresses, the palaces, the shining domes, minarets, and terraces—combines to produce an effect unexampled by anything in the wide world. The senses of the beholder are overwhelmed by a scene so magnificent and varied, and his mind reverts to the enchanted cities in the *Arabian Nights*, which used to delight his childish imagination.

A small sailing boat conveyed us from the ship to the quay below Galata, up the Golden Horn, in and out amongst innumerable ferry steamers, and under the towering prows of enormous ships. The quayside at this point is usually alive with sailors and merchants of every nationality, gathered together in knots talking and gesticulating. Strangers who land here are surrounded by a horde of men offering to escort them to the sights of the city.

I have observed that the appearance of Con-

stantinople from the Bosphorus is one of the greatest magnificence. A close inspection, however, reveals the usual characteristics of an Eastern city—filthy, odoriferous streets, ill-paved and narrow, miserable houses of wood and stone in the last stages of dilapidation. These sordid conditions apply mostly to Galata and those quarters of the city bordering the sea. In other parts of Constantinople the wooden houses, swept away by constant fires, are gradually giving place to more substantial buildings of stone; while the splendid situation of the city, unrivalled in the world, helps to mitigate the evil effects of insanitation and crowded living.

Formerly the streets were infested by a motley crowd of lean and hungry dogs. These animals have recently been transported wholesale to one of the numerous desert islands in the *Ægean*, there to meet a lingering death by starvation. The idea that they acted as scavengers was somewhat erroneous, because they contributed in no small degree to the uncleanliness of the streets, while nearly all of them suffered from some disease or were permanently maimed by trams or carriages.

Another wonder of Constantinople is its population. Stand on the outer bridge and watch the people pass. An endless stream ebbs to and fro, a hurrying rush of love, hunger, and hate, human beings with no common tie and no common interest except that of trade: Moslems, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Bulgarians, and representatives of nations from every quarter of the globe, all keeping strictly to themselves and hating one another as cordially as they all hate the Turks, every one in a sort of perpetual vague dread of everybody else. Constantinople is a city not of one nation but of many; there is no common civic life, no common patriotism, and no common language. There is no loneliness so profound as that felt by a stranger in Constantinople.

I have now, I hope, given the reader some faint conception of this strange city, its dream-like beauty, its fascinating atmosphere like some majestic poem. I must leave the rest—St Sophia, the pride and despair of Byzantine art, the motley bazaars, and the 'Sweet Waters of Europe,' where the Turkish ladies walk. Some things are best left to the imagination.

What is the future in store for the city if the Allies are successful? Will the minarets be shattered and the domes crushed in? Will Europeanism rush in and scatter all romance in a startling garb of modern ugliness and prosaic indifference? Who can say?

It was with a sense of deep regret that I left such a scene where there is so much to learn and admire. The vessel glided through the blue waters of the Bosphorus, past the glittering palace of the Sultan, the shores on each side a blaze of colours. So close were we to the shore that the very backwash from our ship lapped against

the houses which cluster close along the water's edge. Here are the summer residences of the wealthy, valleys and hillsides covered with brilliant foliage in its first colours of spring, while, farther up, batteries similar to those at the

Dardanelles lend a grimmer aspect to the scene. Slowly we forced our way against the current, very strong here, dropped our obliging pilot at Kavak, and steamed away into the dreary waste of the Black Sea.

BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE of my city friends who is interested in the study of phrenology once told me that my bump of adaptability is very strongly developed. He told me more, of which I was sceptical; but the natural ease with which I have taken to and conformed with my present surroundings is proof to me that his interpretation of this particular bump was fairly correct. Words fail me to express adequately the pleasure I have derived from my reintroduction to Nature's home and mine. Everything seems fresh from the hand of the Creator; there is no veneer, no make-believe, and over all there is solace and repose. Happy hours in the domestic atmosphere of the old house, mellowed and sweetened by the presence of Betty and Nathan; the quiet interval spent in the barber's back sanctum, with its window facing the gray-blue Lowthers; the afternoon visit to John Sterling's shop, with its homely smell of roset and bend-leather, and our usual discussion on the Dandie breed and the beauties of Scott's *Marmion*, Aird's *Devil's Dream*, and Hogg's *Kilmeny*; a stroll with Bang and Jip round the Gillfoot or down the 'Coo Road; and solitary meditation on the doctor's 'mound,' surrounded by a medley of vegetation, planted indiscriminately and flourishing under what the dear old man calls his natural style of gardening—such is my daily programme. A homely life this amidst homely folks: the barber in his reminiscent moods; John Sterling with his love of dogs, his charitableness and honesty, and his enthusiasm for what I may call the true poetry of life; Dr Grierson, walking alone, hugging to his heart a sweet secret memory, dreein' his weird, doing good in his own quiet way, and keeping from his right hand what his left hand is doing; Nathan, silent, serious, and preoccupied, deferring ever to Betty, and proud and content to shelter in her shadow; and Betty, my dear, kind, thoughtful Betty, who always carves with the blunt knife and the big heart, whose Bible is her bolster, and whose solicitude extends to all God's creatures great and small—homely folks of a surety; yes, commonplace, if you will, but dear to my heart. It may be—in fact I may take it for granted—that characters like these would make no appeal to my city acquaintances; to them association with such would be boredom, and my mode of living the essence of dreariness; and yet to me, and I say it with all reverence, it comes as near as anything on

earth can come to that peace which passeth all understanding.

Mention of Betty and her Bible in the same breath reminds me that lately she had talked to me almost solely on secular matters. This is not as it used to be. When first I came to her, by a process of manœuvring and meandering peculiar to her she always managed to steer her conversation into religious channels, and the direct way she had of pointing the moral was always original and characteristic. It is not because I have discouraged her or shown any indifference that she has lapsed in this matter; and it would appear that, as our intimacy has ripened, and as our topics of conversation have become more personal, she has meantime allowed the mundane to prevail, with a view to taking up the more serious and essential at a more convenient season.

I wasn't surprised, therefore, when, to-day after Dr Grierson had visited Nathan in the back room, she asked him in an off-hand matter-of-fact way what he thought of yesterday's sermon.

The doctor was fumbling in his pocket for his old clay, and in an absent, abstracted tone of voice he informed her that, as he hadn't been to church, he wasn't in a position to pass any judgment.

'Ay, ye werena at the kirk? I micht ha'e kenned that,' she said. 'Imphm! I'm no' a dead auld woman, doctor,' she continued; 'but I mind o' your faither, an' he was a regular attender at the kirk. It's a great pity when folks break off kin'. Ay, that it is. Imphm! And, doctor, you'll excuse me, it's mebbe nae business o' mine; but I canna help tellin' ye that I often think about ye, an' that ye lie heavy on my mind. We've seen a great deal o' ye lately, mair than we ever saw before, and I've proved to mysel' what ithers said o' ye, an' what I had aye ta'en for granted. It's a' in your favour, an' what ye've dune for the puir God will not forget when ye're bein' weighed in the balance.'

'Thank you, Betty,' the doctor said, as he struck a light.

'Ay, but haud on, I havena dune wi' ye. I havena come to the point. As I've said, ye've come a great deal in and oot among us lately, and in a temporal sense ye've been a great comfort and help to Maister Weelum here. Oh that ye had been able to influence him spiritually, for since he cam' he's never darkened

a kirk door. I've held my tongue, as sae far there's been an excuse for him; but noo that he's gettin' better and able to gang about I juist think that oot o' respect for you, if ye had been kirk-minded, ye could easily ha'e guided his steps Zionward.'

I had the feeling that Betty was rushing in where angels fear to tread; and, not knowing how the doctor was likely to take this, I became very uncomfortable. He puffed spasmodically at his pipe and moved uneasily in his chair. 'It is very kind of you, Betty, to think of me,' he said, 'very kind indeed; and you must not count it none of your business to bring such matters before me. In a way we are all each other's keepers, and it would be churlish of me to resent such interest as you show. For my own part, I live my life according to my light, such as it is. It may be a poor flickering light to other eyes, but it is sufficient to show me the road. As for William here, he has long ago reached man's estate, and he can judge of these matters for himself. If I mistake not, he has a standard of his own, and I feel sure my influence, even though I were kirk-minded, as you call it, would not direct his steps in the direction you indicate.'

'Oh doctor, dinna say that! We can a' be made humble instruments. Example is a great thing, though ye dinna follow your faither's, and I ken what a power for guid ye wad be if the grace o' God was in ye. Oh doctor, I've been he'r't sorry for ye mony a time, for I ken the grief ye've carried, and I've wondered hoo ye could thole it sae lang a' by yoursel', and that ye never accepted the consolation which He alone can gi'e ye. But ye've spurned it, doctor. I don't think that ye're a joined member o' the kirk or that ye gang to the Communion—you that's sic a man i' the toon—everybody's body as you are, and born wi' a sma'er dose o' original sin than ony yin I ken o'. I juist canna understand it.'

The doctor laughed good-humouredly. 'I've my work to attend to, you know, Betty. My patients cannot be neglected for the sake of'—

'If your work permitted, wad ye gang to the kirk, doctor?'

'I—I question if I would.'

'That's an honest admission, and it wadna come frae Dr Grierson if it wasna. And what's your objection, doctor?'

'Oh well, Betty, your question opens up a big debatable subject on which I have great reluctance to enter. I have neither the time nor the inclination, Betty; but this much I will say, we are all heirs to a heritage of different distresses in this life, and as we are not all constituted alike we require different treatment. Now there is one great panacea, one great balm for all our wounds. Some find that panacea in their church, though many go to church who are not aware they require a panacea. Others,

of whom I am one, find a balm for their afflictions in communing with the nature of God's creation we see around us. With such it isn't necessary to go to church in order to feel God's presence or to experience His beneficent power. If it were, we could only commune with Him once a week, when the churches are open. As it is, I can praise Him at all times, and glorify His name under the canopy of His heavens, and among the trees and flowers and fields and woods, which evidence His fostering care and proclaim His loving-kindness.'

'Then, doctor, ye do believe in God?'

A pained look crept into the doctor's eyes. 'Betty,' he said, 'you surely have never doubted that?'

'Weel, wi' you no' gaun to the kirk, and——'

'Ah, Betty, it is possible for a man to go to church and remain in doubt; but no one can stand, as I often do, under the starry firmament, alone in the midst of slumbering nature, or facing the glowing east when the shafts of the sun's morning beams are piercing the shadowy sky, and not feel within himself that God reigneth, and the earth in consequence rejoices.'

'Grand! Man, doctor, I'm glad to hear ye say that! I'm—I'm rale glad.'

There was a wee bit catch in Betty's voice, and a tear trickled down her cheek, which she tried to wipe away unnoticed with a corner of her apron. But the doctor saw, and his face twitched and softened.

'Then, doctor,' she continued, 'of course ye'll believe in the Bible?'

'Yes—with reservations.'

'Which means, doctor?'

'Well, Betty, it means that—— Wait now, I want to make it easy for you to understand; but unfortunately, by doing so, it makes it all the more difficult for me to explain. Well, in a word, Betty, it means there are parts of it I believe, and there are others I cannot.'

'Ay, pairs ye believe and pairs ye canna believe. I notice ye say ye *canna* believe; ye don't say ye *will not* believe. There's a difference, doctor, ye ken. Why do ye say ye canna?'

'Because I have thought out things very carefully, very anxiously, and I cannot entertain what does not appeal to my reason. I must discard what I think is wrong.'

'But, doctor, man, ye maunna exercise your ain judgment. It's human, consequently it's weak. What ye want is faith—the faith which can remove mountains, the faith which sustains. Doctor, ye must put aside your ain vain imaginin's and thochts and become as a little child. Ay, just as a little child.'

'Yes, Betty, I thought you would say that. But you know I am not a little child. I am a man, a responsible, thinking being, endowed by God with a reasoning faculty which is calculated to guide me, and which, Betty, I am expected to exercise. I cannot accept anything temporal

which is diametrically opposed or contrary to my judgment, nor would I in the discharge of my professional duties follow a course or accept a condition which my intellect and discernment told me was wrong. Why, then, should I, in this the greatest of all questions, be expected to lay reason aside and acquiesce in blind belief? No, Betty, I cannot do that. If I did I shouldn't be true to myself.'

'But, doctor, wi' due respect, let me tell ye that cleverer men than you have thoct these things oot for themselves and have been satisfied wi' the Word as it is delivered. Think o' the Reformers and a' oor professors, men who have studied theology a' their days, and '—

'And after all their study, what do they know, what have they gleaned from all their books? I cannot be guided even by professors. They know as much or as little of God's workings as the man who sweeps our village street. Now, Betty, further than this I cannot and will not go with you. As I have said, it is a big debatable subject, and we might talk till doomsday and not agree even then. Besides, it is a very dangerous thing to tamper with any one's belief, especially if that belief affords a solace in trials, and constitutes an anchor in the storm. You have got something within you which calms your fears, and gives you a peace which nothing else can. Stick to it, Betty, and guard it against assault. And I—well, Betty, I also have something within me which gives me peace, such peace as would remain with me even if to-night I was called upon to turn my face to the wall. Ah, Betty, each and every one has a faith. The world has never been without one, and it will have one to the end. But my conviction is we haven't often enough taken stock of our faith, and the consequence is it has become detached from and out of sympathy with our workaday lives. What a different world it would be if we were living our religion instead of professing it! Some say this is impossible. Well, it ought to be made possible, and the best way of going about it would be to strip it of all that binds it to impossible, out-of-date dogmas, clear it of all

that confounds and mystifies, and nail as a motto to its mast-head these glorious words of the great Master, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Betty, the time is at hand when the Church will be forced to consider this text—ay, and to act upon it; and when that day dawns it will herald the Millennium.'

A strange hush had fallen upon the room while the doctor was speaking, and when he ceased it lingered with us like a benediction. Then Betty walked quietly over to the window. 'Doctor,' she said, after a pause, 'd'ye think, at the last, everybody will be—eh—a' richt?'

'Well, Betty, the question often occurs to me. When the boundlessness of God's love comes home to me I think it is possible. There is a verse, the thirteenth of the twenty-first chapter of the Revelation, which '—

At that moment a knock came to the door, and Betty slipped out. In her absence the doctor smoked in silence, and I watched the fire glowing in the grate.

'Doctor,' she said, as she re-entered, 'that's the grocer's boy. Somebody telt him ye were here, and he wants to ken if the bottle o' port wine ye ordered is for Mrs Lawson o' Gillhead or auld Widow Lawson?'

'Oh, it is for Widow Lawson,' he replied, and the semblance of a blush spread over his face. He rose hurriedly, adjusted his plaid, and picked up his hat.

I clapped him on the shoulder as he passed me. 'Doctor,' I said, 'your good deeds are finding you out; and he shook his head, and smiled as if he didn't understand me, but he made no reply.

Betty came into my room later with her Bible in her hand. 'I've been lookin' up that verse in the Revelation,' she said, 'and it reads, "On the east three gates, on the north three gates, on the south three gates, and on the west three gates." I never saw the maitter in that licht before. Ay—imphm. Weel, I trust there may be a gate for me, Maister Weelum; and—and someway I'm sure noo there's yin for the doctor.'

(Continued on page 636.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE PENETRABILITY OF 'MATTER.'

FOLLOWING the discoveries of Professor K. Onnes, as described in this *Journal* of February and April last, further investigations have been made into the nature and properties of helium and other rare elements. The universally accepted hypothesis that matter is of a grained structure in its ultimate parts logically carries with it the assumption that there is no true impenetrability. Before the discovery of radio-activity palladium was known to be

permeable to hydrogen; and it had also been proved that hydrogen could penetrate red-hot platinum. A general experimental proof, however, of the penetrability of all kinds of matter was not forthcoming until the discovery of the penetrating power of the Alpha and Beta particles which constitute part of the atomic radiation from radium and similar substances. Since the Alpha particles were believed to be helium atoms, the penetrability of matter to helium was presumably established. But only recently has it been directly proved that the

gases helium, neon, argon, and hydrogen could pass through such substances as gold, platinum, rock crystal, quartz, &c. Fine tubes made of platinum, palladium, quartz, and the like, were filled with helium, hydrogen, neon, and other of the lighter elements, and hermetically sealed, and then placed close to an electrodeless discharge-tube in connection with a cooled charcoal exhauster. As soon as one of the metal tubes was put into a Bunsen flame a discharge passed in the discharge-tube, showing that the helium or other element under observation had passed through the substance of the tube, a most interesting characteristic being that each element under examination had its own distinctive rate of passage, helium passing most rapidly. Reference might also be made to a series of experiments performed by Sir James Dewar in connection with the diffusivity of gases through rubber films, a subject of importance to all interested in aerial navigation. By mounting the rubber film on a shallow cup and supporting it on copper gauze, Sir James Dewar showed that, although (as has been long known) the gases easily pass when the film is at ordinary temperatures, they cannot pass when the film is cooled to the temperature of liquid air. Water-vapour passes, but a film of glycerine stops the permeability. Various gases were experimented with, and it was shown that each kind of gas had its own 'rate of passage.'

STERILISED WATER IN THE HOME.

The electric sterilisation of water intended for domestic drinking purposes has been the subject of considerable attention and development during the past few years; but unfortunately the prevailing type of apparatus for achieving such a desired end has suffered from the disabilities of being expensive and somewhat too complicated for the average household. Now, however, a small British-made domestic ozone steriliser has been placed on the market. It occupies little space, and is completely automatic in its action. The sterilising plant, which is contained within a small, neatly designed metallic case, is attached to the wall and has a certain portion inserted in the water main, while below is a small swivelling tray upon which the jug, glass, or other desired receptacle may be placed beneath the tap. The apparatus may be attached to any water-supply system, and will work efficiently upon a delivery varying from twelve to fifty pounds per square inch. When the tap is turned on the apparatus is set in motion, the water being sterilised as it passes to the tap, while when the tap is turned off the process ceases. Of course, an electric circuit is necessary from which to draw the requisite current; but owing to the simple automatic action incorporated there is no waste of electric energy, the consumption of which is very small. Ozone is

admitted to be the finest sterilising agent it is possible to employ for the purification of water, and upon the Continent it has had an enormous vogue, but in Britain it has been adopted only upon a limited scale.

A COMBINED WATCH AND COMPASS.

The war has been responsible for many expressions of ingenuity, and among these may be mentioned a combined watch and compass. While the watch itself constitutes the most reliable compass it is possible to desire when one knows how to use it, a separate device to this end is advisable. In this particular instance the compass is carried in the end of the watch, and is set at right angles to it. The compass is small, so as to occupy the minimum of space, the watch-case being belled out at the point to receive it. The combination is applicable to either a wrist or pocket timepiece, although possibly it is most convenient in the wrist form, which is that most favoured by officers and soldiers. In this instance it is only necessary to turn the wrist slightly to ascertain one's bearings. In a war such as is now being waged, where the battle front extends over several hundred miles, and where local engagements are the rule, men are apt to become detached from their regiments and to find themselves in strange country. Knowing the position of their own troops, a compass will serve to tell them whether or no they are moving in the right direction to rejoin their friends. The necessity for some means of ready guidance was revealed after a recent engagement. A handful of men became isolated from their regiment, and concealed themselves to await a favourable opportunity to steal back to their own lines. One and all carried a watch, but not one was aware of the means of utilising it in the manner of a compass. The result was that after several hours of tramping they discovered that they were wandering away from, instead of toward, their own lines; and, although they ultimately regained the desired sanctuary, considerable effort and risk had been expended needlessly. The possession of a compass of the most primitive character would have put them on the right track at the moment they decided to make a move.

NITRIC ACID FROM THE ATMOSPHERE.

Although Germany is undoubtedly suffering heavily from the British blockade, and is being hampered in her efforts to obtain adequate supplies for the production of high explosives, this disability will be short-lived. It is anticipated that the atmosphere will yield all the nitric acid that will be required, and an immense plant for this purpose is being completed. The company which received the concession to supply the city of Berlin with electricity for lighting and power acquired an enormous tract of lignite

fuel-fields in the vicinity of Bitterfeld, with the idea of utilising this fuel for the generation of the requisite electricity. But the civic authorities obtained the right to purchase the electrical installation and to operate it for the city. Such a decision, under peace conditions, would have brought the private undertaking to a close; but, the war supervening, a comprehensive scheme for deriving nitric acid from the atmosphere was prepared and carried into execution. Upon the lignite fields which formerly supplied a cheap fuel a huge station has been erected for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, and before the close of the current year will be in full operation. This plant will serve to extricate Germany from a double dilemma. Hitherto she has depended upon Chilian nitrates for the fertilisation of her fields, but this source of supply has likewise been cut off. Now it will be possible to kill two birds with one stone, because she will obtain adequate supplies of fertiliser as a by-product in the manufacture of nitric acid from the atmosphere, so that this activity will meet the needs of peace and war simultaneously. This yield of nitric acid is to be supplemented by the quantities obtained in the synthetic production of ammonia, which has likewise been responsible for the creation of huge new works in Baden devoted to this specific purpose. Such is the manner in which the Germans hope to supply high explosives and fertilisers, the demand for both of which at the moment is extremely urgent.

PAPER CLOTHING.

Paper has long been described as the 'world's greatest friend'; and according to recent developments it appears as if it will become more indispensable than ever, inasmuch as it is now being adapted to the production of clothing. This development is due to Japanese activity, because in the Far East the advantages of paper have long been recognised. As is well known, paper is an ideal material for keeping the body warm, and this attribute has led to its application to the manufacture of uniforms for soldiers. Its value in this direction was brought home very emphatically during the Russo-Japanese war, in which campaign many of the Japanese troops were served with uniforms made from this material, which they stated was excellent in battling against the Siberian cold. Japanese paper clothing has received the generic description *kamiko*, and is made from mulberry bark. The paper is slightly impregnated with size, and between the two thicknesses which are used a layer of thin silk wadding is inserted to bulk and to stiffen the material, the whole being quilted. The garment made in this manner is tough, soft, warm, and sufficiently strong to allow buttons to be sewn on. In fact, there appears to be only one drawback to this material—it will not wash. So far as the military application is concerned, this is a secondary considera-

tion, because after some days of hard service in the trenches, or strenuous fighting even, the strongest linen and woollen goods are apt to have become so damaged as not to be worth washing. Owing to the excellence of the paper garment, shirts made of it are being issued to the Russian soldiers, one company in Japan which specialises in these goods having received large orders therefor. The war has imparted a decided stimulus to the Japanese paper clothes industry, which it is stated will undergo considerable development when the advantages of paper become more widely appreciated. Even in the United States to-day paper waistcoats are the vogue, while this material is also being extensively used for towels, handkerchiefs, and similar articles of everyday necessity.

ELECTROLYTIC DISINFECTANT.

From time to time we have drawn attention in 'The Month' to the novel and interesting installation which was laid down by the Metropolitan Borough of Poplar at the suggestion of Mr Frederick W. Alexander, the Medical Officer of Health, for the manufacture of a cheap and highly efficient disinfecting fluid by electrolytic action. This plant may be said to constitute the particular hobby of Mr Alexander, and it has certainly proved one of far-reaching benefit to the community which it concerns, while it has contributed in no small measure to an excellently sustained clean bill of health throughout the borough. When one recollects that Poplar is one of the poorest and most densely crowded boroughs of the capital city, inhabited mainly by the artisan and dock-labouring classes, one will appreciate the significance of the problem confronting the officer of health. The electrolytic system is exceedingly simple, the ingredients comprising chloride of magnesium, common salt, caustic soda, water, and the electric current, all of which are inexpensive and readily obtained. Since the plant was laid down nine years ago, at a total cost of five hundred and eighty-three pounds, it has produced an aggregate of three hundred and eighty-one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four gallons of disinfectant at an average yearly cost of eighty-three pounds. For the three years previous to the above installation the average annual cost of the carbolic disinfectants which were then used was four hundred and thirty-eight pounds, to distribute which, from four depôts, involved an annual outlay of three hundred and twenty-six pounds, whereas the present disinfectant costs only four hundred and seventy-seven pounds to distribute from seven depôts. The total annual cost of this department is approximately eight hundred and thirty pounds, and during 1914 no fewer than eighty-eight thousand four hundred and twenty-five gallons of the disinfectant were distributed. It must be remembered that the municipality

derives no income from this source of activity, because it is supplied free of cost not only to those of the citizens who are prepared to fetch it, but to the public offices of the borough, the various institutions such as schools and asylums under their jurisdiction, libraries, public baths, and so forth. Owing to the low price at which this fluid can be produced, the use of a disinfectant is much more lavish than was the case under the conditions when carbolics were purchased. Since the plant was laid down many notable improvements in the details of the apparatus have been effected as the result of experience gained, so that it is now as perfect as could be desired. The Poplar installation has aroused world-wide interest, and as the outcome of investigation and inspection of the plant at work similar installations have been laid down in Guernsey, Gateshead, Finland, Buenos Aires, and Rangoon. At Portsmouth a novel extension of the principle has been made, this comprising the production of the fluid direct from sea-water. This is somewhat interesting, inasmuch as the plant at Poplar is designed to produce sea-water. The problem, however, is to render the fluid stable, and this constitutes the essence of the Poplar process.

A COMBINED KNIFE AND FORK.

A novelty which will appeal to those who have suffered the deprivation of one arm is a combined knife and fork which has been placed upon the market recently. The knife-blade, instead of being straight as in the ordinary utensil, is curved at its lower end to terminate in four prongs similar to the conventional fork. The outer curve of the bend is given a sharp edge to serve as the knife, and the curve is designed to facilitate cutting. The utensil requires only a partial turn of the hand to convert it into a fork.

CHICKEN HATCHING BY ELECTRICITY.

Some interesting tests in electrical incubation have been carried out by the Poultry Department of the North of Scotland College of Agriculture. The apparatus used is able to receive fifty eggs, and is fitted with a patent thermostat for regulating the temperature. In one test thirty-nine fertile eggs produced thirty-six chicks, while in another test forty eggs produced thirty-one chicks. The incubator is equipped with a hover or foster-mother, and the effectiveness of the latter may be gathered from the fact that out of the sixty-seven chicks hatched sixty-five were reared successfully. The design of the hover ensures an even distribution of heat, while at the same time overcrowding is prevented. The tests may be considered to be highly satisfactory, while the cost of hatching and rearing each sitting was three shillings and fivepence. At the present moment, owing to the stringent economic conditions prevailing,

the development of poultry farming is being strongly urged, inasmuch as eggs constitute an excellent foodstuff; while the fact must not be overlooked that this country will have to depend to a greater extent than before upon native produce. Artificial incubation is admitted to be the only means of raising chickens successfully and profitably, while if due care is exercised the losses can be minimised very significantly. But it is essential that the incubator should be of such a design as to ensure the maintenance of the requisite degree of temperature, while the inclusion of the hover conduces in a very striking degree to first-class results.

A VERY SINGULAR METAL.

A contributor to the *Domenica del Corriere* writes: 'In Central Russian Asia, and precisely in the territory of Ferghana, a local explorer has discovered a new metal even more marvellous and more mysterious than radium. The scientist in question, while handling minerals, put his hand by chance on a soft body, of a considerable weight, of opaque colour. This, being absolutely unknown, readily absorbed his attention. The new metal was carried to the Moscow chemical laboratory, and subjected to minutely careful experiments, which afforded surprising results. In the presence of an acid it developed so intense a cold as immediately to reduce to powder, without gas emanations and without explosions, the receivers of glass, iron, and particularly thick granite into which it was successively introduced. Treated with an alkaline matter, the substance, which has not a name yet, and which remained refractory to all the analytical processes, lost one-fifth of its weight. A sufficiency of it has now been collected for the purpose of systematic observations, which will have to be conducted with great care, and will reveal, it is hoped, the true importance of the discovery, which the Russian scientists incline to regard as superior to that of radium itself. Meanwhile the most surprising fact is the loss of weight undergone by all objects placed in contact with the new metal.'

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ON GOVERNMENT SERVICE.

By GERALDINE KEMP.

CHAPTER I.

A HUNDRED feet above the level of the swirling river, turret, peak, and battlement clear cut against a stormy sky, stood the ruins of Royden Castle. A flight of worn steps descended directly nowhere, but indirectly to the gruesome cavern within the rock forming the base of the fortress; from thence to a deep, dank pool, where the tidal water flowed no deeper than the surface, and left undisturbed whatever victim of accident, vengeance, or other disaster had, perchance, centuries ago, been hurled mercilessly into it.

Owls had their unmolested habitation in the topmost turret of the keep. Innumerable sparrows built their nests amid the ivy that crept about the gray-green, weather-worn battlements. Their twitterings, and the *caw, caw*, of a colony of rooks in the neighbouring trees, formed the only sound, save when the winter winds swept weirdly around the ruins, and broke the drear silence of the place, once a centre of active life, of the clatter of arms, and everything pertaining to men and matters of an ancient and warlike age.

The rooks were the first to observe something strange one evening on their homeward flight to the rookery. *Caw, caw*, screamed one to the other. 'There are two men talking.'

Men were seldom seen in the vicinity, for the castle, belonging as it did to those who still bore the name of Royden, had never been converted into a show-place for tourists. It was but natural, therefore, that the rooks should take particular notice of the intruders.

The two were seemingly on the verge of a quarrel.

'You came to Royden Castle as a guest of my father,' the younger man was saying; 'and as a guest I was bound, against my will, to treat you.'

'It would have been impolitic on your part,' replied the other, 'to act otherwise.'

'And now'—

'You will consent quietly, Mr Royden, to the terms I have offered?'

'To become your accomplice in what I consider to be a most nefarious plot!'

'The plot, as you call it, is a mere act of

diplomacy. Besides, it will make you free of your debt to me.'

'You forced your generosity upon me before I knew who or what you were, and you have come here this evening not to help me, but to drag me down still farther.'

'You were in a difficulty which, had it been made public, would have practically ruined your name and career. I have heard that the Roydens hold their heads high, and as money was taken which did not belong'—

'Which I honestly intended to replace,' broke in Royden hotly, 'had I had the time. Unfortunately'—

'You were obliged to account for the funds entrusted to your care sooner than you expected,' finished his companion, 'and I came to the rescue. The story goes like this, I think: A certain young man of good birth, a favourite in society, and occupying a position of trust as private secretary to the British Ambassador at Berlin, lost heavily at cards, and, to save his position, helped himself to the aforesaid funds. Then, called to strict account, this young man was in a tighter corner than ever, and appealed to me—as a friend, mark you, not as a money-lender—for advice.'

'Worse luck, Von Muliche, I did!'

'Gently.' The German, on hearing his name, spoke in a reproachful undertone; then added, 'The young man appealed to me as a friend, and as a friend I lent him the sum required to make good the funds and keep him out of the mire. He promised to pay me back when he could, but begged for a year's grace, which I was friendly enough to grant him. The year has gone by; it is now July 1914, and he has not yet squared up. The fact is, he cannot.'

'Not, certainly, at the present moment.'

'Then why not look at the matter in this way?' was the quick inquiry. 'Important despatches are about to be sent to Petersburg. You know where they are, and if you obtain them for me—at once—your debt—five hundred pounds—will be cancelled. More than this, I will pay you down a sum of one thousand pounds. A fair enough offer, surely?'

'An offer I have no intention of accepting.'

'Think that intention well over.'

'It requires no thinking over.'

'You refuse my terms?'

'Absolutely.'

'You prefer to be sued for the money you owe, and the facts spread broadcast among your friends?'

'Yes, I do.'

'That being the case,' said the German slowly, 'only one thing remains—to take the law into my own hands. No one knows that I persuaded you to come here this evening, and no one shall know.'

His meaning was unmistakable; but though the Englishman's breath came in short, hard gasps, he squared his shoulders and did not flinch. What followed was the work of a moment. As the German, however, raised his hand, a gleam of steel caught Royden's eye, and he breathed freer. A revolver at close quarters was the weapon he had thought to face.

Caw, caw, screamed the rooks in the trees. 'There is going to be a tempest.'

A vivid flash of lightning illumined the white, desperate faces of the men. There was the roll and rumble of thunder in the distance. The struggle meant death to one or both of them; and though the Englishman succeeded in wrenching the knife from the German, a still fiercer hand-to-hand fight for mastery ensued. A fight between passions let loose is ill to describe. Royden felt his opponent's grip tighten, and muscular fingers were at his throat. It was all but over for him, when suddenly, out of the darkness, an ear-splitting screech, human and less than human in its sharp intensity, rent the air. In the abject terror of the moment the German made a false move—a move which gave Royden his one and only chance. He recognised the unearthly screech of an owl on the wing; the foreigner did not. Moreover, the young man had not captained a crack football team for nothing. The chance was his; he took it, and first knocking the wind out of Von Muliche by a swift, dexterous lunge of his right knee, he tripped him up in a trice, and had him on the ground, his head coming in violent contact with the stone floor.

For a moment he stood motionless, eye to eye with the inscrutable. The next instant, aided by what was left of the sombre gray evening light, realisation came home to him. Von Muliche the spy was probably dead.

Caw, caw, screamed the rooks, circling low in their agitation. 'The tempest has come.'

Mechanically Royden stooped, and with an effort flung the body of the German across his back. The flight of crazy steps was to his right; and, sliding, scrambling as best he could to maintain a footing, the point of descent at length was reached where the steps led inward. There, by the fitful flashes of lightning, he

rolled his lifeless burden through the cavern, and thence into the waters of the deep, dank pool below. The premeditated fate of the one man had become the fate of the other.

CHAPTER II.

SIR HENRY WHATELEY, British Ambassador at Berlin, but now seated in the library of his London residence, telephoned for his private secretary, who occupied the adjoining apartment. He had an extremely high opinion of Jeffrey Royden, and was not often mistaken in his estimate of those who worked and acted for him on occasions which demanded intelligence, discretion, and courage of no mean order.

Four-and-twenty hours had passed since Royden had fought with Von Muliche for his life. Shortening his official leave of two or three days to one, with feigned regrets to his father he had quitted Royden Castle for London the morning after that memorable stormy evening. What attempts might be made to trace the whereabouts of the spy he never stopped to inquire. In all probability they were of some such secret nature as was thought the most advisable under the circumstances, Von Muliche being the notorious suspect he was, and war with Germany imminent. Although the outer world was not to realise the actual seriousness of the hour until later, the eve of a great national crisis was at hand. Men in high places were straining every nerve to cope adequately with events which threatened to bring about a speedy downfall of kings and countries, concerning which urgent necessity for verbal consultation had brought Sir Henry and his confidential secretary hurriedly from Berlin. If there was rapid and dangerous work to be done, Jeffrey Royden was the man specially recommended by his chief to carry that work successfully through against all odds. As it happened, his services were at once in request.

'It is well you returned when you did,' said Sir Henry as the secretary answered his summons, 'for you must start this evening for Paris with the despatches you already know of. Nicol Rienski, of the Russian Secret Intelligence Department, will await your arrival in Paris, and in his turn convey them to Petersburg and to the Czar. You are to be met by Rienski's detective Stroff, but you shall have fuller instructions in a few minutes. Your hand;' and as the speaker grasped it he added, 'It is cool, and your pulse is regular. Good! The journey will be attended with some danger, but you are fit for the job?'

'Quite.'

'As Mr Thomas Robinson, commercial traveller for the firm of Andrée.'

'With the latest thing in gentlemanly outfits.'

'Right! But mind you steer clear of travellers of any rival firm. It is because of one man in particular—Von Muliche—that disguise for you is a necessity. And, although disguised, he is quite capable of finding you out. Beware of Von Muliche.'

Royden's face twitched slightly. 'I am not afraid of Von Muliche, sir.'

'But I would have you be in deadly terror of him. He is undoubtedly a man—or, rather, a factor—to be feared. Clever, unscrupulous, and intolerant of failure, as he is, his plans are well laid. Each detail is subtly thought out.'

'Surely his movements have aroused no suspicions lately. Report has it that he is singularly inactive.'

'Inactivity that is suspicious in itself. Every German is on the *qui vive* just now, though they don't mean us to find them out. It is unlikely you may knock up against Von Muliche as Von Muliche; but he has numerous personations. He usually does his own dirty work, and his craftiness would match that of the archfiend.'

'An Englishman might possibly outmatch them both,' remarked Royden with quiet but peculiar emphasis.

'Is the Englishman alluded to yourself?'

'I should not be surprised.'

Sir Henry's keen gray eyes lit up appreciatively. 'You are made of the right metal—iron and steel. All the same, the despatches are exactly what Von Muliche wants. Government secrets are of far greater account than flesh and blood. Recollect that.'

He paused, significantly regarding the young man with a marked gravity. 'It is a matter of life and death, Royden, always, when on Government service.'

'The despatches shall either be delivered safely in Paris, Sir Henry, or I shall not be alive.'

'How do you propose to carry them?'

'Will you not leave that entirely to me?'

'Yes; but'—

'I must be allowed to use my own judgment in the matter.'

'Have your own way. My confidence in you is as implicit as any sane man can permit it to be. Here, however, are your final instructions, which you will, if you please, obey without demur.'

'And they are'—

'On reaching Paris you are, as I said, to be met by Rienski's detective Stroff, in the guise of a porter. He is to conduct you to a taxi. The chauffeur, I may assure you, will also be a detective. Whilst he is seeing you into the taxi you must contrive to give the porter the papers'—and Sir Henry handed the secretary a small, flat leather case—'which he will promptly conceal in the pocket of his blouse. You are then to drive to the Hôtel de l'Europe, where Thomas Robinson can with safety become Jeffrey Royden once again. The porter returns to the station, where Rienski will call him to take charge of his luggage. Meanwhile the case containing the papers will be placed in the folds of a travelling-rug. Is everything clear?'

'The usual sign, I suppose, will be given me by Rienski?'

'Certainly; and by Stroff also, who has been in Rienski's employ for some years. All responsibility at an end, you and he should have an enjoyable glimpse of Paris.'

'Is this all you have to say?'

'I think so. Go now and transform yourself into Mr Thomas Robinson. Are you sure you can play your part?'

'I have rehearsed it often enough.'

Sir Henry laughed genially. 'Good-luck to you and your bales, Mr Robinson. All I beg of you is to fear Von Muliche.'

'And all I can repeat is that, dead or alive, I am not afraid of Von Muliche.'

'A man of his calibre never dies,' was Sir Henry's parting warning. Turning with him to the door, he shook the secretary warmly by the hand. 'Good-night,' he said, 'and thank you. Join me in Berlin after your flying visit to Paris.'

Royden bowed and left the room.

(Continued on page 648.)

COSSACK MEMORIES.

By W. BARNES STEVENI.

THE Cossacks have lately been very much in evidence, especially in Austria and East Prussia, where they have been the terror of the population. The first time I came into contact with these wild horsemen was during the manoeuvres at Krasno-Selo, where, owing to my ignorance of the plans of the opposing forces, I found myself, isolated with several foreign correspondents, caught between two opposing bodies of troops, the one consisting of infantry and the

other of Don Cossacks. At first I only observed a faint cloud in the distance; but very soon that cloud took a different shape, and evolved itself into half-a-dozen Cossack regiments tearing down on myself and my companions like an avalanche down a mountain. Flight was out of the question, and had we not stood our ground we should have been trampled into blood and dust under the hoofs of those thousand horses.

A Cossack charge has been shown to be so

overpowering that the Hungarian cavalry, when they see Cossack squadrons advancing, usually open out their ranks and let the horsemen rush through the gap, then wheel round and attack their assailants on both flanks. But this plan is not always possible, and many a gallant Hungarian has bitten the dust, transfixed with the long lance or decapitated with the light curved sabre the Cossacks use with such remarkable dexterity.

Besides seeing the Cossacks at manœuvres, I have been in Petrograd when they have quelled riots. They accomplish this task with the aid of the dreadful *nagaike*—a short whip, the end of which is usually weighted with a bullet—which cuts the flesh like a sword. On the banks of the Volga and the Terek I have also met these wild horsemen as they marched along chanting uncomplimentary songs about the Turks and Beaconsfield, who for many years was a kind of bogey in the imagination of the Russian military. It would take too long to describe the many other occasions on which I have come across these denizens of the steppes. It is sufficient to say that *kazak* is a Turkish word which means 'horseman' or 'freebooter.'

In former times the Cossacks were divided into two sections, one inhabiting the lower reaches of the Volga and the Don, the other the banks of the Dnieper and a considerable portion of the Ukraine, now known as Little Russia the Bountiful. Many Cossacks are also settled in the Kuban Province, in *stanitsas* (or stations) on the fertile plains of the Northern Caucasus. These, who are usually men of substance, are chosen by the Tsar to guard his person on account of their fidelity and loyalty, and are known as the Imperial Cavalry. They are as a rule singularly handsome, owing to the fact that their ancestors were noted for eloping with the most beautiful Caucasian women they came across. The unit of Cossack life is the *stanitsa*, or village commune, each one practically consisting of a small republic ruled on very democratic, communistic principles.

The Cossacks are also divided into eleven *voiskos*, known as the Kuban, the Terek, the Ural, the Orenburg, the Astrachan, the Siberian, the Semerjehensk, the Amour, the Don, the Caucasus, and the Ussuri. Their irregular troops are organised on old Russian military methods, consisting of cavalry, horse artillery, and infantry. As artillerymen they are excellent, and are remarkable not only for the accuracy of their fire, but for the rapidity with which they are able to bring their field-pieces into action. In fact, General Mechenko, the great Cossack General who now commands one of the Russian army corps on the eastern war frontier, is probably more famous as an artillery expert than as a leader of cavalry.

Many of the Cossacks since the Boer war have been converted into mounted infantry, and

in this capacity have proved themselves of great value. In fact, some of the European Cossacks are so highly trained that they can hardly be called irregular troops. The Cossack portion of the population provides troops on the basis of special privileges. According to the military regulations, one-third of the total effective strength serves the State in time of peace. When the army is mobilised each Cossack regiment is brought up to its full war strength, and a certain number of these horsemen are attached to each battalion. In case of necessity, the entire male Cossack population can be called to the colours. It is estimated that the total number of fighting-men is about half-a-million, which includes the *opolchina*.

The armed forces of the Cossacks consist of those who are on active service and the militia (*opolchina*). The effective force of a regiment is divided into three categories: (1) the preparatory, in which the Cossack is trained for active service; (2) the efficient or fighting units, from which the regiments are completed; and (3) the reserves, which are required for making good the losses in war-time. Military service begins at the age of twenty and lasts eighteen years. Of this period the first year is spent in the preparatory department, twelve years with the troops of the line, and the last five years in the reserves. Each man is expected to provide his own uniform, his horse, and equipment when on active service and when he belongs to the fighting units, a regulation which also applies to the Cossacks of the reserves. This means that practically the entire Cossack population must be ready and fit to join the colours when called upon.

During the whole of the time the young soldier is training every effort is made to foster in him a military spirit by relating to him the glorious exploits of his countrymen. When one calls to mind the mighty warriors that the Cossacks have produced, their indomitable energy, their reckless daring, their endless resources, and how they have carved out for Russia a great Asiatic empire, one cannot be surprised that they are proud of their race and history; for where would Russia have been without that living rampart stretching from the banks of the peaceful Don to the shores of the Yellow Sea! Never within the annals of this world's history has any man excelled the exploits of Yermak, who conquered Siberia for Ivan the Terrible with a handful of men as hardy and as daring as himself.

This remarkable man, who was an Avar, was born at Yermakoffva, a small village on the Lower Volga. After many exploits, the account of which is still to be written, he was killed by the Tartars on the banks of the river Obi. He fought to the last with his back to the river and his face to the foe. The place is still shown where he backed his steed into the blue waters

of the Pacific. Many are the beautiful ballads the Cossacks still sing about Yermak, the man without fear, who said to his followers, 'Why, brothers, should we tarry here? Let's set out now for Sibér' (Siberia). So they started, never staying until they had hewn a way through that mighty continent and reached the Pacific. After taking this enormous stretch of land, Yermak presented it as a peace-offering to Ivan the Terrible. In exchange, Ivan gave him a suit of armour and a few valuable shawls—truly a fine return for a country twice the size of Europe! The Cossack still sings:

Like a silver charm,
Sounding in the wilderness,
Sounds the voice of Yermak,
Yermak Timofevitch.
And it says, 'Oh brother,
Winter is now coming on,
And no resting-place have we!'

In my last work, *The Romance of the Volga*, I have devoted several chapters to the Cossacks, who dyed the waters of the Volga red with the blood of battles, generally with the blood of their old enemies the Muscovites and Tartars. According to their own chroniclers, the Cossacks were 'good youths, honest workmen;' although it must be confessed that their work mostly consisted in robbing the rich barges of the Muscovite merchantmen as they lazily floated down the Volga to the Caspian. In one of their most beautiful songs they sing, 'No robbers are we, but builders of churches, churches with seven domes.' Many of the Cossacks are now dissenters—Baptists, Stundists—and bitterly opposed to the Orthodox Church.

A still more terrible Cossack leader was Koodejar, a name still spoken with bated breath in south-east Russia. He was so strong and fearless that it is stated that he once killed a bear in a hand-to-hand fight. He climbed upon the animal's back and gripped it round the neck with both his hands—a feat which was also said to have been accomplished by Vladimir of Kieff. According to Kostamaroff the historian, Koodejar was the half-brother of Ivan the Terrible. This writer states that he was kidnapped by the Tartars when an infant. Ivan, suspecting that he was of royal blood, essayed to make away with him, after having heard of his marvellous strength and ferocity. The terrible Tsar, by his cunning, endeavoured to keep Koodejar near him, promising to return to him his wife—who had been taken from him—if Koodejar would remain in his service. Ivan kept his word, for he invited the poor man to a banquet in a darkened chamber, from the roof of which hung the dead body of his beloved partner. Finding how Ivan had duped him, Koodejar endeavoured to kill the Tsar; but before he could do this the floor opened, and the Cossack hetman was received down into an oubliette. Koodejar, however, was not killed by his fall, and with

the aid of the Crimean ambassador he escaped to the Crimea, where he soon summoned the Crimean Tartars to his aid. Without losing any time, he marched with his army of Cossacks and Tartars to Moscow, and appeared before the city walls. Ivan fled, fearing the fate awaiting him; but the unfortunate country-people, who had fled to Moscow to escape from the Tartars, were caught in a death-trap between the blazing town and the high walls of the Kremlin. The panic-stricken population, swelled by the fugitives from the country, vainly endeavoured to enter the sanctuary. According to the chroniclers, the terrified people entered the Kremlin in three tiers, walking on the heads of one another. It is estimated that seven hundred and fifty thousand people perished on this occasion. Moscow was destroyed, and Koodejar was avenged—that fearful man upon whom none could look without terror, not only on account of his marvellous strength, but also because of his terrible ferocity.

Notwithstanding his crimes, Koodejar, owing to the wrongs he suffered and his hatred of the Muscovites, is still regarded as a hero by the people of the Don and the Lower Volga. In one of their songs he is supposed to say:

Keep silence, oh ye woods so green!
My thoughts must flow in pain,
For ere another day be passed
I front the Tsar's arraign!

Koodejar was loved by the people, for in him was expressed in the fullest measure Russian bravery, strength, and manhood, which have cut out a path for themselves in the free steppes of those vast expanses of territory in Russia and Asia once inhabited by the fierce Tartars, Khirgise, and other Mongol hordes. Not only as a warrior and a freebooter was Koodejar famous; for, according to the traditions of the people, 'in countenance he was extremely handsome, of splendid bearing, of great wisdom, and a giant in strength.' Moreover, 'he rewarded the people honestly; at banquets he was charming, and merry in his cups; to beautiful girls he was endearing, but to young men he would not make way.' Women, according to one legend, were his ruin; although, according to another, which is probably founded on fact, he bitterly repented his sins and became a monk. This was after an expedition to Nishni Novgorod, in which he killed many people and acquired much booty. Tortured by remorse, he fled to a forest, where he confessed his sins to a hermit, and entered a monastery. But one failing remained which he could not overcome—his love for a pretty woman whom he frequently met at church. This difficulty Koodejar finally overcame by running away with his beloved one and marrying her, for which we trust the saints above forgave him, it not being every man's nature to be a recluse.

Another famous Cossack hetman was Stenka Rjazin, who captured Astrachan, Samara, Saratoff,

and Krasnojarsk, and invaded Persia. He also almost overthrew the Muscovite power. He, like Koodejar, was a great favourite. There is a Volga song about him :

Once we had a comrade bold,
Little Stephen was his name.

Between Saratoff and Stolbechi on the Volga, near the small town of Kamishen, which was frequently raided by the Cossacks, is the headland of Stenka Rjazin, who has long since gone to his account. No longer he sits on his ivory throne, watching with eagle eyes the costly freights of the hated 'goats,' as the Cossacks called the Muscovites, on account of their habit of wearing long beards. Concerning this historic spot, the Russian poet Stavrinsky has written a poem beginning with the following verse :

There is a headland in the Volga,
Lonely it stands with moss o'ergrown ;
Changeless from age to age,
Only the wild winds round it moan,
And tempests spend their rage,
While on this headstone eagles rest,
Devour their prey, and build their nest.

The superstitious people of the Volga relate that Stenka Rjazin had a house on the headland, the interior of which was decked with silks and velvet, probably plundered from the Volga merchants. After performing many deeds of valour, which are celebrated in numerous plaintive ballads, Stenka Rjazin was finally captured and taken to Moscow, where he was hanged, drawn, and quartered, according to the barbarous custom of those wild times.

The Volga towns, however, are associated with another Cossack, Pugacheff, who headed the famous rebellion against Catharine the Second for 'land, liberty, and the old faith.' This chieftain is still regarded with affection by the people of the Lower Volga, many of whom would revolt again could they but find a Pugacheff or a Stenka Rjazin to lead them ; for lawlessness, love of adventure, and excitement are still rampant in their blood, as they were in the blood of the old Cossack chiefs. This was shown during the brief career of Father Illarion of Tsaritzen, who caused the authorities so much trouble and anxiety.

Pugacheff was particularly bitter against the princes and nobles, three hundred of whom he hanged at Saransk, boiling down their fat to grease his cannon. This warrior was a true Cossack ; he hated the tyranny of the Muscovite Tsars, and wanted to found again the old republic of Cossacks ruled by a hetman or *voevod* (a military governor). His exploits and those of his followers form interesting reading, and are full of romance. After capturing Astrachan, Kamishen, and many other towns on the Volga, and hanging a great number of officials and landowners, Pugacheff was finally captured by a Swedish officer, Colonel Michelsen, who was in

the service of Catharine the Second, and by him conveyed to Moscow in a cage. He was tortured and then decapitated. Although little better than a robber, Pugacheff was regarded by the people of the Volga as a great hero. Pushkin's story, *The Captain's Daughter*, is founded on his exploits. In order to obtain material for his book, the author travelled all the way to Simbirsk to see one of the Cossack's old followers, who through some oversight had escaped hanging by Colonel Michelsen.

Samara, another Volga city, also suffered from the exploits of Pugacheff, Stenka Rjazin, and other Cossack freebooters, who for several centuries were a source of constant worry and annoyance to the Russian Government. These rovers fought against any one or with any one so long as they were sure of plenty of plunder. Sometimes they would fight against the Muscovites, at others they assisted the Turks and the Tartars ; they were even known to take sides with their most bitter enemies, the Poles. The old type of Cossack was always 'spoiling for a fight,' and cared little with whom or against whom he fought. They were freebooters by profession, and proud of it.

The river Kamish used to be one of their great haunts when they entered the Volga from the Don country by means of this waterway. There is an old song, probably referring to Kamishen, which runs :

He who goes to Kamishen
A passport need not carry.

This exactly suited the Cossack temperament, which abhors red tape, regulation, and restraint. This small town particularly suffered from the 'fearless braves,' as they called themselves, for here they hanged, decapitated, or drowned all the unfortunate citizens, who, in obedience to the orders of Peter the Great, had shaved their beards and put on German attire. The hatred of foreign ideas and inventions was particularly strong among the Cossacks, to whom all ideas of German order, discipline, accuracy, and pettiness were simply anathema. A large number of Cossack heads were lopped from their owners' sturdy shoulders before the race became at all reconciled to the innovations of Peter the Great. There were many revolts, massacres, and wars ere the wild horsemen of the steppes condescended to throw in their fortune with the Muscovites. Who has not heard of Mazeppa, who joined Charles the Twelfth after marvellous adventures, and escaped with the Swedish king to Bender, where he died from grief ?

Then there is Platoff, who led his wild horsemen to the very gates of Paris, and encamped within the walls of that city. Not Cortes, Pizarro, Warren Hastings, or Clive ever excelled the exploits of some of these fearsome men, whose souls were great and mighty like those of old Tarass Bulba, who shouted out orders to

his men, and showed them the way to safety, while he was being roasted alive by the Poles on an elevated cliff, from which he could see and advise his men who were endeavouring to escape from their pursuers, the vengeful Poles. Who can forget the young Cossack leader Ostap, a mere youth, being broken to pieces on the wheel at Cracow, while the beautiful Polish ladies of the Court looked on and laughed at the terrible spectacle? No groan, however, escaped from the lips of the leader, although he was a mere boy. What poetry, what romance, finds a home in the breasts of these fine men! Terrible in war, their songs are full of the love of home, the gentle Don, the steppes, the lovely Cossack maidens. They also continually praise the delights of a free and roving life and the joy of having a good steed. 'First a horse, and then a wife,' explains exactly what a Cossack thinks of life.

One cannot help admiring the Cossack outlaws, notwithstanding the fact that they were capable of great cruelty when their blood was up. They are Nature's children; strong, peaceful, warlike, changeable as Nature herself. Their race was reared and begotten in times of constant strife, danger, and alarm, like the period of the great Napoleon. Although they are of Slavonic origin, there must be a considerable mixture of Tartar, Mongol, and Gothic blood in their veins, perhaps even some Hun as well. In fact, some of them, especially those from Eastern Siberia, have such a large admixture of Turanian blood in their composition that they resemble the Mongolians both in appearance and character; others are half Cossack and exceedingly handsome; but among them all there are many types. Francis M'Cullagh, in his excellent work, *With the Cossacks*, describes what a motley assemblage Mechenko's army seemed. He says: 'It was one of the most composite forces that ever met together in Asia. It contained Buriats, Tunguses, Bashkirs, Khirgise, Mohammedans from Daghestan, Tartars, Cossacks of Orenburg, Cossacks from the Don, children of the men who had won victories in Italy under Souvoroff, who had chased Bonaparte from his throne, who had pitched their tents in the Champs Elysées, Buriats whose race has produced "the most terrible phenomenon by which humanity has been scourged," the Mongol Zenghis Khan.' M'Cullagh writes further: 'However I might try to persuade myself that the Cossack is a thing of the past, I could not fail to be impressed by this great gathering of men who guard the Russian frontier from the shores of the Pacific to those of the Baltic, and whose very designation recalls the great names of Mazeppa, Stenka Rjazin, Pugacheff. I saw dimly the gigantic upheaval,

more Asiatic than European, and heard faintly the footbeats of innumerable horsemen galloping over the steppes. The Cossacks cannot fail to be interesting; for they are the only reminder we have left of the time when the population of Europe was nomadic.' Mr M'Cullagh is right; the Cossacks cannot fail to interest, whether we regard them on account of the great rôle they are playing in the struggle with the Austro-German Empires, or because of their glorious exploits in the East.

In the days of their greatest power it is said that the Cossacks could muster three hundred thousand horsemen, the majority of whom were free men and freeholders. If I am not mistaken, conscription never existed among them as it did in other parts of the Russian Empire, for it was their pride that they were all free men and landowners, and not wretched *kraypostne* (serfs). The majority are still landowners, and among them it is regarded as a reproach if they are *bez-zemelne* (lacking in land). A well-known Cossack reformer once told me that he pitied the English people because they had no land, and in this respect were like the Jews. I told him, to his astonishment, that the English people had so long been accustomed to live in towns that they considered it no hardship to be landless. My friend was very much surprised at this reply, for to him a man who had neither land nor a horse was only half a man. 'Land, liberty, and the old faith' has always been their battle-cry; and woe to the man, Muscovite or Pole, who endeavours to deprive them of what they consider to be their exclusive birthright. As soon as it was known in the *stanitsa* that an attempt was being made on their privileges, all the *kurgane* (outposts, usually a mound of earth) of the steppes were ablaze with bonfires, and before long one hundred thousand horsemen swarmed over the steppes to avenge the insult. Many of the Cossacks were celibates, and lived in camps and settlements on the islands of the Don and the Dnieper. Separated from the softening influence of their womenkind, their martial and bloodthirsty spirits seemed to swell like a torrent; it burst forth in all directions, carrying ruin and destruction to all who withstood it. However, since they have ceased to live in their military camps their warlike spirit seems to have diminished, although there is still plenty of martial fire in their ranks, as the Austrians and Prussians have recently found to their cost. The young Don Cossack, Kozma Krutchkoff, who killed eleven Germans in single combat, and received sixteen wounds, is a typical member of their race, a worthy descendant of the brave men who followed Yermak through the wilds and forests of Siberia.



THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *On Old Speyside*, *The Bernardine*, *The Ship of Shadows*, &c.

CHAPTER XL.—IN THE HEATHER.

MORE than once I have been tempted to end this tale here, but looking back to the beginning of it, I read: 'I have had but one secret my Charlotte did not share, and I am to tell it to her in these pages, when she may understand—if her Jacobite heart can—why I came to India to help Robert Clive, and, understanding, forgive my leaving her.' So, extenuating nothing, I shall tell it now.

After Culloden the Royalists occupied Inverness for a month, and, leaving the sullen town garrisoned, marched to Fort Augustus, where they encamped. With them went some of Kingston's Horse, a mesh in the net of troops to sweep round the insurgents. Militia guarded the passes to the south; the Mackenzies ranged the Western Isles; Lord Sutherland was in the far North; Mark Kerr's Dragoons were on the east coast. Martial law was proclaimed, for the flame of the rebellion smouldered stubbornly in the heather. *Væ victis!* In 'Forty-six' there were many scenes that I try to forget: fire and sword, starved men, and—the pity of it—women and little children; the burning of brave men's homes, the breaking of brave men's hearts. I saw the torch put to many of the chiefs' mansions—Glengarry, Cluny, and Lochiel among others—with countless farmhouses and cottages; cattle and provisions of the rebels were forfeited; hunger stalked the desolate glens; the scaffold threw its stark shadow over Scotland. A year of coronachs!

The Duke, eager to capture Charles Edward, scoured every glen, while ships of war watched the coast. Now and then rumours would come concerning him; then it was 'Boot and saddle,' and away to Glen Spean, or north to Glen Shiel, or the wild country among the great hills of Lochaber. Many weary days and nights my redcoats and I spent searching these lonely, trackless moors and mountains, but to no purpose. I for one give no grudging recognition to the shining passionate loyalty of the proud hearts that followed Charles Edward in the dark days of his downfall. Not the barrier of the great hills or rivers or the deep woods sheltered him; it was the hearts of men.

Thirty thousand pounds was offered for his capture. Poor ignorant men knew of his hiding-places—men, most of whom we regarded as half savages, without a sixpence among their rags—yet no one betrayed him whom they called the son of their King. These men owned something—an ideal—that was not for sale. To them the last of the Stuarts, a wandering, hunted outlaw, hungry, ragged, often sleeping under the sky in his plaid, seeking shelter and food

where he could—pitiful commentary on wrecked ambition and the divine right of kings!—was still their 'yellow-haired laddie.' I see yet the prisoners we took, sullen Gaelic hillmen, huddled together in fear of their lives, miserably clad, and gaunt through hunger, yet not a word could be got out of them concerning the Chevalier, even under threat of death.

In the long shining days of the northern June I was in command of half-a-troop of my regiment, one day riding through stretches of flaming gorse, on another by green, bird-haunted valleys, bivouacking by night beside Highland streams, escorting prisoners, carrying despatches to and from headquarters, all in the fine summer weather. July, flushed with the early heather creeping to the very edge of the camp, saw me back at the camp at Fort Augustus, and there I remained until the middle of the month, when I was sent with fifty of my regiment to join three companies of the Government militia, part of the cordon along the west coast between Glenelg and Arisaig, a wild, roadless country, rugged towering mountains, girt by seas thrusting long arms, jewelled by the August sun, into the silences of the hills.

The strictest precautions were taken, for it was suspected that Charles Edward was in the neighbourhood. Sentries were posted within hail of each other. By night great camp-fires were lit, and no one was allowed to pass unchallenged. I was on night duty, patrolling the long line of sentries, and I can vouch for the rigour of the movement. No hawks could have kept a keener watch, no bloodhounds quartered ground more thoroughly.

For a month I patrolled the wild west country until I think I knew every hill and corrie by heart, when there came a despatch from headquarters with orders to advance inland. The scheme was to throw a chain of troops between Lochaber and the Forest of Athole, and with this living net drag the country northward.

There were no roads worth the name in that wilderness of trackless moors and mountains. By the time the long line of redcoats swung slowly north, the high tide of summer turned. September nights began to close in as we neared the Great Glen.

On the forenoon of the fourteenth of the month a deserter was caught, a young trooper who had disappeared after Culloden. The case against him was black. Indeed, he made no defence, and at a drumhead court-martial was sentenced to be shot at sundown. He did not look a coward, holding his head up and taking his sentence without flinching. Curious to dis-

cover the cause of his desertion, I asked him afterwards why he was disloyal to King George. He hesitated, but I gradually got his story. He had fallen in love with a Highland lass, who would have nothing to do with him so long as he wore the king's uniform. 'So I ran away and married her, and we were happy in Badenoch, where she lived,' he told me. 'I deserted because my wife was a Jacobite; but, as God is my judge, I did not fight for the Prince, nor even carry arms for him.' The trooper was shot that evening by the side of Loch Ericht. He died like a man, asking the firing-party not to blindfold him, and refusing to give any information regarding his Jacobite home and friends. He was buried where he fell, and the lass in Badenoch, like many another, watched and waited in vain through the long dark winter of 'Forty-six' for the return of her man. The little tragedy is burned on my memory, a haunting, accusing picture in the light of what befell me two nights afterwards.

It fell out that on the same evening I received orders to go forward with a despatch to the Fort, using all speed.

Near the darkening, I took half-a-dozen of my best mounted troopers with me, and struck into the country beyond Loch Ericht, where we halted, and, posting sentries, passed the night in a sheltered corrie. Next morning we were off again by streak of day, skirting the gloomy Forest of Benalder and pushing on by Loch Laggan, intending to strike the Pass of Corrieyarrack before nightfall; but we missed a bridle-path, and at dusk my men, tired with a long day and the heavy going, were halted for the night by the side of a burn.

Behind us, a birch-wood covered the side of the hill, and below it lay a little loch, a thread of a stream trickling out of it, a splinter of steel in the moonlight. The little silver thread was the river Spey newly born amidst her mountains.

To most men, looking back on the fading vista of their youth, the vision of some place haunted by memories out of scale with the rest of the horizon leaps now and then to the mind in a strange and individual appeal. Recalling these days in the North, I have come to think of the Spey as my river of destiny. Her pine-clad valleys, the august neighbourhood of her mountains, her stream's shining claymore in the heather, are to me lodestones of memory, drawing me back to these days of stirrings of the blood, war, and adventure in the dew of my youth. I remembered as I looked at the river's cradle (a premonition mingling with the thought) that thrice before the Spey had come into my life, on each occasion charged with fate. Her music greeted me as the *Gannet* stole into Spey Bay; hers the strong and swift current that had borne me and my comrades with the French money into safety from the lurking death on the trail;

her stream sparkling in the morning sun was the Rubicon I crossed with Duke William's army.

So I lingered that evening in a reverie, looking down on the tiny stream amidst the silence of the moors, wondering if my chance meeting with the river was a portent, until moor, skyline, and hills became slowly obscured on the threshold of night.

With the darkness came a weather change. Clouds hid the moon; the air grew damp and chilly. Posting a couple of sentries on the lip of a cup near the burn, I was soon asleep in the heather, wrapped in my greatcoat.

I had been in the saddle all day, and slept soundly till early morning, when sentries were relieved. They reported all was well, and I lay down again, but sleep refused to return. Every sound, the deep breathing of the sleeping men and horses, the purring voice of the burn, even the silken rustle of the birches in a light air, seemed in a conspiracy to keep me awake. I looked with envy at my men lying in the sprawling inertia of sound sleep, for I had done as hard a day's work as any of them, yet I could not close an eye. Often on the very edge of sleep I started up wide-eyed again, until at last, after an hour of turning and tossing, I gave up the attempt and lay staring at the paling sky.

Perhaps in the silent early morning the sensory organs are at their keenest. At any rate, as I lay there, the faintest sound ruffling the death-like silence sent my imagination galloping. Once a slight stir in the heather made me clutch my pistol. It was only a mountain hare loping past, but my heart knocked for an uncomfortable second or two. I could see both sentries to right and left in the distance pacing with their firelocks. I had lain in the heather scores of times, yet for the life of me I could not shake off the feeling of a child in the dark, as if some one unseen by me might be near. The hours passed slowly, until with a sense of relief I saw the faint glimmer of day begin to pencil the sky-line, and heard the hoarse chuckle of the awakening moor-cock up on the brown slant of the hill.

With the first blink of morning a chill air, as the new day drew a breath, crept along the hill-side, stirring hidden wreaths of mists in the corries, sending them circling slowly to the high tops, weaving and unweaving fantastic hoods, the solid mountains looming vague and unsubstantial behind them.

I got to my feet, shivering. I did not waken the men, for it was full early, and they required all the rest they could get. After a wash in the burn that briskened me wonderfully, I took my fowling-piece on the chance of getting a brace or two of moorfowl, and skirted quietly along the edge of the birch-wood; but I did not get a shot, and after half-an-hour came out on the moor a mile or more to the west of our picket. The mist gathering below me was blurring everything out, filling to overflowing the hollow of a

dip of the ground in front, out of the wind. I could see over its gray roof to the hillside opposite, where columns of mist were deploying, gusts of wind tossing little tatters and wreaths of smoke aloft in aimless convolutions.

The cautious wail of a green plover stole out of the mist, its eerie dissonance startling in its break on the silence. The cry seemed to come from higher up behind me. I wheeled round on the instant, tingling with apprehension, for in a flash I remembered that the peewit's hail is seldom, if ever, heard so late in the year. The sound died away, and another cry stole out, this time from the valley. It was an answering signal, an uncommonly good imitation of the wandering bird's harsh call; but I guessed that dirk and tartan, and no birds of the moor, were hidden somewhere in the heather and the mist. The wearers of them might be watching me. The thought of a blade between the ribs whets the edge of one's wits wonderfully. In a twinkling I had dived into the wood, where a screen of the birches gave me cover. There I crouched down and listened, peering into the mist. Once again the peewit's call sounded, this time much farther away. But thick mist juggles with sound as well as with vision, so I kept still and waited. The call did not come again, but I was uneasy, and started to return

to my picket. The mist was clearing a little as I stole quietly through the wood. I had almost come out to its edge, when I stopped dead. In a trick of the wind the mist had parted like a rent curtain, and revealed a man.

He was standing not fifty yards away, his back toward me, his face half-turned round, showing his profile and short beard. I could see him clearly enough in the growing daylight. He wore kilt and plaid, and was leaning on a great crook-staff such as the hillmen use, his chin sunk on his breast. Once he threw up his head, and the lift of it, like a listening stag's, seemed strangely familiar. Where had I seen him? He gave a glance round and resumed his former listless attitude, motionless in the silence, a statue of dejection, the wind plucking at his shabby plaid. As I stood watching him, a vague irrational sympathy for him touched me. Suddenly he drew himself up, braced his shoulders, and began to walk straight toward me. After the first few steps speculation fled. There was only one man I had ever met with that air. Instantly I recalled the last time I had seen him. The shabbily-clad, dejected wayfarer vanished, and in his stead came a vivid vision of Holyrood, and a bright-eyed royal youth with the kind smile. For the solitary man was Charles Edward!

(Continued on page 643.)

FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR.

By the Rev. JOHN VAUGHAN, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Winchester.

AT this time, when a large number of German prisoners of war are interned in Great Britain, it may be of interest to call to mind the early years of the last century, when, during the Napoleonic wars, many thousands of French prisoners were confined in various parts of the country. The contrast, too, is instructive, as showing the improvement in manners, and the growth of the spirit of humanity, in the course of the last hundred years.

It has been calculated that between the years 1803 and 1814 no fewer than one hundred and twenty-two thousand prisoners of war were brought to this country. Of this number over ten thousand are said to have died in prison, some seventeen thousand were allowed to return to France as hopeless invalids, and the remainder were released when peace was proclaimed in 1814. The places of detention for these unfortunate men were situated in various parts of the country. Dartmoor Prison, which had been expressly built for the purpose, received as many as ten thousand captives. A large number were confined at Millbank Prison, near Plymouth. Others were incarcerated at Edinburgh, at Stapleton, at Chatham, at Norman Cross near Peterborough, and elsewhere. A number of warships captured from the enemy

were also converted into prisons, and moored at convenient stations along the coast, such as the Hamoaze at Plymouth, in Portsmouth Harbour, and in the Medway off Chatham. Indeed, over twenty-nine thousand prisoners of war were confined in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth—some at Forton, some on hulks in the harbour, and some eight thousand in Portchester Castle.

The Norman keep of Portchester Castle, rising from the edge of the flowing tide, and standing within an enclosure of nine acres, is a striking feature in the landscape, and well known to all visitors to Portsmouth and Southsea. In early days Portchester Castle was a famous military fortress, and was not infrequently visited by royalty; but after the days of Queen Elizabeth, who feasted in the noble banqueting-hall, the building became unoccupied, and fell into a state of ruin. Toward the end of the eighteenth century it was hired by the Government, and converted into a place of detention for prisoners of war. Large wooden huts, as may be seen in many an interesting engraving of the time, were erected within the great enclosure; and the lofty Norman keep was divided into storeys, which were connected one with another by a steep flight of wooden steps, which occupied the south-eastern corner of the structure. 'It may

be understood,' wrote a contemporary, 'that the prisoners' sleeping-quarters were not luxurious. Some of them had hammocks; but when the press became thicker straw was thrown upon the floor for those to sleep upon for whom hammock-room could not be found. Hard, however, as was the lot of the Portchester prisoners, it was comfort compared with that of the men immured at Forton, where there was hardly room to stand in the exercise-ground, and they lay at night as thick as herrings in a barrel; or with those who were confined in the hulks, which were used as punishment-ships, and where the refractory and desperate were sent, and where half-rations brought them to obedience. At Portchester the prisoners got at least plenty of fresh air, sunshine, and room to walk about.'

At one time, it appears, an arrangement was arrived at between the British and French Governments, whereby each nation was to be responsible for feeding and clothing its own countrymen who had been taken prisoners of war. After a while, however, the Consular Government disclaimed all responsibility, and the cost of supplying the French prisoners in Britain fell entirely on our own Government. As may easily be imagined, the fare was not of the choicest kind. Indeed, many were the complaints as to its coarseness and its insufficiency. On one occasion, we are told, an English officer riding into Portchester Castle, and leaving his horse for a few minutes tied up to a post, found on his return only the saddle remaining. 'The famished victims of English barbarity,' says a French writer who tells the story, 'had devoured the animal, even to the very hoofs.' Rats, it may well be believed, abounded in the dark vaults and underground passages of the castle. Many years ago, when I was vicar of Portchester, I was assured by an old man past ninety, who well remembered the time of the Napoleonic wars, that the French prisoners were wont to catch the rats with baited hooks, and to cook them for dinner. No doubt there was a great deal of sickness among the captives. At Portchester the negroes of the West Indian garrisons suffered severely. During the cold winter which followed their arrival in England some hundreds of them died, and a large number were crippled with rheumatism. Any waste corner of the parish was used as a burial-ground for prisoners of war. The harbour-shore, immediately outside the castle walls, is said to have been the usual place, and now and again human bones are laid bare by the receding tide. In another part of the parish some thirty to forty skeletons were unearthed a few years ago within a few inches of the surface. The village churchyard seems never to have been used for prisoners; but soldiers of the garrison who died on duty were buried there, and their names duly entered in the parish register. Among these were a number of the king's German legion; and sometimes

we meet with the ominous words 'died of small-pox.' In other places, too, the mortality was great. At Forton, near Gosport, on the western side of Portsmouth Harbour, nearly four hundred prisoners died in the autumn of 1794, while in November 1810 no fewer than eight hundred were reported to be dangerously ill.

Among the prisoners were many men of savage and desperate character, and acts of great barbarity were only too common. In November 1796, for instance, as we learn from a contemporary document, 'the prisoners on board the *Hero* detected a thief in their midst. They tied him down to a ring, and flogged him most unmercifully. They then trampled upon him, and the man actually expired under their treatment.' Duels, it appears, were of constant occurrence; no fewer than one hundred and thirty were fought at Stapleton prison within a period of three years. Any rough-and-ready contrivance was made to serve the purpose of a weapon. A piece of iron, or a knife, or the blade of a pair of scissors would be fastened to a stick and used with murderous effect. Now and again an execution took place. Such an occasion, after the hideous custom of the age, would be made a public holiday, and even children would be taken to see the spectacle. One poor wretch, who was hanged at Portchester for killing a fellow-prisoner, begged his son, a little drummer-boy, never, when he got home to France, to tell his mother the real truth, but to say only that 'father died in prison.'

Every effort was made to prevent the escape of the French prisoners. The captives wore strange yellow jackets, with gray-and-yellow caps, to render any attempt more difficult. At Portchester Castle as many as one hundred sentries were always on duty, and the curfew-bell sounded every evening at nine o'clock, when the prisoners were forced to retire to their sleeping-quarters. In spite, however, of every precaution, attempts at escape were not infrequent, especially from the hulks in the harbour. To take but a single instance. On 8th October 1808 'two French prisoners escaped from a prison-ship at Portsmouth at night. One was drowned; the other was found in the mud, from whence he was extricated by a detained American vessel lying in the harbour, and sent back again to the ship from whence he had escaped.' This extract is specially interesting, as the fugitive proved to be one Louis Garneray, an artist of some repute, whose pictures of the harbour may still occasionally be met with in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth. Garneray was afterwards allowed to become a prisoner on parole at Bishop's Waltham, a little town in Hampshire, where he remained until the conclusion of the war, when he returned to France, and eventually became Director of the School of Painting at Rouen.

Louis Garneray was not the only French

prisoner who endeavoured to earn a few shillings by handicraft. Many of the captives were extraordinarily clever with their fingers. Out of beef and mutton bones they would carve the most exquisite trinkets. With only a wretched penknife to work with, they would turn out beautiful little objects, such as chessmen, wind-mills, battleships, spinning-wheels, and the like. Not long since I was offered a finely carved crucifix which had been made by a French prisoner at Portchester. So exquisitely was it executed that the owner asked no less than seven pounds for it. Other prisoners would work in straw, and offer for sale the most dainty little work-boxes or watch-cases. Others would make lace of so delicate a texture that it was widely and eagerly sought after. The manufacture of counterfeit coin, too, was not unknown; and both at Portsmouth and Plymouth large numbers of forged bank-notes found their way into circulation. Indeed, one prisoner was sentenced to death for this offence; but the extreme penalty was afterwards commuted to two years' imprisonment at Winchester.

After a time it seems to have been the custom to place the French officers on parole, and to settle them in various towns at some little distance from the coast. A goodly number were assigned to Winchester. Among other Hampshire towns selected for the purpose were Odiham, Whitechurch, Andover, Alresford, and Bishop's Waltham. It has already been noticed that the marine painter Louis Garneray was placed at

Bishop's Waltham, where there were a number of French officers on parole. They appear to have been generally welcomed by the inhabitants, and sometimes to have been received into the best society. At Alresford they won golden opinions by their endeavours to subdue a fire which threatened to destroy the entire town. In the churchyard of that parish may be seen several tombstones to the memory of those who died in captivity. So too at Odiham, where one epitaph is of touching simplicity: 'He was a prisoner of war. Death has set him free.' Officers on parole were allowed to walk one mile beyond the limits of the town in which they were quartered, and no farther. A mile from Odiham stands a noble oak-tree still known as 'the Frenchman's oak,' beneath which a seat was placed for the convenience of these sojourners in a strange land. It is pleasant to think that they were treated with such simple thoughtfulness and consideration. And there were occasions when prisoners, on their part, showed humanity and heroism. One example, in conclusion, must suffice. In the month of May 1800 the sentry at the gangway on board the prison-ship *Sampson*, moored in the Hamoaze at Plymouth, 'was blown overboard in a gale of wind; whereupon a French officer, whose name was Le Fevre, leaped into the sea and saved him.' It is gratifying to learn that a full passport was granted to the officer, with a certificate testifying to his noble conduct, which was to be presented to the French commissary at Morlaix.

BETTY GRIER.

By JOSEPH LAING WAUGH,

Author of *Robbie Doo*, *Cracks wi' Robbie Doo*, *Thornhill and its Worthies*, &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN accordance with the doctor's orders, Nathan has not been to his work these past few days; and though, beyond admitting a 'wakeness about the knees' and a proneness to 'shiverin', he makes no specific complaint, I have noticed that daily he becomes more beholden to Betty, and that he very willingly goes off to bed a good two hours earlier than his usual retiring-time.

There are some who, by their very backwardness and reticence, attract attention and excite curiosity. I have met many such, both professionally and socially, and the breaking down of their reserve has always been interesting; but, than the case of Nathan Hebron, none has more substantially repaid the time and trouble which the process of thawing involved. To outsiders I presume Nathan is an enigma. Not so to us who live with him. I needn't attempt to explain the feeling of confidence which he inspires, or the peculiar power which he unconsciously exerts in our little household circle.

Words cannot convey it—it must be experienced to be understood; and though Betty is always to the fore, always taking the initiative, I know she feels that somewhere in the background, almost outwith her immediate knowledge, but ever in her reckoning, is the force, the power, the quiet, unobtrusive, dependable Nathan. And yet, strange to say, could I probe to the quick of his feelings, I know I should find that, in his 'established estimation, Betty, and Betty alone, stands for everything that the term 'bulwark and tower of strength' conveys.

Of late I have been wondering how best I can advance Nathan's worldly interests and lighten his burden without taking him away altogether from the calling of his choice. Somehow I don't think he would be happy without a spade in his hand and denied access to leaf-mould. He is too old to fit into a new groove, and I must remember that were I, even with the best intentions, carefully to uproot an old tree from amongst the shadows and replant it in the sun-

shine it would surely die. Still, I should like to do something to make his gloamin' life easier. I have often felt sorry for him, leaving his comfortable house on inclement mornings, working his day's darg, and returning when darkness had long settled down. Outdoor work under favourable weather conditions is agreeable enough; but when it is carried on under a cold, leaden sky, amidst frost and snow, and in biting winds, it is stripped of much of its pleasure and poetry. Thinking in this strain, the idea came to me that I might erect glass-houses in our garden here, and encourage Nathan to devote the whole of his time to the cultivation of tomatoes. I have already mentioned my scheme to the doctor, and he approves of it; but I have said nothing to Betty or Nathan. I must see to it one of these days.

I had a long, pleasant ramble this afternoon. The air was clear and invigorating; I was feeling braced up and buoyant; and as for Jip and Bang, I never saw them in a more sportive, energetic mood. We walked through Rashbrigs Moss, past Dabton Loch, and round by Longmire, where I called and spent an hour with Farmer Russell. Bang killed a rat in the stead- ing just before we left, and he wagged his stumpy tail and tried to raise his tattered ear all the way home. The dogs preceded me into the house, and I stumbled after them through the darkened lobby and into the darker dining-room.

'Hello, Betty,' I said as I entered; 'not lit up yet?'

Betty was over at the window in the act of pulling down the blind, which, strangely enough, she always does before she lights the gas.

'Oh, it's you, Maister Weelum,' she said. 'It's that dark I can scarcely see ye;' but she continued standing inactive, looking round to me with the window-blind cord hanging loose in her hand. The firelight was low, and the light which came through the window from the village lamp across the street made the darkness only more visible. I could make Betty out, silhouetted, as she was, against the window; but, though all around was in black shadow which my eyes could not penetrate, I had the feeling that some one else was present. As I peered around, a tall visionary figure moved to my right, and Betty came toward me from the window.

'This is Miss Stuart,' she said, 'the lady that's pentin' wee Isobel Jardine's pictur'. She's been workin' at it a' efternoon. I was tellin' her aboot your new yin, and I asked her in to see it.—And, Miss Stuart, this is my boy—my wean I used to ca' him—Maister Weelum, or rather, as I should say, Maister Russell. Mrs Jardine and me were tellin' ye aboot him. Imphm!' And as Betty breathlessly finished her introduction, and, without further ado, turned to break the fire into a glow, Miss Stuart and I gravely bowed.

I couldn't see our visitor's face, but her figure was strangely familiar to me, and my pulse quickened.

'Miss Stuart,' said Betty, 'will ye please sit here till I licht the gas?' and she wheeled the easy-chair, which sits opposite mine, within the radius of the glow from the fire.

'Oh, thank you very much, Mrs Hebron,' said a voice I knew well; 'but I'm afraid I must be going. I'll—I'll not sit down, thank you. Mr Russell will be'—

'Delighted to see you seated, Miss Stuart,' I interposed. 'I have very few lady visitors these days, and I do assure you you are welcome.'

'Eh! that's weel said, Maister Weelum,' Betty chimed in; 'and it's true too. Ye canna but sit doon, if it's only to please him, no' to speak o' me;' and, as Miss Stuart graciously complied, she bustled out to the kitchen for a match.

In her absence I struck a light and lit the gas, and as Miss Stuart's eyes met mine we both smiled. Nathan on one occasion winked to me, and in doing so he established a paction between us. In the same way, but more emphatically, this smile awakened a feeling of camaraderie, a consciousness that the Fates were playing with us, and that we recognised the success of their manipulations.

'Betty has been talking to me a good deal about you lately, Miss Stuart,' I said as I drew in my chair. 'Somehow, from the first I associated you, the subject of her talk and the painter of Isobel's portrait, with my good Samaritan of Nithbank Wood; and I am not surprised to find that I was right.'

'Indeed, Mr Russell!' she said, and again she smiled. 'Well, I have been hearing about you also of late from both Mrs Hebron and Mrs Jardine; and, like you, I am'— But before she could finish her sentence Betty re-entered with a lighted taper, and in its warm yellow glow her face shone like a radiant moon.

'Ah, Maister Weelum,' she said, 'for aince ye've managed that "perverted" licht. Thae newfangled things are fashious, and it's a cauld-lookin' licht; but there's economy in it, Miss Stuart—imphm! And, my me! excuse me, miss, but it does my he'rt guid to see ye sittin' in that chair.' And in a flash my mind went back to our crack, and I remembered her words, 'It's a gey comfortable-lookin' chair that yin opposite ye, Maister Weelum, and d'ye ken I met a leddy the day that I wad like to see sittin' in it.'

'Betty,' I said, 'Miss Stuart and I are not altogether strangers; we have met once or twice in an informal way; but, now that we have been brought together to-night, under your auspices, don't you think—just to signalise the event—you might offer her a cup of tea?'

'Eh, Maister Weelum! you read me like a book. I was juist gaun to suggest that. The kettle's at the boil, and it'll no' tak' me a

minute. Will—will I bring down the tea-set frae the drawin'-room—your mother's, ye ken?'

'Yes, yes, Betty, if you please; and Miss Stuart will honour us in handseling it. It hasn't been used since I came here;' and before my guest could say 'Yea' or 'Nay,' Betty had disappeared.

I drew my chair nearer the fire, and, pipe in hand, was about to ask my *vis-à-vis* if I might smoke, when I saw her gaze wander round the walls of my room and ultimately rest on my picture.

'Oh, Mr Russell,' she exclaimed, as she rose to her feet—'why, that is surely the picture I painted!'

'It is, Miss Stuart,' I quietly said. 'It's the picture you had just finished the first time I saw you in the flesh, and I assure you I am very proud to be the possessor of it.'

She stood looking up to it, beating a tattoo with her fingers on the table, and I saw the warm blood mounting her neck and cheek.

'I hope you don't mind my having it?' I asked.

'Oh no; but—well, you must have put yourself to some trouble to get it—more than it's worth, I'm afraid, for it was presented to a bazaar many miles away; and, you'll pardon me, but I cannot understand your putting so much value on it. It is really not a good bit of work, though the subject appealed to me so much.'

'Now, Miss Stuart, please do not belittle my purchase—your labour of love, I may call it. I know a little about art; in fact, though I don't paint now, it has always been, and still is, my hobby, and in my judgment you have no reason to be ashamed of this example of your handiwork. As to my motive in buying it—well, I am a native of this village, as Betty has perhaps already told you, and to me it and its environs will ever be my earthly paradise. I know every step of the countryside around. As a boy I hunted in its fields, explored its woods, and fished its streams. During the years I have been settled in Edinburgh, never a day has passed but my thoughts have strayed homeward, and the identical spot on which you sketched this picture is the one, above all others, around which my most hallowed memories are centred. Whenever I thought of my quiet village home my mind meandered down the Gillfoot road, and the view which inspired you to this effort has always been with me, for it is, as it were, photographed on my brain.'

'Oh, I quite understand you,' she said slowly—'quite. But how did you find out where it was for sale?'

'Well, I had very little difficulty in that,' I laughingly replied. 'Talking of sales, though—pardon my introducing the commercial element into our conversation, Miss Stuart—but I would like very much to have a companion picture to this one, something local of course.

I'll leave the price to yourself. There's no hurry, you know; only I should be sorry to miss the opportunity of procuring another, treated with the same loving skill.'

'How much did you pay for this one?' she asked, with a twinkle in her eye.

'Well—I—I really cannot tell you exactly. You see, I didn't buy it myself. I happened to hear your clerical friend say something about the Laurieston bazaar; so I wrote to Ormskirk, my confidential clerk, giving him the few particulars I possessed, and he managed everything to my satisfaction. The price he paid for it will be noted down; he stated it in his letter, but as it was of minor importance, I don't remember the exact figure.'

I had risen from my chair when she stood up to examine the picture; and, thinking she might be tired standing, I asked her to sit down. She made no response, however; and, lost in thought, looked long into the glowing fire.

'Ormskirk! Mr Ormskirk, your confidential clerk!' she repeated slowly. 'The name seems familiar to me. Oh yes, now I remember;' and she laughed cheerily, and gave me a blithe look. 'It is a coincidence, Mr Russell; but I was received once by a Mr Ormskirk of an Edinburgh legal firm. The name struck me as being unusual.'

'Well, Miss Stuart, so far as I know there is only one Ormskirk in our profession in Edinburgh, and he is with us—my firm, I mean—Monteith & Russell.'

'Monteith & Russell!' she repeated. 'And you are'—

'Well, I'm Mr Monteith's partner.'

She looked at me with surprise in her big dark eyes, and then slowly every vestige of colour left her face. 'You—you are Mr Russell! Oh, I am so glad to meet you! I have corresponded with you, and my father very often spoke of you. I—I am Désirée Stuart. My affairs are in your firm's hands. I am the daughter of General Stuart of Abereran. This is very bewildering!' and she smiled feebly through moist, lustrous eyes.

I was too astonished to speak. No suitable words could I utter in acknowledgment of this unexpected information. Never for a moment had I associated Miss Stuart the artist with Miss Stuart of Abereran. Somehow, I cannot say exactly what followed; but I have a dim recollection of hearing her apologising for sobbing, on the plea that I was the first person she had met since her father's death of whom, in his last illness, he had spoken with kindness and affectionate regard. And I welcomed this with avidity as another link which bound me to her.

'Your father and I didn't meet often, Miss Stuart,' I said, after a pause, during which we had both been busy in thought; 'but we corresponded very frequently. I am glad to know he spoke of me with appreciation. Unfortu-

nately I was confined to bed at the time of his death, otherwise I should have been with you; but my partner, Mr Murray Monteith, attended to everything, and has been giving your affairs every consideration.'

'Yes, Mr Monteith has been very attentive. I called at your office and asked to see you. It was on this occasion I met your Mr Ormskirk. Well, Mr Monteith received me, and reassured me on one or two points about which I was anxious. After all, I didn't tell him the real reason of my visit.'

'Indeed! And—and why didn't you?'

'Well, I somehow didn't like. I know it was very silly; but I just couldn't speak of it—at least to him.'

'Oh, I'm sorry to know that!' I said. 'Mr Monteith would have been only too pleased to help you with his advice. Is the matter you wished to bring before me still of consequence?'

'Yes; but it can wait. You know this is neither the time nor the place to talk business. Besides, I oughtn't to bother you about my affairs just now. You are still on the sick list, though I must say you look less the invalid to-day than you did the first time I saw you.'

'Thank you, Miss Stuart. I am glad to know I look better; certainly I feel much stronger, and I trust to be back to business soon. But do tell me now what you wanted to consult me about in Edinburgh.'

For a time she remained silent, and I watched with interest the run and play of her thoughts, as expressed in her mobile face.

'Don't you think,' she said at length, 'that all this is very queer—I mean our previous accidental meetings, the personal and business connection between us, and the fact of our sitting together in this room in this quiet little village? I feel we are known to each other, yet we are not acquainted. Oh, it does seem so strange and unusual!'

'Yes. The whole circumstances are rather remarkable, and I could tell you something—a little story in which you and I figure, which is even more mystifying; but we are wandering from the subject we had on hand. You haven't yet told me what I wish to know.'

'I cannot mention it to-night, Mr Russell,' she said. 'More than ever I feel I ought not to have broached it. Later I trust we shall have an opportunity of discussing everything. You don't mind my deferring it?'

'Just as you wish; but before we dismiss business, may I ask you a question?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, I had a letter from Mr Monteith the other day in which he referred to your affairs. By the same token, he is coming down to see your aunt, so we'll all meet and go into everything thoroughly. Well, what he mentioned in his letter with reference to you set me a-thinking, and I have been wondering since if you are

aware of the fact that you hold four thousand Banku oil shares. Have you received any dividends lately?'

'I know,' she answered thoughtfully, 'that father, some time ago—when I came of age it was—transferred some shares to me, and from time to time he gave me what must have been dividends. I didn't trouble him for particulars; he always hated business chats, but more so after his last visit to India. I am sure he got a touch of sun, although the doctor would never admit it, and I purposely refrained from referring to business affairs, as it only annoyed and irritated him. Since he died I have received no money at all. As a matter of fact'—and she blushed painfully—'that's what I wanted to see you about. Aunt is awfully decent, and grudges me nothing; but surely I ought to have received something. It isn't very nice to be depending on her for every shilling, and—you understand, Mr Russell?—I'm perhaps too independent, and'—

'Oh, Miss Stuart, I am so sorry! This is a most unfortunate oversight. I must rectify it at once, and see that money is sent to you to-morrow. You have quite a large sum to your credit with us.'

'I am glad to know that;' and she smiled. 'But please don't put yourself to any immediate trouble on my account. I—I am all right for money at present. Unknown to my aunt, I sent two of my pictures to Glasgow last week. Yesterday I received—what do you think?—four guineas each for them;' and again the blood mounted to her cheek.

'Miss Stuart,' I said, in consternation, 'have you through our thoughtlessness been obliged to'— I didn't finish my sentence, for at that moment the door opened, and Betty entered with the tea-tray. Maybe it was a fortunate, certain I am it was a timely, interruption, as I was strongly tempted to act unprofessionally, and take a client to my arms.

We had tea brewed in my mother's old Worcester teapot and served in dainty cups of the same ware. The modern gas was extinguished, and the candles in the candelabra were lit. Nobody in Thornhill, or out of it, can bake soda-scones to compare with Betty's; no one can approach her in the lightness and pan-flavour of her toothsome pancakes, the 'gou' of her butter, and the aroma of her home-blended tea. As for her homely, kindly presence—well, only one other possessed its match, and she was sitting at Betty's right hand, admiring my mother's old china, praising Betty's scones, filling my heart with a gladness it had never known before. Ah, Betty Grier—my dear old Betty—I owe much to you! Before life was a reality to me you cared for me and ministered to my wants. When I was cast adrift from moorings of my own making, you took me in, nursed me, and tended me. For all this I thank you; but for

bringing this little tea-party about I'll bless your name for ever and ever. Amen.

So far I have not been out of doors after nightfall. The village streets are not too well lit; the pavements are too uneven for my uncertain steps; but Miss Stuart couldn't go home unattended. Betty was very emphatic on this point, and of course I heartily concurred. Bang and Jip certainly came into the house with me after our walk; but they must have recognised in Miss Stuart a counter-attraction, and slipped away to their respective homes unobserved. Standing in the lobby with my coat and hat on, and thinking they might be keeping Nathan company in his back-room, I called to them several times, but all in vain; so Miss Stuart and I went out alone.

It was a clear, quiet moonlight night, with that sharp touch of frost in the air which makes walking a pleasure. No winter night winds sighed in the bare, leafless limes as we passed down the street; no discordant sounds broke the stillness of the Gillfoot as we wended our way by its shadowy wood.

I had, of course, perforce to walk slowly, and in some unaccountable way my thoughts and speech seemed to keep in rhythm with my steps. This at first disturbed and annoyed me, as I was anxious to be vivacious and animated; but I soon found out that in certain circumstances conversation is not essential to good-fellowship.

When we reached the top of the Gillfoot Brae, and were almost opposite the little wicket to Nithsbank Wood, we halted for a minute, and in silence looked down upon the scene, the natural features of which my companion had with such loving skill transferred to her canvas.

There are times when Nature asserts herself—thrusts herself, as it were, upon us, and emphatically proclaims her glory and power. It is good for us to come under her dominance then, for if we have within us a soul worthy of the name, we cannot but feel our true position and standing in the great Creator's plan.

As I stood, with the woman I loved beside me, on that glamour-haunted spot, amidst scenes grand in their solemnity and hallowed by associations, myriads of twinkling worlds above us, at our feet peaceful howmes all bathed in moonlight, a fuller realisation of the true import of life was borne in upon me. And there, in a consciously chastened spirit, with Nature's sermon in my heart and her inspirations all around me, I turned to my companion, and falteringly told the story of my dream.

In silence, and with wonderment in her eyes, she listened to all my heart bade me say, and when I had finished she slightly turned away from me, and her head was bowed. Then in a flash my mind reverted to her recent bereavement; and when I thought of her loneliness and isolation, the uncertainty of her prospects, and the shame and mental trials she would in all

probability be called upon to bear, reproach came to me, and I felt selfish and mean in adding to her burden of mind.

'Miss Stuart,' I said, 'please pardon me if I have said anything amiss, or if what I have spoken is unwelcome or ill-timed, and a cause of unhappiness to you. If it is so, I am deeply sorry, but I cannot take back anything I have told you. God knows it is true, and my whole life will be devoted to prove to you that it is so. But for the present—well, doubtless you have plenty to think about, so please dismiss from your mind what I have said. If I may, I shall some day speak to you again. Meanwhile let me be your friend. Somehow, I think you need one.'

She looked gratefully at me with moistened eyes. 'Thank you very much. What you have told me is all so strange, so unexpected, and—and I feel it is all true. You are very kind. I do need a friend, and I can trust you.'

I am lying in my old truckle-bed. It is far into the morning, and sleep has not yet closed my eyes. Nathan has not been so well to-night, and his restlessness has kept Betty astir, but it hasn't disturbed me. And, somehow, I am not lonely. 'I do need a friend, and I can trust you;' these words, during the quiet hours, are often being whispered in my ear, and I would rather remain awake and hear them than pass into slumberland and miss them.

(Continued on page 663.)

A HAMMOCK SONG.

I SING the praise of long summer days
In my garden above the sea;
That bit of the wide, wild mountain-side
Sacred to mine and me.

No roof man-made, but the blest pine-shade,
And the sight of the sea below me,
Are mine, while set in my boat of net
With a parasol to row me.

Lost to the ear, to the eye so near,
The great sea sleeping lies;
And far, far away, beyond the bay,
The hills of Yamato rise.

True, we travel not from the one sweet spot.
Where else should I wish to be?
And thus to float in my gentle boat
Is movement enough for me.

Led by the eye, the spirit can fly
To distant mountain ways,
Whose leagues to unravel the foot must travel
For many weary days.

Oh, the dream to be freed from the world of greed!
And willing am I to leave
To those its pleasures who count them treasures,
While I may but receive

From the living earth her sunshine's mirth,
Her wideness, her air of dawn,
Her colours that change with the great sun's range,
The scent of her dews at morn.

LILIAN RAWLINGS.

ROKKOZAN, JAPAN.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

From the Russian of V. Nemirovich-Danchenko, by ALDER ANDERSON.

FIGHTING had just ceased. Officers and men were alike gloomy. Almost every soldier in the ranks appeared to be wounded. One had a bandaged hand; his neighbour, a bullet in the leg, limped painfully, using his rifle as a crutch; the head of the man behind him was bound up in a soiled handkerchief, from underneath which blood was trickling, and his cap was pushed right back to the nape of his neck. There was no sound of singing, as is usual when a regiment is falling back from the fighting-line to rest; there was not even talking; nothing but the monotonous *tramp, tramp* of thousands of weary feet blending into a sort of confused rumble with the metallic clink of steel. The colonel, the adjutant at his side, rode at the head of the regiment. He looked gloomier than anybody. His favourite charger had been killed under him, and he was obliged to bestride a huge, unwieldy artillery horse accustomed to drag heavy guns. Whenever he forgot himself, and relaxed his hold of the bridle, he was treated to a most unmerciful jolting.

Suddenly my eyes fell upon Saharoff, whom I knew to be an officer's servant. He was standing at the side of the roadway, as the men marched past, attentively scrutinising each officer. The man's extraordinary devotion to his very youthful master, Second-Lieutenant Olenine—'Girlie,' as he was called by every one in the regiment—was proverbial, and we all knew whose face it was he was now looking for; a face he would have to look for, alas! in vain.

Saharoff was in every way a unique type of soldier. To begin with, his hideous appearance was notorious throughout the whole force. There was no trace of hair on those parts of his face where you might expect to see hair on a man—the jaws and the chin; but, as if to make up for this, the cheeks were covered right up to the eyes by a thick crop of bristles, which even made a very successful attempt to scale the nose. The ears, too, were completely hidden by a similar abundant growth. Awkward and uncouth-looking beyond words, and lame into the bargain, he invariably walked stooping, as if bowed down by the weight of some terribly heavy, though invisible, burden. With all this, he possessed phenomenal physical strength, combined with the long-suffering disposition of one

of those village dogs which patiently submit to have their ears pulled by every urchin in the place. He was always ruminating and dreamy, and it would have been hardly less difficult to engage a lamp-post in conversation than to extract half-a-dozen phrases from him.

'Your honour, my master, Lieutenant Ol'—Saharoff addressed our lieutenant, who had just joined from Petrograd.

The officer did not answer. He even half-turned away, with an impatient gesture.

In spite of the snub, Saharoff attempted to arrest the attention of the next officer who passed him. Again he received a rebuff. Then he caught sight of me, and gripped my hand. 'Thanks be to God! Where is my master? You can tell me.'

But, like the others, I, too, held my tongue.

'Is it possible? Oh God! Is it possible he is wounded?'

Silence, as before! No one of us was inclined to be the first to give him the bad news.

At last he decided to ask the men, and pushed into the ranks among them. He was soon told all he dreaded to learn. Half-a-score of the men had actually noticed how 'Girlie' had been struck down by a bullet as he was running forward to the attack. After that, no one could recall having seen him again. Perhaps the Red Cross men had picked him up; or, on the other hand, perhaps he was dead! Beyond the bare fact that he had fallen, nothing was known for certain.

Saharoff, reeling out of the ranks as if he had received a blow, seemed to collapse utterly. He sat down right in the thickest part of the mud, an expression of saturnine despair on his face.

The pet dog of the regiment, Muharka, ran up to him and licked his face; but the uncere-monious caress was absolutely unnoticed. Much perturbed by such a reception, Muharka retreated a few steps, and began to bark; but to this fresh demonstration Saharoff remained equally unresponsive. Thereupon the dog, giving the case up as hopeless, put its tail between its legs and trotted quickly after the soldiers on their way to camp.

The evening was cold, gray, and miserable, and the thick putrescent fog penetrated everywhere. Our tent was dimly lighted by a single

candle. As soon as we entered it we flung ourselves down to rest. Now and again, as if grudgingly, we tossed a brief phrase at one another. No one had any desire for conversation.

About an hour had passed in this manner, when the flap of the tent was raised, and Saharoff's massive frame filled the opening.

'Hallo, Saharoff! what's the matter?' I asked.

'I have looked into every ambulance, your Honour. There's nothing—nowhere.'

None of us needed to be told what Saharoff was referring to.

'Well, what do you want me to do?'

'Please, your Honour, a revolver.'

'A revolver?' I had jumped to my feet.

'That's right, your Honour—a revolver.'

'What for? Can it be possible the fellow wants to shoot himself?' was the first thought that had flashed into my mind, though a moment later I found myself laughing at this wild flight of my imagination.

'I am going,' Saharoff said simply.

'Going! What do you mean?'

'To look for my master. To find Lieutenant Olenine.'

'Are you crazy, man? Don't you understand that, even if he has remained there still, the Turks have long ago occupied the hill?'

'That's right, your Honour.'

'How the deuce do you think you can get there, then?'

'Please give me a revolver, your Honour.'

'Don't you understand plain Russian, my good fellow? I tell you again you cannot go there. The Turks occupy the ground.'

'That's right, your Honour; and I am going back. Others have had to remain there. What would it matter if I?—'

This was probably the longest speech Saharoff had ever made in his life. He stopped abruptly. He had noticed the revolver lying on the bed I had risen from. He stepped quickly forward and made a grab at it. 'This is all I want, your Honour.'

I have never been able to recall precisely how Saharoff got out of the tent; although I know that we all looked upon him as done for. But in war death is such a very ordinary occurrence, and everybody is always so ready to meet it, that we speedily fell asleep without, I am afraid, giving another thought either to Saharoff or to his youthful master, Second-Lieutenant Olenine. During our slumbers, however, something very extraordinary took place.

Slowly and deliberately Saharoff made all his preparations. The outposts were held by dragoons who had gone through the whole campaign with us, and therefore knew Saharoff quite well both by sight and reputation. As a matter of fact, however, they did not notice him until he suddenly appeared in their midst and announced his intention of going to look for his master.

However mad and extravagant such an enterprise might have seemed to us, these soldiers apparently looked upon it as all part of the day's work; as obligatory, indeed, in Saharoff's case, though they quite realised how risky it was.

'What a rum old stick you are!' said a dragoon. 'How do you fancy you are going to recognise him in this fog? They are lying about in heaps out there.'

'Haven't I matches? I have ten boxes,' said Saharoff curtly. And without more ado he started on his perilous adventure.

For three hours he stumbled on in the darkness, his ears ever on the alert, to catch the sound of the Turkish soldiers' voices or the moans of the wounded. But he heard nothing but the wind rustling through the maize, for the inhabitants, under military instructions, had fled, leaving the harvest ungathered. Occasionally he was startled, but it turned out to be only a jackal moving in the same direction as himself, towards the battlefield where so many Turkish bodies lay scattered, or a hungry wolf running in and out among the half-rotten maize-stalks.

More than once he found himself at the bottom of a deep hollow, where all the tracks became inextricably mixed, and he would get clear of this only to stumble into a ravine which absolutely barred all farther progress. Then, face downwards in the deep, slimy mud, which afforded grip for neither hand nor foot, he had laboriously to retrace his path, and could get on his feet again only with the greatest difficulty.

At last he was confronted by a steep incline. He began to clamber up, but had hardly made fifty steps when on the skyline he noticed several indistinct reddish blotches, which alternately increased in volume, then disappeared entirely in the drifting fog. These could only be camp-fires, and Saharoff realised that he was now quite close to the Turkish lines.

This was the moment to take his final measures. Very carefully, with infinite precautions, he placed the ten boxes of matches within the breast of his coat to keep them dry as long as possible. Then he lay down once more flat on his face and began to crawl painfully forward. With every step the advance became more and more difficult. It seemed as if the thick, tenacious clay were actually exerting itself to hold him back. At times he was nearly submerged by it. Finally even his great strength proved unavailing, and he felt himself slipping helplessly downward.

The noise of his fall had evidently been noticed, for there was a flash and a report from above; but the bullet flew harmlessly far beyond him.

For some minutes Saharoff lay perfectly still, hardly breathing; but there was no second shot. Then the struggle between a man's grimly patient determination and an accumulation of dangers began anew, and Saharoff at length found him-

self on the battlefield. Through the fog, which had become still more dense, he could just make out dim, shadowy shapes moving to and fro, bending down now and then, as if searching for something on the ground. Saharoff well knew what sinister work was afoot. These were human jackals looting and murdering the wounded! God! would he be in time?

Then he saw that one of the shadows was coming in his direction. He became as rigid as if glued to the ground. Already the ruffian had stooped down; but before he could ascertain whether there was still breath in the prostrate figure, Saharoff had him by the throat in a grip from which there was no release, and the rising cry was strangled into an almost inaudible death-gasp.

There were hundreds of Turkish bodies lying on the field, and Saharoff had to light many a match to examine them before he could distinguish the uniforms. In and out among the heaps he crawled with the cunning of a cat, his eyes everywhere at once. He never gave himself a moment's rest; his courage never faltered. Desperate as such a search might appear to others, he himself did not contemplate even the possibility of failure. And at last he had his reward. His master lay before him, still alive!

Saharoff had come in the very nick of time. Towards the little hummock on which Olenine had fallen helpless, with a broken leg and a bullet in the shoulder, a group of those sinister ghosts was even now making its way. Within ten minutes, possibly in less, the unfortunate young man's groans would, in all human probability, have been silenced for ever, so as not to interfere with the ghoulish work.

In the dim light of early morning our sentries noticed a strange figure stumbling towards them. One man had actually raised his rifle and was on the point of firing, when a hoarse exclamation—a groan rather than an articulate phrase—reached his ears. He was only just able to make out, 'Don't shoot! I am one of you. I am bringing in Lieutenant Olenine.'

A moment later Saharoff reached the lines, and immediately fell down senseless, inert as a log.

Across the whole wide stretch of country occupied by the enemy the brave fellow had crawled on his hands and knees, his master

securely strapped to his back. He had foreseen everything, and had actually taken a towel and strap with him for this purpose. Until well out of range of the enemy's fire he had never once stood erect.

The success of Saharoff's daring exploit aroused as much enthusiasm as it did surprise, but he himself appeared to grow more taciturn than ever. When we congratulated him he seemed hardly to understand what we meant. He never stirred from the ambulance to which 'Girle' had been taken. No nurse could possibly have been more devoted.

On the very first day when there was a respite from fighting, the entire force, of which our regiment formed part, was solemnly paraded. The senior General-in-Command was there in all his glory, surrounded by lesser satellites. He called for Saharoff.

Looking, if possible, more ungainly and ugly than ever, Saharoff slouched forward.

The General motioned to him to come nearer.

Still more embarrassed now, Saharoff obeyed.

'You are a true hero,' said the General, 'and I thank you.' Thereupon, much to Saharoff's confusion, the General embraced him. Then the General continued: 'You have proved that a loyal and devoted heart may beat in every one of us under this gray cloak. What you did was great, both in the eyes of your countrymen and before Heaven. Any man may bear himself bravely in the heat of battle; but to go alone, as you did, and carry off your master from under the enemy's very nose is a deed of which you may be very proud.'

The General fixed the Cross of St George to Saharoff's coat. 'I call for cheers for our brave comrade-in-arms, Saharoff,' he said in very loud tones. 'Hurrah!'

'Hurrah!' roared the troops.

And Saharoff, the new decoration on his breast, shuffled back into the ranks, tears streaming down his cheeks. The thundering 'Hurrahs!' followed him; and 'Hurrah!' was still being shouted long after the object of this imposing demonstration had disappeared again into obscurity, much perturbed in spirit, and greatly wondering why so much fuss should be made about something that to him seemed to be merely part of the work he had undertaken to perform when he became Second-Lieutenant Olenine's servant.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER.

CHAPTER XL.—*continued.*

HE was within a few paces of the wood when I stepped out into the open. Our eyes met. He halted, and the plaid swung free of the sword-hilt. He was gaunt and hollow-

eyed, his clothes ragged and travel-stained, rough clouted brogues were on his feet, and a short unkempt fair beard changed his appearance, giving him an older and neglected look. For

a tense minute we stood silently facing each other.

'There is nothing so certain as chance! It is Mr Layton!' said the Chevalier.

I bowed.

'I have a good memory. You remember our last meeting?'

'I do, your Highness.'

'I held a Court then, and—now!' The words came quietly, an infinite sadness in them and his gesture.

'I wear his Majesty's uniform now, sir, yet in war I hope that one can recognise and do honour to a gallant and generous enemy.'

'I thank you. Would that I could use your words regarding Duke William! Were you at Culloden?'

'I was.'

'And after it, I presume? My poor people! His voice broke as he turned his head away. 'The Highlands are a shambles! My poor people!' He lifted a haggard face. 'You will pardon my weakness. I have lost my men in the mist, and you have a picket at the other end of the wood. I passed within a hundred yards of a sentry. I could almost have found it in my heart to make myself known to him. I have been an outlaw, hunted for months. I am tired, tired. But this is—the end. Do not hesitate, I pray you, in your duty.'

My duty! I stood inarticulate, with the bitter knowledge that I was his captor. In a swift brain-picture I saw 'the end,' the only possible end—the hurdle to Tower Hill, the scaffold, the gaping crowd.

In the exaltation of battle, the ritual of command and obedience, with comrades falling beside one, and the enemy a concrete and visible menace of death, duty becomes second nature, part of the blood, accepted and unquestioned. But there, in the quiet of the morning, face to face alone with a man who had shown me a kind and chivalrous heart, the thought that I was his captor rang and rang again in my brain, with the despondency and insistence of a passing bell. I was face to face, not with the Pretender, a rebel Stuart and enemy of my King, but with a unit of poor humanity, a youth little older than myself, hunted, racked in body and mind, broken, doomed. Doomed, for I wore King George's uniform! The terror and pity of it all came to me with the suddenness and authority of a blow. I buried my face in my hands.

He laid a hand on my shoulder, and his next words steadied me. 'I understand; but again I ask you, pray do not flinch from your duty.'

From his voice and mien, he might have been holding Court at Holyrood House instead of facing the bitterest moment of his life. 'I am your prisoner.'

He unsheathed his sword and looked at it, a gulp in his throat, and held out the hilt toward

me, with 'Take this,' and for the first time there was a tremor in his voice.

'Your Highness,' I stammered out, 'pray keep your sword. I am but a cornet of horse, and you'—

He bowed his thanks with grave dignity and sheathed the sword. 'I would change places with any cornet of horse with all my heart. I thank you for your courtesy; but the day is past for ceremony. I am your'—he halted on the words—'your prisoner. Let us go hence.'

He turned and led the way. My prisoner! Had any one seen us move off through the heather, assuredly he would have set me down as the prisoner, never the Chevalier; for he strode in front, erect, and I followed him with hanging head, heaviness and a smouldering anger in my heart against the winds of chance that had sent me to the lonely moor above the Spey.

'You are silent, Mr Layton,' he said at length. 'Perhaps I can read your thoughts. Forget them. The fortune of war was against me—against us both. Another of the Elector's officers would certainly have met me had I passed you. This is my last day in the heather. Come. And yet—and yet I was within a day of Glenroy, and freedom.' The last words were not meant for me, but I caught the whisper.

I followed him in dumb misery, remembering Holyrood, and his kind smile when Charlotte and I met in his presence there.—Charlotte! All the glamour and romance of the Stuarts was in her blood, and I heard her voice again. 'Next to you, Ned, the Young Chevalier has my heart.' He was her hero, and here was I, her husband, his guard on the first stage of the poor outlaw's road to doom. For the next few minutes I walked behind him mechanically, like a man in a dream, neither of us breaking the silence.

In the leaden absorption of my thoughts, I had not noticed that the mists were massing again. I felt their chill breath, and, looking up, saw a pall of mist, thick as smoke, creeping swiftly, stealthily forward, its density a merciful respite, for it shut from my sight the Chevalier's drawn face. I could hear his footfall somewhere near me, but the mist closed in and I could not see him. But swift on the heels of the consciousness of this respite came the certainty that with the next lift of the mist he would be beside me again, my prisoner.

Suddenly I went cold and hot by turns, my thoughts alive with a speculation. Would he return? I had not asked for his parole. He was under no obligation to give it. It would be easy, under cover of the thick enveloping mist, for him to escape. There were no signs of my sentries. No one would know—except myself. I stood there, a prey to emotions that I hope I may never face again. The hard world . . . man's judgment on his brother . . .

what remote and futile things they seemed! . . . Then out of the tumult of my thoughts, clear as a bugle-call, the words of my King's commission rang in my heart.

Here, plain as a star, was my duty. I knew it, felt it, and at its behest stepped forward into the mist towards the footstep of the Chevalier. At that moment I had but one resolve, to steel my heart and do my duty. I swear it. But I had not gone three steps when a voice called to me out of the mist. 'Where are you?' it called; and again, 'Where are you?'

Comes there once at least to every man a moment of self-knowledge—the discovery that his blood holds strange surprises; that forces other than his own strong enough to slay the soul may slumber within him, may waken to leap out and defy him, and put honour and duty to shame. A third time his voice rang out, and this time I called in answer, but in a voice that I hardly recognised as my own, '*You are not on parole.*'

I listened, my heart thudding, when the capricious wind cut an avenue through the mist, and revealed the Chevalier not twenty yards away.

He looked at me, white to the lips, his eyes loaded with a question. But it was never put. All I heard was a dry sob. While a man might have counted ten we stood thus eye to eye, and the words came again from my parched throat, '*You are not on parole.*'

He took a step forward, held out both hands to me, and his bared head bent toward me in a silent gesture of farewell. I turned my head away, and when I looked again an Invisible Hand was drawing the curtain of the mists. The solitary figure was dislimned, save where the light touched his fair hair. Another moment, and it vanished. I was alone in the unearthly stillness of the moor.

How long I stood there I know not. The distant sound of a trumpet from my picket, coming down wind, roused me, a strange and dreadful note in the familiar call. For it was more than a summons to the realities of duty. It was a sad and accusing voice, sounding, God help me! over the grave of the honour and loyalty of a Layton. With one glance at the empty moor, I turned and fled the place.

I ran blindly through the wood, and reached the bivouac just as the corporal was sending out a search-party for me. I gave my orders mechanically, and rode off to the Fort with my men, striving not to think, riding like one possessed of devils, as indeed I was. From first to last of that mad gallop a sledge-hammer beat in my brain. The ground spun round under me. More than once I was nearly unhorsed, and when I reached the camp I literally fell out of the saddle.

The last thing I remember was being carried to my quarters.

It was weeks before the fever passed away and I was able to leave my tent.

There is little more to tell. I was invalided home to Darehope, and on the Border uplands, under the care of my dear Charlotte, I regained strength. Once only my wife asked me what my secret was. I put her off with glozing words, and she did not ask me again. For her I write these pages, not as I wish, but as I am able, discovering as I write them the poverty and emptiness of mere written words to tell the bitterness of a soul in defeat. For I have no illusions regarding myself. The poor trooper who was shot for desertion on Loch Erich side failed less in his duty than I; and he died like a man, his burden slipping from his shoulders when he took his last look into the musket-barrels. But I must trudge to the end under the burden of my own making. Time only rivets its load more closely to me. All the casuistries ever spun cannot lighten it by a featherweight. On that September morning I tore up my charter of manhood with my own hands.

I resigned my commission, much to the wonder of my friends, for a career seemed open to me. But the King's uniform was not for me.

I retired to Darehope, the quiet of the hill-country and sweet companionship bringing with them a measure of balm; for until I came overseas the whole of our married life was passed there, and there our little son was born. To outward seeming I was content to turn aside to a backwater and let the great world's current flow past unheeded. In truth, I strove not to hear its voice; but wandering winds of my fancy carried it up the fells, where the echo of it lingered and lingered until the Liddesdale hills—that at first had held for me shelter and sanctuary—became sentinels (almost, I thought, comprehending ones) on the skyline of my gray and limited horizon. But, as the days followed each other like water over a millwheel, the anodyne of routine failed, and every day it came home to me that I, a Layton, had been near the precipice of self-pity; that in action, not in barren regrets and introspection, lay duty to my conscience and my King. Then came news of Britain at grips in Southern India.

One morning, alone on the hillroad, I heard a rattle of harness, and at a bend of the road by Hermitage Water almost rode into a troop of dragoons. On they came, limber-looking youngsters and grizzled sergeants, with the cornet, an eager-eyed recruiting officer, in front. The sight of the scarlet and steel recalled, magically, the past; visions and sounds and scents of it, things I had fondly imagined buried; my old regiment, my comrades; fighting, movement, colour, life. The young officer accepted my offer of hospitality for himself and his men at Darehope. They were, he said, riding to London, there to embark for Southern India, to fight for

Britain; and with no waste of time (for he was forcing his march), he and his men rode off. I went with them for a mile or two of their way, watching them wistfully until the last speck of scarlet faded in the distance, and as I turned homeward I knew that danger's bright eyes beckoned me, and honour's voice called me to the great world beyond the hills, to do something for Britain.

I took a passage at my own charges in The Honourable East India Company's ship *Humber*, and came to Southern India. Since then I have seen many things, and have done much fighting, for though he may have no King's commission, a man can make himself useful. At Augenar I was badly wounded, and here I lie counting the days until I am able to help Robert Clive again.

The *Virgil*, with its chart and dark red stains, lies before me, bringing back many thoughts and faces. One hand I can clasp in the flesh, for Patrick Maxwell, never a drone, tiring of Jacobite exile in France, came out here, having secured a clerkship in the Company. He nursed me like a brother, and his is the hand that carries these writings to my wife in far-off Liddesdale. He wears again the Prince's ring that I won from him, and has earned the right a thousand times by his kindness.

Bertrand, I hear, is in France, wearing the blue and silver of the *Garde Écossais*.

Anthony Brander, well paid for his share in our adventure, owned for a time the 'Baltic Tavern' in Rodney Street, a great 'howff' for Free Traders, but became tired of respectable prosperity and went back to his old business.

Glenira has found 'port after stormie seas.' He lived but a few months with us in Liddesdale, his mind as dark as his sight, and nothing

was gleaned from him concerning the details of his adventure in the North further than I have given in this narrative.

It may be written otherwise, but I pray that some day, when this strife in India is over, I may see again the friends concerning whom I have written, and come home, my duty honourably done, to Liddesdale.

EPILOGUE.

HERE ends Edmund Layton's manuscript. On its margin, faded with the years, are the words, '*My Edmund died in the Carnatic.*' Mistress Charlotte wrote them.

In the room where I have worked, giving his story of old years to such as choose to read it, the portraits of Edmund Layton and his wife hang facing each other. Often (it is a fancy, but I cherish it) I think that her hazel eyes meet his, with understanding and forgiveness.

He may have been right or wrong. The last Great Court-Martial, reading intentions as well as deeds, will deal more justly and gently with the Laytons of this little world than do their fellow-men. If Edmund Layton erred, he chose to atone in his own way—surely of all ways the best—by helping his country, trying in his own plain words 'to do something for Britain,' 'to help Robert Clive.' I wonder if his far-off grave has a name.

Let each choose for himself a standpoint of ethics regarding the collision between warm heart and cold duty on that morning in 'Forty-six' in the heather. Mine must be a gentle one towards the generous heart in dust of the Carnatic.

THE END.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND ITS PRODUCTION.

THE average man of to-day has a very vague idea as to the means by which we obtain our electric light, and of the technical facts relating to its production. Some remarks on this subject may, therefore, be of interest, particularly to those who do not have technical electrical knowledge, and who manipulate their electric light switches every day.

In order that we may comprehend the facts in respect to the production of electric light, it is important that we should know the principle involved in the generating of an electric current. To produce an electric current a copper wire or conductor is subjected to a movement in a magnetic field; a magnetic field being understood as the field or airspace through which the lines of force (emanating from a magnet or system of magnets) pass from the north pole of the magnet in question to the south pole. The reason why copper is employed is on account

of its offering the least resistance of any metal (with the exception of silver) to the electric current. In practice, electro-magnets are chiefly employed, an electro-magnet comprising an iron core wound with a bobbin of copper wire. This arrangement is adopted to obtain a much stronger magnetic field than would otherwise be the case if ordinary permanent magnets were utilised.

To construct an electrical generator, the actual current-producing machine, it is first of all imperative to decide on the size, speed at which the rotor of the machine should rotate, and pressure of the current, &c., these data necessitating fairly complicated calculations. When the calculations are completed, drawings showing the complete details of the construction of the generator are prepared in the drawing-offices of the manufacturing engineers who are building the machine, and copies of the drawings are distributed to the

various departments of the workshops where the generator will be made.

The generator will consist of two essential parts—the rotating mass or rotor, and the stationary part or stator, in which the rotor rotates. The magnets can be made to rotate and the other part held stationary, or *vice versa*; the essential fact being that a movement is obtained relatively between the copper conductor from which current is taken and the magnets. To bring about this movement the rotor is driven by an engine, turbine, or electric motor, and a speed of about one thousand five hundred revolutions per minute can be looked upon as quite a normal speed even for a rotating mass of about fifteen tons. When the generator is completed in the workshops, it is generally tested there in order to ascertain whether it fulfils the requirements of the clients as regards output, pressure of current, quantity of current, smooth running, heating, &c.; and, assuming that this is the case, it is delivered to the power-station where it is intended to be erected and run for the supply of electric current to neighbouring districts or to districts at a distance of several miles.

The erection of an electrical generator calls for very experienced handling, particularly in view of the fact that all the bearings of the complete generating set must be in correct alignment to the extent of a few thousandths of an inch. It is also of great importance that the generator shall be in a dry condition before it is called upon to give its full output and pressure; otherwise short circuits may occur, resulting in local heating or a complete burn-out of the machine.

Before current can be taken from the generator it is, of course, obvious that conductors must be provided to lead the current to a point of distribution—namely, the switchboard, where this weird energy is harnessed and controlled. There are mounted on the switchboard apparatus for switching the current on and off, automatic devices for preventing the machine from carrying an excessive overload, also voltmeters giving readings indicating the pressure of the current of the machine, ammeters indicating the quantity of current, and wattmeters which show the output of the machine. The switchboard is understood to be the actual marble or slate panel, with apparatus and instruments. A switchboard, with the polished nickel or copper finish of the apparatus and instruments, usually presents an aspect pleasing to the eye, as the power-station engineers or switchboard manufacturers, as a rule, strive to obtain a harmonious appearance of the complete switchboard so far as is consistent with the economical and satisfactory working of the complete plant.

From the switchboard the current is led through insulated cables—the cables being insulated, of course, to prevent the passage of

current to 'earth'—to cast-iron junction-boxes generally placed underground. The object of providing junction-boxes is to enable the branching off of the cables to be made in a satisfactory manner. As the insulation of the cables has to be cut to make a proper branching off and joining of the cables possible, and the copper core of the cable laid bare, it is essential that a covering should be put over the whole of the joining-work, and it is for this purpose that junction-boxes are provided. The cables are led in ducts to the consumer's premises—that is, to the small panel on which the main house-switch and fuses are mounted. A few words may be said in respect to the fuses to the effect that the object of these is, of course, to 'blow' or 'fuse' when the current taken on to the consumer's premises reaches a value slightly in excess of the maximum allowable for the lamps. The fuses are made of a predetermined section, and will melt away when the current reaches this excessive value, thus breaking the electric circuit and extinguishing all lamps to prevent them suffering damage, as they might be burnt-out if an excessive current were permitted to flow. From the house-switch and fuses the current is led to the respective room-switches, and thence to the lamps.

The actual illumination obtained from the glow lamp is due to the glow of a carbon or metal filament having a thickness of a few hundredths of an inch. This filament constitutes, on account of its exceedingly small section, a high resistance-path to the current, and consequently attains an exceedingly high temperature, and produces a yellow-white light. The idea of enclosing the filament in a glass globe is not merely to protect the delicate filament, but to be able to obtain a vacuum around the filament, thus preventing, on account of the lack of oxygen, a burning away of the filament of the glow lamp under normal conditions. The glow lamp is distinguished from the arc lamp by the fact that in the latter carbon rods having a diameter of, roughly, half-an-inch are employed in place of the extremely delicate thin filament of glow lamps. In the case of arc lamps two carbon rods or more are provided, the rods being placed one above the other, and spaced automatically by means of mechanism in the upper half of the lamp in order to form an air-gap between the ends of the carbon rods, across which an arc is formed which constitutes the source of the light produced. Actual burning of the carbon rods in an arc lamp takes place, seeing that the rods are not placed in a vacuum, as is the case with glow lamps.

Thus, in brief general outlines, do we obtain our electric light which is now in such common use, and which is recognised as the most serviceable kind of house illuminant.

ON GOVERNMENT SERVICE.

CHAPTER III.

SOME hours later, after crossing the Channel, Royden, bearded and wearing the more or less typical garb of a substantial business man, entered a smoking compartment of the night express from Calais to Paris, and started upon the more important stage of his journey. With apparent carelessness he deposited a small valise on the seat he had secured, and in the subsequent arrangement of himself in a long ulster saw that it was placed so that he sat firmly upon it.

The compartment was one of a corridor carriage, and his companions for a time were two, a third and fourth eventually joining the smokers as they raced through the pitchy blackness of a July night. Wary watcher as he was, Royden observed nothing regarding the four men to arouse immediate attention. One was a Provençal of an eminently respectable type, and sufficiently bald-headed to do away with any idea of disguise. A barber by trade, he had told the others, a piece of information which provoked a general laugh at his expense; a smile even from the crabbed elderly individual who occupied the opposite corner seat to Royden, and by the aid of a reading-lamp was intent upon the pages of some musty volume. His face was livid, worn, and wrinkled; the locks of hair that straggled from under a purple skullcap grizzled and lank. He wore a fur-lined coat—the air was chilly and damp—and a pair of large fur gloves. It was odd perhaps—for there was nothing really exceptional about them—but Royden had, on consideration, taken particular note of these same gloves.

So much for the Professor—as the party had addressed him, uncorrected, in casual conversation—and for the little, dapper, bald-headed barber. The other occupants of the carriage were, it seemed, equally harmless, the third being a mere lad, the fourth evidently a Parisian, and the French boy's tutor.

Following a lively burst of laughter which the barber had evoked, the conversation between the five became animated. The Professor, in broken English, for the benefit of Robinson, described his recent visit to Oxford and Cambridge, and the wonderful manuscripts he had seen there. The Parisian talked excitedly of politics and the chances there were of war. The barber spoke feelingly of how the law of conscription would impoverish trade, the boy listening and yawning alternately; while the commercial traveller allowed the company to believe that he was the usual stolid Britisher, unaffected either by war or rumours of war.

'A good square meal is what is most important to me,' laughed he bucolically. 'Let war

come if it likes, so long as I get my three meals a day.'

'If war comes it will considerably alter the map of Europe,' said the Parisian, with a shrug that included the tapering waist of his black silk-faced overcoat.

'For the benefit of what nation—eh?' interposed the Professor. There was a suggestion of a malicious chuckle accompanying the question.

'You are a Frenchman, *m'sieu*?' asked the Parisian, looking him loftily up and down as only a Parisian could.

'Cosmopolitan, *m'sieu*.'

'And cannot therefore favour subservience to one empire?'

'Certainly not. But the Germans intend to rule.'

'They've got to try first,' replied Thomas Robinson through his beard. 'I can't just see myself or any other Englishman boosed by a Prussian. I think the Prussian would have the worst of it.'

'Britain—she is at her weakest now'—began the Professor; but he was stopped by an abrupt, 'Beg pardon, Britain's never weak,' from the commercial traveller. 'Where did you lay hold of that cranky idea?'

'What of Ireland?'

'You bet!' was all Robinson dignified to say.

'Britain is not weak, and France learnt her lesson in 1870,' said the Parisian, emboldened by the sturdy attitude of the Englishman on the subject. 'This is how we regard the Germans to-day;' and he made a graphic feint of spitting in Germany's face.

'I should esteem it a privilege to cut the Germans' hair and shave them, free of charge,' volunteered the barber at this point; and the Professor firing up with what struck Royden to be unnecessary zeal, it remained to him to bring the conversation concisely to a safe close.

'At any rate,' he mildly remarked, 'when they *do* come along we'll all have a pot at 'em. They're worth so much honour;' whereupon the barber, with a smiling '*Au revoir, messieurs*,' quitted the compartment; the crabbed Professor extinguished his lamp; and the Parisian, first politely requesting common assent, turned off the electric lights and went placidly to sleep; his youthful pupil soon doing the same. Royden dared not sleep; but, still retaining his position upon the valise, he relaxed his muscles and all but dozed. He was, however, too much on the alert to indulge in the luxury of unconsciousness, and the next instant, for some inexplicable reason, his temporary drowsiness received a sudden check.

Except for the somewhat aggressive snoring

of the purple-skulled Professor in the opposite corner, and the customary rattle of the express, everything was fairly quiet. The Parisian was far too much of a Parisian, born and bred, to be otherwise than unobtrusive in the manner of his slumbering; the boy obviously was tired out. So quiet, indeed, did everything become that the watcher almost dozed again, although on this occasion a peculiar thing occurred, inasmuch as the snores of the Professor abated and Mr Thomas Robinson's grew doubly sonorous. Had he dropped off, at last, in spite of the exceedingly good cause he thought he had for keeping awake? It appeared so. His feet were up, his arms limp, his head low, and his heavy breathing, which gradually subsided, became noiseless and sufficiently regular to satisfy the most suspicious that he slept; slept, that is to say, and was not feigning sleep.

It appeared so—yes; nevertheless the merest movement on the part of the purple-skulled Professor, now strangely passive, did not escape the hermetically sealed eyes of Thomas Robinson. True, little could be seen, little heard even to ears as keen as a redskin's; yet he was positive that under cover of the darkness there were strange happenings. Purposely refraining from turning on the light, in order to court the adventure, he appeared to sleep as tranquilly as a child. When, therefore, a hand stole mysteriously here and there about the folds and pockets of his travelling ulster the incident did not take the supposed sleeper altogether by surprise. Still the deep, regular breathing of Thomas Robinson continued; and, had there been any light to testify the fact, not an eyelash he possessed quivered.

The hand strayed stealthily higher, sought his breast-pocket, and, finding nothing there, strayed on more boldly, till it reached the broad lapels of the ulster. A pause, which seemed an eternity to Royden, ensued, for the faintest rustle of paper indicated, as he had originally meant it to do, that what the searcher wanted was encased between the cloth and stitching of the lapels. Evident perplexity as to the best way of securing the despatches had caused the momentary pause. Before the hand, however, was cautiously withdrawn, Royden acted, and acted decisively. Some super-self-control kept him motionless; but quietly seizing the stealthy hand in an iron grip, lo! to his amazement, it was the ungloved member, soft and slender, of a woman.

An irrepressible, long-drawn sigh issued from the lips of some one—somewhere—and he slackened his grip. Not a word was uttered, only a skilful backward movement made, and

everything outwardly was as peaceful in the carriage as before. Thomas Robinson's head was again sunk low on his breast. His breathing was as though he slept the sleep of reality. The Professor's snores recommenced as aggressively, and when the commercial traveller, the Parisian, and his pupil awoke at dawn to stretch their limbs, there he sat, his purple cap drawn down upon his face, his ample coat drawn up about his ears, his fur-lined gloves clasped serenely upon his knees. There he sat, and there he snored.

Paris was reached about five o'clock. The Professor languidly, sleepily rose; but, behold, in a second, of the four fellow-travellers there were only three! The Professor was gone.

In rising, Robinson had turned a moment to grasp his small valise, the tutor and the boy each to collect his belongings, and it had been then possible for him of the purple skull-cap to slip unperceived from the carriage. Naturally, his disappearance was of no account to the Parisian and his pupil, who, heedless of the passing adventure, went leisurely on their way; but to Thomas Robinson it was of infinite significance. Valise in hand, howbeit, he could afford to treat the matter lightly. Foreseeing, as he did, that an attempt might easily be made to discover the papers on his person, the dummy despatches secreted in the lapels of his ulster had served their purpose well. The valise containing the true despatches was safe—that was all that mattered yet awhile.

On alighting, Mr Thomas Robinson saw a man in a military cloak whom he recognised to be Nicol Rienski. Signs between them were exchanged; upon which a blue-bloused porter approached and conducted Robinson to a taxi. The exchange of signs having been repeated, no one saw how or when the flat leather case from the valise was handed over to the porter.

'Meet me at L'Esparti's at seven o'clock this evening,' whispered Stroff, mentioning a well-known Paris restaurant, and with expressionless faces they had parted. Everything took place exactly as Sir Henry Whateley had instructed Royden it would. He was driven rapidly to the Hôtel de l'Europe by a chauffeur who, like the majority of his kind, was hewn out of rock; and the porter, returning to the station, conveyed Rienski and his baggage, first into the private office of one of the railway authorities, where a certain quick change was effected, and then into a train *en route* for Petersburg, the despatches by preference no longer in their small flat leather case, but in the soles of the Russian official's capacious boots.

(Continued on page 665.)



NAPOLEON LEARNING ENGLISH.

FOR several years Napoleon had commanded the unceasing attention of the European Powers; his name had been constantly on their lips. He had made a great stir, and he was deeply conscious of it; but now, at length, the fatal blow of Waterloo has fallen. Conquered on the field of battle, surrounded by a governing class which is impatient to make terms with the enemy, and obtains his abdication, though he is still acclaimed by the people, after much uncertainty whither to turn, he has thrown himself upon the mercy of the British Government, only to learn with bitterness that captivity at St Helena is to be his fate. It is now, in his hour of defeat, and without hope for the future, that there comes upon him the desire to acquaint himself with the English language, and his attempts to learn it are irresistibly pathetic.

By means of translations Napoleon had been acquainted from youth with several English authors. He was extremely fond of Macpherson's *Ossian*, which he read in an Italian translation by Cesarotti. Its praises he never wearied of sounding, and imaginative work he stamped with his approval as *ossianique*. 'Read again'—such was his advice to an Englishman on board the *Northumberland* during the voyage to St Helena—'the poet of Achilles. Devour *Ossian*. These are the poets who lift up the soul, and give to man a colossal greatness.' A collection of thirty-four books, given him by his sister Pauline to take with him to Egypt, included Bacon's *Essays*, in which he marked in pencil two passages: one in the chapter 'Of Great Place,' from the third sentence, 'It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty,' to the sentence preceding the lines from Seneca; the other in the chapter 'Of Kingdoms and Estates,' from 'triumphs among the Romans' to the end. Patronised by the younger Robespierre and by Barras, he had already exemplified the saying, 'By indignities men come to dignities;' and he was destined also, like Bacon himself, to find that 'the standing is slipping, and the regression is either a downfall or at least an eclipse.' Apparently he never saw acted even an adaptation of Shakespeare, yet on the eve of the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens he surprised his Council of State by diverging from a coinage question into a tirade against both Shakespeare and Milton. Too busy, even if inclined, to study English, he would, had he invaded England in 1803, have taken with him a corps of interpreter guides, which he expected to recruit from Irish and other refugees. One of these refugees, the notorious Lewis Goldsmith, read the London newspapers for him.

Captivity afforded him the requisite leisure.

But Napoleon was prompted to attempt to acquire the English language from no desire to acquaint himself with the literature. No; he was anxious to see what was being said of him, and of the questions to which he had given rise, in the English Press. Accordingly, on the voyage to St Helena he took two lessons from Count Las Cases, who, when himself an exile, had taught French and learned English in London. This personage was one of the four or five faithful adherents whom Napoleon had desired to accompany him into exile. It seems likely that Napoleon had acquired just a smattering of English before Waterloo, if not before Elba; for, having landed at St Helena, while waiting at Balcombe House till Longwood was ready for him, he occasionally spoke English (desiring her to correct his mistakes) to lively Betsy Balcombe, that *enfant terrible* who coolly questioned him not only as to his supposed atheism, but as to the 'happy despatch' of the wounded prisoners at Jaffa and the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. He sent, moreover, for some English books, one an edition of *Æsop*, and, pointing to the picture of the ass kicking the sick lion, he remarked in English, 'It is me and your Governor' (Sir Hudson Lowe). Generally he talked and joked with Betsy in French, though her French was not of the best. He got her to translate to him Dr Warden's account of the voyage of the *Northumberland*; and, though she was addicted to teasing, he had so won her affection that she shed tears on quitting the island.

When settled at Longwood, Napoleon resolved on seriously renewing the study. On the 16th of January 1816 Las Cases writes: 'About three o'clock the Emperor desired me to come and converse with him while he was dressing himself; we afterwards took a few turns in the garden. He observed accidentally that it was a shame he could not yet read English. I assured him that if he had continued his lessons after the two that I had given him when we were off Madeira he would now have been able to read every description of English books. He was perfectly persuaded of this, and ordered me to oblige him henceforth to take a lesson every day.'

Commencing on the following day with a lesson devoted solely to a study of the plan, form, and nature of the subject-matter of an English newspaper, Napoleon now took regularly a daily lesson, spending often five hours at a time at his task of grasping the intricacies of the English language. The irregular verbs taxed his patience, as did much of the syntax; but he persevered, as Las Cases found little ways of circumventing difficulties. Writing later, the

Count says: 'English was now become an affair of importance to him. It was now near a fortnight since he took his first lesson, and from that moment he had devoted some hours every day, beginning at noon, to that study, sometimes with truly admirable ardour, sometimes with visible disgust; an alternative which kept me in the greatest anxiety. I considered success as of the greatest importance, and I every day dreaded to see him abandon the ground gained on the preceding day. . . . The attainment of the English language was a real and serious conquest to the Emperor. Formerly, he said, it had cost him a hundred thousand crowns a year merely for translations; and how did he know whether he had them exact, whether they were faithful? . . . He often asked me whether he did not deserve the ferula, of which he now comprehended the vast utility in schools; he declared jestingly that he would have made much greater progress himself had he stood in fear of correction. . . . He had a quick understanding and a very bad memory; this vexed him much; he conceived that he did not get on. Whenever I could subject the matters in question to any regular law or analogy they were classed and comprehended in an instant; the scholar even preceded the master in his applications and deductions; but as to learning by heart and retaining the gross elements of the language, it was a most difficult affair. He was constantly confounding one thing with another; and it would have been thought too fastidious to require too scrupulous a regularity at first. Another difficulty was that with the same letters, the same vowels as ours, a totally different pronunciation is required; the scholar would allow of none but ours. . . . Besides, the scholar, even in his own language, was incorrigibly addicted to maiming proper names and foreign words; he pronounced them quite at his own discretion, and when once they had passed his lips they always remained the same in spite of everything, because he had thus got them, once for all, lodged, as it were, in his head. The same thing happened with respect to most of the English words; and the master found it best to have the prudence and patience to let it pass, leaving it to time to rectify by degrees, if it should ever be possible, all these defects. From these concurring circumstances actually sprang a new language. It was understood by me alone, it is true; but it procured the Emperor the pleasure of reading English, and he could, in the strictest sense, make himself understood by writing in that language. This was a great deal; it was everything.'

Here we have a picture of Napoleon back again at school, finding, most likely, that with him the mastery of English grammar demanded more skill than the mastery of military tactics, though, as he manœuvred men, he did manage

to manœuvre, as it were, the pronunciation to his own liking. As he progressed he was always anxious to test his skill; and, apart from his efforts at conversation, he grew fond of attempting short letters in English, some delivered to Las Cases for correction under an air of mystery. Three or four times the Count testifies to the Emperor's playfulness in this direction. Often these letters were written during nights when he could not sleep. Below is a specimen preserved by Las Cases, which is generally included in the Napoleon correspondence. Here we can see the kind of work done by the Emperor less than two months after receiving his first lesson. Most likely, seeing that Napoleon's handwriting was often illegible, there has been difficulty in making out some portions of the English, a few words being printed in italics. But both letters (the manuscripts are in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris) are given as printed. Which of the two was written first—the English, with the French to follow as a means of showing Las Cases more clearly what he meant to say, or the French, with the English as a translation—we have no means of deciding. Perhaps we are to understand the former, though the context seems to favour translation:

'COUNT LASCASES.—Since sixt wek, y learn the english and y do not any progress. Sixt wek do fourty and two day. If might have learn fivty word, for day, i could know it two thousands and two hundred. It is in the dictionary more of fourty thousand; even he could most twenty; bot much of *tems*. For know it or hundred and twenty wek which do more two years. After this you shall agree that the study one tongue is a great labour who it must *do into* the young age.

'Longwood, this morning, the seven march thursday one thousand eight hundred sixteen after nativity the yors (lord) Jesus Christ.'

The French is as follows:

'*Longwood, ce matin, le sept mars mil huit cent seize après la nativité de Notre Sauveur Jesus Christ.*

'*Depuis six semaines, j'apprends l'anglais et je ne fais pas de progrès. Six semaines font quarante deux jours. Si j'avais pu apprendre cinquante mots par jour, j'en pourrais connaître deux mille et deux cents. Il y en a dans le dictionnaire plus de quarante mille. Disons seulement vingt mille. Cela demande beaucoup de temps pour l'apprendre. Or cent vingt deux semaines font plus de deux ans. D'après cela, vous conviendrez que l'étude d'une langue est un grand travail qu'on doit entreprendre dans le jeune âge.*

Setting aside all thought of the difficulties which doubtless confronted the person preparing Napoleon's letter for the printed page, it is

quite easy to understand the Emperor's English; and the attempt, for a six weeks' pupil, is creditable rather than otherwise. Moreover, basing our judgment on this letter and the fact that every person finds it much easier to translate from a foreign tongue into his own language than *vice versa*, we can believe, making all allowances for the Count's enthusiasm, that Napoleon was well on the way toward a fairly good understanding of the contents of an English newspaper. But it does not appear that the lessons went on more than a few weeks. After April the Count's *Memoirs* are silent on the matter. Probably they ceased long before December 1816, when Las Cases, having committed some indiscretion, was compelled by the Governor to quit the island.

Napoleon's next professor, after how long an interval we cannot tell, was Countess Bertrand, daughter of General Arthur Dillon and Anne Laure Girardin, cousin to the Empress Josephine. She had never visited England, but her father, guillotined when she was eight, had probably taught her his native tongue. Napoleon, disposing of rich heiresses with Oriental despotism, had required her to marry Bertrand, one of his Generals; and though the poor girl was at first in despair, and refused to see her suitor, she speedily became attached to him. One of the children, named Arthur (after the grandfather, not, as one of the St Helena narratives states, after the Duke of Wellington), was born on the island in January 1817, and archly introduced by the mother to Napoleon as 'the first Frenchman who had entered Longwood without a pass from Sir Hudson Lowe.' She was extremely fond of society, and though, with her husband, she had accompanied the Emperor to Elba, she was so averse to St Helena that she stormed at Napoleon for involving Bertrand and his family in his banishment, and even tried to throw herself overboard. This, unlike some of her other antipathies, she never overcame, and at the time of Napoleon's death she was arranging for her return to France, on the plea of attending to her children's education. One of these children, whose ears were bored in Napoleon's presence that he might present her with ear-rings, survived as Madame Thayer, widow of one of Napoleon the Third's senators, till 1890. Madame Bertrand has left us no personal details of Napoleon as a pupil, either how many lessons she gave, or when she gave them. But, apparently, she gave a specimen of Napoleon's work to Madame Junot, whose granddaughter, Madame de la Ferrière, lent it to be exhibited at an exhibition of Napoleonic relics in Paris in 1895. The sheet of paper, yellow with age, contains alternate lines of French and English; but it will be more convenient to give first the theme and then the translation. The words in brackets indicate crossings out:

'*Quand serez-vous sage ?*

'*Quand je ne serai plus dans cet île. Mais je le deviendrai après avoir passé la ligne.*

'*Lorsque je débarquerai en France, je serai très content. Ma femme viendra près de moi, mon fils sera grand et fort, il pourra boire sa bouteille de vin à dîner, je trinquerai avec lui. Ma mère sera vieille, mes sœurs seront laides, ce qui ne leur sera pas agréable, elles seront toujours coquettes, car les femmes se croient toujours jolies.*

'When will you be wise?

'Never [then that] as long as I [should] could be in this isle, but I shall become wise after [have] having passed the line. When I shall [landed] land in France I shall be very content. Mi [wife] wife shall come [after, bef] near me. Mi son shall be great and [fort] strong. He [shall get] will be able to take his bottle of wine at dinner. I shall trink with him. Mi mother shall be olde, mi sisters shall . . . for the women believe they' . . .

The writing is small and cramped, but fairly legible. The pronoun 'I' is uniformly written 'j.' Corrections are mostly inserted above the line, but some are a continuation of the line, showing that the translation was quite probably written in Madame Bertrand's presence. The first sentence, it is possible, had been uttered playfully by her on account of Napoleon's teasing her for being boisterously gay, for it is the question addressed to obstreperous or fretful children, and Napoleon himself used to say to Betsy Balcombe, '*Quand seras-tu sage ?*' '*Sage*' here does not mean 'wise,' but 'good' or 'well-behaved.' Madame Bertrand passed over this and some other obvious blunders, either because her own English was defective, or because she would not discourage her pupil by too many corrections. At one corner of the sheet is a rude drawing of a ship, the imaginary ship, very likely, in which Napoleon was to return to France; and in another corner is a sketch apparently meant for a line of muskets extended for firing. There are also the words, '*Qui vous a apporté cette lettre ?*'

Considering the time which probably lapsed between the writing of these two specimens, Napoleon seems to have made but little improvement; and one is left to conjecture that, after the first outburst of enthusiasm under Las Cases, even if he did not entirely give up the study for some time, he maintained but a feeble interest in the acquisition of the English tongue. Still, the ability to speak English, and, of course, to translate from French into English, the more difficult tasks, were not exactly the Emperor's objective. Putting aside the undoubtedly overdrawn testimony of Las Cases, it is probable that Napoleon did come gradually to be able to translate from English after a fashion which

satisfied himself; and to make out what was being said in the English newspapers was doubtless all that he wished. These two fragments, therefore, bear witness to a mental struggle, a

little known and pathetic struggle, made by one of the world's greatest characters as the clouds of darkness were closing about his eventful career.

BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER XV.

FOR the first time since I was a boy, Betty had to waken me this morning. As a rule, I lie for half-an-hour before getting up, allowing my mind to simmer over the events of the previous day, and planning how best I may spend the coming forenoon and afternoon. I had no need to make out any programme for to-day, however, as I had that all arranged last night.

I dressed hurriedly, and after spending a few minutes with Nathan, who, poor man, is abed, I sent off a telegram to Murray Monteith, requesting him to wire on receipt one hundred pounds on Miss Stuart's account to the local bank. When I had breakfasted I wrote him a long letter, and asked him to send me particulars regarding her interest in the Banku Oil Company. Then I went up and arranged with Mr Crichton the banker as to her account.

Walking along to the bank, I met Joe on his way down to Betty's. Joe's jacket is always closely buttoned, and he wears his tweed cap tilted on his head at the same angle as he would his glengarry when on parade. His hair is cropped short, the forelock brushed firmly and obliquely across his left temple, and showing prominently under the stem of his civilian cap. His trousers are always carefully pressed; consequently they never show a bagginess at the knees. He is not so tall as Nathan, nor has he the 'boss' appearance; but I fancied that to-day he had more than usual of the same serious Hebron expression; and when he gave me the salute, as he always does in true soldierly style, it wasn't accompanied by the customary cheery smile. He passed me at the regulation step, and from the fact that he was carrying a brown-paper bag bearing the name of John Nelson, Fruiterer, I surmised that Betty was contemplating an apple-dumpling for dinner.

My business with Mr Crichton was soon disposed of; but it took me some considerable time to dispose of Mr Crichton. He has a jocose, affable way with him, a pawky knack of leaving one subject and starting another; and when he is in a reminiscent mood, as he was this morning, he can be very dreich and very entertaining at one and the same time. Long ago, of an evening, he used to play chess with my father. He took snuff in those days—he takes snuff still, and treats others unstintingly, as Betty will know when my handkerchief goes to the wash—and when my father had lured him into an awkward

position on the board his little silver box was seldom out of his hand. My recollection of him at that period is very hazy, and it is so closely associated with this box that it may be if he hadn't snuffed I shouldn't have remembered him at all. I notice he applies the narcotic always to his right nostril, never to the left, and he has a dainty and a stealthy way of conveying the pinch which contrasts strongly with that of Deacon Webster, whose recklessness where snuff is concerned is such that more is distributed on his shirt-front and waistcoat than is sniffed into the nasal receptacle. On the other hand, so cleanly and dapper is Mr Crichton that, were it not for the aroma of Kendal brown which ever lingers about him, you wouldn't know he used snuff at all.

After a couthie crack (which, in spite of my preoccupation, I enjoyed) I said good-bye and walked out of the bank, only to fall a ready prey to the blandishments of Douglas the barber, who inveigled me into his backyard to see a cawie of Wyandotte chickens of which, as prize-winners, he had great expectations. Then, in his draughty lobby, I had to listen to an account of his first and only interview with Thomas Carlyle at Holmhill, of his photographing the Chelsea seer and 'snoddin' his hair; also to a résumé of a lecture he had heard on the Ruthwell Cross delivered by our fellow-villager, Dr Hewison, which pleased him, as he said, 'doon to the nines.' On reaching home I found, to my great disappointment, that Dr Grierson had called and had gone away. I wanted particularly to see the doctor, as I felt he should know that I had taken his advice and unburdened my mind to the lady of my dream.

When Betty came in to lay the table for my homely midday meal I noticed she was not quite herself, and that there was something unusual disquieting her mind. As I have said, I always allow her to unburden herself to me in her own way and at her own sweet will; but somehow I intuitively felt that in the present circumstances my rule should not apply.

As she moved silently out and in I watched her closely, and when she had finished and drawn out my chair from the table I put my hand on her shoulder. 'Betty,' I said, 'there is a sadness in your eyes to-day I have never noticed before. Is there anything worrying you?'

She looked up at me for a moment; then,

putting her arms round my neck, she began to cry, quietly but emotionally. 'Oh, it's Nathan, puir falla, and I'm sairly putten aboot,' she said between her sobs. 'It strikes me he's no' in a very guid way; and, oh Weelum! if—if ocht tak's Nathan I dinna want to live.'

It was the first time for years she had, unasked, called me 'Weelum' without the prefix, and the old familiar way she pronounced it touched a chord in my heart.

I let her have her cry out, and then I did my best to allay her fears. She sat down on my chair, and I drew in another and sat down beside her. 'Nathan's not very well, Betty,' I said; 'but he's always been a healthy enough man, not given to complaining and lying about, and you know you're so accustomed to see him strong and robust that you are apt to exaggerate anything which prostrates him and keeps him in bed. The doctor's not concerned about him to-day, is he?'

'I—I dinna ken for certain. He didna say so to me, but I imagined he looked that way,' she said. 'Mebbe I read his face wrang. I'm trustin' I did, but—but I see for mysel' that Nathan's far frae weel.'

'Yes, Betty, we all know that; but I'm sure there's nothing serious. He's got a bad cold, a very bad chill, the doctor tells me; but with a good rest in bed and careful nursing he'll soon be up and about again.'

'I'm dootin' it's mair than a chill, Maister Weelum,' and she shook her head; 'and it strikes me that Nathan kens it's something mair serious. He's tryin' no' to let on to me; but the mair he tries, the clearer I see it. Ay, him and me have come to that time o' life when we depend a guid deal on yin anither, and lately I've noticed that he's been anxious to do mair for me than he's able. We lippen on yin anither in a quiet kind o' a way, ye ken—never askin' or demandin', but aye expectin', and aye gettin'. Ay, Maister Weelum, aye gettin', and aye gi'ein', and it's through this wee peep-hole that Nathan and me, and ithers happily married like us, get a wee bit glisk o' a heaven on earth.'

I pondered over these words for a moment. 'Betty,' I said, 'that is a beautiful way of putting it.'

'Ay, it may be beautiful—it may be, I say, Maister Weelum. I'm no' a judge o' that; but it's true, *and I feel it's true*; and the best wish I can wish ye is that some day my experience in this will be yours.' And she wiped her cheek with her apron, and smoothed imaginary creases out of the tablecover with the back of her hand.

'And—and, Betty, you must love Nathan very much?'

'Yes,' she said promptly, 'I love Nathan; but no' so much as I have reason to, and no' mair than he deserves.'

'And was Nathan the only sweetheart you ever had, Betty?' I suddenly asked.

She rose from her chair and turned her face to the window. 'Dear me, Maister Weelum, that's a queer question to ask! What put that in your heid?'

'Oh, I don't know, Betty. I've often wondered.'

'Ye've often wondered that, have ye? Imphm!' And she sat down again. 'Weel, as the wean I nursed and the man I'm prood o', ye'll no' be denied an answer. No, Nathan's no' the only sweethe'rt I ever had. I loved anither man before I loved Nathan. I was about nineteen year auld at the time, and if onybody had telt me then that Robert Frizzel wad never be mine I wad ha'e gane demented. Nineteen's a careless, haveral kind o' an age; but the he'rt can be awfu' glad and joyous then, and I must confess I had spurts o' happiness which carried me aff my feet in a way I couldna understand later. The sun was aye shinin'; the birds were aye whusslin'. I gaed to my bed singin', and I wakened singin'. Oh, I mind it a' weel. The mistress—your mother—somewey was against it; but I thocht I kenned best, and mony a sweet bit stolen oor I had up at that same gate at the heid o' the gairden there. He was a nice-lookin' man, was Robert, a bonny singer, and a great toss amang the lassies, and to be singled oot frae amang them a' was in my estimation something to be prood o'. Weel, I heard something about him no' to his credit—something mean and dishonourable. Nathan was comin' about the gairden even then; and, though he had never said ocht to me, I could see, and—and I jaloosed, and it struck me that he wadna ha'e done the same. Weel, the first chance I got I asked Robert aboot it, and he juist laughed and made licht o't. I telt him I never wanted to speak to him again, and—and I gaed to my bed that nicht and grat the sairest greet I ever had in my life. Ay, I juist put him oot o' my he'rt and steekit the door. And then Nathan somewey opened it again, and—Michty me, Maister Weelum, your broth's stane-cauld!' And, without another word, she lifted the soup-tureen and went ben to the kitchen.

I never for a moment suspected Betty of having had a calf-love affair, and her characteristic recital of the episode was as unexpected as it was interesting. I asked the question which led up to it almost without premeditation, and not so much out of curiosity as from a desire to wean her pessimistic mind away from Nathan's indisposition. Poor body, she was always prone to meet her troubles half-way, and I feel so sure that her fears regarding Nathan are groundless that I do not reproach myself for interrupting her brooding thoughts.

After dinner I went through to Nathan's bedroom and had a short chat with him. He was assiduously reading *The Christian Herald*

when I looked past the curtain of his bed, but on recognising me he at once stopped and took off his spectacles. 'Oh, it's you, Maister Weelum,' he said, as he laid aside his paper. 'I—I thocht it might be Betty.'

At the back of the bed, and only partly hidden, was a copy of *The Gardening World*. I looked first at one paper, then at the other, and remembering his predilection for secular literature, I smiled. Nathan smiled also. I made no remark; neither did Nathan; but somehow I am surer now than ever that Betty is wrong in thinking that he considers his condition serious.

With Nathan in normal health and at his own fireside it is a difficult matter to keep the crack going; but with Nathan indisposed and abed it is well-nigh impossible. True, he answers any questions I put to him, but he never introduces a subject of conversation, and at his bedside, talking to him, I have always the strange feeling that he wants to put his head underneath the bedclothes.

When I had exhausted my news, and was wondering what next to say, Joe came in, and he had still the serious expression in his eyes I had noticed on meeting him on my way to the bank.

Joe is of great assistance to Betty at present, and his knowledge of housework, combined with his readiness to help, places him on a pedestal and makes him indispensable. I took the opportunity of thanking him for what he had done, and commended him strongly for his kindly services; and when I was going out, as an inducement to further exertions, I quietly slipped something into his hand that brought him to the salute with a most pronounced jerk.

Nathan was eyeing the stiff-as-starch Joe in surprise, as I gave him a good-afternoon nod. 'What's wrang wi' ye, Benjy?' I heard him say. 'Maister Weelum's no' an offisher; he's a gentleman.'

'That's exactly why I saluted him, Nathan,' said Joe very patly; and I was laughing quietly to myself as I re-entered my room.

Betty was what she calls 'bankin'' my fire; and on looking round and catching the smile on my face, she wiped her fingers on her dust-cloth and smiled too.

'Nathan's a wee bit cheerier noo than he was in the foreday,' she said; and, after a pause, as a second thought, she added, 'at least he's as cheery as a Hebron could be in the circumstances.'

'Oh yes, Betty,' I said, 'he seems to be in a happy enough mood; but I think I have heard you say the Hebrons are not what one would call a hilarious family.'

'No, aith no, except Joe, and him only sometimes—when he shouldna be. Imphm!—Ye never met ony o' Nathan's sisters, Maister Weelum, did ye?'

'No, Betty. I didn't know he had any sisters.'

'Oh, weel, in a way neither he has, for yin o' them lives in Auchensell and the ither twa away in the back o' beyond, somewhere in Glencairn. They come to Thornhill only aince a year, at the Martinmas fair, and of coorse Nathan stays at hame frae his wark, and we've them doon here for their denner. Peasoup's a weakness o' the Hebrons, and they're awfu' keen on pork ribs, so I make my bill o' fare to suit them. And then, the time I'm cleanin' up, they a' sit roon the fire, and Nathan smokes and spits, and his sisters sit strecht up in their chairs, lookin' frae the fire to the window, and whisperin' to each ither. Ye see, Nathan brocht them up. They look on him in a way as their faither, and they defer to him even yet, and aye wait on him speakin' first, so ye can understaun' their tongues dinna gang juist like handbells; no, aith no, they do not. Nathan's fair, but they are dark and swarthy, and they a' wear black dolmans, 'lastic-sided boots, and white stockin's, and they aye come wi' umbrellas in their haun even though the weather's as dry as tinder. Thomasina frae Auchensell is the auldest, and she's the only yin that has a family; and when Nathan does say ocht it's aye her he speaks to, and the ither twa juist sit and mutter to yin anither, lookin' quite pleased and satisfied. I'm used wi' them noo; but the first time I had them here I was at my wits' end. No' a word could I get oot o' them, and Nathan—weel, I didna ken him very weel then either—he could hardly be seen for pipe-reek, and it was only because I couldna do the deaf and dumb alphabet that I didna try it on them. And mair than that, Maister Weelum, here's anither very queer thing. Do you know that their men—their marriet men, I mean—have never been inside this door. I've never met them, no' even seen them; and Nathan—weel, I dare say he wad be at their waddin's, but I question if he wad stop and speak to them if he met them on the king's highway. Oh, I tell ye, they're queer! Ye might marry a Hebron, but ye never get into the family.'

'And what about Joe?' I asked. 'Does he join these annual reunions?'

'Catch Joe sittin' in the hoose on a Thornhill fair-day. No, no, Joe's ower keen on the peaguns, and the Aunt Sally booth, and siclike to ha'e ony time to help Nathan to entertain his sisters. He's a queer, queer mixture, is Joe; but his he'rt's in the richt place for a' that. Have ye seen him the day?'

'Yes; I met him on the street, looking rather melancholy, I thought. You—you haven't put him under the pledge again, Betty?'

'Ye thocht he looked melancholy, did ye? Weel, he's under nae pledge to me. It's no' that that's putten him aboot.—Puir Joe! puir Joe!'

'What is it, then, Betty?'

She hesitated for a minute, and I at once apologised, thinking I was unconsciously prying into family affairs.

'Oh, it's no' that I'm hankerin' for, Maister Weelum. The fact is, it's in a way concerned wi' a friend o' yours, and I don't know very weel hoo to begin; but ye mind me tellin' ye aboot Joe gettin' the awfu' fricht meetin' a lady he thocht was deid and buried? You and me made licht o't; but Joe wadna be convinced, and last nicht he saw the lady again, and—noo, Maister Weelum, this is the queer bit o' the story—the lady was Miss Stuart.'

'How did he know that, Betty?'

'Weel, he was in the kitchen last nicht when I brocht her through frae Mrs Jardine's to see your picter, and he was so putten aboot that he gaed strecht away hame to the Cuddy Lane withoot sayin' a word to onybody. This mornin' he spoke to me aboot it, and asked her name, and when I said it was Miss Stuart he nearly fainted. "Same name," he said, "and the same locket," and that's a' I could get oot o' him; and he was so dazed and bamboozled that he couldna mind my messages, and I had to write them doon on a bit paper. Noo, Maister Weelum, what mak' ye o' that?'

'Same name and the same locket!' I repeated slowly. 'Whatever could he mean by that?'

'I dinna ken. I asked him, but his lips shut wi' a snap like a handbag. If I hadna asked he wad ha'e telt me; the Hebron cam' oot there again, Maister Weelum.'

'Oh, Betty, it must be a foolish fancy. The chance of Joe having met Miss Stuart before has, of course, to be considered; but the lady he knew died twenty-four years ago. Miss Stuart must have been a baby then.'

'Mebbe it was her mother, Maister Weelum.'

In a flash the possibility occurred to me. I looked quickly and keenly at Betty, but her eye challenged my gaze clearly and without flinching.

'Ye're thinkin' I'm speakin' in riddles, and keepin' something back; if ye do, ye're wrang, Maister Weelum. It was the locket that made me think o' her mother; it wad be a very likely keepsake for her to ha'e.'

'Betty, my dear, I don't doubt you. I am sure you are telling me all you know; you have no motive for keeping anything back. I—I am very much interested in Miss Stuart, more so than in any woman I know. There is some uncertainty connected with her affairs which, unless it is cleared up, will be to her disadvantage. I may be thinking too quickly, and the wish may be father to the thought; but it strikes me that a chat with Joe would clear the air. He is in Nathan's bedroom? Do you think he would come in and have a talk with me alone?'

'Oh, I'm sure he'll do that wi' pleesur'. But,

Maister Weelum, if it's ocht ye want to ken, ye maunna ask him questions. I ken Joe; he's a Hebron, and—weel, ye understaun'!'

I quite understood; and when, later, Joe came into my room I was busy examining a pair of old holster pistols which had belonged to my grandfather. 'Oh, it's you, Joe!' I said. 'You're the very man I want. I know you understand more about these things than I do, and I should be obliged to you if you would kindly help me to clean them up a bit.'

'Certainly, sir,' he said with alacrity. 'I'll soon polish them up. But it's a dirty job; don't you bother with them. I'll see to them in the back-kitchen.'

In conversation with Betty or Nathan, Joe employs the Doric as they do; but, thanks to his service in the south and abroad, he is equally familiar with English as it is read, and in speaking to me he doesn't even betray the semblance of the Scots accent.

I hadn't bargained for his taking the pistols off to the back-kitchen, however. This wouldn't suit my plan. Joint operations were necessary for a crack such as I wanted. Accordingly I suggested we should cover the better-lit end of the table with a newspaper, and exercise care; and so it came to pass that in a few minutes Joe and I were up to the wrists in emery and oil, and our tongues going like Betty's hand-bells.

(Continued on page 658.)

A PICTURED FACE.

A PICTURED face in a quaint old setting,

By whom in the far-back years deemed fair,
Ere lines on the brow were graved so deeply,
Or time had silvered the waving hair?

Would she to-night, could the choice be given,
Take up the burden of life again;

Would she pass once more through all its sorrows,
For the joy life brought endure its pain?

What of the roses she stooped to gather?

Did she find with each the piercing thorn?
Was love unto her a gentle master,

Or was her heart by his rough hand torn?
What would she say could she tell her story?

Did she through her failures reach success?
Was she schooled by pain? Did sorrow teach her
That look of infinite tenderness?

Many a spring and many a summer

Went to the span of her earthly life.

What did the passing seasons bring her?

Was she happy mother and honoured wife?

Or did she watch all life's promise wither,

Her hopes like the summer flowers decay?

Did she give in vain of her heart's best treasure

To find it ruthlessly flung away?

Here, as I sit in the twilight dreaming

Of her who had lived ere I drew breath,

I wonder much what she learnt by living,

I wonder more what she learnt by death.

But surely peace past all understanding

On that pictured face is written plain;

And whether 'twere joy or grief life brought her,
To do God's will she would live again.

FRANCES A. MANKS.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

SIMPLE AND SATISFYING MEATLESS MEALS.

By EUSTACE MILES.

IT was a great pity that the Local Government Board circular, requesting people to eat less meat, did not go a step further and advise what particular food-stuffs should be eaten in place of the discarded meat. The negative counsel of the circular does nothing to help the much-harassed housewife or cook to provide satisfactory meatless meals for a hungry family. Hence the following hints and suggestions, which show clearly what are some of the kinds of foods that are satisfactory substitutes for meat, and how such foods may be easily and quickly prepared for the table.

Flesh-food is eaten primarily for the proteid, or body-building and tissue-repairing substance, that it contains. As a fuel-food, or producer of energy and heat, lean meat is inferior to cereals, sugars, and fats. The satisfactory substitution of a meatless for a meat dish in any meal turns, therefore, mainly upon a comparison between the percentages of proteid in the two dishes.

The best non-proprietary meatless foods to displace meat are cheese, red lentils, white beans, dried peas, nuts, and eggs. Of these cheese is the best, because it needs so little preparation and is already in common use. The latter may also be said in respect to eggs. But dried lentils and peas and beans, and nuts, are as yet not commonly used foods in this country.

There are at least two great advantages that these meat-substitutes have over meat. First, most of them are cheaper; secondly, they are purer and more wholesome to eat. It is common knowledge to every housewife that some of these particular foods are cheaper than meat, so I need not stay to labour this point here. But the fact that they are purer is not so generally known.

All flesh-food is, of course, vegetable-food built up into animal muscle and tissue. The animal eats grass, corn, or root vegetables, and from the nourishment that it assimilates in this way it builds up its own body; and it is this body which, as a dead carcass, comes ultimately into the market for human food. But in building up this organic body the animal necessarily incorporates into its flesh certain poisonous matters produced by the free working of its own digestive organs, and by the constant changes of breakdown and repair that its living tissues are continually undergoing. When meat is largely eaten, these poisonous substances often help

to give rise to many of the most subtle and obstinate ailments that at present afflict mankind.

All the foods that I have mentioned as satisfactory substitutes for meat are quite free from this harmful taint. They are purer foods in the highly important sense that they do not contain any of the waste matters which are produced and incorporated when vegetable food is turned into flesh. So much, then, for the all-round economy and the common-sense health value of a meatless diet.

Now as to the ease or the difficulty of its practice. The simplest way to substitute fleshless food for meat is to work out the proteid and energising value of an ordinary mixed meal, and then to plan a menu which will approximate to these figures. In his authoritative work on *Food and Dietetics*, Dr Robert Hutchison suggests as a typical and inexpensive mixed dinner for a man at ordinary work one plateful of potato-soup, a large helping of meat with some fat, four moderate-sized potatoes, and one slice of bread and butter. This meal is not well balanced as regards 'salts' (especially soda), but would probably contain about one ounce and a quarter (or thirty-six grammes) of proteid and eleven hundred units of energy. The easiest way to displace this helping of cooked meat is to substitute for it a rather smaller amount of good cheese, which has a higher proteid value than most cooked meat. But the cheese is richer than the meat by one hundred energy units; so, to restore the balance of the meal, it is necessary to withdraw also all the butter or some of the potatoes used in the meat meal. This will make the new meatless meal approximately the same in all-round food-value as the original meat meal, and much less expensive.

But a far better way in warm weather would be to lighten the whole meal, so that it contained one ounce of proteid instead of one ounce and a quarter, and from seven hundred to eight hundred energy units instead of eleven hundred. A midday meal of food-substances in these quantities and proportions would be at least ample through the summer for a man at moderate work. A woman would be quite satisfactorily fed with about one-fifth less food all round; while four children, ranging from five to twelve years of age, would probably require as much food as two grown men.

Here are some simple meatless meals arranged on this basis. The quantities are sufficient for one man; and, with the figures given above as to the normal requirements of women and children, it is a very simple matter for any housewife or cook to arrange multiple quantities sufficient to feed any number of persons. It must be emphasised that the new American standard of food-requirements (especially when there is thorough mastication) is much lower than the orthodox British standard, especially in proteids. These meals fall into two classes—cold and hot; and they give a fair idea of what can be done in arranging suitable meals for all weathers.

The cold meals are as follows:

	Grammes of Proteid.	Energy Units.
(1) 2 ounces of cheese . . .	16	256
5 ounces of bread . . .	13½	390
½ ounce of nut margarine . .	nil	110
Any simple salad or salad material (e.g. lettuce and watercress) in season . .	small	small
	29½	756
(2) 2 ounces of pine-kernels . .	19	356
2 ounces of raisins . . .	1	200
2 ounces of dry (finely ground) wholemeal biscuits . . .	6	228
	26	784
(3) 2 eggs (hard-boiled) . . .	14	192
5 ounces of bread . . .	13½	390
1 ounce of margarine . . .	nil	220
Any simple salad or salad material (see No. 1) . . .	small	small
	27½	802

Here are two hot meals of approximately the same food-value:

	Grammes of Proteid.	Energy Units.
(1) 2 ounces of lentils . . .	16	210
½ ounce of cheese . . .	4	64
4 ounces of potatoes . . .	2	96
2 ounces of bread . . .	5½	156
1 ounce of margarine . . .	nil	220
Some conservatively cooked green vegetable . . .	small	small
	27½	746
(2) ½ ounce of nut margarine . .	nil	110
2 ounces of butter beans . . .	10	204
4 ounces of potatoes . . .	2	96
2 ounces of bread . . .	5½	156
Some conservatively cooked green vegetables . . .	small	small
Custard pudding (one egg and one gill of milk, and a little sugar) . . .	10½	196
	28	762

For the three cold meals no recipes are needed beyond the quantities of the several food-stuffs given above. But here are two recipes for the hot meals, the first an entrée of lentils, and the second an entrée of butter beans:

CREAMED LENTILS AU GRATIN.

Cook two ounces of lentils in water until they mash. Add one ounce of butter or nut margarine, a little cayenne (if desired), and half-an-ounce of milled cheese. Beat well for five minutes to a cream. Put it into a fireproof dish, sprinkle with milled cheese, and brown under the grill.

BAKED BUTTER BEANS AND TOMATOES.

Soak two ounces of butter beans for twelve hours; then cook for one and a half to two hours in sufficient water to cover them. Melt half-an-ounce of nut margarine in a saucepan, add one dessertspoonful of finely chopped onion, and fry until brown. Add one teaspoonful of flour; stir over the fire for a few minutes; add one gill of water strained from the beans. Cook for ten minutes, and mix with the beans. Put a layer of sliced tomatoes into a pie-dish, then a layer of beans, and so on, until the dish is full, having tomatoes on the top. Sprinkle with bread-crumbs, put a few small pieces of butter on the top, and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

There are hundreds of other equally good recipes for meatless main dishes which the cook may try, so as to avoid any monotony in the diet. Any herbs or other flavourings not liked can of course be struck out, and other flavourings which are liked can be used in their place. The point to bear in mind is that, in discarding meat, the main dish of the meal has to be made up in this way of one or other of these nourishing substitutes, unless proprietary foods are used.

As a welcome change, quite simple dishes of one conservatively cooked vegetable form a satisfactory meal, provided that a nourishing sauce, made with some proprietary proteid food-stuff, to give the necessary body-building substances, be served with the vegetable.

Many easy ways of combining the use of both proprietary and non-proprietary meatless foods will readily suggest themselves as the experiment proceeds. The most important thing now is to begin this patriotic and economical diet on the sensible and safe lines here suggested.

BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT length, by finesse and a good deal of circumlocution, I got the conversation worked round from accidental shooting to accidental meetings, related one or two coincidences which

made him pause in his work, and then casually mentioned that Betty had told me of his meeting Miss Stuart, and the shock he had received.

'Yes, Mr Russell,' he said, 'I don't know what

to say about that. I couldn't get to sleep last night for thinking of it.'

'Well, Joe, it seems plain enough to me. The lady you knew died twenty-four years ago. Miss Stuart is not more than twenty-five, so it couldn't possibly be she whom you knew.'

'That is so, sir; I admit that,' and he stopped polishing; 'and it's a far cry from Thornhill to Toledo; but the Miss Stuart I saw last night was wearing a locket which I am sure belonged to a Mrs Stuart who died in Toledo twenty-four years ago. If I'm wrong, then, sir, my name is not Joseph Hebron.'

I was positively tingling with excitement and strangely conscious I was on the eve of a great discovery. A thousand thoughts flashed through my mind; I felt quite overcome and bewildered. Here, 'far from the madding crowd,' in this sleepy little village with its easy-going, unpretentious ways, I had met the woman God made for me; and there, polishing the barrel of my grand-aire's old pistol, stood one of the least important of its villagers, who of a surety held the key to all the mysteries that had baffled our unveiling. It seemed unreal, incredible, impossible, yet it was absolutely true, for clutched to my heart I held the sacred memory of our moonlight talk, I felt the touch of her hand, and her parting words were ever ringing in my ears; and Joe's earnestness and assurance were as a preface to me that the mists would soon be rolled away. Betty's words came to me, 'If it's ocht ye want to ken, ye maunna ask him questions;' but I felt I must put her advice aside. Questions must be asked, and answers must be given willingly, not dragged out; and if I was to obtain these answers Joe must be to some extent taken into my confidence.

'Joe,' I said, 'you speak with a positiveness which carries conviction with it, and encourages me to great expectations. Now I'll be honest and candid with you, and you must be frank with me and answer fully and truly one or two questions I wish to put to you. You admit that the remarkable likeness you see in Miss Stuart to a Mrs Stuart you knew long ago has disturbed your mind, and you are quite convinced that the locket Miss Stuart wears belonged to that lady. There is a probable connection here which, if it can be established, will mean much to Miss Stuart. Her affairs are in my hands, and naturally I am very much interested in this. Now, Joe, you don't know me. Betty does. Will you take her word as surety for my honourableness, and tell me frankly all I may ask?'

Joe looked very intently at me while I was speaking. Then he laid down the pistol and emery-cloth with a suddenness and determination which plainly told me that 'his yea would be yea, and his nay, nay. 'Mr Russell,' he said earnestly, 'I have always sworn by Nathan's Betty; she swears by you in everything. If any information I can give will be of service

to Miss Stuart you're welcome to it, and I'll answer truthfully whatever you ask.'

'Thank you, Joe. I know you will. Well, first of all, who was Mrs Stuart?'

'She was the wife of Major Stuart of my old regiment, the 25th.'

'Do you remember his full name?'

'Yes, sir. It was Major Sommerville Stuart of Abereran, Perthshire.'

'Where did they live together as husband and wife?'

'Well, sir, it was like this. You see—eh—well, perhaps I had better tell you what I know in my own way—some pointed questions are not easily answered.'

I nodded. 'All right, Joe; just as you wish,' I replied.

'Well, we were stationed at Gibraltar when the Major was married. I was his orderly at the time, and he took me with him to a town called Toledo, where the marriage took place. I saw the lady—a French lady she was—only once before she was Mrs Stuart; she and the Major were on horseback, and a fine-looking pair they were; and I saw her twice after they came back to Toledo from their honeymoon. She was then wearing the locket I saw last night. It was one of the marriage presents he gave her, and I remember seeing it on his dressing-room table in the hotel, and thinking he was lucky to be able to buy such a nice gift. I was courting at that time—not Sally; another girl who died—and I—well, I would have given a whole year's pay to be able to buy my girl one like it. That's how I remember it so well. The Major stayed in Toledo for about a week after his honeymoon trip, and then he went to headquarters, taking me with him, of course; but Mrs Stuart remained at Toledo. She never came down to Gib. that I know of, but the Major went back once or twice. Then about a year after their marriage she died. The Major got the sad news at mess, and left that night, and I followed next day with his luggage. We returned the day after the funeral, and—and that's all I know, I think.' Then he picked up his emery-cloth and resumed his polishing, as if the story he had told was of ordinary import.

'Joe,' I said after a pause, 'what you have told me is most valuable information, and I thank you very much indeed. Were you present at the marriage ceremony?'

'Yes, sir, as a spectator, of course. I had nothing particular to do, and was in a strange town, and I was anxious to see what a foreign marriage was like.'

'Naturally! Then the marriage was in a church in Toledo?'

'Yes, sir; but I don't remember the name of the church.'

'Ah, Joe, that's a pity, now. Could you describe it to me? I know Toledo, and might be able to refresh your memory.'

'Well, sir, it was a very old-looking place, built of brick, and one part was newer-looking than the other. There's a big bridge at the entrance to the town'—

'Yes, Joe, the Bridge of Alcantara.'

'That's the name, sir. Well, I think I could go from the bridge right up to the church even yet. If I had a piece of paper and a pencil I could show you.'

I readily supplied him with pencil and paper, and after a little cogitation and a good deal of muttering, 'Forward, right turn, left wheel, steady now, forward,' he handed me the diagram of what he judged was the route. As it wasn't drawn to a scale, and no streets were noted, it was quite unintelligible to me; but it proved Joe had it in his mind's eye, and so far this was quite satisfactory. 'Thank you, Joe,' I said. 'May I keep this?'

He nodded, and I put it in my pocket. 'Now, just two questions more. Was Mrs Stuart buried in Toledo?'

'No, sir. She lies in a cemetery a few miles out of Toledo.'

'You don't remember the name of the place?'

'Well, sir, I do—sometimes. It reminded me, when I heard it first, of the old home name of Dalgonnar, but it wasn't that—very near it, though.'

'Dalgonnar—Dal—— Ah, Joe, was it not Algodor?'

'That's the name, sir—Algodor. I see you've been there. Well, sir, Mrs Stuart's buried at Algodor.'

Unknown to Joe, I had taken shorthand notes of the gist of his information, and when he was again busy with his emery I went over them carefully. 'By the way, Joe,' I asked, 'did you ever hear anything about the birth of a child?'

'Yes, sir. Mrs Stuart died in childbed, but the child lived. I don't remember hearing whether it was a boy or a girl. Mr Trent, our chaplain, could tell you about that. He went up with the Major and baptised it.'

'And where and how can Mr Trent be found now?'

'Well, sir—strange—last time I came up from Brighton I had an hour to wait at Carlisle,

and I met him in the street when I was taking a stroll between trains. He's not changed much, and I knew him at once and saluted. He stopped me, and asked me my name and regiment, said he was in a hurry, but that he lived at Stanwix, and if at any time I was in the locality to be sure and call on him.'

'Joe,' I said, 'you're a brick, a most invaluable friend to me just now, and I cannot tell you how much all this means to Miss Stuart and to me. There is much yet of which we shall require proof; but it is a fact, Joe, that Major Sommerville Stuart of Abereran, your Major, was her father. It may be necessary, in fact it will be imperative, that we should send some one out to Toledo. I know it is asking a good deal, but would you accompany any one we may depute to go? Your presence is very essential, and your good service will be amply remunerated.'

'Well, Mr Russell, I'm not of much use here, and I'll not be wanted elsewhere till July. If I can be any good to you, I—I don't mind going. In a way, I'll be in the Major's service again.'

I never drink whisky during the day; but somehow I felt that a compact such as Joe and I had made was sufficient excuse for breaking any rule. We drank success to our undertaking, and when Joe had left me I sat down, and, after thinking things over, I came to the conclusion that Providence, in a most wonderful way, was making the crooked path straight; and that, with the exception of Nathan, Joe had the most extraordinary by-nature of any man I ever knew.

I stayed Betty's hand when she came in to light up for the night. I knew she was just dying to know how I had got on with Joe; and, as his story would be meaningless without the prologue, I told her everything. The flickering firelight fell on her dear old face, and the glint in her eye quickened as I unfolded my love-story. And when I had finished she came over, and, bending down, kissed me.

'The Lord's your shepherd. He's leadin' ye by the still waters,' she whispered. 'And, oh, Maister Weelum, Joseph Hebron's a prood, prood man this nicht.'

(Continued on page 676.)

NEW WORDS IN WAR.

By HEDLEY V. STOREY, Author of *Home Once More*, *Britannia Poems*, *Britannia Goes to War*, &c.

THE present war is adding new words to the English language, as other wars have done. Some of these words will stay with us; others look more like visitors who will pass and become strangers. This happens in every big war. A book might be written to show that many useful and picturesque words have come to us from the battlefield through popular emotion in time of war.

We will not go so far back even as the wars of Henry the Fifth or to Shakespearian warology, not so far as the Marlborough campaigns and Addison's classic humorous protest against the invasion of foreign war-words. We will begin with the Indian Mutiny, which gave us 'khaki' in 1857-58; not a new word therefore, yet one that has come to full power in this war.

This little Persi-Urdú word, that everybody

knows means 'dust colour,' is having such a career among us now that its first use in British annals is worth recording here, for it has been almost forgotten. Colonel G. B. Malleson, in his short history, *The Indian Mutiny, 1858*, writes: 'In Mirath and the adjoining districts to the east the subversion of British authority had not been so complete as might have been expected. In June the energetic magistrate, Mr Wallace Dunlop, had organised a troop of volunteers, composed of officers without regiments, of members of the Civil Service, and others who happened to be at Mirath. Major Williams, Captain Charles D'Oyley, and Captain Tyrrwhitt, occupied the positions of commandant, second in command, and adjutant. Styled, from the colour of the uniform adopted, the Khaki Risala, this troop, from the end of June to the fall of Delhi, scoured the country, retook villages, punished marauders, and did all that was possible to restore and to maintain tranquillity. The Risala was often assisted by regular troops, cavalry as well as infantry.'*

These brave irregular Empire-savers of the old Khaki Risala deserve a passing glimpse and tribute in 1915, for have they not clothed the new Empire-savers of to-day, or at least *coloured* their clothes; coloured London, Paris, Cairo, Capetown, Pretoria, Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta; and even coloured the uniform of the United States army? And will they not give Berlin a touch of khaki?

Many years later Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, in a letter shown at the Imperial Services Exhibition, Earl's Court, told a friend that he had been consulted by the War Office as to the adoption of a new colour of active service uniform. It was khaki. But 1900 was the year when the new colour became imperial for war. And now in 1915 khaki is sacred to British military patriotism, valour, honour, victory, and death. 'On fair lips the phrase "khaki-man" has become something sacrosanct. It is pronounced with a reverent affection which red coat never won. It implies at the present hour the whole sum of womanly devotion. Khaki has become the outward and visible symbol of the patriot volunteer who has seen a clear duty, and is doing it. It is the badge of a great conviction, and of the courage of that conviction. And it suits the soldier, so lately a citizen, with a peculiar graciousness. There is in khaki no suggestion of the martial popinjay.' This was in the *Times* not long ago. A different newspaper (the *Passing Show*, No. 1), in another spirit, has told us that 'Mayfair is all khaki and

pretty women.' This war has given the word its free place in the language.

'It's a long way' from khaki 'to Tipperary'; but this phrase must come next, for it insists. The song was written and was popular before the war, as we all know; but the war made it national, almost imperial and international, and may put it into English proverbial speech. The tune is not heard in England so much now as in the early stage of the war; but the seven words are already nearly a proverb, like 'It's a long lane that has no turning,' or like the older song, 'You've got a long way to go.' Certainly it is common enough in the sense, 'You'll have to wait a long time before you can get this or that,' and it may in time become literary.

Another phrase, 'Are we down-hearted?—No!' is not so much heard now that the many street-marching regiments in their first excitement have left us; but it is still a running candidate for the popular honours of usage in public meetings, like 'He's a jolly good fellow,' and more so as a call and answer in street processions. Mr William Le Queux seems to claim to have been the cause of the phrase. He says in *German Spies in England*: 'My earnest appeal to the nation met only with jeers and derision. I was caricatured at the music halls, and somebody wrote a popular song which asked, "Are we down-hearted?"' But its true origin must be Mr Joseph Chamberlain's speech at Smethwick, on 15th January 1906, during the General Election, when he said, 'We are not down-hearted, but we cannot understand what is happening to our neighbours.'

Then there is a rather large group of words that have come at us with a rush, and cannot be classified; such words as Tommy Atkins's nicknames for the German bursting shells: 'Jack Johnsons,' 'Black Marias,' 'the Woolly,' and others; and the journalistic words 'super-guns' and 'supermania,' 'Press Bureau,' that seem old now; 'moratorium,' which jumped from Latin into English at the beginning of the war; 'searchlights,' not new of course, but very much a word of this war to inlanders; 'wirelessing' and 'wirelessed'; and that fine phrase of Mr Lloyd George's, 'the potato-bread spirit.' Other general words are on the way, so that we may say with Horace, 'New and lately coined words will obtain currency if they come moderately distorted from a Greek source,' only we must say from a war source.

That is true of the famous word 'jingo,' once a very new war-word, but silent in this war; which word, whatever its etymology, has had so many adventures since the sixteenth century that they cannot be followed now, though its first use in London is now well known. The late Professor William Knight, in his brief sketch of Professor Minto, tells how, 'while living in London, Minto took a prominent part in political controversy, especially in connection

* This was written months ago. Since then two correspondents in *Land and Water* have tried to find the first use of the word, and one of them, 'Indicus,' refers to Dunlop's Risala, of which his father was a member; but no one seems to have noticed or quoted Colonel Malleson's paragraph. 'Indicus' says: 'Khaki, of course, is Hindustani for "dust." But is not "dust" really *khak*, and *khaki* equal to 'dusty' or 'dust colour'?

with England's relations to the East and the war in Afghanistan. He was one of the first to use the term which soon became current coin in political writing—the term jingo. As he once told his students, "I am under the impression that I was first to give the currency of respectable print to the chorus of the song, 'We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do,' and so forth, which was first made use of in an editorial article in the *Daily News*." And Mr P. Chalmers Mitchell, one of Minto's pupils, has written of his master the following, which fits well into the present subject: 'In Professor Minto's hands the derivation of words was so treated that a dictionary became a pageant of history, showing here the Crusaders, dusty from the Holy Land, bringing with them some new idea, some strange animal or plant; or there the prancing Normans introducing the graces of chivalry or the subtleties of law.' Perhaps our descendants will study the new words of this war-time in the same spirit. We have given them a great occasion.

Lastly, Gladstone's 'bag and baggage' phrase can be seen and heard more now, when Turkey is in danger again, than for many years; and, as the near context of the phrase has not been quoted lately, here it is: 'Let the Turks now carry away their abuses in the only possible manner—namely, by carrying off themselves. Their Zaptiehs and their Mudirs, their Bimbashis and their Yuzbashis, their Kaimakams, and their Pashas, one and all, bag and baggage, shall, I hope, clear out from the province they have desolated and profaned.'

Another old phrase has taken a new turn, it seems. According to a letter from an officer at the Dardanelles, Carlyle's 'the Unspeakable Turk' has become 'the Unspeakables' in the navy there.

Now we have done with general words and phrases. Let us get closer to the war, and look for new words and phrases that can be classified. The first is one word that is a host: 'Petrograd.' The full meaning of the dramatic change that Russia made in the name of her capital at the beginning of the war will not be known by other nations for many years; but we do know that it signifies in general a break from the Germanising influence not only of the Germans in Russia, but even of the national hero, Peter the Great. The change was made suddenly, and it seemed to be done easily; but there must have been a struggle. Mr Stephen Graham will help us to understand: 'As Merejkovsky wrote: "The life of St Petersburg is the death of Russia, and consequently the death of St Petersburg might be the life of Russia!" But old St Petersburg is dead. Petrograd has taken its place. As the poet Aksakov wrote:

Its name was a foreign one;
That's why we never remember it.

The name of St Petersburg sounds sinister,

grown old in sin; nothing sounds more child-like, young, and simple than Petrograd.' And the headline to Mr Graham's page is 'St Petersburg' printed through, and 'Petrograd' put there instead. It is impossible for us to imagine Great Britain changing the name of its capital; but Russia changed hers in a moment, in the first shock of war, and gave us a new word for our maps, our geographies, gazetteers, histories, newspapers, and conversations.

So far the military side of the war has not given us many new words, and we need not repeat Addison's protest, for we cannot show yet anything like the list that he gave, and many of ours are of British coinage.

The French *piau-piau* has been used often in the newspapers, but only of the French private soldier. It has no chance to oust 'Tommy Atkins' or 'Thomas Atkins' as a nickname for the first-class British fighting-man, as 'Fuzzy-wuzzy' might have done. Perhaps it will stay with us for a year or two, as now used. It may be noted here that the Germans have a phrase for our Highlanders which means 'Ladies from Hell,' and that they call their forty-two cm. gun *Meine liebe Bertha* and *dicke Bertha*, after Baroness Bertha Krupp, the present owner of the Krupp Arsenal.

The 'Bantams,'* for battalions of small-sized soldiers, is already popular; so are Kitchener's Army, and National Guard, the name given to the new defence force of the City of London, though the phrase is big enough, and ought to be used, for all the similar defence forces in the country. But of this class, the new word Second-Lieutenant, celebrated in Sir James Barrie's new play, has become for a time the most interesting.

Mr Belloc has been using the word 'embrigade,' not as a new word, of course, though it is unusual in the ordinary channels. Mr Belloc writes: 'You do not pour new levies into a field unsupported. It would be fatal. You mix them with, and embrigade them with, make them fight side by side with, men who have already formed themselves to war in action.' But surely either the 'em' or the 'with' is not needed there; is not 'brigade them with' complete?

The French *communiqué*, so long used in diplomacy, has become common in military despatches. Sir John French uses it often. 'Since my last *communiqué* of 11th March,

* Anything written on this developing subject of war-words must receive fresh examples to the last moment. The latest about Bantams is the best—namely, in Lord Rosebery's Edinburgh speech, 15th April, at the first parade of the Rosebery Bantam Battalion of the Royal Scots Regiment, when he said, 'There was at one time an idea that the War Office frowned to some extent on Bantam Battalions; but on my mentioning this to Lord Kitchener I received a reply which began: "If any one says that I am opposed to Bantams he is a liar."' Lord Kitchener championing the Bantams, with Lord Rosebery for audience, would make a painter's battle-scene!

operations in the neighbourhood of Neuve Chapelle have been continued,' he telegraphed on 15th March. This too seems not to be needed. Why not 'since my last despatch'? Information given officially or semi-officially by a Foreign Office is a *communiqué*, no doubt, though we might find a better word of our own, in spite of French being the language of diplomacy. But a Commander-in-Chief's long notes or letters from the battlefield are called despatches. If Sir John French's little twice-a-week telegrams are not long enough to be called despatches, why should they not be called reports? They have been called 'bulletins' unofficially in some newspapers. Let us hope that our gallant Field-Marshal will not be worried by this attack!

'Espionage' has been used in this war as never before in its history, and with it an awkward phrase that seems new to a layman—'contra-espionage': 'I refrain, because such statements might reveal certain things to the enemy, including the identity of those keen and capable officials who have performed so nobly their work of contra-espionage' (*German Spies in England*, by William Le Queux, p. 8). This is not elegant, and perhaps 'anti-spying' and 'anti-spy' are not better. We need a compound like spy-catching, spy-watching, spy-tracking, or spy-hunting—which has been used already as a newspaper headline—unless this war kills the spy system.

'Periscope' is not war-new, but the instrument has added a new part of speech to the language. In a letter home, an officer of the R.F.A., lying in a dangerous forward observation-post, wrote: 'Our periscope was "souvenired" later on with a rifle-bullet clean through the tin sides;' and by using quotation-marks he signals to us the suggestion that the word is being used in the trenches. Probably the trenches are ringing with strange words. We civilians will hear some of them in England soon, and learn the full meaning of 'Piccadilly,' 'Oxford Circus,' 'The Strand,' 'Bond Street,' and hear the great epos of 'Plug Street,' Thomas Atkins's name for the famous defences at Ploegsteert Wood.

The airmen have given us a few more words; not so many as might have been, because before the war they had made a dozen or two which have become quite homely now. But we can all say 'Zeppelin' and 'aviatik,' and explain to the children that 'Taube' is German for dove.

'Aerofoil' is in use. 'The Flying Machine, the Aerofoil in the Light of Theory and Experiment,' was the title of a lecture by Mr Lanchester on 10th March. 'Air-craft,' 'air-fleet,' 'air patrol' are common now; and so are 'air-raid' and 'air-attack,' two things quite different; likewise 'anti-aircraft guns,' 'anti-aircraft service,' two heavy phrases that ought to be dropped. The detachable 'anti' and

'contra' are often lazy nuisances in English, because they save us from the trouble of finding the true word. The new adverb 'aerially' was bound to come; and we may get even 'aerialistically.' But that already done-to-death phrase 'ascendency over' was not so inevitable. Some one blundered into it. 'Our airmen have gained a great ascendency over the enemy's airmen.' What does 'ascendency over' mean? We know what it is intended to mean; but what is its own meaning? 'Supremacy' might be better: 'We have gained supremacy over the enemy's airmen.'

The airman's bomb is wording itself in various ways. Sir John French's despatch of 2nd February reported: 'A number of aerial combats have been fought, raids carried out, detrainments harassed, parks and petrol depots bombed, &c.' The *Daily Mail* placard of 14th April had: 'Airmen Bomb Hamburg.'

But that is nothing. An odder word is on the way, and such a careful writer as Mr Stephen Graham has used it already: 'Warsaw is certainly a city that can be terrorised. On the whole, there was more to fear from the running crowd than from the German "bombists." And, 'These single exploits are merely thrill-producers. The "bombists" killed and injured fifty-four people in one day last week' (*Russia and the World*).

Of course, the Zeppelin, giving us a word that will never die, at least not in history or in fairy tales, must give us other words with its freights and its frights. This has been read in actual print:

Enough! John Bull took out his pouch
To fill his pipe anew;
And, putting on his hat aslouch,
He took a bird's-eye view.

He scoured the German Ocean, but
No German ship was there;
Their Brobdingnag, turned Lilliput,
Had Zeppelined the air.

This was written by a Briton Overseas in a poem called '*Am Tag*.'

Last of all we want a word that divides ordinary mortals on the earth below from the superhuman airmen above; and we had it from Mr J. L. Garvin in the *Observer* of 28th March: 'Words are useless to express the courage and skill of the flyers, who can now fling their bombs with that wonderful precision of aim. By comparison with these winged creatures, we ordinary "earthmen"—we suggest this as a term corresponding to 'landsmen'—'feel like worms.' But the next week the *Observer* gave the honour of a previous use of the word in this sense to another writer, in 1912. Mr Garvin has used also the compound 'man-hawks.'

The navies have done better. 'Carry on' has come to its own in the war, and is used not only in the navy—where its full meaning links

our sailors of to-day with the men and with the glory of Drake, of Blake, of Nelson, of every age, of a thousand fights—but is used also in the army. A Territorial officer at Felixstowe, for instance, last August, after giving the men of his company a rest from their trench-digging, called out 'Carry on, men!' as naturally as could be; when up they jumped, and away they ran to their picks and spades, and began to 'carry on' dreadfully!

'T.B.' and 'T.B.D.' are used by every school-boy now; the word 'oiler,' like 'steamer,' for oil-driven ships such as the new *Queen Elizabeth*, is coming into use; and we have a past participle from submarine, 'submarined.' It was on the *Daily Chronicle* placard, 10th March: 'Three British Ships Submarined,' sunk by a German submarine. Shall we get the word 'subsequences' for consequences of submarine activity? 'Submarinism,' the policy of fighting with submarines in naval warfare, is now in use, and probably 'submariner' and 'subnavigation' will come. The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* suggests that a torpedo should be called a 'Weddigen,' in honour of Captain Weddigen, who sank with the U 28. The *Fremdenblatt* thus tells how to use the new word: 'Henceforth we shall "Weddigen" in order to put an end to the shame of the Island Empire.' The Amsterdam telegram of 19th April, that gives the great news, says that 'the suggestion has been enthusiastically received throughout Germany.' Britain's one and sufficing answer will be 'Holbrook;*' but the difference will be that a 'Weddigen' will always imply murder, while a 'Holbrook' stands for war.

Early in the war Mr Churchill put an adverb into current English, in his famous interview with the Italian journalist, when he wanted to distinguish between the political and the naval condition of the Mediterranean. He said in effect that 'navally' he was quite satisfied with the state of affairs. It is not a new word; but it has not been used much, will be useful, and will pair with 'aerially' or with 'militarily.'

With us, 'navalism,' as a counter to 'militarism,' is from the German: 'Like the sword of Damocles, English navalism hangs suspended over all peoples possessed of the coast or trans-oceanic colonies possible of attack.' It was 'the great Bernhardi' who wrote that to America;* and it reminds us that we shall never again in British maps or school-books find the phrase 'North Sea or German Ocean,' though we may whisper that it was to be seen just before the war on three large German maps of the world used in London as background of a lecture on the British Empire by a well-known British patriot and member of Parliament. 'German Ocean'

will probably disappear like *Mare Nostrum* of the Romans and Spanish Main of the Spaniards.

Now we come to the last section of the subject, the words given to us by our German enemies, or words that are being applied to them. Of course everybody now knows the meaning of *Der Tag* and *Am Tag*. Probably they will live in jest. Then we are getting 'Kaiserism,' 'Junkerism,' 'Prussianism,' 'Prussianisation,' 'Kruppism,' 'Bernhardism,' with all their meanings; while the jocular use of *verboten* ('forbidden') may be noticed any day, and may be compared with 'veto.' The name of Krupp may become English, in a way: 'If we are to overthrow for ever the whole stupendous system of aggressive militarism, to which the name of Krupps is almost as the name of the god Thor,' said the *Observer* of 21st March.†

Then we have 'Supreme War Lord' and all the playings with the word Hun. 'Hun-employment no longer exists in this country,' was seen in a serious newspaper lately, and it meant that Germans cannot get work in Britain now. The pun 'Germ-Hun' is popular; but it is doubtful if this will stick, or only remain for a time in use against vulgar and brutal men of any kind—never seriously.

But the 'Boches,' the French nickname for the Prussians, that comes from *Caboches* (the 'Hobnails' of 1870), is new to us, and looks like a word to stay and be used in various shades of meaning. It is already being used as an ordinary word in English: 'There was nothing that the Boches counted on so confidently when they entrenched themselves on the Aisne, and for some months afterwards, than that they would wear down the French. They will never do it' (*Observer*, 21st March 1915).

Deutschland über alles is almost certain to become part of the language as a jest or catchphrase, especially if the joke can be turned against Germany by her defeat. It is already being used in that way: '*Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles—über alles in der Welt!*' The whole of it may be used in Britain as a jocular inversion of 'Rule, Britannia.' Poor Germany! '*Deutschland über alles—1915!*' All in vain. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity! Will not that be how we shall often use '*Deutschland über alles*' in the after-victory days?

Finally we have the *Kultur* group, with 'kult,' 'kulturing,' 'kultured,' &c. They are a decided acquisition, and nothing in this study of new words has been a greater surprise than the way this 'K'-ing of culture has caught the public fancy. Everybody seems to know that there is a difference between culture and *Kultur*. Many definitions have been given: 'The Kaiser is reported to have recently said . . . that *Kultur*

* In a later utterance he or his translator uses the phrase 'naval militarism,' and 'sea militarism' has been used likewise.

† 'It would be interesting to know what enormous profits Kruppism' (to use H. G. Wells's expressive term) 'has already made out of this world-madness' (*The Healing of the Nations*, by Edward Carpenter, p. 48).

means "to have the deepest conscientiousness and the highest morality. . . . My Germans," he added, "possess that" (Preface of *German Culture*, by W. P. Paterson, 1915).

The *Times* of 30th March said: 'Prussian *Kultur* does stand for the opposite of *Bildung* (which is culture in the English sense). *Kultur*, in fact, has become the exact opposite of culture. The one is the education of free and thinking men, the other the stoking of a machine that shall turn out as much work as possible *per diem* of one kind only.'

The *Times Literary Supplement* of 4th March referred to 'the rare and delicious fruits of German *Kultur*. It is the popularity [in Germany] of all this sham erudition, sham *Kultur*, sham feeling, sham patriotism, which is significant.'

The *New York Herald* of 30th March, in an article entitled '*Kultur* at its Meridian,' said: 'There is great joy in the halls of *Kultur* that over a hundred non-combatants, some of them women, have been ruthlessly murdered on the high seas. It is "The Day."'

A character in a forthcoming play, translated from the Flemish, cries out, 'He little knows of culture who only *Kultur* knows;' and some one has made fun of the two words in this way:

They spell their *Kultur* with a K
(Perhaps you've heard the wheeze, sir);
The reason is, I've heard folk say,
'Cause Britain rules the Cs, sir!

Let us hope that Britain will continue to rule the Cs, and rule with real 'C'-brand culture. So long as *Kultur* means Louvain we shall 'go for it' morally, navally, militarily, aerially, and satirically.

Then he proceeded to explain
The cares that racked his *kultured* brain;
and:

'War to the knife!'—this was the cry
That moved the ancient Huns;
But '*Kultur* to the knife!' inspires
Our mightier modern ones.

That is how the satiric poets are writing of the Kaiser and of his *Kultur* just now; and who can blame them so long as the Kaiser and *Kultur* mean Prussia and Prussianism, Kruppism and Bernhardism, mean devastated Belgium and 'sub-marined' merchant-ships crowded with civilian men, women, and children?

These are not all the new words on their way to or from 'the man in the street.' Some have been left and others overlooked. We may be sure that this terrific war of the Empires will hammer out many more words and phrases, and give them to us bright, strong, terrible. Perhaps great words of vast meaning and significance are coming, and will become as much a part of English as *victim* and *victory*, *Empire* and *Imperial*, *conqueror* and *triumph*, *defeat*, *catastrophe*, *despair*, and '*Rule, Britannia*.'

ON GOVERNMENT SERVICE.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW minutes after seven o'clock a dark, squared-jawed young man in evening clothes strolled into the vestibule of L'Espart's restaurant, and had not long to wait before he was joined by Jeffrey Royden, who had discarded the beard and wardrobe of that worthy Briton Thomas Robinson, but still wore the commercial traveller's long ulster. Some feeling too strong to be gainsaid had prompted him to bring it to the restaurant that night; and Stroff, by dint of an authoritative manner and a seductive coin, having procured a private table, he had managed to elude the polite endeavours of the *garçon* to wrest it from him, and hung it over the back of his chair as he seated himself. Stroff eyed the garment with a derisive side-glance.

'Robinson should purchase a new one,' said he in fluent English. 'Why did you insist upon bringing it into the *salle à manger*?'

'It has a part to play; that is all I can tell you,' replied Royden. 'Put it down to aberration of the cerebrum if I am wrong.'

Stroff looked mystified. 'A part to play?'

But Royden vouchsafed no more, dismissing

the subject with a light laugh. 'We have come to dine; let us dine well,' he said, 'and enjoy ourselves.'

'Agreed,' said Stroff, only too ready to be festive. 'Paris after seven o'clock begins to be worth seeing, and L'Espart's is one of the most popular restaurants.'

'Every nationality seems to have met in it this evening;' and Royden's quick glance around was comprehensive.

'It is our best hunting-ground,' said Stroff. 'There is seldom anything we cannot ferret out here, if we choose.'

'You mean in the detective line?'

'Yes. There are several of our special force amongst us at this moment.'

'On any particular job?'

'No doubt.'

'Point them out to me,' said Royden, slowly commencing his *crème de riz*.

'The presence of one man alone is exciting.'

'Who is he?'

'Do you see that big fellow on your right? Do not turn your head, merely your eyes. He has his back to us; but'—

'Sitting with a lady clad in diamonds principally?'

'They are possibly going on to the Opera together. That is Polesk.'

'Polesk?'

'Polesk the great, the immense,' explained Stroff. 'He is looking for some one,' he proceeded confidentially, 'who is too clever to be caught.'

'That has a dramatic sound.'

'It is always drama and red lights when Polesk is about.'

'On whose track is he?'

'You have heard of Von Muliche'—

'Oh, of course.'

'And that he has disappeared—is dead perhaps, though of that fact no one dare be sure. He has died once or twice before, you see. But whether dead or not, Von Muliche has a wife, and it is the wife for whom Polesk is on the hunt.'

'A spy too, I presume?'

'As dangerous to the Russian Government as to the British, and Polesk is determined to track her to her doom.'

'You are merciless, you Russians.'

Stroff took the remark as a compliment. It was as though he and his compatriots had been called courageous. 'A large reward is offered to the person who either traces or captures the woman for him,' he said; 'a difficult task, for she is as quick-witted and has as many aliases as Von Muliche himself.'

'I should like immensely to meet Von Muliche's wife,' Royden observed dryly. 'Introduce me when you can.'

Stroff laughed a trifle noisily, though he had the good sense, or, rather, habitual caution, to speak in a monotone. 'You must ask Polesk that favour,' he said. 'She has been seen in Paris quite recently, and that is why he is here to-night. She could not deceive him. He is the most reliable man our Government has.'

'Who is the lady he is with?' asked Royden, critically surveying the ponderous shoulders of the 'most reliable' of the Russian Secret Intelligence staff. 'And no doubt the most cruel,' was his mental reservation. The lady had also undergone scrutiny through discerning but half-closed, sleepy eyes that apparently saw nothing.

'Madame la Comtesse de Charneuse—*une grande dame*, and well known in Parisian society. Polesk is always fortunate.'

'A rival?'

'Scarcely that,' with a deprecating gesture.

'Does Madame la Comtesse believe as firmly as you say your Government does in the reliability of Polesk?'

'As a detective or a man?'

'A man, my dear Stroff; a man;' and a grim little smile hovered round Royden's lips. 'What would so great a lady have to do with him as a detective?'

'Nevertheless she has very often to do with him as a detective. When he is in any extra difficulty, it is madame who invariably helps him out of it. I have no doubt that he is consulting her at present about Von Muliche's wife.'

At the repeated allusion to the German spy whose body lay at the bottom of the pool beneath the ruins of Royden Castle, the Englishman drank a glass of champagne thirstily. And yet no harm could come from that quarter; he knew that. It was Von Muliche's wife who was the disturbing element of the moment. 'A touch of melodrama,' he muttered.

'What do you say?'

As Royden was himself again in an instant, Stroff did not notice anything different in his companion's speech or look.

'These cutlets with oyster sauce are delicious,' Royden replied. 'I should quickly become a gourmand if I stayed long in Paris;' and he continued to talk carelessly on various subjects throughout the remainder of dinner.

'You will never be a detective, that is certain,' Stroff said, after making two or three futile efforts to lead the conversation back to its former topic.

'Do not sweep me completely out of the running. Why not?'

'Because you cannot concentrate. We were talking of Polesk, Madame la Comtesse, and drama, and you suddenly spoke of cutlets and oysters. From cutlets and oysters you leapt to French falconry; from falconry you went on to fire-engines, and from fire-engines to criticise the aristocrats, gamins, and sewerage of Paris.'

'There is surely no law against detectives knowing about such subjects?'

'I object to the habit of desultory conversation.'

'Pardon me if I bored you, Stroff.'

'It was I who possibly bored you, but I imagined you might be interested in Polesk and'—

'Madame la Comtesse? Well, I confess I was.'

'You are not easy to understand, you Englishmen,' laughed Stroff. 'That is the reason of your success all the world over. But come—as we want no sweets, and I have an hour to spare before following Rienski to Petersburg—let us order coffee, cigars, and liqueurs to be served on the veranda;' and, rising, they crossed the *salle à manger* together, Thomas Robinson's shabby ulster slung conspicuously upon Royden's arm.

For a quarter of an hour they sat alone on the veranda, Stroff in the full enjoyment of a choice havana and liqueur brandy. He presently sauntered into the gardens attached to the restaurant; and Royden, smoking too, but having refused coffee and liqueurs, was somewhat thankful for the quiet interval. It gave him an opportunity to collect his thoughts, shape

his suspicions, qualify his doubts, and gather his forces together for some fresh event he instinctively felt was about to occur. Never in his life before, perhaps, so keenly on the alert, he kept watch and ward on the veranda, and waited, not even then prepared to admit definitely for what or for whom. He was under the impression that if only his patience would not give out, and he did not lose his head, the second act of the drama in which, for the service and honour of his country, he had been called upon to take part would be played out. So he watched; so he waited.

A soft *frou-frou* of silken skirts, a sweet, rare perfume, and a minute later the lady of the diamonds, Polesk's *vis-à-vis* at dinner, appeared upon the veranda. The man who watched and waited neither moved nor spoke, but within himself he said, 'As I thought.'

'Do I intrude?' asked Madame la Comtesse gently. 'The heat has made me faint. Ah! a thousand thanks, *m'sieu*'—as Royden assisted her to the divan he had vacated, upon which lay the ulster of Thomas Robinson.

'Here is brandy, if madame wishes,' said he courteously. This, however, was refused.

'*M'sieu* speaks perfect French, but he is an Englishman, I think?' and he was conscious that a pair of eyes scanned him narrowly. Very beautiful eyes they were, the property of a very beautiful woman, her natural charms enhanced by the consummate skill of a Parisian *modiste*, daintily applied cosmetics, and some really superb diamonds.

'Yes, madame, an Englishman.'

'In July Paris is hot—unbearable. I am, as *m'sieu* doubtless is, a mere bird of passage.'

'Does madame fly to the provinces?' he answered her evasively by inquiring.

'To Cherbourg.'

'*Alors?*'

'*M'sieu*, you are too inquisitive,' she cried, protesting prettily with her eyes.

'I am interested.'

'In me?'

'Is not every one who has the pleasure of meeting you?'

'*M'sieu* is now a flatterer.' Due perhaps to indisposition, a nervous trembling of her lips attracted his attention.

'Pardon me, madame,' he said, 'but are you sure you will not have the brandy?'

Again waving the liqueur aside, she begged him, with an upward beseeching look that partially dispelled his doubts, to fetch her a glass of water.

'*M'sieu* will also ask an attendant to come to me, if he will be so very kind?' she said as, with an alacrity that was genuine, he went to do her bidding. And had it not been for a hasty, backward glance his suspicions for the time being might have lain dormant. They were, instead, fully roused, for madame having altered

her position in reclining her elaborately coiffured head upon the broad lapels of Robinson's ulster, he saw protruding from the clasp of one slender hand the point of a small stiletto. The glimpse of that stiletto gave him the truth. He wanted no further proof.

'Snoring, purple-skulled Professor, and fair lady, one and the same!' he said; and before he returned with the glass of water another quick flash of truth had crossed and enlightened his mind: Von Muliche's wife! The woman Polesk the 'most reliable' was hunting down, and did not mean to spare! The woman who, powerless, it was said, to deceive the great detective, had in spite of this been dining *tête-à-tête* with him in a public restaurant; the admired, the enviable Comtesse de Charmeuse! Whatever her sins, she was neither fool nor coward, and there was that in Jeffrey Royden's heart which cried out against its better judgment, 'Well done!'

Bringing her the glass of water, he pulled out his watch and saw that there was not a minute to lose if Stroff was to catch the night express for Petersburg. He had but the hundredth part of a second to decide what course of action he should follow. It was important that Stroff should leave Paris at the hour appointed. Imperative? No. And with Polesk on the scene, his denouncement of the woman spy for whom he was looking, and did not mean to spare, would hasten the drama to a triumphant and thrilling close. It was clearly his duty to expose her, clearly his duty to prevent further treachery; but for the life of him he could not fulfil that duty. The blood of a human being—this woman's husband—was upon his hands, and he could not fulfil it. A stronger man might have disregarded the horror of the fact of having done a fellow-creature to death; a weaker, on the contrary, might never have played so strong a part in the tragedy, for it was nothing less. She was a woman, moreover—a beautiful woman—and since the despatches were safe—

'A life for a life! So let the death of Von Muliche be expiated,' he cried; and, instead of denouncing her, he warned her of the desperate straits she was in, resolved at the same time that she should understand his share in the game. So much right he claimed.

'Polesk is on your track, Madame von Muliche,' he whispered. 'You are extraordinarily clever, and but for this ulster and your evident interest in it I might not have found you out. A word from me, Professor, and'—

She understood, and to his dying day he never forgot the expression, not of fear—for her courage did not permit of that—but of agonised appeal in the face he searched so pitilessly. Her white lips moved. 'Do not betray me, for the love of Heaven!' were the scarcely audible words they framed; and, assisted by the attendant, she struggled to her feet. Even at the

eleventh hour he might have handed her over to a life drawn out and degraded in a Siberian prison, but he could not. There was a rustle of silken skirts, the slight pressure of a hand in his, and she was gone.

Stroff then luckily appearing on the scene, he thrust his arms into the ulster, the lapels of which had been cut and the dummy papers taken, bade the *garçon* call a taxi, and with more energy than politeness armed the amazed

young Russian from between the swinging doors of L'Espart's to the cab.

'In the name of the Little Father of All the Russias, why are you in such haste?' Stroff demanded, and he spoke as good-temperedly as a hustled man could.

'The Petersburg express,' replied Royden, 'leaves Paris in seven minutes.'

'I shall catch it in five,' said Stroff.

THE END.

A TRAVELLER ON BATHS.

WE have baths at home: the joyous basin of infancy; the compulsory tub of school-days, when we kept the bath and its water all night under the bed, imagining it might thus be warmer in the morning to thaw the frosty sponge (then we felt we were heroes, doing as lesser nations do not); and the sober adult bath which comes by nature, unless it be sought for in a foreign inn.

The traveller sees many and strange baths. Confronted with a gallon of fresh water in a steamer bathroom, he remembers regretfully the cool stone tanks of the Antilles, square and deep, where an hour may be spent in comfort, and where there is room to stretch his legs; the water of the ship's bath flaps about to the roll of the ocean, and in port may exhale the perfumes of the East, many and varied. Off the mouth of the Orinoco it resembles dirty peasoup. When the ship is coaling there floats a scum of best Welsh to match the dimness of the closed port, through the grimy veil of which may be seen the occulted figures of the workers of Port Said toiling songfully up exiguous planks to fill the gaping bunkers.

It is always pleasing to see resource displayed. One day the traveller was puzzled to observe a bucket of water standing in the tropical sun behind his kitchen. It was his cook who had adopted this method of getting a hot bath and of saving firewood.

In the bow of a sampan a bronze figure may be seen baling up water in a pail and pouring it over himself. The captain of the vessel has the water poured over him by the cabin-boy (if sampans have cabin-boys), thus saving trouble to himself and increasing dignity. Some native races seem seldom to wash; but when the Koran has instructed them they are assiduous in ablution, often washing their clothes (such as they are) at the same time by the simple process of keeping them on, promenading afterwards in the sun till all is dry.

The camp-bath is not a success, though it may be a necessity; the wise man on *safari* will, if possible, bathe in natural water. To avoid crocodiles he will cause all his porters to bathe with him, encouraging them to sing and to splash.

Though this may seem little to scare a crocodile, yet it does scare him, just as a crocodile never touches the crowds of Taos who are pushing a stranded steamer over a mudbank on the Shire River, under the grave inspection of solemn raw-necked marabouts and snowy egrets. But if bathing has to be done alone, and in a tropical river, it must be in a staked enclosure, and the shore must be examined first to see that there is no stranded log which may afterwards come to life and join the bath. The Somalis on the Juba River first taught the traveller this. Years after, in the Straits of Singapore, it was very interesting to recognise the same knowledge utilised by the Malays in excluding the crocodile's cousin, the shark.

The canvas bath in camp is merely a means of getting wet; collapsible baths do collapse and slop over, resembling in this respect the india-rubber baths of the economical Swiss tourist, who empties his water-jug to get an inch of wash, thus avoiding scandalous tariffs. But a Neapolitan hotel tariff was once circumvented. All the bedrooms were full, and the latest arrival was given a couple of planks over a bath, the plug of which had judiciously been removed by the management. By an ingenious combination of soap and sponge, the plug-hole was stopped, and the latest arrival was the only person on his *étage* who bathed that night and next morning.

After tennis on the equator, when a man can hear himself sweat, a hot bath after a long drink is real heaven. The cook has a kerosene-oil tin—the universally useful by-product of some oil trust, what should we in the bush do without it?—in which he boils the water over a couple of bricks between which is the fire. The black cook always affects this mode of heating. Once an enterprising district officer brought out a cooking-range, at great expense, all the way from England to the middle of Africa, and presented it with pride to his cook; but a few days later he found that craftsman with two bricks (the fire between) on the top of the patent range. He gave it up.

The baths in the Farther East are Siamese or Chinese. Some parts of the East may be called

Greater Britain; but they are overrun by Greater China. These baths are great earthenware jars, from which water is drawn in a little tin bucket and poured, the water going off on a smooth cement floor; or a large bowl is used, porcelain-lined, fierce dragons adorning the outside, and the seal of the maker stamped on the rim in strange characters. In this a large man can easily sit up to the shoulders in water, meditating on the attainments of the thermometer.

Many stories of baths occur to the memory: the little black frog that swam bravely through the upheaval; the centipede on the sponge; the lizard that could swim, but didn't like it; the *la belle* firefly (surely the most wonderful beetle ever made) that lit up the water at night with soft green; the snakes that enjoy the coolness; and the grazing hartebeest that was shot from the bath placed in the tent-door early one morning.

Mud-baths and sulphur-baths do not (fortunately, so far) come within the knowledge of the writer. He knows only the natural bath, has looked at Roman baths, and has disliked the Turkish bath. Strange—is it not—that so many nations should delight in getting wet, and, having attained this delight, should at once seize a towel to get dry!

And now the traveller's desire is to go farther and to see more baths; to have the Norwegian quartermaster play the icy hose on to shining passengers, or at any rate to see him doing it; to enjoy the annual bath of the Arctic explorer; to stew in the superheated baths of Japan; respectfully to experience the expensive delights of the American bathing-chambers; and finally to return home again, where baths shall still seem to be what baths ought to be.

A WOODEN CROSS.

By ROBERT AUGUSTIN.

CHAPTER I.

LIEUTENANT OTTO SCHUGT had the honour to command the largest and most modern submarine of the whole Imperial Navy. He had just been promoted to this command, and was fully conscious of his privileges and responsibilities. This boat, according to the latest official ruse, had no allotted number; but, like the evasive road-hog, varied its number to escape detection.

There was a certain depression of demeanour about Otto as he made his way along the wharves at Cuxhaven toward the headquarters office of his flotilla. He was back safe, torpedoless, and almost without food and petrol, after his first trip in supreme command of a submarine. It was an occasion when most young men would be feeling proud and joyous; but not so Otto. He had an inmost foreboding that the interview at headquarters might not prove pleasant. The newest submarine had not been so frightful as the authorities had reason to hope.

'Lieutenant Schugt,' said the armed janitor of the office, 'this way. His Excellency's secretary gave orders that he would see you himself. I shall inform him that you have arrived.'

His Excellency's secretary was a naval captain, secretary to the admiral commanding the port. This man, Captain Stahl, had charge of the submarine flotilla based on Cuxhaven. It was he who gave the special secret instructions known only to the commanders; it was he who apportioned praise or blame; it was he who made the recommendations for the Iron Cross—a man of influence and power. Captain Stahl was notorious throughout the service for his severity and the rigid application of the letter of the

law; he had all the German love and respect for the absolute letter of the law. The secretary's private life had been embittered by difficulties with his wife, who was the only inferior in the whole of his world who dared to dispute his authority. In his early youth he had committed the imprudence of marrying a woman who had in her a strain of British blood, and this woman had left him on the declaration of war. Consequently the captain, who had always privately wished for The Day as an opportunity for increased domestic tyranny, felt balked of his prey; he gave vent to his spleen by the frightfulness of his submarines; he would have his toll of lives. All this was well known to the officers of the flotilla, so Otto faced the prospect of the interview without any joy.

Lieutenant Schugt rose and smartly saluted when Captain Stahl came into the room. The captain, without taking the slightest notice, sat down at the table and glanced over some documents in silence.

'Hand me your report, lieutenant,' he exclaimed abruptly.

The rigid Otto unbent slightly to give over a neatly written document, which was swiftly read by his superior.

'Too long,' commented the latter. 'The admiral does not wish to be burdened with details as to the weather. It appears that you have sunk only one ship and two trawlers. I see that when you left Cuxhaven a fortnight ago you had six torpedoes. How do you account for them all?'

'I used two for the ship,' replied Otto.

'Why two for the ship?' interrupted Captain Stahl.

'One of them failed to strike the ship; she dodged and tried to get away.'

'An insufficient explanation,' remarked the admiral's secretary. 'Go on.'

'One torpedo for each trawler. The two other torpedoes missed their objectives.'

'Highly unsatisfactory,' observed the captain. 'Your military knowledge should have made it clear to you that it shows negligence and waste to use torpedoes on trawlers. Your quick-firing gun would have sufficed to sink them.'

'They were large trawlers, sir,' imprudently interjected Otto.

'Silence!' thundered the formidable martinet. 'I have further questions. Did you jam the mechanism of the torpedoes, so that in the event of missing their mark they would become floating mines?'

'No, sir.'

'Why?'

'I forgot, sir.'

'Lieutenant Schugt,' resumed the captain in a bitter, calm voice, after a period of tense silence, 'you appear to me to regard your duties with intolerable laxity. However, I am prepared to allow you one more voyage in which you may redeem yourself. You must replenish stores immediately, and be ready to leave Cuxhaven in thirty-six hours from now. Report yourself to me for instructions to-morrow night before you start.'

Thirty-six hours is a short time in which to recover from the nerve-racking strain of avoiding British destroyers, especially after a first voyage in command of a submarine. In addition, there was no doubt that he was disliked by Captain Stahl, who made the recommendations for the Iron Cross, that coveted decoration with which both Otto's mother and Elsa, his fiancée, could plainly see him adorned. At the moment, he was the only submarine commander in the Imperial Navy without an Iron Cross. He grew hot with shame at the thought, and determined to increase in frightfulness. God punish England!

As Otto left the building he scowled at the petty officer at the door, just as an earnest of his newest frightfulness. The petty officer saluted an extra time by way of propitiation. Otto made his way back to the boat, gave the necessary orders with violence, and forbade any shore leave for the men, so they were deprived of the chance of seeing their families. Otto felt bitter, and sent off a telegram telling his mother and Elsa to come to Cuxhaven that evening. He began to realise that the interview with Captain Stahl had been a moral tonic; he was able now to act up to the best traditions of the Imperial Navy.

Otto strolled into the town to pass away the time in a café before the arrival of his mother and fiancée. He impressed the waitress with his Teutonic forcefulness when giving his orders for food and drink. Smoking a long, thin Dutch

cigar, of the once cheap variety, he settled himself down to examine the weekly papers, which he had not seen. Naturally he turned to the many pages of naval exploits, and more especially to those of the most efficient submarines in the world. He examined dates carefully to see what ship it was that he had sunk; even the lying British Press admitted that a boat had been sunk on that day. In the excitement of his first blood he had omitted to note the name of the destroyed vessel; luckily the redoubtable Stahl had forgotten to ask him. *Himmel!* it seemed that the ship was not English, but neutral American, carrying cotton. He did not mind—no one minded—for the Americans were admittedly pig-dogs; but he remembered that his instructions stated that his primary objective was British unarmed vessels. Those stray neutral ships, when sunk, caused much vexatious correspondence and extra work to high officials. The Emperor himself had once to be bothered about an incident, the sinking of a notorious armed merchantman called the *Lusitania*, merely because there were a few Americans on board. He did not care to be worried with such petty trivialities.

At the station Otto met his mother and Elsa, and drove with them to an hotel. With more tact than is common in mothers of German officers, Mrs Schugt left Otto and Elsa together to discuss plans in their private sitting-room. The subject was an old one.

'Let us get married secretly to-morrow,' pleaded Otto.

'You are so daring, Ottochen!' whispered Elsa, laying her fair golden-haired head on his shoulder. 'My lieutenant, my submarine commander! with what joy shall I pin the Iron Cross to your breast!'

This had always been an unfailing method of changing the subject, leading the talk to the deeds Otto was to accomplish. This evening, however, Otto did not respond, but pressed for an answer.

'Say you will, dearest Elsa.'

'But you have no official permission.'

'Secretly was what I said,' replied Otto. 'Not even my mother need know. I want you badly. This is war-time; irregularities are overlooked. Besides, one may die.'

Elsa, true to her nationality and sex, burst into tears, which were soon dried. 'Very well, darling,' she answered. 'I consent.'

'Good!' said Otto with business-like finality. 'Meet me to-morrow morning at eleven at the post-office by the dock gates. I shall make all arrangements. We shall not worry mother with the news; we can tell her that we have gone for a day in the woods. I shall hire a carriage for our honeymoon.'

'You are wonderful!' exclaimed the ecstatic Elsa.

Elsa was an orphan, befriended by Mrs Schugt, who was lonely as a widow, as her only child,

Otto, was at sea. Elsa had become a daughter of the house; it was inevitable that Otto, on leave, should begin to notice her. She was placid in disposition, admirably domesticated, and not nearly so buxom as she might have been. She sentimentally adored Otto, and would make him an adequate wife. The only obstacle was that she had no income; the bride of an officer is required by law to have a certain dowry. Otto, however, did not propose to ask permission to marry only to be refused. He needed Elsa's softness, for it was really only in her presence that he felt himself to be the ideal submarine commander, stern and ruthless. He would have liked to take her with him on his cruises.

The next morning Otto, like most men, even Germans, was nervous and irritable, because it was his wedding-day; the feeling is intensified if it be the day of a secret wedding. He was disposed to be sharp and short in settling the various questions that had arisen in connection with his craft.

'With the greatest deference, lieutenant,' said the senior petty officer, a faithful subordinate with many years of service, 'I wish to bring to your condescending notice the case of the seaman Kurt. His wife gave birth to a son, their first child, during our last voyage. He craves leave of absence for two hours to see them. He is a native of this town.'

'It cannot be permitted,' replied Otto, feeling a strong man.

'Very good, sir,' said the old sailor. 'I shall inform the man of your highly seaworthy decision.'

The words were not said in sarcasm; cast-iron system had touched the man's brain, and it was the only thing he understood.

Seaman Kurt took the refusal without flinching; he knew his duty to the Fatherland. True, it seemed hard; he had invariably given satisfaction in his duties as special lookout-man, he was the expert at identifying hostile warships, and such treatment would make a man of a race less virile than the German lose heart. Kurt observed his commanding officer leaving the boat and going off in the direction of the town.

Jauntily Otto set forth, and arrived only a quarter of an hour late for his appointment with Elsa. Seeing him spruce and brushed up for the ceremony, she felt herself to be truly fortunate to be the mate of such a man. In her dreams she saw him Admiral, say, of the Channel Squadron of the Imperial Fleet. They would have a charming house in the Isle of Wight, so beloved by the august Emperor. The Imperial Submarine Service alone led to advancement; the remainder of the Navy only did exercises and received wireless messages. Sometimes one of the ships was sunk.

Their day of bliss came to an end; it had

been a perfect spring day which brought with it an aftermath of melancholy. Otto's heart was heavy when he kissed Elsa farewell in time to arrive punctually for his instructions from Captain Stahl. Elsa, for the first time, had a non-national but world feeling: why was there war? Their enemies, they too, had women in their midst, women who had hearts that could be broken, even as herself. She brushed away these thoughts as unworthy of a German woman, the wife of the commander of the most powerful submarine in the world.

Captain Stahl was in his office when Otto arrived. He wasted no time. 'Lieutenant Schugt, in a further examination of your report I find that you have sunk a neutral ship, thus throwing extra work on our already overworked officials. Had I known this before I should have relieved you of your command; but I allow you this one chance, as I have given you my word, and a German cannot go back on his word.'

'Thank you, most gracious sir,' stammered Otto.

'As you leave Cuxhaven to-night,' continued the captain, 'I may as well give you some words of encouragement. I have it on the authority of the All-Highest that any submarine commander who sinks an enemy battleship will receive an Iron Cross of the first class. In your zone of operations this should be quite possible. Here are your instructions in cipher, to be opened just before you quit the shelter of our mine-field, and to be burned as soon as you have mastered the contents. Good-evening to you, lieutenant, and God punish England!'

'Amen,' said Otto reverently. He saluted with confidence, and withdrew to join his boat.

Written instructions are, as a rule, the easiest to carry out, but not so when couched in ambiguous language. There is a class of men in authority who constantly fear for their own skin, men who always leave themselves loopholes so that any blame may be thrown on others. Such a man was Captain Stahl.

The instructions were: 'Cruise in North British waters. Sink all hostile craft. Act toward neutrals in accordance with the best traditions of the Imperial Germanic Navy. Extend your zone of operations to the Scandinavian coast if necessary, but do not give undue offence. The Imperial High Seas Fleet is still operating in home waters. Kill and die, if need be, like a true German.'

The instructions were all right, but vague on points where diplomatic questions might be involved. Otto understood them to mean that the High Seas Fleet was remaining in the Kiel Canal; therefore all warships encountered would be hostile. The word 'operating' conveyed a slight doubt; still, he knew Stahl's reputation.

This time Otto was out for blood. On the

way across he attacked a small trawler with his quickfirer. The trawler, however, was very recalcitrant; the crew had the insolence to shoot at his lookout station with ancient firearms; they actually succeeded in cracking the glass of his periscope, which made the submarine myopic when under water. Furthermore, the trawler managed to escape under cover of the early morning fog. Otto sent off no wireless message about the affair.

For a whole week he lay about the east coast of Scotland without even being able to fire at so much as a rowing-boat. To his annoyance, the wireless operator picked up a message from Captain Stahl: 'Reported from Scotland that British know where you are. They joke about you, and call you Harmless Hermann. Proceed in a north-easterly direction, and be frightful.'

Otto was furious; he could never endure the frivolity of the enemy, who even joked about death. The message, anyway, seemed to indicate that he should move into Norwegian waters. He determined to sink anything and everything. He would satisfy Stahl at all costs.

In mid-sea—away from witnesses—on a warm May evening, he fired without warning a torpedo at a Swedish tramp steamer. The first one missed, but the second sank her in seven minutes. Though Otto knew her to be neutral, he was past caring; she was steaming within a hundred miles of the British Isles, and must take the consequences. 'Sank armed merchantman' was the laconic wireless message to headquarters at Cuxhaven.

Early the next morning two more torpedoes were used to sink a passenger-ship which was flying no flag. The ship happened to be in Norwegian territorial waters, but so much the worse for her. The sight of drowning women and children did not unduly affect Otto, as he had been well and carefully trained; he had been on board, under instruction, the submarine which had so neatly despatched the *Lusitania* to the bottom. To send a suitable wireless message about this affair was a more delicate matter. However, he knew the dangerous nature of the Norwegian coast, and gambled on the probability that the few who did manage to get into the ship's boats would be drowned. Accordingly the following report was sent in cipher, which of course the operator could not understand: 'Observed British light cruiser at' — (he indicated a spot within four miles of the coast of Norway). 'Saw cruiser sink neutral passenger-ship. Regret failed to sink cruiser.' Otto felt the last sentence to be a touch of the true Teutonic humility.

'Excellent!' came back as answer from an unknown source. Otto could not make it out exactly, but was gratified. His mind was more at ease, and his thoughts turned again to the Iron Cross, and even to Elsa. He still had two torpedoes; he might yet sink a British battle-

ship, at dusk or even at night. The cruise up to date had been quite a success; there only remained to be added a crowning achievement.

An evening mist enveloped the waters, obscuring the light of the setting sun, and by blurring outlines made everything more mysterious. Several times Otto made certain that he could see ships of the line, which proved only to be phantoms, but in the end Fortune gave him his opportunity. Without doubt a battleship, a Super-Dreadnought, was steaming at some twenty knots with sublime impudence through neutral territorial waters. 'Curse their British hypocrisy!' thought Otto. 'My God, they shall pay for it! No longer shall they call me Harmless Hermann.' He had but to wait stealthily under the waves, for the monster vessel had no escort of destroyers; with luck it would be easy to hit her. Although the periscope was cracked, it was serviceable enough; the lookout expert, Seaman Kurt, had looked through the instrument at the approaching ship, and had expressed an opinion that all was well. So they waited.

(Continued on page 681.)

THE FISHERMEN'S CHURCH.

So old and gray, the tiny church above the ocean
stands,
A flight of steps, a shingle reach, between it and
the sands,
And the berried buckthorn bushes from the wind-
swept higher lands.

Those sturdy arches, low and wide, nine hundred
years and more
Upheld this church of fisherfolk above the shelving
shore;
And the moaning of a turning tide comes through
the open door.

The sea-pinks and the poppies grow on many a
grassy grave,
The seagulls fold their snowy wings upon the
crested wave,
And swallows flying in and out skim up the quiet
nave.

Here down the ages mothers came to bring their
babes to God,
And many a trusting man and maid that dim-lit
chancel trod,
Those humble ancestors who sleep beneath the
spray-dashed sod.

The incense of unnumbered prayers from folk of
lowly lot,
The lives of nigh a thousand years, unknown and
long forgot—
They sanctify the very stones, and fill the holy
spot.

A woman rests within the porch, her baby on her
knee;
A fishing-boat, with man and boy, is sailing in
from sea;
The peace of God is everywhere. God give that
peace to me!

W. M. E. FOWLER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

THE new problems of economy and thrift with which we are engaged become increasingly difficult of proper comprehension. The path of duty is indistinctly marked. Conscience has not sure conviction for its assistance. Public advisers hesitate and revise their directions, as it is perceived that such as have been put forth lead to negations and absurdities. Never were the intricacies of political economy so tantalising. Actions in effort and expenditure provoke reactions, and effects unsuspected expand from a little, something done, like the rings enlarging round the place where a stone was thrown into a pool, yet not so evenly, but by devious ways of in and out. The wise men of Whitehall begin to have their doubts. Amid the speculations on the future simplicities some memories arise. We gather that there are some hundreds of thousands of fearing people who are perplexed about the place of their future living, doubting whether they can afford to live any longer in London or the other great towns, provided always that work or other considerations do not necessitate their doing so. It is an accepted principle that life is more expensive in towns than elsewhere in the country; new necessities are made, temptations toward expenditure which is not necessarily extravagance are held out every hour. The general cost of things is more. In the country, where there is sunshine and green fields and health—and a wearing monotony to those who are not friends with Nature and do not know her—there is opportunity for fine economy. No ‘appearances’ need to be sustained; the clothes of yesteryear will do even for Sundays still. It is not like that in town. Yet London is the most marvellously adaptable place in the world. Her possibilities for variety are inexhaustible. Since the war began she has added many great works to her gallery of contrasts; and if it is true that to those who have conventions and systems forced upon them by friends, and various obligations made upon them, the capital is an expensive place in which to live, it is also true that it may be quite the cheapest, and that with a fine appearance put upon things continually. For all that has been written and pictured of the odd ways of life in town, the world knows nothing,

I am sure, of the best achievements in the city of contrasts, and the possibilities are being well explored at the present time. Nowhere is it so easy and so agreeable to live the life of absolute simplicity, and yet make a fine show upon it, as here. Did a fine gentleman walk bareheaded and barefooted, yet otherwise well attired, through the lanes of Devonshire or over the Grampian Hills, the folk of the countryside and the mountain dwellers would be amazed, and perhaps the police would interfere. But, though it is not a custom to do such things, one might perhaps walk in such a way down Piccadilly with no great embarrassment or inconvenience. And now one who, in many years and with much change of circumstance, has exploited many different ways of existence in London recalls a period when common cause was made with a class of people whom we may call the Solitarians. London is the world to them, and with no possessions save healthy bodies, strong hearts, good spirits for adventure, and a fine regard for the simplicities, they come to exploit it. It is a way of life, honest and real, that is excellent for a man alone, earnest and determined, or one with a sympathetic companion, but not a thing for members of families and those who respect systems and conventions. Here one may start in life as a Robinson Crusoe of the town, and make a success of it as well as that lonely hero did. In the very heart of this throbbing city the exquisite delights of perfect solitude may be enjoyed. They are gathered by thousands, and, with a certain instinct for their own conveniences, they live in proximity to each other. These are the room-dwellers, isolated, adventurous, and yet generally most respectable and conscientious people, who feel that four walls may make a home, and that the joys of simplicity are great. In the locality of Bloomsbury there are hundreds of the old Georgian houses, fronted on the universal model of the basement with railings and the tradesmen's gate, the two steps to the plain door with the semicircular fanlight, the iron balcony railings before the long first-floor windows—whence, in the old days of more romantic and cleaner wars than this, maids would tip kisses to the passing lines of soldiers—the three smaller windows for the floor above, and smaller ones again for the topmost storey, all the

panes of glass of equal size and small, and perfect uniformity maintained along what may be half a mile of straightest street. These houses in various quarters are not held by only one or two occupiers, or by proprietors of boarding establishments, but are let out by the landlords by room and room unfurnished at a very few shillings a week for each. Crusoe comes and sees, agrees to take an empty room, is given a rent-book and the key, and enters then into full joy of possession—the most lonely possession. He has a home in London, and is beholden for regulation of manners and conduct to no person in the town. None has a right to address him; he need answer none. Nobody knows him. He is one of fifty thousand Bloomsbury mysteries.

* * *

In each of these houses there may be eight or ten of them, each with separate room, all unknown to each other. They have but a thin common interest in a caretaker in the basement—who will in emergency perform some little service for them at a modest price—and in a water-tap in the garden, and some such-like conveniences. With that accommodating law of the world and life by which supply comes with every reasonable demand, London has made a little market street for these room-dwellers who take possession of four walls only, a floor scrubbed by the caretaker, and a cracked ceiling to complete the enclosure. Perhaps until the situation mends the master of this home may find it convenient to sleep on an overcoat. More probably, however, he has some shillings, perhaps a pound or two, to spend, and with such money he then goes into the special street of shops belonging to the quarter. Here in Bloomsbury it is Marchmont Street, right in the middle of the part, within a few yards of a fine hotel, near to where in the old days, when this was a centre of higher life and even fashion, statesmen, painters, poets, and all upon whom London and the world looked most kindly lived, and within but a little distance of the great throbbing thoroughfares of Holborn and Oxford Street. So near to fine display and to the open life of London is the market street of the Solitarians, which is unique. There is another which has some of its qualities and rarities, but is not so comprehensive, and is meant for a slightly different class, and that is Strutton Ground, in Westminster, only a few hundred yards from the Abbey. Marchmont Street is alone in its utter wonder. It is not a long street, and none could be less imposing, being composed mainly of shops with small and often mean frontages, in which are sold all things that are strictly necessary to the making of reasonable comfort within these four walls of solitude and the maintenance of life by the occupier, and few things that are not so necessary. All things here as nowhere else are sold at the smallest margin of profit, and with the

tradesman's honest and sympathetic desire to be of assistance. He knows the new Solitarian, shy, hesitating, doubtful, but yet with an abounding hope secret within him. The dealer in second-hand furniture sells him a folding bedstead and a table with no other than the essential qualifications of a flat top and four firm legs, and then directs him to another modest warehouse where he may procure something for the floor, a basin for washing, some modest pots and pans, and a few other articles of which the new Crusoe had hardly heard in the easy days of the paternal home. These simple goods, so willing to serve, seem to transform the space within those four walls into a delight of comfort and convenience. The oil and colourman's! Only the Solitarian knows his magnificent functions, his wide outlook upon life, his amazing comprehension of the diversity of nature and circumstance, and of the varying necessities of cases. Oil and colour, indeed, have little to do with his occupation. His business is to supply nearly all things that do not come within the more specialised departments of the other small stores in Marchmont Street. Long bamboo poles, tied in a big bundle, are generally reared by his door. They are a sign of the business, as the coloured pole slanting above the doorway tells of a barber within, and the three shining balls indicate the *mont de piété*. And this reminds me, as a good and healthy token, that I have seen no *mont de piété* in Marchmont Street. Until you become a Solitarian, with four walls of your very and exclusive own, you do not realise the virtues of bamboo poles. Curtains will hang upon them; they will stretch from wall to wall and make the skeleton of divisions; and they have many uses besides. Screws and nails, hooks and eyes, a thousand little things from Birmingham and elsewhere, all kinds of fastenings and fittings and means for conveniences specially selected for these four-walled homes of the Solitarian, all to be adapted and fixed by the master, are here. The drapers, with cloths and tapes, will do nearly all the rest; and as young Crusoe goes from store to store, wonderment increasing, it does seem that here—with everything conceivable for his needs and new surprises in conveniences at a few pennies each being shocked upon him by every merchant—veritably the resources of the British Empire are stacked for his advantage, that Marchmont Street has gathered the riches of the Indies for these poor beggars in Bloomsbury. So soon the home is made complete.

* * *

In this street of wonder there is a good show of excellent dairies. Food values were finely understood long before the war by the Solitarians here. Milk and eggs and good butter, with bread and fruit, are no better in Belgravia than in this market street of the lonely dwellers who eat to live, and rarely by way of mere pleasure; though the man of twenty-five may discover for

the first time in his life the joy of eating that which his own hands have partly prepared. With his spirit-stove and his pans for boiling and frying, he is tempted to vast experiments. He has been known to venture upon a sixpenny cookery-book. Fine have been the results, glorious the relish that was stimulated; and so have the mysteries of the kitchen been dissolved, the pretence of the housewives of almost sacred rites that only women might dare upon has been destroyed, and in essential features this Solitarian has acquired some of the methods of life of the lonely backwoodsman. The theory of the indispensableness of women is indeed injured hourly in this land; though women, thinking and working, live here too—good and conscientious women. A little butcher's meat may be bought, but it is not in great demand. It is troublesome, expensive, and messy. The grocers have the most comprehensive stocks of all tinned things, from soups to sweets. The smallest quantities of all necessities may be purchased. Here, in the happiness of completion and in the contentment of solitude, a lord of all he sees about him might sing that a little tea, some milk and fruit, a pot of jam, and an egg or two were all that man demanded. With candles, a little ink and paper, and a pen industry may begin, and on it may go until, after a lonely prow for air and exercise through the shining streets of night, the young settler makes his bed and sleeps on it. There are two other kinds of shops in Marchmont Street to which special attention should be called, and they must be explained lest they be misunderstood. There are several laundry establishments, more than would appear to be the proper proportion of such to other shops and the population. In the same way there seem to be more establishments for the pressing and repairing of men's clothes than there need be. Not vanity has called them here; but these earnest Solitarians, living the simplest lives, fending for themselves, yet have a dignity and a pride; they like to go out to London looking fit and suitable for it, able to hold up their heads with a consciousness and look of worth as they walk into the rich Square Mile or saunter by the stone Achilles in the Park. More than that, they have been taught the value of appearances in London, where they count for more than anywhere else. The simplicities of solitude are for themselves alone; no mark of them must remain on the man who walks abroad to wrest from London something he needs from it.

* * *

The transformations! Here are contrasts in life for you, such differences as the great hotels and the river Embankment can hardly show. Each house of rooms and homes contains in this way many mysteries. To one who in young and adventurous days lived for a season in such a room that was hardly more than twelve feet square, and yet seemed a commodious and well-

appointed residence, the other denizens remained much of a mystery despite the workings of curiosity. A man who undoubtedly belonged to a successful City business was lord of the only other room on the same floor. He suffered from heavy sorrows. An actress who played good parts was in the house. Sometime in the day a strange and weary-looking man of middle age, very unkempt of appearance and generally disordered, might occasionally be seen to wander down the stairs, and, having but a tattered dressing-gown over his sleeping-suit, would mutter a half-excuse as, with face averted, he hurried by any one who by unhappy chance he encountered in this way as he went shivering to the garden-tap to fill a can with water. 'Poor wretch!' the novice in solitude might sigh; but at seven o'clock his stupidity would be exposed to him if he waited in the shadows near the bottom of the staircase. Then he would see something new of the romance and mystery of life in town. It might be November, a cold, chilly evening, with opal mists and a glow among them that—in peace-time—makes an invitation out. There are footsteps on the stairs, and the treading is regular, decisive, firm, with the whisper of a creak from patent leather. From the turning on the second floor, as the sounds come nearing on, there is a lordly cough, which is less a cough than the guffaw of dignity. Scent of Corona or excellent Upmann tobacco streams with this dignity down the stairs; and now, as you crouch in the shadows wondering, you see descending a fine gentleman with a great majesty of appearance and deportment. He has a black frogged coat, which carries a collar of Astrakhan and a lining of brown fur; the ends of trousers that show below it are in perfect press and crease; the silk hat is newly ironed, and is immaculate; the deep white collar, with the big black bow, and the white shirt-front holding a diamond which is small enough to be in good taste, are what they should be. A keen gleam is in the eye; a black moustache extends to fine points; the set of the features bears strength and decision. Oh, but this fine man has a manner about him! He must surely be a Count. 'Can Park Lane produce anything finer?' the enraptured novice in solitude asks, as he hears the great gentleman call for a taxi-carriage, in which he is sped away into romance and mystery.

* * *

In the room above there is company hardly less sympathetic for being unseen and all unknown. Here is the veritable romance of solitude and simplicity. According to builder's rule, this upper chamber, like the one below it, is twelve feet square. Novice, after adventures in Marchmont Street, had imagined that in the precious patch of London that was all his own wonders of arrangement and economy had been accomplished as never before; but

pride was shattered and a deep humility fell upon him when the truth of the higher room was gradually revealed. Here a young man with a fine face and bright, keen eyes lived and cultivated his sweet mistress, Solitude, as never more earnestly had she been. He loved her. In no other company was he contented. Through her and with the little simplicities he gathered riches from existence. He worked through the day in an office in the City—in Cannon Street, I think it was. As soon as the desk released him he hurried home to his room of twelve by twelve, and made a meal for himself. Then there was a cleaning up and a silence, as he gave himself to the 'king's treasures,' his books. And later in the evening, lo! a piano was always heard in this upper room. There might be a lively introduction to some old ballad or a lusty love-song, and then such a bursting forth of human melody! Singing, full-throated and not so much with enthusiasm as because it seemed to be a matter of life and nature with the singer, was this, and of its kind it was unmatched. For the much that was lacking in the qualities of the voice and in its management, the life that to the melody was given, and all the happiness that seemed to spring from it, were ample recompense. On and on he sang from song to song, until the night advanced, and then there was a shuffling on the floor, a moving of things, and, last, a silence unbroken until the morning came again. Twelve feet square, and home with a piano! There is another mystery here, and greater than you suspect. One day an inquisitive person peered into this musical home, and gained an information. It was not the piano only that made the wonder. There were a bed, a table, a chest of drawers, a dressing-table, a washstand, and various other conveniences. There seemed to be everything that man in completeness could desire, and there was still space enough for any little treasure of furniture that might have been discovered in Oxford Street. Some things folded upon occasion, some seemed to disappear and be replaced by others, yet they were always the same. It was an increasing mystery, and the singer in solitude was not unsuspected of some wizardry like the possession of a product from alchemy such as might accomplish universal transmutation, change a table to a flowering

plant, and a bed into a bookshelf, and back again when wanted. The singer kept his secrets. Here in this wonderland of Bloomsbury there is now the perfection of simplicity, of economy, and of thrift.

* * *

I have been thinking of Jack Senhouse, the high-bred, fine-thinking, gipsy-like gentleman whom Mr Hewlett thought of, who went wandering with his cart and his bed over the countryside in such mere simplicity as was barely tolerated by his wondering friends, breaking away from all standardised and ordered life, and living all the more. 'London,' he once said, 'is the most romantic place in the world. I don't know anything like it for stimulating the sense. Think of those miles of shut doors, blank windows! Think of what may be behind any one of them—what prayers, what watching for a sign, what love, what speechless misery, what beginnings, what endings.' Yet, country for him. Do you remember how he explained his view of salvation in this world? He said it is 'the power of using every faculty we have to the full—every available muscle to the highest tension, every ounce of brain to the last drop, every emotion to the piercing and swooning point, every sense to an acuteness so subtle that you are able to feel the hairs on a moth's underwing, separate the tones on a starling's neck, smell like a hare the very breath of the corn, see like a seabird, hear like a stag.' This *Open Country*, now done as a sevenpenny, is a good book to read for war-time thought and cheerment. Mr Hewlett's romance is an invariably stimulant. Jack Senhouse wanted 'the sky if he was to see God!' and he roamed over the country hills and through the lanes with his independence and his philosophy and fine senses, but his solitude and simplicity were splendid things. It is different, but yet there is something like it in the solitude and the keen life that comes with it as practised by the lonely men of London. They are freed from many of the mean trappings of convention, and they sharpen their senses. And there it is. I know that the simple life of true thrift, and good work, and fine adventure can be tried as well in the heart of London as in the rare wilds of Western Canada. There are little differences, but principles are much the same.

BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF late it has truly been a time of startling events with me. One surprise has followed hard on the heels of another, and possibilities new to my horizon are looming before me, bidding fair to alter—and may I trust perfect?—

my whole line of life. And yet I am not unduly excited or exercised in mind. I wonder is this because my drama is being acted on staging of God's own making, and amidst scenery painted by His own hand? I know how strongly we are

all influenced by environment. A thunderstorm over the busy city, raging around crowded haunts and lighting up with its pointed fire all of man's handiwork, is to me appalling and menacing; in the country, among the echoing hills and sombre woods, it is grand and inspiring. When I think of it, it is not unlikely that a closer acquaintance with Nature and an insight into the marvellous laws which govern her have brought to me a keener sense of the true proportion of things. The pulsing sap in a February sprig of hawthorn is wonderful and mysterious, more wonderful far than Joe's acquaintance with Toledo or my meeting Désirée Stuart in Nithbank Wood.

Accompanied by Bang and Jip, I walked out to the station yesterday to meet Murray Monteith, and when I saw him step from the train to the platform I felt what Betty calls 'a ruggin'' at my heart, for very emphatically he appeared as a link binding me to a life which I know I must soon re-enter, and which I have lately ignored and well-nigh forgotten.

Monteith is one of the aristocrats of our profession, a gentleman by breeding and nature from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. Quiet, reserved, well knit and well groomed, he fills the eye and takes the heart wherever he goes, and as I shook hands with him I felt a secret pride in the knowledge that he is my partner.

I welcomed him warmly to the strath of his forefathers, and assured him that if his knife and fork happened to be reversed at dinner, or if any one offered a left-hand shake, he must just count it an accident, as we had long ago ceased to remember the disreputable part his namesake played in pre-Bannockburn days.

We had a twelve o'clock dinner: broth—not the kind everybody or anybody makes, but Betty's broth—boiled beef, with potatoes in their skins, followed by a jam-roll, of which Monteith had two liberal helpings. I told him that long ago it was usual to finish up a dinner with another plateful of broth, and he assured me that had he not partaken of the jam-roll he would gladly have revived the custom. I didn't forget to tell Betty of the appreciation, and I know it pleased her, for when we drew in our chairs for a smoke I heard her voice from the back-kitchen raised, as timmer as of old, in the lilting strains of 'The Farmer's Boy.'

Then through tobacco-reek we talked business—at least Monteith did, and I listened. He had much to tell me, and he talks well. After disposing of some private matters, we broached the all-important object of our visit to Mrs Stuart, and it was only when we came to the unpleasant part of Miss Stuart's affairs that I told him of my wonderful discovery and the astonishing part that Joe had played in it.

Dressed in his Sunday best, Joe was awaiting

his call in the kitchen, and on being brought in he was closely questioned by Monteith. Not only did Joe confirm all he had told me before, but he added to our knowledge by giving us the exact date of the baptism of the Major's baby. It synchronised with the date of a black day in Joe's life, when a girl died of whom he was very fond. When I was thinking sentimentally of his tragedy, and making allowances for much remissness that Betty deplores, Monteith, with arched eyebrow, was staring at him through a monocle, thanking Providence for having so opportunely sent him our way, and counting him a means to a successful end.

Long after Joe had left the room, Murray Monteith sat lost in thought. Monteith cannot leave a fire alone when he is thinking anything out. His room in our premises in Charlotte Square adjoins mine, and if I hear through the wall a vigorous poking and smashing going on I know he is tackling a ticklish problem. Yesterday, in five minutes, he 'bashed' Betty's fire out of recognition; and when for the tenth time he had lifted and dropped the poker, he turned to me suddenly and said, 'By Jove, Russell, this will be a bitter pill for our friends Smart & Scobie!' I told him I didn't care a rap for that; what gratified me beyond measure was the fact that a sweet, sensitive girl had been spared humiliation, and that instead of being a nameless lassie, she was Miss Stuart of Abereran.

I spoke very feelingly, and Monteith wasn't slow to notice it. He focussed me slowly through his monocle. 'I share that sentiment with you, Russell,' he said. 'I am not unmindful of her, though I give voice to my feeling of exultation in scoring a point. I trust Miss Stuart has no inkling of what has been standing in our way to prevent a settlement in her affairs. You—you haven't met her yet?'

'Oh yes; we are a small community here, and I have spoken to her once or twice.'

'Then you've been visiting at Nithbank House?'

'Not since I went under my mother's care twenty years ago, when the Ewarts lived there.'

'Oh;' and again he fixed me through his monocle. But he saw I was disinclined to go into details, and his good breeding made further questioning impossible. 'Well,' he said, after a pause, 'Mrs Stuart will be delighted to know all this. Her stepson, Maurice Stuart, has been at the root of all this trouble. I understand he wanted to marry Miss Stuart; but she would have nothing to do with him, and in retaliation he has done his level best to turn the mystery of his uncle's marriage to his own account. He it was who instructed Smart & Scobie. He's an awful waster, I believe, and his stepmother long ago cut him adrift.'

This was news to me, but I feigned indifference, and as adroitly as I possibly could turned the subject of our conversation to Joe and the

part he had yet to play. 'I think, Monteith,' I said, 'we ought to take him with us to-day to Nithbank House. Mrs Stuart will be interested in him, and wishful, no doubt, to see and talk with him.'

'Oh, certainly,' said Monteith, as he snipped the end off another cigar; 'and if he's still about, you had better call him at once. The carriage is at the door, I see.'

Mrs Stuart had very kindly sent her brougham for us; and so it came to pass that when we left the door Joe was sitting on the dicky beside the coachman, arms folded and eyes front, conscious, however, I felt sure, that Nathan's Betty was approvingly watching him from behind the dining-room curtains.

We were received very graciously by Mrs Stuart in the library. I introduced Monteith to her, and she at once apologised for having put him to the trouble and inconvenience of travelling so far. Then she inquired in a very kindly way after my health, and told me that when first her niece had informed her of my residence in the village she felt annoyed that the firm had not advised her; but that, after all, it was perhaps wisely kept from her, as she would only have worried me about business and made herself a nuisance.

I laughingly said something in reply about doctors being autocrats, and thanked her for her inquiries and consideration, and, to my great relief, the subject was gradually and agreeably changed to something else.

The Hon. Mrs Stuart is tall and angular, and she dresses in stern black, as becometh a sorrowing widow. She has, for a woman, a very square, assertive chin and a somewhat determined mouth; but the effect of the hard, firm chiselling of the lower part of the face is discounted by the kindly expression of her mellow, blue-gray eyes. Her hair is streaked with gray, and she has arrived at that time of life when, for preference, she sits and talks to visitors with her back to the light.

As Monteith had surmised, the important business she had referred to in her letter had to do with Miss Stuart's affairs, and as this was causing her great anxiety we went into the matter at once.

She explained to us, as she had done privately to me before, that she really didn't know, or, rather, that she had never had opportunities of knowing, her late brother-in-law, General Stuart. 'He was queer,' she said, 'very queer; lived in a bleak part of Cornwall most of his time, preferring it to Abereran in Perthshire; for years kept his marriage a secret, and made no mention of a daughter; and then, when we were looking forward with reasonable certainty to some day seeing Maurice laird of Abereran, a handsome girl of eighteen, an undoubted Stuart, was brought home from a Continental school, and, as his daughter, Désirée Stuart, installed mistress of his house. Personally, I had not a doubt of Miss Stuart's status or right of birth; but Maurice—well'—and she shrugged her shoulders and looked thoughtfully away down the avenue.

I asked my partner to tell her what we had learned from Joe, and he did so in that easy, off-hand, taken-for-granted style which we men of law sometimes affect, and which is intended to impress our clients with our astuteness and perspicacity. At first Mrs Stuart looked indifferent; but as the story was unfolded, and Joe's part established, she sat forward in her chair in utter amazement. 'Remarkable! remarkable!' she exclaimed. 'I never heard of such a wonderful coincidence.'

After we had discussed it in all its bearings, and settled on a definite plan of action, Joe was brought in. As my presence and advice were no longer necessary, I asked that I might be permitted to see Miss Stuart with reference to her Banku shares, and to this Mrs Stuart readily agreed. When we were passing through the hall to the drawing-room she asked if it was my intention to acquaint her niece with the news we had learned. I replied that as Miss Stuart had not been made aware of the nature of the difficulty which had so long confronted us, it wouldn't be advisable to tell her all we knew; but, with her permission, I would take the opportunity of informing her that certain knowledge we had acquired lately was likely to hasten a settlement. She agreed with me in this, and it was with a beating heart I entered the drawing-room.

(Continued on page 695.)

B A G H D A D.

By J. NIVEN.

TO most people Baghdad is but a name recalling vague memories of childhood, and of hours spent in poring over the tales of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, of Bluebeard and his murdered wives, of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. It presents to the mind no image of an actual geographical town, with actual inhabitants who work and travel and trade as do the

inhabitants of cities which are better known, but have less romantic associations.

Baghdad is built on the two banks of the Tigris, about four hundred miles north of Basreh, and lies in the fertile plain of Mesopotamia. All around it are landmarks and ruins of ancient civilisations which are of interest to the archaeologist. A day's caravan journey over the desert

brings the traveller to the ruins of Babylon, of Nineveh, of the Tower of Babel.

In the days of the Calipha Baghdad was at the height of its prosperity; but since 1638 it has been under Turkish rule, and has lost much of its former trade and activity. However, even yet it is a prosperous and wealthy town, and a busy forwarding centre. Goods brought from Europe and India are carried by steamer from Basreh, and then forwarded upriver by *dhows* to Mossul and the smaller towns lying on the upper reaches of the Tigris; long caravans of mules and camels bring to it the rich silks and embroideries of Damascus, and these are again sent on to the various towns of Persia; while from Persia itself shawls, carpets, dried fruits, drugs, and dye-stuffs are carried over the desert to its bazaars. It is of some political importance to us, being the key of the desert route to Damascus and the cities of Asia Minor, and the entrance to the waterway leading to Mossul and the hills and plateaux of Armenia. But for the ordinary traveller its chief interest lies in itself; for in it we find an unchanged, untouched picture of the East of ancient days; manners and customs have been passed over by the moving finger of time, and remain as they were thousands of years ago. The fields are still irrigated in the most primitive fashion (the water being drawn from the river by means of water-wheels which are turned by a team of mules or horses), the patient ox still 'treadeth out the corn,' we still see the women sitting at the house door grinding the wheat between 'the upper and the nether millstone,' the shepherd still 'leads' his flock 'in green pastures,' the servant still removes his shoes before entering the presence of his master, the master still eats from the same dish with his whole household, the traveller still comes down the upper reaches of the turbulent Tigris on a raft of inflated goat-skins, and the passenger is conveyed ashore from the steamer in a coracle built to the same pattern as those used in the days of Moses. We find everywhere scenes to remind us of the pictures in the illustrated Bibles which used to delight us in our childhood's days: the Arabs (with floating headgear) who ride past on graceful ponies, the Jews in long caftans and with patriarchal beards, the goatherd in cotton dress surrounded by his flock, the money-changers plying their trade in the streets, the donkeys with dark-browed Eastern riders seated sideways on their backs, the camels with their swaying gait pacing slowly over the sands, the conical brick-kilns rising up like toy hills on the yellow-brown soil of the desert—they are all there before us, part of the everyday life of the modern Baghdad, as they were of the ancient city when the Caliph Haroun al Raschid used to visit his people in disguise.

The traveller who has just arrived from Basreh misses the soft, fertile beauty of canals and date-gardens; but he finds a quaint charm in the old-

world city, with its suggestions of mystery, of wonder, and of romance. He has exchanged the soft wash of the river, the hum of insects, the croaking of frogs, the singing of birds for the myriad noises of a town, the raucous cries of the water-sellers, the clatter of vehicles driven at headlong speed, the pattering trot of innumerable water-donkeys, the echo of sandalled feet on the unpaved streets. To arrive as the sun is setting is to see Baghdad glorified, irradiated. 'Towers, domes, and pinnacles' stand clearly outlined against a background of pale translucent blue; far away on the horizon glows a deep flush of crimson light which bathes houses and minarets, palm-groves and orange-gardens, in a sea of fiery splendour; the river becomes a stream of liquid fire, a highway of romance, running between old faerie palaces whose cold, gray, expressionless walls seem to enclose a world of unknown mysteries.

Most of the important public buildings are on the river-front and on the left bank of the river. Approaching the town from the southern end we first reach the British Residency, an imposing erection which some nine years ago replaced a somewhat ramshackle but more picturesque building. It stands in a large compound, and a short distance off are the public offices and the houses of the sepoy guard. In the compound itself stands the doctor's house, a very pretty red-roofed bungalow, with wooden verandas, and bright-coloured creepers trailing over the graceful pillars. Farther upriver are the military barracks, the military and civil hospitals, the custom-houses and stores. The Russian and American Consulates, half-hidden in gardens of orange-trees and palms, look down at us from the river-bank. Higher up a bridge of boats connects the two parts of the town, and is the link between the modern Baghdad and the ancient city, which seems to transport us to the time of the *Thousand and One Nights*. The houses rise sheer out of the water, and the waves break with a low, continuous murmur against their bare, expressionless walls; there is scarcely a window to vary the monotony of the rough, colourless brickwork. The spirit of the past seems to enfold them, and to bring vividly to the mind old Eastern tales of faithless wives and jealous lovers; and we seem to hear again the despairing shriek of the drowning Fatima, flung forth to perish in the waters of the rushing stream.

Leaving the river and turning inland, we come upon a town of narrow lanes, of high houses with overhanging balconies, of dusty, unpaved streets, of countless mosques and minarets. Most of the houses look bare and ugly, as it is really the backs which are turned toward the street, while the gardens and courtyards are shut in by high walls and jealously guarded by great wooden doors. But if we go through one of these doorways, and the

house belongs to one of the wealthier natives, we shut out a world of dust, of noise, and of glaring heat, and enter a fairyland of cool, green silences and quiet shade. Balconies and doorways are made of wood delicately carved in the old Persian style; tall palm-trees raise their gray-green fronds to a heaven of deepest blue, flowering creepers cling to the veranda-pillars, and flowers in pots bloom and quiver in the golden air. The living-rooms open on to an inner courtyard, and it is in this jealously guarded privacy that the women of the household breathe the air, for they seldom go out into the streets, and then only when muffled to the eyes in cloaks and veils, and generally in closed carriages with closely drawn blinds. The rooms seem to us bare and comfortless. There is no fireplace, and four or five high windows rise from floor to ceiling on at least two sides; and, as the woodwork shrinks during the heat, wide gaping seams let in the hot air in summer and the cold winds in winter. The floors are covered with a coarse straw matting, the walls are rough and unfinished, but the ceilings are often inlaid with a mosaic of coloured glass. High mirrors or priceless Persian rugs cover the bareness of the walls, and costly carpets are laid on the floor. A divan or two at one end of the room, and a few inlaid tables, complete the furniture. Cushions and pillows are hard and uncomfortable, for a soft stuffing of down is unbearably hot when the thermometer stands at one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit in the shade.

The houses are flat-roofed, and a very steep staircase with steps of varying height leads to the housetop. Each roof is surrounded by a high wall to secure it from prying eyes on the neighbouring dwellings. Here the family have their evening meal, and here they sleep during the hot months of the year. This roof-life has a charm peculiarly its own. As the sun goes down, and the walls begin to give off the heat which they have been absorbing all day, the upper rooms become intensely hot, and everybody is glad to leave the darkness of the *sirdabs*, or underground rooms, where the hottest hours of the afternoon have been spent, and to climb to the open spaces above. The heat is still oppressive, the thermometer registering a shade temperature of one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and there is no prospect of any greater coolness even at midnight; but there is a feeling of liberty and light after the imprisonment in the darkened cellar below.

As the sun sinks below the horizon the burning blue of the sky pales into a soft pearly gray, except at the rim, where flames of tawny gold and burning orange melt slowly into pale primrose-yellow. A silence falls upon the town. A thousand fires are kindled for the evening meal, and slow spirals of pale smoke rise into the silent air; herds of goats and sheep follow their shepherds to the river's edge, and as they

go there is a pattering as of falling rain; the tinkle of mule-bells comes in softened cadence in the evening air, as the incoming caravans reach their resting-place for the night; and the call to prayer sounds clear and compelling from every minaret and tower. As the short twilight dies away the stars appear, and shed a silver light over tower and turret, over palm-gardens and orange-groves, and over the rushing waters of the river. Should there be a moon, the scene becomes one of almost unbelievable beauty. Every frond of the trees is silhouetted against the blue background of the sky, towers and minarets stand out in delicately pencilled beauty in the clear purity of the night, the carved prows of the passing *dhows* rise high out of the silvery waters, and far beyond the close-huddled houses stretches the long yellow plain of the desert.

There are over one hundred mosques in Baghdad. Most of them have domes and minarets inlaid with white and coloured glazed tiles which gleam in the bright sunlight, and in two or three of the older ones are to be found remains of cuneiform inscriptions and delicate stone carvings. There is also a Latin church, a Roman Catholic convent, and a school kept by French nuns. The *serai*, or pasha's palace—a long, irregular building with no pretensions to beauty—is in the centre of the town, and is situated in a narrow street.

There are numerous open spaces throughout the town, and many of the activities of the people are carried on in the open air. Here you come on the silk-weavers stretching the delicate threads of silk over their primitive looms; there you find a Jew sitting cross-legged at his doorway, busy with embroideries of gold and silver on fine net; and again you find some five or six men weaving carpets to intricate designs on ancient handlooms. Sometimes you come upon a coffee-garden—a collection of rough wooden benches placed under the shade of wide-spreading acacia-trees. The merchants meet here to discuss business, to fix prices, to note the rate of exchange; and everything is done in the usual leisurely Eastern fashion. They sit cross-legged or recline lazily on the wooden seats, smoking long water-pipes and drinking coffee. The coffee is quite thick, but simply delicious in flavour, and is served in tiny cups without handles. Only a very small quantity of absolutely boiling liquid is poured into the cup, and the recipient cools it by turning the cup dexterously in his hand before drinking.

Leaving the glare and dust of the open streets and entering the covered-in lanes of the bazaar is like leaving the hot noonday and plunging at once into the cool dimness of the twilight. The roads are narrow and roughly paved, and there is little room for vehicles to pass each other. Great herds of water-buffaloes may bar your progress, or long strings of water-donkeys rub

their greasy water-skins against the shoulders of the unwary ; but you soon learn to wait at some wider corner till such obstructions are past and the way is clear once more. The bazaar is quite a famous one, though it does not compare with those in the richer towns of Turkey and Asia Minor. It is divided into different sections, and provides a feast of colour and of striking fullness of life. The gorgeous dyes of the East make vivid splotches of colour ; embroidered goods from Damascus gleam with silver and gold ; trays and goblets and pitchers reflect the glowing tones of copper and brass ; and boots, shoes, and saddlery blaze with rich reds and yellows. The soft colours and exquisite designs of Persian rugs meet the eye at every turn ; and the air is full of scents from the spice merchants' stalls.

Beyond the town stretches the desert, and here a golf-course has been laid out and a little club-house erected. Out on the desert, too, is a little spot of vivid green, enclosed by high, gray walls ; it is the cemetery in which are buried those Europeans who have ended their lives in this far-off land, and now lie in the silence of the plains, the waving trees sheltering them from the fierce rays of the sun and the whirling sand-storms of the desert. At the southern end of the town stretch date-gardens and orange-groves, and to these the Europeans often drive or ride in order to picnic in the shade of the trees.

On the right bank of the river, a little way inland, is the town of Kasmain, which has a sacred mosque whose golden dome is famous throughout the land of Mesopotamia. The bodies of devout Mohammedans are brought here to be buried under the shadow of the sacred towers. The people of Kasmain are very fanatical, and it is only with great difficulty

that an infidel may come within sight of the holy building. During Moharram it is not safe for a European to approach the town, and the end of the fasting-time is a signal for the most frenzied outbursts of religious fervour, the dervishes slashing and cutting themselves till faces and bodies are torn and besmeared with blood.

The population of Baghdad consists of Turks, Arabs, Chaldeans, Jews, Armenians, Persians, Greeks, and Levantines. The climate is on the whole a healthy one. The heat is often more intense than in Basreh, but it is drier and less trying. The nights are cooler ; and as there is no moisture in the atmosphere, it is possible to sleep on the roof without any awning or covering overhead. There is less malaria than in Basreh ; but there is much greater danger of contracting other diseases, as the Europeans live actually in the midst of the natives, and there is always more or less cholera, typhoid, and smallpox among the inhabitants. The forty or fifty European residents have quite a gay social life. There is an English club, and there was a German one. Dances and dinner-parties bring the British together in the winter ; but, as there is always a scarcity of ladies, men have to dance with one another. In spring and autumn many people camp out on the desert, the men riding morning and evening to and from their offices in the town. In summer the heat is tropical, and the life is very shut-in ; but even then riding, driving, rowing, tennis, golf, and badminton can be enjoyed in the early morning or in the evening. The winter is perfect. There is little or no rain, the skies are bright and cloudless, the atmosphere is clear and smokeless, and there is none of the bustle and hurry which characterise life in the cities of the West.

A WOODEN CROSS.

CHAPTER II.

THE first torpedo struck her astern, not a mortal wound ; but Otto's last torpedo gave the death-blow amidships ; her doom was sealed beyond the help of mortal man. The gay little submarine dived well away, and sent forth the famous message which brought joy to so many German hearts : 'Torpedoed British battleship of latest type, name unknown. She sank in twenty minutes.'

Justifiably was Otto filled with pride ; he had accomplished a brilliant (and legitimate) exploit of naval warfare. He had sunk a ship which the mighty vessels of the High Seas Fleet would never have engaged. Slowly he made toward Cuxhaven, as he wished the fame of his deed to spread abroad, so that his reception should be fitting. He had visions that the Emperor himself might greet him on landing, with Iron Cross in hand.

Captain Stahl, in his office, was overjoyed, and told the news to his admiral.

'Schugt is an excellent officer,' remarked Stahl. 'I have noticed him favourably for some time. He carried out my instructions to the letter.'

'He will, of course, be decorated with the Iron Cross of the first class,' said the admiral. 'The All-Highest will be delighted.'

The good news was sent immediately to the Emperor and to the Admiralty. By official bulletin it was communicated to the newspapers and to the whole world. The news rejoiced simple hearts in the trenches ; it cheered the officers serving with the Turkish army ; it heartened Hindenburg.

'God has helped you in this, Schugt,' wired the Crown Prince.

'I rejoice in your prowess, Schugt,' came from Ruprecht of Bavaria.

'Due punishment has, with God's aid, been given to the perfidious English!' was Karl of Württemberg's contribution.

'Good for you, Schugt. Damn England!' was bluff Hindenburg's comment.

Over a thousand private persons, mostly women, sent telegrams with the following novel wish: 'God punish England!' There seemed quite a likelihood of a strike among the deities in the German heaven.

The Emperor's commendation was of too sacred and holy a nature for publication. Admiral Tirpitz bore it himself by special train from the Army Main Headquarters, which he had been visiting in the hope of being permitted to see some fighting. All this honour and these many messages awaited the arrival of Lieutenant Otto Schugt and his submarine at Cuxhaven.

Berlin celebrated its hundredth joy-day since the beginning of the war. There were scenes of indescribable enthusiasm; old men, women, and children paraded the streets; feeling ran high, and everybody's spirits were at the zenith; even the temperature of the sick and wounded went up. Strange stories were told of the extent of the emotion; for instance, a gas-operating sergeant of the special service section, a well-known Berlin chemistry professor in peacetime, died of heart failure from excitement at the news in the front trenches in Flanders. Shortly afterwards the British, unfortunately, captured the trench containing his body, on which, it was feared, were technical details which revealed the secrets of the powerful poisonous gas. Lieutenant Schugt could hardly be blamed for this misfortune, which was likely to bear dangerous consequences. The story was, without doubt, true; that was the fly in the unction of their success.

The maritime towns of Germany—as behoved them—were especially jubilant. The thought of the mourning homes in the enemy's seaports gave peculiar zest to their rejoicing. Hamburg, Bremen, Kiel, even Danzig, had public holidays. The 'Hymn of Hate' was chanted in ceremonious procession through the streets; the churches had solemn thanksgiving services; all children with the Christian name of Otto were presented with a free bread-ticket. Likewise, all the male babies who were about to be baptised received the glorious name of Otto. Cuxhaven, as the base port of the hero's submarine, was more modest in her transports; she reserved herself for his actual arrival.

Mrs Schugt and Elsa had gone to Cuxhaven and waited.

'I hope,' said the practical Elsa, 'that dear Otto will not have his head turned.'

'Of course not,' replied the indignant mother. 'Our Otto will take everything with true German modesty—even the Iron Cross.'

'I have a confession to make to you, little mother,' hesitatingly spoke Elsa. 'Otto and I were secretly married just two weeks ago.'

Mrs Schugt was surprised and annoyed. She knew that Otto's social value had now increased; he could do much better for himself than by marrying Elsa. She felt that her son would realise the fact; it was most provoking of him to have been so hasty.

'We must tell no one at present,' said Mrs Schugt with finality.

Foolish little Elsa wept because she could take no public part in the reception of her heroic Otto.

In time Lieutenant Schugt's interesting news reached even the British Admiralty. A pessimistic private secretary at once laid the message before the First Lord. Urgent questions were forthwith despatched to the admirals commanding the various fleets. Similar replies came from them all: 'No battleships missing.'

'Count all your ships,' said the Admiralty.

'All present.'

'Any missing?' asked the Admiralty.

'No.'

'Are you quite sure?' queried the Admiralty.

'Yes.'

'Count all your battleships, cruisers, destroyers, torpedo-boats, submarines, oil-tugs, auxiliary ships, steam-pinnaces, and rowing-boats. Report if any absent,' ordered the Admiralty.

'None absent.'

'Anything unaccounted for?' was the final question of the cautious British Admiralty.

'Nothing at all,' answered all the admirals with one accord.

The situation had already been correctly diagnosed by a small boy selling evening papers. 'German official!' he cried. 'Another damn lie!'

The British Admiralty published without delay an official contradiction *in toto*, so that the All-Highest himself realised that there must be some sort of explanation somewhere. Admiral Tirpitz took another special train to rejoin his Emperor.

Lieutenant Schugt's submarine came slowly into Cuxhaven harbour, which was the signal for a terrific hooting of steam-whistles from every craft in token of congratulation. Flags were dipped in honour of the gallant commander. Otto was radiant and joyous alone in the watch-tower of his noble boat. Suddenly, to his astonishment, the whole hullabaloo ceased before they had reached their berth. Otto did not know that the order for silence was given by Captain Stahl, who had the direct verbal command from the admiral of the port, the result of a private telegraphic communication from the High Admiral, who was known to be in audience with the All-Highest. What could it mean?

The admiral of the port, as well as Captain Stahl, was waiting in the office when Lieutenant Schugt entered with a light heart.

'Lieutenant Schugt,' inquired the admiral, 'did you send a message reporting an enemy light cruiser in neutral waters?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Your message was picked up by our newly completed Super-Dreadnought battleship, which was carrying out trials in those waters.'

'Was it, sir?' stuttered the pale Otto.

'Yes. She answered, "Excellent," and steamed immediately to the place indicated with a view to engaging the light cruiser. Did you see anything of this ship?'

'N-o, sir.'

'Nothing has been heard of her since then,' continued the admiral. 'Destroyers have been sent out to reconnoitre, and have discovered a variety of débris, life-belts, bits of furniture, all identified as belonging to the missing ship.'

'I must have sunk her,' was the only thing that Otto could find to say.

'Quite so. The fortune of war. I may add that one of our destroyers, which was out on this duty, was sunk by the British; so you are, indirectly, responsible for that loss as well.—Captain Stahl, you will be so good as to deprive Lieutenant Schugt of his sword, and arrange for his immediate removal to the naval prison. You will also consider yourself under open arrest.'

'Very good, your Excellency,' said Captain Stahl.

The admiral, when alone, thought gloomily

of an historic British admiral, Admiral Byng, of whom Voltaire wrote: '*En Angleterre, on tue leurs amiraux pour encourager les autres.*' The Imperial temper was uncertain, and might at any moment indulge in a similar form of vicarious encouragement at the admiral's expense.

All the national experts of Germany—of a department in which they were admittedly untouched—had much ado to give a plausible explanation. 'A perfidious British trick'—the good old phrase—was able in some measure to account for the tolling for the dead which gave place to the ringing joy-bells. The people cried aloud for more British blood. 'Give us another *Lusitania*.'

Elsa never quite knew all the details, for little was made public. She was a widow without having been an acknowledged wife; she had not been allowed access to Otto before his death.

Mrs Schugt—by an act of kindness on the part of the admiral, who had only been reprimanded—was permitted to erect a small wooden cross over the place where they laid Otto's body. Otto had been shot in accordance with the sentence of a court-martial which lasted a quarter of an hour.

Captain Stahl was dismissed the service.

Seaman Kurt, the observation expert, got shere leave to enable him to be present at the funeral of his wife and son, neither of whom had been very robust.

THE END.

FREITS AND FEARS.

By LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

WHILE superstition is in itself a manifestation of the human mind entrancing in its general appeal, certain aspects of it are of more than trivial interest. Why, for example, thirteen should be considered unlucky, while the voice of proverbial wisdom declares that there is luck in odd numbers, is a fact extremely difficult of explanation. It is quite clear that good fortune does not go with all odd numbers, and popular fear leaps wild-eyed and almost with a shriek from the number thirteen. One can understand three and seven having mystical religious associations wrapped about them, and holding, with Christians at any rate, a dominating place. The Trinity, the seven days involved in the work of creation, with the idea of completeness which accompanied the thought of these numbers, gave them an abiding retreat within that antechamber of religion in which superstition has its dwelling.

The association of ill-luck with thirteen has a specific application. It is connected almost solely with that number of people sitting down at table together. It is, however, by some extended to the numeral itself; and people who

are born on the thirteenth day of a month, or who live in number thirteen of a street, or who may happen to be the thirteenth of a family, walk in trembling anticipation of coming up against the blighting shadow of some unspeakable misfortune. Since early Christian times the source of this fear might be attributed to the Lord's Supper, a fact which was constantly impressed upon the medieval mind by the universal representation of that sacred event in altar-pieces of the great churches. The superstition holds that the first in a company of thirteen who rises and opens the door will die within the year, and this seems very plainly to point to a reflection of the act and fate of Judas, the betrayer of Christ.

It is, of course, impossible for a good-going superstition to escape additions and improvements; and, with some people, the ill-luck of the combination is confined to the banquet occurring on a Friday. This is, however, unnecessary; for Friday was already in itself considered sufficiently unfortunate, and especially in connection with the initiation of any enterprise. The fact of the

crucifixion having taken place on a Friday marked out that day first as a day apart, and then as one to be avoided for any ordinary venture. It was on a Friday, for example, that the Sinclairs, clad in green, crossed the Ord of Caithness on their way to Flodden, from which only one man of the name returned; with the result that, according to tradition, Friday was ever after avoided by the clan, and the green tartan discarded for the red. Here, however, there is an overlapping of superstitions; for not only was an unlucky day chosen, but an unlucky colour worn, it being well known that the fairy world resented humanity daring to assume garments of the hue especially favoured by themselves. This was a remarkable idea in the Highlands, for the great clans which prospered at the cost of the others were in reality those who wore the green tartan. Indeed, in the later risings, especially in the Forty-five, it is astonishing to think that the Government clans—like the Campbells, Sutherlands, and Mackays—were predominantly green; while the Jacobite tartans, from the Stewarts right through great clans like the MacLeans, MacLachlans, and Camerons, and on to the smaller sept, were almost predominantly red.

For the most part the shadow of the fear of thirteen applies to any day. It is remarkable to observe a hint that even before Christian times this superstition held its own, apart from the notion of rising from the table; for it was at the banquet in Valhalla that the evil god Loki appeared, completing the fateful number, and at his instigation Balder the Beautiful was slain.

In illustrating this superstition the following, in consequence of the outstanding note of the parties concerned, may be of interest as showing the strength of coincidence. When Victor Hugo's *Angelo* was revived in 1850, a dinner was held in the author's house to celebrate the fact. There were thirteen at table—namely, the host and hostess, with their sons Charles and François (the future translator of Shakespeare), Rachel the actress, her sister Rebecca Felix, Madame Arsène Houssaye, Madame de Girardin, Jacques Pradier the sculptor, D'Orsay the ex-lion of London society, Gerard de Serval, Alfred de Musset the poet, and a young person named Peree, who made the thirteenth. Rachel the actress, who was very superstitious, did not conceal her fears; and the dinner certainly made a record in its way, for within a year the Hugo family were in exile, in the second year Pradier died of apoplexy and D'Orsay of meningitis, in the third year Peree went, in the fourth Rebecca Felix, next Madame Houssaye, in the fifth year Madame de Girardin died and Serval hanged himself; while in the seventh year De Musset, and finally Rachel herself, cleared the boards. '*Et riez donc!*' she wrote; '*et moquez-vous du Numero Treize!*' Of course in this case every one of the party was looking for something to happen, and was ready

to attribute anything whatsoever to the malign influence of the unfortunate numeral. Nevertheless it is noteworthy that no death occurred within the first year.

Another notable experience took place at the house of Millais the painter, when certain members of a dinner-party were horrified to discover that the ill-omened number were seated around the table. Matthew Arnold the poet, who was present, said, 'The idea is that whosoever rises first will be dead within the year. Now let us see if we cannot circumvent Fate.' Pointing, therefore, to a couple of fellow-guests, he said, 'I propose that these two strong young men and myself should, with our combined constitutions, take the risk; and we will rise together.' They acted accordingly, and then the ladies left the room. Now the remarkable thing is that within six months Arnold himself was dead, struck down in the prime of his manhood. One of the two who had risen along with him was found shot in a New York hotel, but whether it was a case of murder or of suicide has never been determined. The third seemed likely to defy the freit, and to live the year through. He had gone to Australia in ill-health, and on his voyage home he took his passage in the *Quetta*. That unfortunate vessel fell among the reefs skirting the New Guinea coast, and not a soul on board of her was ever seen again. Now it could not be a matter of surprise if what was at least a tragic coincidence confirmed that little coterie in their dread of the fatal number.

It may well be said that in this matter of the fear of the number thirteen the superstitious have very frequently been in first-rate company. A recent writer drew attention to the fact that in Austro-Hungary the superstition is paramount, carrying even the authorities, it is said, the length of changing the number of 'Box 13' in the Imperial Opera House and in the Court Theatre to number '12A,' as the public would not sit in a box marked with the unlucky numeral. In the Austrian hospitals the number '13' is avoided on pavilions, blocks, wards, and stairs; while it would be a daring surgeon and a desperate case that would face operation on the thirteenth day of a month or on a Friday.

Of course it is only the misfortunes that are recorded, though a very interesting field of inquiry lies open to the statistician in connection with the other side of the story—the record of projects begun and voyages started on the thirteenth of the month, being also a Friday, which have had good fortune smiling all the way, and brought success and happiness to those involved in them.

Some superstitions and lucky omens defy explanation. For example, certain Eastern races believe that the luckiest objects one can meet on awaking from sleep are a married woman, a dancing girl, a mirror, and an ass. If the mirror were at hand there might be little difficulty in

beholding the ass; but why such a collocation should be considered lucky seems entirely arbitrary. At any rate it is not easily explicable. Sometimes an attempt is made to evade the omen by playing a curious trick on Fate. For instance, for a Hindu to see a male and female crow together means the death of the onlooker unless he remember to write to some friends at a distance that he is already dead. It is, in fact, an amusing thing to observe how superstition and legend always seem to consider that destiny and the devil are idiotic in their simplicity and in the ease with which they may be deceived! It carries also, with some races, a risk of enmity between host and guest to feed a guest for the first time on Sundays, Tuesdays, or Fridays; while for some it is unthinkable to sleep with the head lying toward the south, as the god of death lives in that quarter, and the only hope of evading his designs is to lie east or west. There is thus no international uniformity in the attachment of ill-luck to days; though, beyond doubt, in Christian countries the culmination of the Christian tragedy on Friday had the effect of overshadowing that day especially. And yet who knows what primitive ghost of prehistoric fear had holy baptism bestowed upon it herein?

The idea of antidotes against the passing on of an ill-omen to its fulfilment is also somewhat difficult to trace. The gambler is notoriously superstitious; and I have seen a man whose luck at cards was going against him rise and turn three times the way of the sun, and be convinced that thereby Fortune's wheel had birlled in his favour!

I remember a Fife schoolmaster telling me how, in his youth, which was spent in a fishing village, the name of the enemy of mankind was considered fraught with evil chance, and that he had seen the fishers, whenever the minister mentioned the devil by name, grope hastily along the pew for the head of an iron nail, contact with which, it was believed, at once averted the threatened misfortune. To touch cold iron was always the clue to safety. In fact, iron and steel were universal prophylactics. A row of nails driven into the front of a bed, or a steel poker laid across a cradle, or even an iron horseshoe, made an impregnable outwork line against impending

ill. This probably had its root in very primitive times, when the man who possessed metal held a talisman whereby he dominated his fellows. The association of iron with fire, that mystic medium which differentiated man from beast, may also, of course, have something to do with the matter. But another element may have been associated with this, as with the security attained through touching wood. This last may have arisen from the association of the manifestation of the World Spirit in the forest tree. But there is little doubt that it had also, and probably most of all, to do with the habit of carrying a bit of the true cross; and the nails of the crucifixion would be efficacious relics. The Christians used the cross as a magical medium for warding off all sinister spirits. The cross in the iron hilt of the crusader's sword had this at the root of it.

The myths regarding the cross were, in fact, multitudinous. It was looked upon as having a kind of magical vigour within itself. The legend narrated that Seth planted on the grave of his father Adam a slip of the tree of life, which supplied Moses with his necromantic rod and gave Solomon a good deal of timber for the temple, finally affording the material for the cross of Christ. Having been buried on Golgotha, it was rediscovered by the Empress Helena, and passed into the possession of holy people, having the power to heal diseases and to ward off evil. With something almost like humour, the legend wisely explains that it had the power even to reproduce itself and to multiply exceedingly—a very necessary explanation, for the bits of the true cross in the reliquaries of the devout throughout the ages might, if gathered together, build an ark for Noah of much more comfortable dimensions than that ancient mariner knew!

The fear of passing under a ladder has reason in it even to-day, lest something undesirable fall upon the passenger. But in earlier days the sinister connection of a ladder with a phase of the rope industry in our nation gave it a very dire meaning; and many a family in Scotland of quite good ancient name found the gallows ladder a sufficiently grim mnemonic to justify them in avoiding, with deepest earnestness, contact with its blighting shadow.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ARTIFICIAL RESINS.

DURING the past few years considerable advance has been made in the discovery of artificial substitutes for bone, ivory, celluloid, amber, and so forth, for which there is a pronounced commercial demand. But recently a discovery of far-reaching importance has been made which it is anticipated will result in the

more extensive utilisation of substitutes, inasmuch as the new product is non-inflammable, immune from softening under normal climatic conditions, insoluble, and far easier, simpler, and cheaper to produce than the old; while it may be employed for any of the purposes to which celluloid and other substances are applied. This new process is described as a 'dry,' as distinct from the conventional 'wet,' method of producing

synthetic substitutes. Two ingredients are employed—namely, phenol or carbolic acid, and formin, which has the unwieldy technical name of hexamethylenetetramine. The two materials are weighed out in the required proportions, the formin in its dry condition resembling table-salt in appearance, and being of the same colour. The mixture, without any water, is placed within a flask fitted with a glass air-condenser, and is gradually heated. Under the action of the heat the ingredients melt to form a golden-coloured liquid. After the boiling operation has been carried to the requisite point the molten mixture is poured into a mould, which varies according to the character of the article required, such as a pipe-stem, knife-handle, or what not. Then the mould is transferred to an open oven to undergo further heating. Afterwards the mould is permitted to stand until the contents have solidified, although the condition remains gelatinous. This enables the article to be bent to the desired shape, which is a simple task, owing to the softness of the material. The article is now returned to the oven and subjected to a further prolonged heating, which causes the substance to harden and to assume permanently the desired shape. The resultant product is intensely hard; in fact, it excels nickel in this respect. After it has set or hardened, the material may be cut, ground, polished, and further shaped if required. In its natural colour, a deep golden hue, the synthetic substance resembles the finest amber; but any colour can be obtained by the addition of the desired colouring matter. This synthetic resin can be employed for beads, knife-handles, combs—in fact, practically every purpose for which celluloid and its kindred substances are utilised. It also makes an excellent glue, for which there is a great demand, owing to its insolubility. Even alcohol does not dissolve it. Varnishes, paints, and lacquers can also be made therefrom; and as the material is impervious to water, it constitutes an excellent paint for metallic structures. The resin has also been utilised for coating paper bags and coverings, which are thereby rendered greaseproof. The process is generally conceded to represent the most noteworthy advance in the realm of non-inflammable substitutes for celluloid, and a widespread commercial development is anticipated.

COOKING HARICOT BEANS—A WARNING.

A correspondent of the *Pharmaceutical Journal* gives a warning concerning the cooking of haricot beans. Some beans were being prepared for the table, and as a preliminary operation they were steeped in warm water in a vessel which was placed on the kitchen stove for the night, the lid of the vessel being in a completely closed position. Upon opening the vessel in the morning a peculiar pungent odour was detected, which, on further examination,

proved to be that of hydrocyanic (prussic) acid. The beans were cooked and eaten without any ill effects being experienced; but the discovery prompted the correspondent to make an experiment. Some beans were ground and macerated with water at one hundred and thirteen degrees Fahrenheit, and from one gramme weight of the beans 0.16 of a milligramme of anhydrous hydrocyanic acid was obtained. Thus one ounce of beans yielded poison equal to twice the minimum and three-quarters of the maximum dose of the *Pharmacopœia*. The investigator points out, however, that such a quantity could scarcely be produced in cooked beans in any circumstances. The condition most favourable to the production of the acid is digestion in warm water. On the other hand, the enzyme responsible for the acid is destroyed by boiling water. Any free hydrocyanic acid which may be produced during cooking volatilises and escapes. But the correspondent draws attention to the danger of adding any alkali to the dish. The average cook invariably adds a small pinch of carbonate or bicarbonate of soda to the food either preparatory to or during cooking. By so doing a certain danger is courted, inasmuch as the alkali fixes any free acid which may be present. He suggests that the safest way to cook such an edible is to steep the beans, if required, in cold in preference to warm water, particularly if alkali is added, because, although cold water will produce the acid, it is done at a very slow rate. It is advisable to refrain from adding any alkali; but if such is desired, it should be added toward the end of the boiling, because, should any acid have been produced, it would be dissipated by that time, so that no ill results would be likely to occur.

IS THE RIFLE USELESS?

The war has been responsible for the refutation of many theories, and has upset innumerable calculations. One of the burning questions of the moment concerns the modern rifle. This arm has undergone wonderful development, and has been brought to a high standard of perfection. But the method in which warfare is now waged renders it of doubtful utility. At all events, it has not played such a prominent part as was expected. Soldiers were carefully trained in its manipulation, while the velocity of the bullet was increased to such a degree as to permit of firing point-blank at considerable ranges. Has this effort been wasted? Upon the western front the protagonists are facing one another at distances varying from twenty to fifty yards—the point-blank range of a modern pistol—and each line of trenches is virtually a fortification, with its ramparts, embrasures for light guns, funk-holes, and overhead wire netting as a protection against grenades. It is difficult, if not virtually impossible, to bring the rifle into profitable use except for sniping tactics; while the

magazine ensuring rapidity of fire appears to be a superfluity, for the simple reason that there is a lack of opportunity to turn it to full account. One great objection to the dependence upon rifle-fire is the large number of men required to hold a certain position. On the other hand, the machine-gun, properly disposed, is able to perform the work of a hundred rifles, and with far greater effect. A machine-gun will hold up a massed attack from the fact that it is able to deliver some six hundred shots per minute, and can be trained with far greater ease. When Germany entered the arena she possessed a round fifty thousand machine-guns, and at the moment it is estimated that this force numbers over one hundred and ten thousand weapons. The practice was to attach two machine-guns to each company of one hundred men, but to-day the proportion is about one gun to twenty men. The extraordinary Teutonic dependence upon this arm was brought home vividly during the capture of a German trench. Within a length of fifty yards eight of these weapons were found, and they had been manipulated by a mere handful of sixty men. The one useful office for the rifle at the moment appears to be as a handle for the bayonet, which it was confidently asserted in certain circles would be useless in a future war, because it would seldom be possible for the antagonists to clinch. But 'cold steel' is proving more useful than the cartridge, and indeed is the only effective weapon in a spirited attack after the hostile position has been battered by high-explosive shells. In some quarters it is stated that the rifle as it is known to-day will disappear from warfare. While this is undoubtedly an exaggeration, it is certain that it will undergo considerable modification, which may result in the production of a combined rifle and machine-gun.

THE NEW ANTISEPTIC.

Coincidences in scientific research are extremely rare, but probably the most extraordinary is the simultaneous discovery of the new antiseptic. Considerable interest was aroused by the announcement telegraphed from Paris that Dr Alexis Carrol, the eminent investigator of the Rockefeller Institute, in conjunction with Dr H. D. Dakin, a British chemist, had succeeded in producing a neutralised sodium hypochlorite solution which possesses wonderful germicidal properties. The discovery turned upon the means of neutralising the irritant alkalinity of the solution, which was achieved by its treatment with boric acid. Dr Carrol and Dr Dakin carried out their work in the laboratories at Compiègne, some of the materials having been prepared in the laboratories of the Leeds University, where Dr Dakin studied and graduated. But the publication of the discovery revealed the remarkable circumstance that simultaneously a group of British patholo-

gists had been pursuing an identical and independent line of research in Edinburgh, and had likewise met with success; although probably the distinction of anticipation must be awarded to the Edinburgh workers, because their discovery has been in practical, if limited, use for some time past. This antiseptic is one of the simplest known, comprising a mixture of bleaching-powder and boric acid, which are intimately associated. The Edinburgh investigators gave this specific the generic name of eupad, and to the solution of free hypochlorous acid the term eusol. So far as the tests therewith have gone, this undoubtedly represents the most powerful and effective germicide at present known to medical science. It may be used either in the form of a solution or as a gas, the latter form being utilised when it is desired to penetrate deeply into the wound to effect the sterilising action. With this antiseptic all dangers of poisoning are removed. Its action is purely local, the products of decomposition in the wound being freed from all poisonous matter. Another noteworthy feature is that this sterilising agent attracts a flow of healthy body fluid toward the wound, this fluid permeating the decomposed flesh, so that the flesh is forced toward the antiseptic and thus brought under its action. The antiseptic is ideal for service in the field, for the reason that it may be used as a powder in the field-dressing, whereas other germicides demand the solution form. If water be obtainable the powder can be dissolved, and thus a lotion be made instantly available. Owing to the low cost of the ingredients this antiseptic is cheap, it being possible to make a gallon of the solution for about a penny. The rapidity with which it performs its specific duty is another recommendation, while the fact that it is virtually painless renders it an ideal agent for sterilising wounds in children.

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY FOR AMATEURS.

Colour photography possesses as irresistible a fascination for the amateur as it does for the scientific investigator, and the kodachrome process offers a means of enabling the former to realise his ambition. This system has the advantage of being probably the simplest available at the moment, and is ideal for portraiture. Two exposures are made (panchromatic plates being used for the purpose), one being taken through a red and the other through a green screen. The two plates are developed in the usual manner. The negatives are then taken and immersed in a bath, which has the effect of removing the black silver from the base, so that when subsequently held up to the light the two plates appear like two colourless sheets of gelatine. The plates are now immersed in baths containing red and green dyes respectively; but the red plate is treated in the green dye and the green plate in the red dye bath.

Immersion in this solution causes the dye to penetrate the film in proportion to its former silver content. Thus in the high lights the dye enters far more slowly than it does in the deep shadows. The treatment to which the plates are subjected causes them to be turned from negatives into positives. When dry, the two plates are bound together to make the complete picture in the form of a transparency. The results are decidedly artistic; and although the colour values cannot be true, inasmuch as only two-colour filters are employed, the deficiencies are not emphasised. What may be termed the essential tints in portraiture—that is to say, the flesh gradations—are excellently rendered, as well as the grays and blacks. While the process is effective for portraiture, it is not adapted to landscape photography, because under the latter conditions the blues and greens—in which the colour effects are weak, if not distorted—predominate; but it would be difficult to offer a more pleasing and fascinating process for amateur portraiture. A special camera has been designed for this phase of photography which is not more difficult to use than the ordinary snap-shotting instrument. The process cannot be used for the production of paper prints; but if duplicates are desired, they can be made in the manner of lantern-slides by contact printing upon additional plates, and then submitting each of the latter to the dye treatment. By this duplication process retouching, both on negative and positive, may be carried out if desired.

CAN SMALL-ARMS AMMUNITION BE DETONATED?

It will be remembered that the German Government has persistently maintained that the rapid destruction of the *Lusitania* was brought about mainly by the detonation of munitions which she was carrying, these exploding as a result of detonation by the torpedo which was fired against the liner. It is a specious argument, but it is absolutely untenable in the light of the recent experiments which have been carried out by the American Government to determine whether such a result could be produced. At first sight one might imagine that small-arms ammunition, in view of the fact that smokeless powder or cordite enters into its composition, would be a highly dangerous cargo to carry on board ship; but the American experiments have proved conclusively that there is no greater risk attending the conveyance of such ammunition than in carrying a shipload of butter. The experiments were very varied and searching in character. In one instance a box full of cartridges was dropped from a height of twenty-five feet. The box was badly knocked about, but that was all. In another test a shot-gun was discharged against the laden box. The latter, as well as the cartridges within, was riddled, but there was no explosion. In a third test a blow-pipe was brought to bear against the box. The

wood was speedily burned away and the cartridges within were ignited, but no explosion resulted. In fact, directly the blow-pipe was removed the cartridges refused to burn. Other equally striking tests were carried out, but in each instance a negative result was obtained. Thus it is impossible to detonate ammunition in this manner. As a result of these experiments the American Government is advised that there is no necessity to introduce special legislation or regulations concerning the carriage of small-arms ammunition by water, and that it is superfluous to rule that such shall be carried in a magazine. In the face of these conclusive data it will be impossible for the Germans to maintain any longer the fond belief that the munitions, if there were any, aboard the *Lusitania* contributed to the liner's fate.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

WAR—1854, 1899, 1915.

YEARS ago, they tell the story
Of the unforgotten dead,
How they rode the path of glory,
Through a blazing lane of lead.
To the guns—and past—they thundered,
All undaunted, facing hell,
Whilst the watching armies wondered,
And the best and bravest fell.
And they tell
How a whisper rent the air,
'*C'est magnifique! Mais pas la guerre.*'

Stood the changeless heavens unshifted,
Swept the changing earth beneath,
Till again the sword was lifted,
Somewhat rusty in its sheath.
Love and pity clogged our going,
Shared the bivouac and the tent,
Reaped the harvest of our sowing
On the uncertain way we went.
Justice leant,
And held the scales with jealous care;
But *à la guerre, comme à la guerre!*

Now they tell another story
Of a new and splendid day,
Up the steep ascent to glory,
Youth and valour lead the way.
Rings the challenge swift, compelling,
Gray and silent goes the fleet;
Whilst the shaken earth is telling
Of the tramp of marching feet.
Winds repeat
That whisper in the startled air,
'*C'est magnifique! et c'est la guerre.*'
G. R. GLASGOW.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF THE CHANCELLOR.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

CHAPTER I.

THE nation was in for a shock—brief, but notable.

Hubert John Gurford, the Lord Chancellor, magnate of the Woolsack, was missing; had disappeared from the face of England as completely as if a heavenly and unseen chariot had descended and carried him away with it; or, more conceivably, according to some who hated him (and they were not a few, for in his time he had been a ruthless antagonist), it was as if the earth had opened and shut upon him in a single sudden second, settling him for all eternity in a climate as warm as his temper.

These were one or two ways of interpreting the mystery. But there was scope for other interpretations, as may be surmised from a report of the half-hour or so immediately preceding the 'Good-night, my lord!' which Mr Beamstock of the Cloubury Arms Hotel breathed respectfully from his porch to his lordship, striding by with angry mien. The day was Saturday, the month September, and the time 6.45 P.M., with abundance of daylight at that hour. The Chancellor vouchsafed neither word nor look in response; and, having watched the great man to the bend in the road, Mr Beamstock re-entered his inn. Casually, yet valuably, he glanced at the clock just inside the doorway. It was exactly a quarter to seven.

No one had seen the Chancellor since; that is to say, no one was willing to confess to that effect.

Beyond the inn were but two houses in the next half-mile of road toward Chelcote, the nearest town to Cloubury Hall, the Chancellor's Warwickshire seat, whence he had thus come forth for his vanishing. The one dwelling was an old cottage of stone and thatch inhabited by a deaf widow named Cheese and her son Samuel, the latter a harmless booby man known as Peg-top Sammy because of his persistent passion for pegtops in season and out of season. The other dwelling, about two hundred yards farther on, was Lilac House, a small red villa, tenanted by an elderly couple named Murphy, with whom lodged the Reverend George Leven, the Cloubury curate.

No evidence of the Chancellor's passing this Saturday evening was obtainable from either of

these houses. Mrs Cheese was in the village at the time, gossiping and what not with a hand to her bettermost ear; it was no use interrogating Sammy for any serious purpose; Mr and Mrs Murphy had not stirred from their back-parlour between six o'clock and eight; and George Leven, the curate, said that it was seven o'clock when he let himself into Lilac House with his latch-key. The curate remembered noticing a motor-car speeding for Chelcote when he reached the main road from the Hall by a public footpath through the park; but he certainly did not see the Chancellor. So he said on the Tuesday, when inquiries began to be made, and again on the Wednesday. It was only on the Wednesday that the probing into the mystery began to be as deep and official as Scotland Yard could make it.

Lady Geraldine Gurford, the Chancellor's motherless daughter, and mistress of Cloubury, was not alarmed, scarcely even disturbed, when her father did not return to dinner on the Saturday. She and her learned father were both strong-minded persons, although at times impulsive and whimsical.

'We had a little disagreement, and I can imagine how he would feel about it. There were circumstances which would have made me do something erratic myself if I had been in his place. I should want to get away and think it over alone, and I quite supposed he had walked to Chelcote, scarcely meaning to, but going on and on until he found himself near the town. That would give him the idea of catching the eight-fifteen express to London. It would be such a relief to him! He often says that problems smooth out for him astonishingly in the train. I fully believed he had done that, and wrote to him at Half-Moon Street, on Sunday, to hope he had not gone supperless to bed, and was—well, not so vexed as when he left me. I was not greatly surprised when I did not hear from him on Monday, but yesterday I began to get excited. Then I telegraphed to him twice, and a third time to Mrs Cardigan, our London housekeeper. That is how the truth came out, inspector. People who do not know him as I do will think it an extraordinary occurrence anyway; and, although I'm not worrying, I'm glad now that Captain Rampney communicated

with you folks in town. It was the thing to do, to satisfy the public.'

Such was the Lady Geraldine's almost introductory speech to Inspector Clapton of Scotland Yard on the forenoon of Wednesday in the Hall library.

George Leven, the Cloudbury curate—tall, thin, handsome, pale, and apparently much more anxious than Lady Geraldine—was with her ladyship.

Captain Rampney, Chelcote's chief constable, having brought the inspector to Cloudbury, had returned to the village with a puffy chest and fierce eyes. The Lady Geraldine didn't want him, she said. "'Too many cooks," you know, Captain Rampney; and I prefer to confide my private affairs to one clever mind instead of two. . . . You must forgive me,' she said further, so graciously that the captain concealed his annoyance until he was in the Hall drive. He was, of course, astonished as well as annoyed. Astonished also was the Scotland Yard man himself, yet secretly gratified; and not unreasonably, under such treatment, both men jumped, yet not equally fast, to the startling and stormy assumption that the Chancellor's daughter had something up her sleeve about which, if she were not so masterful a young lady, it would have been well, on behalf of the nation, to challenge her forthwith. Captain Rampney made an uncomfortable but polite exit without any such attempt to challenge. Hitherto, in the few minutes of his acquaintance with this lovely gray-eyed daughter of the highest legal personage in the land, Inspector Clapton had had no opening for anything of the kind.

The Lady Geraldine dashed headlong at the problem. She seemed to give the inspector credit for a superhuman amount of imagination—she took so much for granted, and was so calm, even almost smiling, about it. All she had said so far about the good-looking, but nervous and pale—yes, distinctly pale—young clergyman who stood by the hearth fingering an ivory paper-cutter, and, as it were, spell-bound by her in spite of his nervousness, was this: 'I should like Mr Leven to be present during our interview, inspector. He is interested in the case.'

Interested! Powers above! then how about Chelcote's chief constable, who had been wallowing in the case since Tuesday morning, and was now dismissed with red ears?

For a few moments after the Lady Geraldine's narrative the inspector could only babble rather stupidly, and wipe his brow. 'Really, my lady—will you allow me to sit down?' he asked, as if that might help him.

'Oh, do. How thoughtless of me!' exclaimed the Lady Geraldine. 'Let's all sit.' She signalled to the curate; herself took the Chancellor's own well-padded library throne, and, elbows on desk, looked straight at the inspector. 'Ask me any questions that occur to you,' she

said. The curate, however, had not moved, and she addressed him persuasively: 'Please don't stand, George. We've got to face it. Inspector Clapton is a sensible man; I could tell that in a moment by the shape of his forehead. He has got to know, dear, and the sooner the better.' The inspector now stared as he seldom stared in the exercise of his calling. The curate crimsoned; he did not budge, but dropped the paper-knife, and let it lie. His hands clasped each other convulsively and he trembled from head to foot as his gaze met the inspector's (which was hardening), and quickly transferred itself to the Lady Geraldine, who shook her head at him as at some fond but frail object. He seemed about to speak, but the Lady Geraldine spoke first.

'Leave it all to me, George.—And do hurry up, inspector!' she said. 'You are quite sharp enough, I'm sure, to see how Mr Leven and I stand toward each other. He thinks people will suppose he has murdered my father when the facts are generally known. At present no one knows about our relationship except you and my father himself.'

'Is that so, my lady?' murmured the inspector solemnly.

'Yes, that is so,' she replied.

The inspector drew a longish breath. 'Am I to understand that Lord Gurford and Mr Leven'—

But the Lady Geraldine interrupted him. 'For goodness' sake don't look at Mr Leven as if you wanted to handcuff him this very minute!'

'May I speak?' then entreated the Cloudbury curate, with wild eyes upon the Lady Geraldine.

'No, you may not, dear,' she answered. 'You'll only make a fool of yourself. Leave everything to me and Mr Clapton.—Well, inspector, you were about to—understand something or other. What was it?'

In fair possession of his business faculties at last, the inspector put his query bluntly. 'Was there a quarrel between this gentleman and Lord Gurford, my lady?'

'Yes, I suppose so. That's the point I want to get into *you* and no one else. Yet no; it takes two to quarrel—doesn't it?—and here it was all on one side.—Wasn't it, George?—But perhaps I haven't told you enough, inspector. It was like this. My father came down from London unexpectedly on Saturday about six o'clock, and Mr Leven happened to be at the Hall—we had had tea together, in fact—and on the spur of the moment I told my father of our engagement without giving him time to compose himself. I ought to have seen he was tired, and—well, he has some of the customary prejudices. You see what I mean?—I'm afraid too, George, that I didn't stop to think whether you would like it or not.—Anyway, it was a shock to my father, and he told Mr Leven to leave the Hall, and never dare'— She

stopped, shrugged her shoulders, and the inspector filled the gap.

'Set foot in it again, I presume?' he suggested automatically.

'Yes, more or less that. How brilliant of you, inspector!' The Lady Geraldine laughed faintly. 'We're coming to the tiresome part now, as Mr Leven thinks it.'

'The fatal part!' commented the curate woefully.

'Rubbish, my dear George! Not to those who know you, as I do, and as I wish Inspector Clapton to.—He imagines that because he left the Hall at about half-past six, and didn't get to his lodgings until seven, people who know all about us are certain to declare he lay somewhere in wait for my father, and—— You grasp it? Did you ever hear anything so fantastic?'

The inspector nodded non-committally. He had had to do with criminals of all aspects, even the Clodbury curate kind.

'You know my father by sight, I dare say?' continued the Lady Geraldine.

'Only by his portrait in public prints, my lady.'

'That's near enough. You've some idea of him, then. He weighs about fourteen stone. I'll admit that he is not tall; but would any sane man, even a constable, suppose that Mr Leven could—oh, it's crazy nonsense!—and hide the body afterwards, if you please, all in that little half-hour?'

The inspector had known more unlikely deeds done, but nodded again. The case, the Lady Geraldine, and the curate were all gripping him well by this time—especially the Lady Geraldine. From a professional point of view he was most mightily struck by the cool—even amused—way in which this lovely young lady alluded to her father's bulk, dead or alive.

'Why, you wouldn't hurt a mouse of your own free-will, would you, George?' asked the Lady Geraldine cheerfully, in quick corollary.

That mouse question was not answered. It was scarcely put when a knock at the door ended the interview. A card was presented to the Lady Geraldine, who at first frowned, and said, 'I'll see no more of these irrepressible young reporters,' and then cried, 'Splendid! Splendid! Oh yes, Johnson, I'll see Mr Lampson at once, when these gentlemen have gone. Wait in the hall till then.'

Rising, the Lady Geraldine, with great ardour, explained Mr Lampson to the inspector. 'He's my father's solicitor—Lampson, Tomkins, Askew, & Brice—I dare say you know them—of Lincoln's Inn. I ought to have told you. He wired that he would be here by an early train. It's about offering a reward mainly. I should have liked to show you his letter of last night, inspector; but there's no time now.—You can tell him about it, George.—What I want you most particularly to do is to set Mr Leven's mind

at rest about himself. I suppose you will go over the ground again with Captain Rampney afterwards, though I don't see what's to be gained by that now. Anyhow, I do hope I've convinced you that just because of the—*the obviousness* of it all, Mr Leven is the most improbable man in the world to—— You see what I mean, I'm sure, and—and I think that must be all for the present.'

She smiled the inspector toward the door, but intercepted the following curate, and, holding him by a button of his coat, said caressingly, 'Why *didn't* you go away on Monday, George, as you had arranged? Then you would have been spared all this bother. And yet I don't know—perhaps it's for the best. But you are not to be so down-hearted. You simply *must* not be. It's so unwise, if nothing worse. Come and see me again soon, dear.'

From the corridor ahead of them the inspector listened intently for George Leven's reply to these immense words, but heard none. With quickening pulses he led the way to the hall, took his hat, peered round for his companion, and aligned his descending footfalls on the porch-steps as nearly as possible with those of the curate. Passing the motor-car which had brought Mr Lampson to the Hall from Chelcote, they faced the double avenue of tired-looking old limes and elms in a broad grass border, on either hand, about half a mile long. The inspector's lips tightened. The Lady Geraldine had made a jesting allusion to handcuffs. For the next ten minutes or so the Clodbury curate was sealed to him as surely as if they were attached by steel links. In that time he confidently hoped to turn him inside out as simply as a practised housewife skins a rabbit.

Preamble: a significant silence for fifteen or twenty paces. Then, 'Well, Mr Leven, this is a strange business. What were you to tell me about the letter of Lord Gurford's solicitor?'

The curate's hands were behind him, and his head was bowed. He was very pale again, and after a quick and troubled glance at the inspector his gaze settled upon a parting in the avenue to the left, not far from the Hall door.

'Ah, yes,' he sighed. 'Mr Lampson thinks Lord Gurford may have been abducted—kidnapped, in fact—and held for a ransom. It is, as you say, all very strange and terrible.'

'Oh, come, sir, it's early to talk of "terrible,"' said the inspector beguilingly. 'Not a gentleman to be kidnapped without resistance, I should say, from her ladyship's account of him.'

'Oh, it's fatuous, of course,' assented the curate hopelessly. 'And yet, do you know—— But I can't talk about it—to a stranger. There's one thing, though, that I wish to ask you as a personal favour, Inspector Clapton; and I may say that I believe Lady Geraldine Gurford would have made the request herself if she

had had time to remember it. It's about our engagement.'

'Yes, sir!' prompted the inspector.

'I would so much prefer that no public mention of it was made. Really, it has nothing to do with the trouble, and yet'—The curate halted by that little side-track and smiled—for the first time in the detective's experience of him—a wan, desperate smile. 'Inspector,' he went on, in a changed tone, 'I'll be perfectly frank with you. I was indiscreet last Saturday. Lady Geraldine wished to screen me when she said I had no part in the disagreement between her father and myself. He charged me with being a fortune-hunter. We were both hasty. I have Celtic blood in me. I lost control of myself. I said he should repent such an imputation. Worse still, I behaved audaciously, considering our relative positions in the world. But she is so wonderful—she diffuses courage and strength so amazingly—that I can account for it in no other way. On the Sunday she said I had shown just the right kind of spirit; but it was not so. It was a wrong spirit; a devil possessed me. I felt so mad and furious that I could have struck him in his own house, great man though he was, and her father!'

'Was?' suggested the inspector casually.

'Was—is—what does it matter?' cried the curate, with a passionate gesture. He sobered as suddenly as he had boiled up. 'All this is between ourselves, inspector, please; and I must leave you here. I generally go home this way, across the park. It cuts off a considerable corner. Well, you know the worst about me now, I am glad to say.'

'Thank you, Mr Leven,' said the inspector dryly.

'You don't suspect me now, I hope?' asked the curate, with a simplicity the inspector had never seen matched in similar circumstances.

Seemingly the inspector was equally ingenuous as he smiled and replied, 'It's much too soon to talk about suspecting any one, sir. As for suspecting *you*—a clergyman!' He held up his hands as if shocked. 'By the way,' he added,

'something was said about your arranging to go away on Monday.'

'Ah, yes.' The curate welcomed the opening. 'My holiday was due. I was going to Brighton for the inside of two weeks—the parson's fortnight, as it is termed. But I couldn't go after what had happened. Well, I mustn't keep you, now that I have said what I intended to say. Thanks so much, inspector. You have lifted a hideous weight off my mind, if only for the time. Good-bye.'

He took a long step swayingly into the side-path.

The curate's reply had suggested to the inspector immediate other questions; but they were withheld. The inspector eyed the curate's receding back steadily, then continued his course down the avenue. He blew his nose loudly in a furlong or so, and then carried his head stiffly until he rejoined Captain Rampney—looking extremely cross, and smoking a cigar—in the porch of the inn. His mind's eye could already see the Clodbury curate with a rope round his neck, or in penal servitude for life; also, himself burnished with glory, for the affair promised to be one of the *causes célèbres* of the young century. His mind's eye glimpsed something else, which led to breath-holding and ejaculations, internal only, and awesome. There was but one thoroughly accommodating key to the Lady Geraldine's remarkable behaviour during his recent interview. She was an accessory to the murder—of course after the fact. Great Heaven, what a girl! An unnatural daughter, perhaps; but what a sweetheart, no matter whose daughter! The inspector had noticed that the sleeves of her delightful gray morning-gown (with scarlet ribbon-work) were close-fitting at the wrist, but wide above the elbow. There was room for much in them above the elbow. What an actress it seemed probable that she was! And what fine, unusual dust she had blown at him, while simultaneously releasing just enough of her sleeves' (that is to say, her heart's) treasure, as it were, to side-track him!

(Continued on page 714.)

TRENCH WARFARE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—I.

By NIMROD.

IT was a glorious summer afternoon; the sun shone from a cloudless sky, and the fields of waving corn and long grass, interspersed here and there with poppies and blue carnations, bore an aspect of peace and calm which was enhanced by the song of the skylark as it soared upward in the heavens from the zone between the contending hosts. One would not have associated war with a scene so pastoral and sylvan but for the intermittent crack of a rifle from the sand-

bagged parapet, or the wailing scream of a shell as it flies past overhead, to burst with a dull crash in the distance. We might term this quiet July day the lull before the storm, for this evening we are to attack the advanced line of German trenches, and carry them with the aid of bomb, grenade, and bayonet. All is quiet along the front; but ere the sun has set pandemonium will hold full sway, and the eventide be made hideous with the rattle of rifle and

machine-gun fire, shattering bombs, and the shouts and cries of the struggling masses who will contend for the mastery.

Let us view the scene of operations and gain a mental picture of the work in hand. We are in the front line of trenches, which has a solid parapet built up of earth and sand-bags, and traversed at intervals of every ten or fifteen yards. Embedded in the parapet are steel plates, each with a small sliding-door over an opening four inches by two inches. Through this every few minutes the sentry on the parapet takes a cautious peep. It is well to do so with care and circumspection, for less than forty yards away is the German line, and there is a sniper there awaiting his opportunity to spot the least glimmer of light through the loophole, or any such tell-tale movement as will afford him the chance he seeks. Occasionally the ubiquitous sniper puts a bullet clean through the loophole, for at so short a distance it does not call for any great display of marksmanship. It, therefore, behoves us to be watchful, for this morning the sentry from this loophole was laid low by a bullet in the head, whilst but a few minutes later another was killed as the penalty of momentarily exposing his head above the parapet to the fleeting view of an uncommonly vigilant foe.

At this hour of the day matters are somewhat quieter, and we are able to examine the ground in front. The space between the opposing lines is a tangle of barbed wire and *chevaux-de-frise* erected by both sides. The ground is everywhere pitted with huge shell-holes, mounds of earth, and débris thrown up by the bursting of high-explosives; whilst dotted here and there are the bodies of friend and foe who have fallen in mortal combat. They lie in various attitudes, some face downward, some upturned toward the blue skies, and some lie huddled up in a heap where bomb or bullet has caught and flung them to the ground. All are blackened by exposure to the sun, and emit an odour that is pestilential, bringing in its wake a host of buzzing flies which the efforts of creosote and phenyle cannot overcome.

Just in rear of the German line is a row of tall trees which graced the edge of a field hard by a farmhouse. The house has been levelled to the very ground by shell-fire; in fact, it may be truly said that not one stone rests upon another. The trees are cut and blasted, and only bare stumps remain, gaunt witnesses to the shelling which goes on unceasingly.

We pass along the trench, examining the ground in front at intervals by means of a periscope, and trying hard to define the object of a small portion of the German trench that has been built outward in our direction and covered with sandbags. Possibly it holds a machine-gun, so placed that it traverses the zone and sweeps all approach to the German parapet.

All save the lookout men are either sleeping or preparing a meal, for in the trenches the latter is irregular, and one must needs eat as opportunity offers. The afternoon wears on, and presently comes the rush of a howitzer-shell from far in rear of the British line. It bursts with a crash behind the German line, and indicates to the gunners that their aim requires but little correction. A call on the telephone linking up front line and battery enables the necessary alteration in range to be made, and the next shot is a direct hit on the hostile parapet, sending a mass of earth and sand-bags, mixed with splinters of woodwork, high into the air. The guns relapse into silence, and, having been carefully adjusted, are awaiting the moment to concentrate their fire on the given point, sweep the enemy trench, and open a way for decisive attack by the infantry.

In the meantime support-trenches in rear and communication-trenches leading up to the advanced line are silently filling with men taking up their positions in successive lines. At the given signal the first will scale the parapet the moment the artillery have completed their preliminary bombardment, and make a dash for the hostile front. It might be an ordinary relief that is being effected, or the arrival of a ration-party, so well is the assembly carried out, and so striking the order and regularity prevailing as the leading lines file into the advanced trenches. They ease off to their left, all moving in a crouching attitude so as to obviate detection from the sand-bagged line less than fifty yards away, where lies the hidden but ever-watchful enemy. With this leading line is a bombing-party, and a plentiful supply of those deadly hand-grenades which play so prominent a part in this trench warfare along the western front. The boom of a gun in rear, the hissing scream of a shell overhead, and a crash in the German line tells us that the preliminary bombardment is about to commence. The men in the forward trenches have been withdrawn whilst the artillery fire is in progress, in order to avoid casualties from the 'blow-back' of the heavy guns, or the possibility of a short burst. In rear the support-trenches are full of men, armed to the teeth, ready to move forward the instant the guns cease their fire on the enemy's advanced line to open with a curtain of shrapnel on the trenches in rear, where the Germans will be massing men to meet the expected attack. The great shells roar and scream overhead, landing with a terrific explosion in parapet and trench. Clouds of black and yellow smoke, intermingled with dust, obscure the landscape, blotting out the lines in rear and limiting the field of view to a score of yards or less. Anon rifles and bits of equipment are mixed with the upheavals, signs indicating that the guns are doing their work to some effect.

For twenty minutes this concentrated rain of fire continues, moments that are passed by the

storming-parties in putting the final touch to their preparations. The bomb-throwers are there, each with his canvas belt containing a number of the deadly grenades, whilst others with boxes holding more will follow to keep them well supplied. There is nothing to surpass a bomb for clearing a line of trench, for the high-explosive of which it is composed will spread death and general havoc where it falls, and the bombing-parties cast several into each section of trench before rushing it with the bayonet. At a prearranged moment the guns lift their fire, lengthen the fuses, and switch on to the rear of the German lines. From the British trenches the leaders of the storming-party spring forth; the line surges forward like a wave on the sea-shore, swings with a rush over the parapet, is through the barbed-wire entanglements, now cut to shreds by the artillery fire, and with a wild leap is into the German trench. There is a fierce hand-to-hand struggle with the bayonet as the stormers reach the crest of the German parapet, and meet the defenders face to face, who have hardly realised that the enemy is upon them. Valiantly they stand their ground, making a desperate endeavour to stem the onrush; but the surprise and élan of the attack have been complete, and the British have swept up in an irresistible charge. The stormers fling their bombs and hand-grenades ahead of them as they all rush in, and so the first line is carried.

But the attackers do not rest content. There are communication-trenches, leading off to supports and reserves in rear, and they must be blocked and reinforcements prevented, as far as possible, from coming up to the captured zone. The attack has so far succeeded, and the defenders have been driven out of their forward stronghold; but it is not to be expected that they will be quiescent as the result thereof. Before the night is out a counter-attack will have been launched, and much hard and desperate hand-to-hand fighting will eventuate for the final possession of this section of the great battle-front.

Time passes quickly in such work as this, but already the Germans have rushed up reinforcements and are making every endeavour to stem the victorious onslaught. The bombers on the British side have blocked communication-trenches, and others have thrown up hasty barricades at either end of the captured line; and now the work of consolidating the ground won commences in earnest. Supports have been pushed up, parties of men are dashing over the ground between the opposing fronts carrying sand-bags and material to erect new breastworks and create a fresh front, for the hail of shell has deprived it of all semblance to a defensive position. From the British trenches on either side of the newly won line a sheet of fire proceeds with the object of keeping down the German fire, which has

already assumed a character that tells us we shall not be left in undisputed possession.

In the second line of German trench, less than a hundred yards distant across the open fields, the enemy is concentrating his forces for a counter-stroke, so it behoves all to work with uncommon haste and energy. Eager spades are hard at work clearing a way through the débris, opening the trench where it has collapsed, and building up the parapet to meet the impending storm. Sand-bags are rapidly filled and placed in position, and the work of consolidating goes on with a regularity born of ten months of experience in this form of warfare. Presently the conquered ground has changed in appearance; parapet and breastwork have been built up, the ways and communications cleared, the wounded removed to the cover of dug-outs and sheltered spots, there to await the coming of night before removal to the aid post in rear of the main British line.

In the meantime the Germans have been registering their guns on the lost trenches, and now they open a devastating fire, in which the 'whiz-bang' plays a prominent part, a shell of the highest velocity, possessing the disadvantage—to those who are shelled by it—of descending in their midst without its coming being detected, so high is the velocity; a lightning 'whiz' and almost instantaneous 'bang' is all one hears. From end to end of the line bursts of fire from the German guns break over the attackers; but no time has been lost in throwing up the new defences, and consequently the casualties are comparatively slight.

Night has now closed in, but it brings with it no cessation of the inferno. Rather it ushers in a weirder and more eerie period of work and watchfulness. All along the line there is a rattle of rifle and machine-gun fire, the incessant 'zip' and 'ping' of bullets as they race overhead, and the cracking 'thud' of those that strike the parapet. Very lights and star shells shoot heavenward and illuminate the surrounding country with a lurid glare, throwing ghostly shadows along the hostile front, and revealing to the lookout men on our side the forms of the German riflemen silhouetted against the skyline. With the advent of darkness has come a renewed spell of activity, and now it is a pandemonium of trench mortars—the *Minenwerfer* of the Germans—throwing bombs that explode with a shattering crash, hand-grenades flung with vicious zest from either side, the crackle of musketry mingled with the 'tok-tok-tok' of that most formidable of weapons in this war—the machine-gun. Those brilliant flares, turning night into day, reveal a scene of wondrous energy behind our parapet. They light up the faces of the workers toiling with might and main, filling and placing sand-bags here, piling earth on the parapet there, clearing, revetting, and literally digging themselves in. From out of the dark-

ness of a communication-trench appears another band of workers, laden with coils of wire of a new pattern they are going to put out in front to serve as an obstacle in stemming the tide which will surely come rolling toward us from that sand-bagged line so close at hand. In the slight intervals between the rising flares they slip over the parapet, and lie low and motionless in the grass on the far side. Snake-like they creep along; the wire is opened out and fastened down, the while a hail of bullets is above and around them; bombs tear gaping holes in the ground; the German shrapnel lashes the zone of action, bursting with that peculiar 'woof-woof' that so closely resembles the growl

of an angry bear. It is altogether a nerve-racking confusion of sound which might well appal the stoutest heart. At last the task is completed, and the workers in the deadly zone regain the cover of the parapet, all except one, who will never return, for he lies out there shot through the head, a victim to this desperate work. The marvel is not that a man returns unscathed, but that any return at all.

Amidst such scenes the night speeds on, and in that hour before the dawn comes a burst of fire from the German artillery. We know full well its meaning. The counter-attack is about to be launched.

BETTY GRIER.

By JOSEPH LAING WAUGH,

Author of *Robbie Doo*, *Cracks wi' Robbie Doo*, *Thornhill and its Worthies*, &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS STUART was sitting before an easel in the large oriel, and, as her aunt briefly announced me and withdrew in her eagerness to talk to the wonderful Joe, she rose and greeted me warmly. 'Oh, Mr Russell,' she said, 'I am glad to see you. Somehow I can't paint to-day; the inspiration is wanting;' and she put her brushes in the jar and laid aside her palette.

It was a large room lit by two windows, one facing the south, the other to the west overlooking the wooded banks of the winding Nith. The flush of sunset was tingeing the sky and flooding the room with a subdued light which mellowed and softened the deep black of the Indian furniture against the pale-gray walls and the deeper-gray carpet. A large fire, crowned with a halo of short blue flame, glowed in the grate, and a 'megilpy' odour, mingling with the faint, indescribable perfume which ladies carry with them, lingered around and reminded me of a reception afternoon in a Queen Street studio of long ago.

I was conscious of these details in my surroundings, although my eyes had never wandered for a moment from the sweet face of my dream-lady, and followed her greedily as she walked forward to the firelight.

I explained to her that my partner, Mr Monteith, was engaged with Mrs Stuart on business, and that I had taken the opportunity of having a word with her on a similar subject.

She smiled, wearily I thought, and seated herself. 'I don't like business talks, Mr Russell,' she said. 'Neither did father. It must be a family trait. Still, I dare say they are incumbent on us sometimes. I trust it is pleasant business you wish to talk over.'

'Oh yes, it is pleasant enough,' I said, and her face brightened. 'Sitting here,' I continued,

after a pause, 'and seeing you in such a perfect setting, I am strongly tempted to talk to you on a subject nearer my heart; but—well, I have already promised you to put my feelings into the background for the time being, and, hard though it may be, I will be true to my word. You remember I talked to you about your interest in the Banku Oil Company? Well, the last dividend was paid to us, one hundred pounds of which has been lodged in the local bank, and I have here a cheque-book which you can use from time to time as you may require.'

'You are very thoughtful for me, Mr Russell,' she said softly, 'and I thank you very, very much. One hundred pounds is surely a lot of money. I could do with less, you know, if'—

'Not at all, Miss Stuart. The money is yours; use it as you like, and just let me know when you need more. You—you don't mind asking me!'

'No,' she said promptly, and as she trustfully looked me in the eyes her mouth retained the form of that little word long after it had passed her lips. She was sitting in profile against the firelit background, leaning slightly forward in her chair, her elbow on her knee and her chin resting lightly on the tips of her fingers. Her pose was so easy and graceful, and her dear face, in its beauty of feature and earnestness of expression, so bewitching, that I could not conceal my longing and admiration. I would have given the world to be allowed to kneel down beside her, and there, in the mystic glamour of the firelight, worship silently and reverently at her shrine. My steady gaze disconcerted her, and I cursed my temerity when I saw a blush spreading over her half-averted face.

'Socrates has many disciples still, Mr Russell,' she said, without any sign of displeasure in her tone; and her eyes again sought mine.

'Yes. How so, Miss Stuart?'

'He sought the truth in doing good; so do you. Since father's death, and until—well, very lately, I haven't known what it is to have a joyous mind. I seem to have been walking among shadows, and a dread has always been knocking at my heart. You, by your kindly attention and your sympathy, have lightened my burden and brought a ray of hope to me; and, do you know, Mrs Jardine's little children every evening of their sweet young lives ask God to bless you for being kind to their dear daddy.'

Our line of business conversation had got a twist somehow, and I didn't very well know what to say in reply, or how best, without breaking away at a tangent, I could get back to the subject I had in my mind. 'I am sorry to hear you have had your troubles, Miss Stuart,' I said after reflection; 'but I am glad to know that even to a small degree I have made your burdens lighter. I have promised to be your friend; you'll not find me wanting, I assure you. Doubtless your affairs have worried you, but daylight is showing through now, and in a few weeks I trust everything will be settled to your satisfaction. Do you know, we have with us to-day some one who knew your father, and who was present at his marriage ceremony.'

'Some one who knew my father, and who was present at his marriage ceremony!' she repeated slowly, as if she couldn't at once realise what it meant.

'Yes;' and as I noted the colour gradually leaving her cheek, it came to me in a flash that I had erred in mentioning the fact in conjunction with a satisfactory settlement of her affairs. Even to an obtuse mind the inference was obvious, and I felt I had blundered grievously. Her agitation was unmistakable, and to relieve the situation I was about to make a remark, when she interrupted me.

'One moment, please;' and she turned her face away from me. 'This man, you say, was present when my father and mother were married, and you mention it as if it had a special significance. Does this affect me—I mean, would it make any difference to my name or prospects—my name particularly?'

'Oh yes, it would, Miss Stuart,' I said feelingly.

'Can you rely on what this man says?'

'Most emphatically, and we shall at once take steps to prove it.'

'When did you hear about this?'

'Quite lately.'

'Was it before you spoke to me, and—and promised to be my friend?'

'I didn't know about it then. It was only the day before yesterday it came to my knowledge.'

There was silence between us for a time, and the ormolu clock on the marble mantelpiece ticked loudly.

Then she rose to her feet and looked toward me, smiling through tear-dimmed eyes. 'You have made me very happy, Mr Russell. I don't want to know anything further. I leave myself confidently in your hands. You'll find cigarettes on the table behind you; you may smoke here;' and she crossed the room and sat down at the piano. She struck a few chords, deep as her own feelings; then she rose and came toward me. 'Mr Russell, do you know I have never known the joy of a mother's caress or the blessing of a mother's good-night kiss. Such memories of childhood are not mine, and my past is empty—empty. My father, for reasons of which I know nothing, never mentioned my mother's name to me. I was brought up among strangers, kindly enough, but still strangers. I never came in contact with other children. In a way, I was isolated from everything heartfelt and human; it is only since I got to know your neighbours that I have had a glimpse of what is surely the truest, sweetest, and happiest side of life. I like your nurse, your Betty. She once put her hand on my arm, and it had such a motherly touch that I wanted to kiss her. Perhaps you are thinking that this has no connection with anything that has passed between us. Well, you may be right in thinking so; but it is on my mind and in my heart, and I just wanted to tell you now, as I feel my future is hanging by a thread—a very slender thread—and I may not have another opportunity of saying it.'

I understood her mood, and made no reply; but I took her hand, raised it to my lips, and kissed it.

We were standing together in the oriel, watching the sunset splendour through the leafless trees, when Mrs Stuart and Murray Monteith joined us. Once or twice I caught my partner admiringly following Miss Stuart's movements, and he looked several times at me with a mark of interrogation in his eye. I had a feeling that he 'jaoused,' as Betty would put it, and it set me a-thinking; only for a moment, however, and I soon dismissed him and his monocle from my mind.

We had afternoon tea and a pleasant chat on current topics, and then our carriage was called. Just before we started, when we were standing in the hall, Miss Stuart asked me, in an undertone, if she could see, just for a minute, the man who had known her father. I called Joe inside, and Miss Stuart took him into the drawing-room. When he joined us again there was a glad look in his eye, and I knew his heart was proud within him, for he had shaken hands with his old Major's daughter.

I sat quiet and preoccupied in the corner of the brougham when driving home.

Just as the first twinkling light shone out ahead from the Gillfoot turn, Monteith turned to me. 'Russell,' he said, 'pardon my interrupting the flow of your pleasant meditations.

You're a queer fellow in many ways; you—you don't say much till it suits you; but I can see as far through a brick wall as any one, and it may be—I say it *may* be—agreeable to you to know that Blackford Hall in Morningside will shortly be in the market. I've heard you say that if you ever settled down to married life you would like to live there.'

'Thank you, Monteith, for your information,' I said. 'It is agreeable to me to know this.'

Nothing further was said on the subject till we were seated at my cosy fireside. Then Murray Monteith, blowing clouds of fragrant smoke above him, and glancing round my clean, well-furnished walls, said, 'By Jove, Russell! you're a lucky fellow; an old doting nurse there,' inclining his head toward the kitchen, 'who loves you almost with a mother's affection, and who wouldn't allow the wind to blow on you if she could prevent it, and the love of a girl like—like'—and he hesitated and looked at me.

'Go on, Monteith; you're doing all right.'

'Go on! Hang it, man, *you* go on! Can't you speak, you—you dungeon, and give me a tag on which to hang my congratulations?'

'You don't require a tag, Monteith. A gag would be more suitable in the circumstances.'

'Now, look here, Russell,' he said, as he flung his cigar-stump into the fire and fixed me through his monocle, 'you're not honest with me when you say that, and you know you are not. You and I are not strangers to each other, and there's no occasion for secrecy. If you have no matrimonial news, I have. I thought, perhaps, if you had taken me into your confidence, it would have been a good opportunity for me to acquaint you, in a gradual, chatty way, with my plans. As you haven't—well, all I shall say now is that I am engaged.'

'My dear Monteith, I'm delighted to hear you say so, and I heartily congratulate you. You're the very best fellow I know, and you're marrying a lady in every way worthy of you. Miss Playfair is a'—

'Miss Playfair!' he exclaimed, in astonishment. 'How do you know?'

'Oh, well, the last time I visited you, before leaving Edinburgh, I, like you, was confronted with a brick wall, and I saw a little way through it. But that's neither here nor there. What we have to do now is to signalise the event; and for the second time within two days I tasted a liquid element at an unusual hour.'

'And when does the great event come off, Monteith?' I asked.

'Well, Russell,' he said, 'that is a matter which in a way depends on you. You see, I shall need to wait till you are quite recovered and back to business again. A honeymoon would naturally follow the ceremony,' he laughingly said, 'and it wouldn't do for both the principals of Monteith & Russell to be away at the same time.'

Dr Grierson and Mr Crichton joined us later at supper. Monteith is a keen devotee of the chessboard; and while he was trying conclusions with the banker, Dr Grierson and I went upstairs into my own little room. I told him all that had taken place—of my meetings with Miss Stuart, and the turn in the tide of her affairs—and he congratulated me and gave me much encouragement. Then I asked him when he thought I should be sufficiently well to resume business. 'Well, William,' he said, 'you have to see Dr Balfour and get his permission before you can go back to town. Personally, I cannot give you even an approximate date. You are making splendid progress, and unless there are very urgent reasons for your return I should advise you to keep free from worry on that score. Leave yourself in my hands, and before long, with Dr Balfour's concurrence, I shall be able to say when you may with safety receive marching orders.'

Murray Monteith had to leave me without being able to arrange a particular date for his marriage. I am very sorry; but, after all, his great day may dawn sooner than he expects.

(Continued on page 707.)

THE PURSUITS OF PRIMITIVE PAPUANS.

By Mrs C. F. RICH.

PAPUA has been called 'Papua the Mysterious' by a recent lady-writer; it might with equal truth be called 'Papua the Primitive.' It is largely even yet a *terra incognita* to the world generally. Since the transfer of government from the Old Country to Australia in 1901, Australians have naturally increased their knowledge of the territory; but that even now is far from complete. It must be so when a fairly well-educated colonial asks a white woman if she is a *native* of

Papua—the question addressed to me some time ago.

In the parts of Papua outside the few trading centres the people are at present in the Stone Age, and their weapons are all of stone or bone. I suppose primitive and limited are synonymous terms; at any rate, the Papuans are decidedly limited in knowledge, pursuits, possessions, morals, and clothing. Their pursuits are mainly fishing, hunting, feasting, and fighting. To these might be added sago-mak-

ing. Speaking generally, the food-supply of the Papuan gives him but little trouble. The soil is everywhere fertile, and the native knows better than any one how to make a garden with the least possible outlay of labour. Economy of effort is a strong point here; but should there be anything like a shortage of native vegetables the people at once fall back upon sago, and this needs considerably more labour and preparation than the usual foods.

The pursuit of fishing is naturally limited to the coast villages. In some villages inland, however, the natives fish for small fry in the streams with a net woven for them in a prepared loop of cane by big spiders, but the most general way of fishing is by spearing. The fish-spear has a handle five or six feet long, with four or five pointed sticks bound to it at the end, so as to spread slightly. The fisherman wades out into the water gently and cautiously, with the spear poised in his hand. When he sees a fish, away goes the spear, to good purpose generally. In some villages one sees small platforms erected in the sea a little way out from the shore. These are for catching fish by bow and arrow. A man takes his stand upon the platform, peers into the water, and the fish bent on investigating that platform is likely to suffer. Some villages own a net. It usually belongs to a number of men in the village, and is woven from a strong fibre found in a species of pandanus-tree. At certain states of the tide this is set, and as the tide recedes it is drawn up with more or less success. During one part of the year dugong come to this coast. This fish, if fish it can be called, resembles a whale, and is exceedingly good eating. It frequently measures from six to eight feet in length, so that one of them is a real 'catch' to a Papuan village, where flesh food is seldom eaten. Dugong is much more like flesh than fish. A dugong-net is a huge affair, and a rare possession. If the dugong are known to be in the bay, the people go out in their canoes and form a sort of bar across the part in which the dugong may be expected. The net is stretched, but it is not expected to do more than entangle the 'big game.' As soon as they find by the movement that the dugong is entangled, a man from the nearest canoe drops overboard and slips a rope over the head and body of the dugong, and it is hauled away to shore, as its weight would capsize any two of the canoes employed in catching it. The excitement over this event is intense. The men shout and rattle their wooden paddles in the canoes, so there is no danger of any one missing the feast.

Seeing that Papua is largely a jungle country, hunting might be supposed to be followed to a great extent. As a matter of fact, however, the country is singularly poor in wild animals. Only two provide any hunting—the wild pig and the wallaby. Any one seeing a Papuan village pig

would take it to be the last word in ugliness, yet the wild pig goes one better, or worse. With its long legs, long nose, long lean body, wicked beady eyes, and vicious-looking tusks, it is anything but a pleasing object. The natives catch them either by traps or drives. An enterprising village, which is a great rarity in this country, will make a pig-net, a huge affair of heavy pandanus-fibre cord, and this is carried to some locality where the pigs are known to be. It is drawn out into a wide semicircle, and natives armed with spears take their places at short distances from each other along its length. Other natives make a wide detour and drive the animals toward the net, where they are despatched by the spearmen. These wild pigs are exceedingly fierce, and I have seen some terrible gashes inflicted by their tusks. The traps for the taking of these creatures vary; and two of them often used may be described. One of these is made by the natives as a sort of alleyway with strong saplings. Across this is fixed a very heavy slab of wood, balanced carefully by slight supports underneath. The pig comes into this alleyway, runs against one of the supports, and the slab falls down upon it. Another trap is rather more ingenious. A branch of a young tree is bent, and to it is tied a cord with a noose. This noose is fastened down to the ground by small wooden pins. The pig sets its feet in the noose and loosens the pins, and the branch of the tree flies back, holding the animal securely a prisoner. Wallaby are found chiefly in the grass country of Papua, and are generally speaking of a small size. They, too, are caught by nets in the same way as the pigs. Often, as a means of making the capture of the wallaby more sure, the long grass is set on fire. There is something very unsportsmanlike about this method; but were there a method still more so, I am afraid the Papuan would use it, so very keen is he on the economy of effort.

I suppose head-hunting should be mentioned. That pursuit is fortunately not so much in evidence as formerly; but there are still head-hunters in Papua, and in some remote districts the young gentleman who wishes to impress the fair—no, other—sex must have a head or two to his credit. The weapons used in this gruesome hunting are now becoming curios. They are loops of cane fastened to long handles. At the end of the handle, projecting into the loop of cane, is a sharp spear-head. The hunter chased his victim, and, slipping the loop over its head, pushed the long handle forward so that the wooden spike, entering at the base of the skull, caused sudden death.

The feasting of this race of Papuans is a very real hindrance to their advancement. The occasions are almost invariably connected with superstitious beliefs and ceremonies, so that the people have the very comfortable feeling of com-

binning duty with pleasure. Many of the feasts are held at times of death, burial, the ends of various periods of mourning, and betrothals; and at all of them pigs are the middle and both ends. The success or non-success of a feast depends on the number of pigs brought to it. These are not always all killed, and many travel from feast to feast; but woe to the man who does not 'show willing' by presenting his animal! When his time comes his feast will most surely suffer. When a feast is in preparation one might imagine that the village was about to be stormed by a horde of enemies. It is etiquette to make as much noise as possible when approaching the village *en fête*. Some of the arrivals blow conch-shells, others yell, and others prod the poor pigs to induce them to add their note to the general uproar. Every party bringing more than one pig is entitled to wave a green branch as a sign. Needless to say, these parties are greeted with a mighty outburst of enthusiasm. The food provided—pigs, native vegetables, fruits, and sago—is seldom eaten there and then. When all the expected visitors have arrived, a distribution takes place. The head of the feast decides how many and whose pigs shall be killed, and these are all cut up and placed with the heaps of other food. Then a master of ceremonies takes his place by these heaps, generally upon a raised platform. He chooses a portion of food and a piece of pig, holds the latter aloft, and shouts out the name of some village in a chant-like tone, with a long-drawn 'Oh!' at the end. Some representative of the village named rushes out, perhaps catches the piece of pig, perhaps picks it up from the ground where the master of ceremonies throws it as he finishes the 'Oh!' and, gathering up the rest of his share, retreats. This goes on till all villages represented are named; after which they disperse to cook and eat the food at home. These feasts move from village to village all along a coast, and labour-recruiters know that it is of no use working in a district where they are in progress, for it takes a very good story to induce a native to forgo them. Dancing is sometimes a part of these festivals, but not always.

The fighting of the Papuans is now of but little account. The spread of Government and mission influence has put an end to it, except in the interior and in a few coastal regions still rarely visited. Time was when one village dared not move half-a-dozen miles without the probability of providing a cannibal feast for a neighbouring tribe. In the known parts cannibalism is now rare; of all the hinterland one can only guess. True, the country has now been crossed and recrossed, but only in a few directions. There are huge tracts where no white man has penetrated. In the old days of constant attack and treachery the braves of the

village slept on an uneven pillow of stones, lest their sleep should be too sound.

Sago-making in Papua is the one pursuit somewhat approaching a trade, for people in whose villages sago is plentiful make it and use it as barter to obtain cooking-pots, arm-shells, and other articles of value—to them.

A sago swamp is at once one of the loveliest and vilest places in the world. Above, the fern and creeper-clad trunks and tremendous waving fronds are things of beauty; below, the sluggish streams, rotting undergrowth, and vile-smelling mud are not. To make sago, the native needs little more than the tree, just a stone adze, a few stone wedges, and water. This last, as though to encourage the native in his natural laziness, nature generally provides on the spot. There are few sago swamps without a stream of some sort, and about the 'sort' perhaps the less said the better. No one could accuse the Papuan of being too careful of his water-supply.

A tree chosen, the natives fell it about a foot from the ground with stone axes. Then, clearing it of creepers and ferns, many of which are rare and beautiful, they proceed to split it open. An opening is made, and a wedge inserted; a little distance along the trunk another is inserted, and so on for the length of the tree. Hammering on these splits causes it to open in very fair halves lengthways. The inside is a tightly packed mass of pink stringy fibre. Sitting astride the trunk, men chop away at this fibre, breaking it up quite small with their stone adzes. Meanwhile the women are preparing the washing apparatus. The tough sort of scales which fold one over the other on the trunk of the sago-palm are bent to form three troughs, and these are arranged upon crossed sticks at three heights, one running down into the other. At the end of each trough is a little partition with holes in it. The women fetch the sago as the men chop it up, and then put it into the first trough with water. Here they wash it thoroughly, and let the water run into the next trough, carrying with it the sago substance washed from the fibre. In this second trough they wash it again, and let it run through smaller holes into the third trough, where, after a final wash, the water is carefully drained away and the sago left in a long firm block. Freshly made native sago is as unlike the sago of commerce as can be. It is more like the sweet-meat called *fondant* than anything else. It is of a pale pretty pink colour, and melts in the mouth. The natives wrap it up in long, round, leaf-covered bundles, exactly like small bolsters; and, so made and wrapped, it will keep for a considerable time. They cook it by mixing it with water, and form small balls; and after wrapping these in leaves, they steam or boil them.

CURIOSITIES CONCERNING ANTELOPES.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

THE antelopes belong to the great family of hollow-horned ruminants, or *Bovide*, which includes also goats, sheep, and oxen. The dividing lines between the different species of these ruminants is often extremely slender, and the various animals blend and are connected with one another in a manner which is often truly remarkable. Thus the gnus or wildebeests, although classed among the antelopes, and having most of the characteristics of that group, bear a strong family likeness to cattle and buffaloes, especially about the heavy head and horns. The Boers of South Africa, when they first encountered them, promptly named them *wildebeeste*, which means, of course, wild oxen. The Rocky Mountain goat, again, although nearly allied to the antelope, is in some of its characteristics strongly reminiscent of the goat, and may be looked upon as a connecting link between the two races.

All antelopes have in one or other of the sexes, often in both, horns void of branches, which consist of an under core of bone covered by a hollow sheath of horn, which, except in one remarkable instance, is never shed. This exception is afforded by the singular and very handsome prongbuck or pronghorn of North America, which is classed as a distinct family, and is remarkable not only as having two tines or points to the horns—borne usually only by the males—but for the curious fact that, like the deer, it sheds these horns annually, their place being renewed by new sheaths which develop beneath the old ones.

The hartebeests are a large group of antelopes comprising many species. They are famous not only for their speed, but for their wonderful staying-powers, and in a tail or end chase they can usually gallop away from the stoutest hunting-horse. The shoulders are high, and the hind-quarters droop in a remarkable manner. The eye of the Cape or red hartebeest (*khama*) has a fiery-reddish hue, and the tail-tuft, although apparently black in colour, will be seen, when held against the light, to have the same curious red tinge. Towards the pairing season male hartebeests fight a good deal, though from the conformation of their horns they cannot do one another much harm. Hartebeests are pretty wide-awake animals, as I have found to my cost on various occasions. Mr F. J. Jackson, the well-known East African sportsman, writes thus of the species known by his name (Jackson's hartebeest): 'I remember once coming suddenly across a good-sized herd lying down, but was seen by the sentinel, and they were up and away before I could do anything. . . . On following them up I found them in a position

which under ordinary circumstances would have entailed a stalk of sufficient difficulty to make it pleasurably exciting, had it not been that there were no less than four sentinels all standing on one large ant-heap with their heads towards the four points of the compass.' Needless to say, the attempt to outwit them was a fruitless one.

Near allies of the hartebeest are the tsesseby or sassaby, known to the Boers as bastard hartebeest, and its northern cousin the tapi or tiang. The tsesseby, which is even fleetier and more enduring than the typical hartebeest, and may be characterised as the finest galloper in all Africa, is notable also for the wonderful satin-like iridescent sheen to be seen on the surface of the rich chocolate-brown coat. Then follows the curious Hunter's hartebeest or herola, having horns which somehow suggest a connecting link with the fleet and supremely graceful impala. This hartebeest has, like some other African antelopes, a singularly restricted habitat, ranging only from the south of Somaliland to the northern bank of the Tana River. The herola has hitherto seldom been shot by European sportsmen. The bontebok, a species not distantly connected with the tsesseby and hartebeest, is an antelope notable as possessing a curiously narrow range, being found only during the last one hundred and fifty years in a small tract of country near Swellendam, in the south of the Cape Province. The bontebok, or pied antelope, is handsomely marked with purplish brown and white, the darker colouring having a rich iridescent bloom even more remarkable than the shining coat of the tsesseby. This antelope is now, unfortunately, very scarce, and is found only in the protected state on two farms between Bredasdorp and Cape Agulhas. Very closely related to the bontebok in shape and coloration is the beautiful blesbok, once to be found in tens of thousands on the northern Karroos of the Cape Province and the plains of the Orange Free State, Transvaal, and South Bechuanaland. The coat of the upper part of this animal has a curiously glazed appearance.

In much-reduced numbers the blesbok (or blaze-faced antelope) is still found in the Orange Free State, Transvaal, and occasionally in British Bechuanaland. When galloping this fleet antelope carries its head very close to the ground, imparting to the whole troop a very singular appearance, so much so that they have been well compared to a pack of harriers in full cry. Next to the tsesseby I should rank the blesbok as the fleetest and most enduring antelope in Africa.

The gnus or wildebeests are assuredly among the most odd and even grotesque of nature's most

curious creatures. The white-tailed gnu, or black wildebeest of the Cape Dutch, is the more extraordinary of the two. With the dun or chocolate-coloured body of a pony, it has the slimmest and finest legs, neat hoofs, a long and flowing white tail, the head of an ox covered with much shaggy and bristling hair, and a thick, upstanding mane. The cry is a loud, bellowing, metallic snort, from which the Hottentots obviously took the name 'gnu,' which they bestowed on this quadruped. Possessed of great speed and staying powers, these weird antelopes were in the old days found on the plains of the Cape Province and the Orange Free State in immense numbers, associating much with ostriches and quaggas. They are now found only in the protected state on a few farms in the Orange Free State, and their numbers, all told, cannot exceed two thousand head. When disturbed or approached, often even when at rest and unmolested, the antics of these singular beasts afford the strangest of spectacles. Prancing, jumping, tearing up the ground with their sharp hoofs and horns, lashing their long flowing tails, darting in all directions, striking fiercely at one another, sometimes dropping on their knees in mimic combats, these weird antelopes displayed and still display the maddest and the most incomprehensible antics. They are savage, treacherous, and vengeful, and many dangerous and even fatal accidents have happened with them. The late Mr Cecil Rhodes had a narrow escape from one of them in his park at Groote Schoor, near Capetown. The beast knocked him down, ripped up his trousers with its hooked horns, and assuredly would have injured him severely if it had not been driven off.

The blue wildebeest, or brindled gnu, has a much wider habitat, and is found over large portions of the African continent. As the black wildebeest loved to associate with the ostrich and quagga, so its blue cousin makes enduring friendship with the Burchell's zebra, which may be termed the zebra of the plains. These animals have been well styled the Damon and Pythias of the brute creation. In the vicinity of these two species may also frequently be seen, in the wilder parts of Africa, ostriches which seem during long ages to have cultivated the friendship, or at all events the vicinity, of both species of these strange antelopes. Brindled gnus are nothing like so restless or so unaccountable as the white-tailed species, and are of a more sedate and less fiery temperament. None the less, when disturbed by the hunter they display certain antics, kicking up their heels, lowering their heavy heads, and whisking their long black tails. Then settling themselves into a longish line, they gallop off at what looks like a lumbering canter, but is in reality a very fast pace, raising a cloud of dust. The great, shaggy, buffalo-like heads, with their Roman profiles, are carried very low, and the appearance of a big squadron of these large antelopes is sufficiently impressive. Blue wilde-

beests, even among African antelopes, which are all extraordinarily tenacious of life, will gallop right away from the hunter under wounds that would instantly crumple up a red deer stag. With a broken leg, or a bullet through lungs or vitals, they will press on for miles, and easily make good their escape. The hunter ought, therefore, to be especially careful in aiming at these antelopes. The flesh of neither of the gnus is at all good eating.

The waterbucks, lesser and greater, include a large group of fine and very interesting antelopes all resident in Africa. The true waterbuck, found from South Africa as far north as the Shebeyli River in Somaliland, is typical of the group. It is a big, strongly built animal, having a long rough coat; and they are found in small troops, always in the vicinity of water. The males are fine sturdy beasts; they carry handsome horns, and when wounded will occasionally charge fiercely. The flesh is very poor eating, and these animals, which are possessed of a strong and somewhat goat-like scent, are often winded by the hunter at a considerable distance.

Among the lesser waterbucks, or kobs, the lechwre is remarkable for its water-loving characteristics. It is found almost invariably in flooded country, and is constantly to be seen grazing middle-deep in shallow lagoons and vleis, often in herds numbering several hundred head. When alarmed, these beautiful antelopes run bounding away in huge leaps, driving the water on either side in showers of sunlit spray, and affording a magnificent spectacle. They seek shelter in dense reed-beds, from which they are hard to dislodge. From ages of existence in a watery habitat this species has developed curious hoofs, which are very elongated and well adapted for progression over soft and muddy places; the under-parts, from the heel to the false hoofs or dew-claws, are quite naked, a characteristic peculiar to these antelopes and the situtunga. Among others of the lesser waterbucks, Mrs Gray's kob, found in large herds in the swamps and flooded regions of the White Nile and its tributaries, is remarkable for its great beauty and curiously pied appearance. For many years, owing to the closing of the Sudan regions during the tyrannic rule of the Mahdi and Khalifa, this waterbuck, although discovered in 1855, was quite unknown to European sportsmen. Since the battle of Omdurman and the overthrow of the Khalifa's power it has become more familiar, but its trophies are still looked upon as among the prime rewards of the hunter's skill. The general colour is a rich, dark-reddish brown, diversified by very singular and spotlessly white markings about the head, neck, and shoulders, and the lower parts of the body. A curious, snow-white, Y-shaped marking runs from the back of the ears down the nape of the neck, broadening out into a saddle-like patch upon the withers. Grazing in huge herds over the flooded

marshes of the desolate regions in which they have their habitat, these lovely waterbucks yield to the eyes of the fortunate sportsmen who have the chance of seeing them one of the most wonderful of all African pictures.

Among other water-loving antelopes the very curious *situtunga* ought not to be omitted. This animal is allied to the koodoos and bushbucks, but for some reason or another has, in ages of the past, betaken itself to a strange semi-amphibious mode of life. Never quitting the swamps, lagoons, and mighty reed-beds amid which it thrives, it is the very shyest of all creatures, and the most difficult of all to circumvent by the wandering sportsman. When hard pressed it will sink under water, exposing only the nostrils for breathing purposes. From this singular trait, no doubt, the Portuguese traveller Serpa Pinto obtained his strange conception of the habits of this antelope; he reported that the *situtunga* had actually the faculty of being able to live and even to sleep under water! The coat of this antelope, which is long and silky, is grayish brown in hue, the young animals being striped and spotted like bushbucks. Only the males carry fine spiral horns. Although few Englishmen have had the luck to shoot these strange water-loving antelopes, the Africans occasionally slay numbers of them by firing the reed-beds and thus driving them from their sanctuaries. The bewildered animals then betake themselves to the water; and the natives, following them in canoes, spear them in scores. The horns of the *situtunga* have some resemblance to those of the koodoo; and the Trek Boers, when they first encountered these animals in the Lake Ngami country, at once dubbed them water koodoos. The horns of this antelope are, however, although good, not so fine as those of the koodoo, but approximate more to those of the nyala, one of the largest of the bushbucks. All these animals may be termed cousins.

One of the most elegant and most active of all the antelopes is the lovely impala, or pallah, still found in the Transvaal, and thence northward through many parts of Africa. Wonderfully graceful in shape, standing about thirty-seven inches at the shoulder, the impala is of a bright fox-red colour, and, in the male, carries long, slender, and lyately curving horns, which occasionally reach as much as two feet six inches in length. These animals, which run in troops of from a dozen to as many as two hundred, are very bush-loving, and are seldom found far from the vicinity of rivers or water. Their speed is immense, and their leaping powers are unexcelled by any antelope in the world. I have seen them, when startled and in flight, cover enormous distances, and can well credit the statement that a ram of this species has been proved to clear at a bound thirty-five feet. Mr F. Vaughan Kirby once measured three bounds of an impala, which yielded twenty-six feet, sixteen feet, and twenty-

eight feet—in all, seventy feet. The impala, in truth, shares with the springbuck the title of champion jumper of Africa.

Turning aside for a moment to Asia, we come to the saiga, an antelope which, from its hideous and almost deformed appearance, is in strange contrast to the graceful impala. The saiga, inhabiting the dreary steppes of southern Russia and southern Siberia, may from its grotesque appearance be regarded as a very clown among antelopes. This is caused by the extraordinarily swollen nose, which amounts to a kind of trunk, as in the elephant seal, and utterly disfigures its unfortunate owner. The coat of this antelope is yellowish white, in winter entirely whitish; the horns are about a foot in length and not unlike those of the springbuck; while the ludicrously short ears add to the uncouth and comic aspect of the creature. The chiru, or Tibetan antelope, a near ally of the unfortunate saiga, is also the unhappy possessor, in the males, of a swollen nose. It carries, however, long and extremely graceful horns, which are much prized by sportsmen. These measure in good specimens as much as twenty-seven inches.

Two gazelles which suffer from somewhat similar malformation are the goitred gazelle and Speke's gazelle. In the males of the former species (as with its cousin the Mongolian gazelle, both found in western Asia) the larynx is very curiously swollen, and forms an unsightly prominence on the upper part of the throat. This swelling appears to be present only during the pairing season. Speke's gazelle, a Somaliland species, although in other respects a most graceful and well-made animal, is also deformed by the presence of a strange swelling of the nose, formed by loose, flabby, and corrugated skin, which is found in both sexes. This skin has a cavity which can be, and probably is, inflated during life at the will of the owner.

The springbuck, a South African species, may be looked upon as a connecting link between the true antelopes and the lighter and more delicately formed gazelles. Its name was, of course, bestowed upon it by the Boers by reason of its extraordinary leaping powers. Not only is this antelope a magnificent long jumper, clearing a broadish road easily at a bound, as it invariably does in crossing such tracks, but it has the trick or habit when excited or alarmed—often even at play—of leaping straight upwards into the air to a height of eight or ten feet, as if propelled by a catapult. The springbuck is distinguished from all other antelopes and gazelles by a blaze or crest of long, stiff, snow-white hair, which at ordinary times lies neatly folded beneath a kind of pouch in the cinnamon-coloured coat at the top of the back. When the animal is excited or disturbed it erects this curious fan-like crest of hair, arches its back, and begins that wonderful series of high leaps from which it takes its name. The bound is taken off the ground straight up

into the air, the slender legs being held very rigid, and the leap is often repeated several times. When a whole troop of these antelopes are thus leaping, as they often will do—'pronking,' or 'pranking,' as the Boers call it—the display is simply wonderful. The springbuck is a most fleet and graceful creature, and furnishes the best venison in Africa. It is still very abundant in the Cape Province and other parts of South Africa; and in the desert region known as Bushmanland, just south of the Orange River, the *trek-bokken* or migration of these animals still takes place. These migrations seem to be caused by drought and lack of food, and perhaps from the desire of the ewes to drop their fawns within the limits of the rains, where pasture is rich. On these occasions not merely tens of thousands but literally millions of springbuck move eastward, devouring everything before them. The last great *trek-bokken* took place in 1896. It extended far eastward into the heart of the north of the Cape Province; tens of thousands of buck were shot by the farmers, and the space of country occupied by the moving *trek* measured about a hundred and thirty-eight by fifteen miles. Over this area literally millions of springbucks were in movement; competent and very careful observers computed that they could see within the purview of their own eyes half-a-million antelopes at one moment. Springbuck are to be reckoned among those antelopes which can exist for long periods without drinking, yet occasionally they seem to be overtaken by an appalling thirst. Not many years ago millions of them moved from Bushmanland westwards, and reached the sea. They rushed into the waves, drank the salt water, and died in tens of thousands. 'The bodies lay in one continuous pile along the seashore for over thirty miles, and the stench drove the Trek Boers, who were camped near the coast, far inland.' This extraordinary incident is vouched for by Mr W. C. Scully, formerly Civil Commissioner for Namaqualand and Special Magistrate, a gentleman whose admirable writings on South Africa are well known.

Gazelles are to be classed as peculiarly slender and delicately shaped antelopes, found for the most part in the open deserts of North and East Africa and parts of Asia. They are of many species. Both sexes usually carry horns, and they are as a rule wonderfully well adapted by nature to the sun-scorched and sandy habitats in which they live, their usual coloration being fawn or a sandy rufous of varying shades. One African species, the gerenuk, or Waller's gazelle, is so singular in its appearance and habits that it may be briefly referred to. This very aberrant form, found in Somaliland, Abyssinia, and East Africa, stands from three feet to three feet six inches in height at the shoulder; it has on a minor scale, in the extraordinary elongation of the neck and the long stilty legs, a marked resemblance to the giraffe. Even the head and

face, though they are surmounted in the males by shapely horns, are strikingly reminiscent of the giraffe. On the other hand, the general coloration is very different, being a rich rufous-fawn. It would seem almost as if this singular gazelle were trying, in the course of long ages, to develop the characteristics of the giraffe, a consummation to which it has as yet only partially attained. The eyes, as with the giraffe, are large, dark, prominent, and melting. Between the eyes, on the middle of the brow, is a singular prominence with a central aperture, from which exudes a black liquid secretion which stains everything it comes in contact with exactly as does ink. The purpose of this curious secretion is as yet unknown. The gerenuk is, like the giraffe, a browsing creature, and for the purpose of reaching foliage to which it cannot ordinarily attain it stands on its hindlegs, supports itself with its forefeet against a branch or trunk, and thus devours food apparently quite out of reach. It is possible that through these high-browsing proclivities this singular gazelle might, in the space of another few thousand years, if it could remain free and unmolested, develop into something like a genuine giraffe. The gerenuk is believed to be quite independent of water during the dry season.

Two of the handsomest and most remarkable game animals in Africa are the magnificent sable and roan antelopes, big and powerful beasts, which attain in stature at the shoulder from four feet six inches to four feet nine inches. The coat of the adult male is a rich, deep rufous-brown, becoming glossy black in the older animals. The under-parts are spotless white. The face is handsomely marked in brown and white, while the neck carries a full upstanding mane. These noble antelopes run in large herds, and a good troop affords one of the most magnificent spectacles of wild life to be found even in that home of natural wonders, the continent of Africa. Sable antelopes are bold and courageous beasts, and defend themselves vigorously against the carnivora, dogs, and hunters. A wounded animal is distinctly to be treated with caution, and its fierce charge and the lightning-like stroke of its strong, scimitar-shaped horns render it very formidable. The roan antelope, a sort of first cousin of the sable, is an even bigger and more formidable animal, capable of inflicting severe and dangerous wounds when at bay.

In the remarkable gemsbok, or Cape oryx, we have again one of the noblest and handsomest of horned animals. Its long, spear-like horns, which attain a length of close on four feet, vinous-gray body-colouring, notable head-markings, which much resemble the appearance of a head-stall, and the very long sweeping tail and gallant port render this antelope one of the most splendid ornaments of the dry deserts amid which it roams. Like the eland, the hartebeest, giraffe, and other thirst-resisting animals, the

gemsbok is practically independent of water, and is capable of existing for long periods without drinking. With its long and formidable horns it can offer dangerous resistance to its attackers, and there is a persistent tradition in South Africa that this antelope occasionally slays even the lion. It is certain that the skeleton of a gemsbok and of a lion, the latter impaled on the horns of the former, have been found rotting in the veldt. It seems to be more than probable that the unicorn of heraldry was originally derived from the oryx of North Africa or of Arabia, which belong to the same group as the gemsbok. It is certain that the figure of the unicorn found upon Persian and Egyptian monuments closely resembles an oryx with the horn set forward instead of back. It has been supposed that the Crusaders may have introduced the figure of the unicorn into heraldry after their wanderings in the East and in North Africa. And it is a remarkable circumstance that John of Lancaster, Duke of Bedford, used as one of the supporters of his coat of arms the figure of an antelope which could only have been intended for an oryx. Certainly in its own native deserts, where I have watched it closely, the gemsbok of South Africa is one of the most martial and gallant figures to be seen in the veldt, well worthy to be chosen (as it is) as one of the supporters of the coat of arms of the Cape Province, the other being the black wildebeest. Among other remarkable members of the group of oryxes are the leucoryx, or white oryx, and the addax, both denizens of the waterless regions of Nubia and the Sudan regions.

Of the considerable family of the bushbucks, the nyala, a splendid and remarkable antelope, found chiefly in the heavily bushed country fringing the littoral of South-East Africa, is the most remarkable. The males carry long, sweeping coats of coarse grayish-brown hair, the neck hair being almost black. The bright tan face is marked with a white chevron, and there are other white spots and markings upon the cheeks, chin, and gullet. White stripings appear upon the body, and the lower part of the legs are tan. In the males a white crest appears along the back. The females are bright orange-chestnut in hue, with white markings. The horns, carried only in the males, are stout, spiral, and sharp-pointed, and attain in good specimens a length of two feet seven inches. A good ram nyala stands three feet six inches, and weighs three hundred pounds. These large and elegant bushbucks harbour in the densest covert, and are extremely difficult to obtain, venturing into the open to feed under cover of night only. They have the sonorous bark peculiar to the family, and when followed up with dogs, or wounded, charge with great courage, their horns rendering them very formidable.

Ex Africa semper aliquid novi is a saying that has held good from Pliny's time to the

twentieth century. Only recently two sportsmen, Messrs Ivor Buxton and C. Albright, shooting in Gallaland, near the border of Abyssinia, lit upon an entirely new species of antelope, a large animal of the bushbuck type, carrying splendid horns remarkably like those of the nyala. This fine animal, which is intermediate in size between the greater koodoo and the nyala, was found inhabiting a tract of mountain country known as Sagatu, to the north-east of Lake Zuay in north-west Gallaland. Mr Buxton has presented a good specimen (head and horns) of one of these remarkable antelopes to the British Museum, where it may now be seen. The horns are very fine, and measure thirty-seven inches; in another specimen they attain as much as thirty-nine inches. This grand bushbuck has a dark-brown coat faintly spotted and striped, white markings about the face, throat, and chest, and a crest of longish white-and-black hair running along the spine. It has been identified as a near congener of the nyala of Zululand and Amatongaland, although separated by a distance of at least two thousand five hundred miles, and has been named the mountain nyala (*Tragelaphus Buxtoni*). How and when the remote ancestors of these now far-sundered bushbucks broke away from one another and set up varying types is one of those mysteries of the Dark Continent which no zoologist can now pretend to solve.

Many other antelopes have developed curious traits and habits which surely deserve mention. The number of these interesting animals, however, is so large, and my present space is so restricted, that I must here reluctantly conclude these notes.

VANITAS!

THE passing bell proclaims,
With melancholy toll,
An end to all the hopes and aims
Of some poor human soul.

The minute-gun's dull roar,
Booming o'er sea or land,
Tells us one fellow-creature more
Has crossed the borderland.

The ensign flying low,
In sympathy, doth say:
'Another pilgrim from below
Has gone upon his way.'

Vain outward sounds and sight!
Hollow, and nothing worth!
Mere symbols of the crowning flight
Of spirits from the earth.

Methinks retiring woe
More seemly than display.
I hope there'll be no empty show
When I am called away.

JAMES T. JOHNSTON.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE WOUNDED AT MALTA.

By CLAUDUS PEDE.

A DECK-HAND bestirred himself suddenly. 'Governor's coming aboard!' he halloed, and the Principal Medical Officer beside me shouted heatedly for his helmet.

We were aboard ship in the Grand Harbour of Valetta, in the early warmth of a June morning.

A few minutes passed; then the P.M.O., crowned with helmet, khaki, all proper, marched round to me, a tall, alert, ruddy, distinguished-looking soldier, who might have been old had one listened to the calendar instead of to his vivacious, keen conversation.

'Good-morning, sir,' I said.

'Good-morning,' he answered. 'Well, you're coming ashore with us, aren't you?'

I fear my face fell. 'I hope 'not, sir,' I returned, a little ungraciously perhaps.

'Why not?' he asked. 'Why, don't you want to?'

'Oh, well,' I said, 'now that I've been so badly smashed up, I was hoping I should be sent to the Old Country to mend.'

The Governor smiled good-naturedly. 'Oh no,' he said, trying to make it sound a personal matter; 'I've made all arrangements. I've got a beautiful place for you some miles away—St Andrew's. And we've the cleverest surgeon from London to look after you—what's his name?—and you'll just come along, and I wager you'll never regret it. I'll come to see you.'

Dear man! I groaned with disappointment and distrust. Was the General the most smoothly sarcastic man on earth? I longing for a very special and intimate welcome in the homeland; he offering instead a burning, arid island, plus a formal visit, sometime! But I was wrong, and his Excellency was right. In a few days I was ashamed of my lack of faith.

St Andrew's proved splendid, the distinguished surgeon proved splendid, and the Governor *did* come, and come early and often, too. How he did it all Heaven knows. But in addition to his military and administrative duties, his motor-car was never idle. He knew practically every Sister in every hospital in the island. He popped in and out of camps and men's wards and officers' wards at all hours of the day. Sometimes he brought his staff, sometimes ladies of his household; sometimes he walked in alone; he attended convalescents' concerts; he dined in countless

messes. You had only to hint at some little deficiency—the absence of billiard-cues, the slowness of mails—and he had it rectified. The wounded soldiers haven't a better friend in the island than Lord Methuen.

Nor could St Andrew's disappoint even the exacting. A barracks consisting of many detached blocks, it had been transformed into a hospital, where staffily inventiveness had conquered almost every drawback. It stood high on the eastern coast, enjoying all the breezes, and from it one could obtain many wonderful views (when one was strong enough) of the cities of Sliema and distant Valetta.

St Andrew's was not the only hospital. There were literally dozens of others, if we include the beautiful private villas placed at the disposal of the authorities by generous owners. One especially I recall, placed on a little rocky peninsula and almost surrounded by the blue Mediterranean, near St Andrew's; a princely home of Roman design, with Roman courtyard, arcades, and statues. There were also, for example, the Royal Naval Hospital, the Royal Military, the Blue Sisters (sometimes affectionately corrupted into the 'Blisters'), Imtarfa, and St George's. One single ward in Valetta contains, or did contain, to the wonder of the visiting world, nearly four hundred beds. The cases which could least stand transit are, of course, kept in Valetta itself. Others pass at once to the more distant hospitals, and thence to convalescent quarters and rest-camps. From these the cured and capable men go back to their regiments, and the disabled sail for home.

From June onward is the hot season in Malta; but remarkably little discomfort could be averred, particularly by men who had been enduring the terrors of Gallipoli. True, there wasn't always wind, and there was pretty nearly always dust; and the sun, which leaves so unmistakably his mark on the swarthy Maltese, did not sympathise by refusing to shine. The mosquitoes and sand-flies, too, are certainly Huns. They creep out in the darkness and attack the poor nurses and the more helpless invalids. One gentle Sister had her faith in Providence shaken because the mosquitoes were allowed to bite poor Lieutenant N., who had one arm off and the other in a sling.

This hot season is, of course, the time that the comfortable residents in Malta choose for their annual holiday. Then all the fathers and husbands who can afford it pack their wives and children off to Italy or to the British Isles for two or three months. This year the reverse has happened. Malta is fuller than usual. The home-country residents there are remaining, and many wives of sailors and doctors have gone to the island to be near their husbands. The wounded have profited mightily by this devotion. These additional ladies swell the ranks of the Maltese and homeland women who so splendidly minister to the comfort of the sufferers. Whenever a ship discharges her load of wounded on the quay (and this sometimes happens for days in succession), these ladies, in relays, are present with their own contributions of lemonade, oranges, tea, buns, fans, flowers, cigarettes, and every other comfort.

The Maltese are no whit behind the British-born in their generosity and sympathy. When I landed, one enthusiastic Maltese tradesman set himself to help a pale officer lying on a stretcher. The poor officer was too weak to accept or appreciate the kind fellow's courtesy; and, after various comforts had been offered in vain, the Maltese seized the officer's hand and kissed it piously, and I believe prayerfully. It was the least—and the most—he could do. The intention, at any rate, was sublime.

These organised attentions do not stop on the quays. Under the Red Cross and St John's Ambulance Associations ladies are told off to visit every ward and room of every hospital constantly, and I know from experience how thankfully such visitors are welcomed. The man is ill indeed who cannot be brightened by them; and it would be impossible to estimate how many books, papers, flowers, games, sticks, and pipes, and sometimes (rather in defiance of rules) eggs and cakes, are sent to soothe the hours of helplessness.

As the patients make progress, the numbers who are met with in the gardens or by the seacoast testify to the liberty they enjoy. At certain times these resorts are simply crowded with every type of nondescript warrior—Australians, New Zealanders, and Indians, as well as homeland soldiers. They lounge and loll under the trees, or they band together and indulge in drives in those open *carrochios* which add to the grace of picturesqueness the virtue of inexpensiveness.

Strange are the meetings that take place. It is not surprising that friends who have travelled out on board the same troopship, and have been separated to different regiments, should meet again in some hospital. What is surprising is the way old acquaintances of schooldays or 'varsity carouses, one of whom has perhaps settled in the Antipodes and the other on the Western prairies, should find themselves cot

comrades in the same hospital ward or ship. But these things are heard of every day. So the old friends and the new bask together, viewing the island where East and West meet so majestically; where the form and strength of European architecture, including the distinctiveness of its churches, combine with colours of Asia, vivid, striking, splendid, under those clear skies born to sharp contrasts. Here they see the mules and donkeys with high-peaked, brass-studded saddles drawing creaky carts; and comely Maltese countrywomen in great black hoods which seem half-umbrella and half-cloak (and wholly picturesque and sensible); the eternal diving-boys in the harbours; and the flocks of placid goats, sometimes a dozen or two in number, that follow their owner through the residential streets, realising their position in the scheme of things, and consenting to be milked whenever a housewife shall nod.

One kindness which the Maltese showed the convalescents must not be forgotten—the concerts and entertainments they organised. These were often made the more piquant by being rendered in Maltese—such as, for example, the repeated performances of the *Geisha*, given in the Royal Opera House at Valetta. That was quite beyond criticism. No London company from a West End theatre could have given greater satisfaction. It was a memorable pleasure to the wounded guests. Of another kind was the attention shown to many of the soldiers, that of being welcomed to the homes of Maltese and British families, where many warm friendships were made. Another thoughtful act was to stop the numerous church bells in Valetta. The bells have slept; so, we trust, have the wounded.

There is one thing no writer on the subject can leave undone, not at least without incurring the wrath of every soldier that has suffered wound or sickness. He cannot but pay a tribute to the wonderful work of the healers, and in that doctors, nurses, and orderlies must share. In overcoming difficulties, improvising equipment, labouring long hours under harassing climatic conditions, and always working their cures with the accuracy of an astronomer and the patience of an ambassador, these healers surely bear the palm; and their reward is not so much in the unforgettable gratitude of their patients as in the miracles that they have done in making the paralysed to walk, and the blind to see, and the all-but-dead to enjoy life again.

Almost as wonderful is the happy spirit of the men. Everywhere you find them jesting over their troubles, and stifling a groan to exchange some husky chaff with a nurse or a neighbour. The Gallipoli joker who, advancing in the open under a mad hail of bullets, cried out to his comrades, 'Now I know how it feels to be a grouse,' is typical of the breed. Occasionally the humour runs to something subtler. In a ward where a Presbyterian and a strict Methodist

were mates, a delightful young lady came in to talk with the invalids. She sat between the two, and the talk turned for a moment on snakes. There were no venomous snakes in Malta, the visitor explained, the legend being that the venom had all disappeared when St Paul shook off the snake into the fire.

'You know the story of his shipwreck in Malta,' she began.

'Yes, thank you, I know,' interrupted the Scot hurriedly. 'But tell it to Mr R. He's a Wesleyan.'

To finish with, here is a copy of a genuine letter written from one sufferer labelled by the authorities 'dangerously ill.' It is to his brother in London, and the only alteration that has been made is in the names.

'ST ANDREWS, MALTA,
10th June 1915.

'OLD THING,—Short letter—more soon—apologies—just to reassure you—possible errors in casualty lists—lots of Johnsons—excellent fellows, but vain, dam vain!—might desire to die as Johnson H.C.—censor's vigilance no proof against human ambition.

'Note the change of address—regrettable, but temporary—St Andrew's once barracks, now hospital—fighting on June 4th—Dardanelles—out previously two nights—bullets singing, whistling, slaying—no harm—no fighting then—big battle 4th—heavy losses—I in attack—supporting second attacking line—head of platoon—murderous fire—Turks swarming two hundred yards—bang! bang! Hell! Hell!—unrefined sights—every one tumbling back—gore—sand—smells—bullets—shells—shrapnel—lyddite—many dead in our trenches—sinking of heart—first "Good-bye to Old Home"—but men willing to leave trenches—seized rifle-bayonet—hopped over trenches—almost the first—storm of lead—not

shot—miracle—rushed forward twenty paces—lay still—crowds of killed—too few comrades to advance—looked for Turk to shoot at—difficult target—waiting—captain tumbles down, saying "I'm hit"—look around for minute—suddenly bullet advances sixteen hundred miles an hour—put my arm in front of it—checkens pace—grisley—second "Good-bye to Old Home"—faint—helpless—try to look round again—shrapnel on back of head—third "Good-bye" proves unimportant, but discouraging—throw off equipment—nothing to be done—creep back to trench—tumble in—Reserves there take me up—care for me devotedly—cut up clothes—stick on bandage—more gristle. "Water!"—"Water"—stretcher-bearers, heroic, after hours got me through trenches at immense risk to them and me. Patched up in Red X station, in ordinary circumstances a place of grave peril from bullets, then elevated into haven of immunity—carried on board ship—brought to Lemnos, thence here—most officers killed or wounded—hardly a man out of my platoon untouched—greatest possible kindness—everybody—soldiers, sailors, stewards, doctors, orderlies, nurses, townspeople—now resting, making good recovery—arm still on—slow—uncertain—moderately comfortable—home in a few months—probably no more active war possible—cheerful—might have been so much worse.—Love to all, HARRY.

'On field three days—exposed to danger three times—actually fighting about three minutes—wounds—three. Doctor on morning afterwards said, "Well, you haven't stayed long on the Peninsula." I answered, "No, but I am leaving it with some excellent impressions."'

The form of that letter may be unique; but if you think the spirit is, just ask any Red Cross nurse you know.

BETTY GRIER.

CHAPTER XIX.

MARCH came in like a lion, and, true to its proverbial reputation, it is going out like a lamb. Nature is waking from her long winter sleep, and is beginning to clothe herself anew. The hawthorn hedgerows, which only three weeks ago were hidden in piled-up wreaths of drifted snow, are covered now with a blush of green, and already in their bielled clefts the sparrows and yellow-yoits are preparing to build for themselves 'an house wherein to dwell.' There is a kindly warmth in the sun's rays as they lie on the upturned brown fields, and a soft genial breath is stealing through the woods and lingering lovingly round the ash and the chestnut, those early risers in the first dawn of spring. What a boldness and assertiveness there is in

the big black bud of the ash, and how promising is the bulging pink-brown bud of the chestnut! To those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, how wonderful is the story they tell! If I were a preacher of God's gospel, I question if I could confine the selection of my texts to the literal words from His holy book. Of late I have been lying much in Nature's lap; I have listened with greedy, receptive ears to her song and story; I have felt the throbbing of her great mother heart, and learned in her workings many of the wonderful ways of her great Controller. And I am leaving her knee, creeping out of God's own sanctuary, humbled and chastened, yet gladdened and relieved withal, to think that into the city life, which I must soon re-enter,

I am carrying with me that heaven-sent faculty of finding 'tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

And these lanes and solitary bypaths which have been my schoolroom are becoming daily more interesting, more insistent in their appeal. They are now providing something fresh and pleasing every day. I must walk slowly and quietly, so that I may see and hear every titbit of their store. A country walk at the rate of four miles an hour is very invigorating, to those in good health very pleasurable; but such is not possible on my byway at this season of the year, except to the Philistine. Even Bang and Jip do not exceed the half-mile limit; and as for myself—well, Dr Grierson has oftener than once accompanied me down the Gillfoot road, and I know he doesn't gauge the progress of my recovery by my rate of locomotion. No; if I must see and hear aright I have to walk slowly, and when the mavis is singing at close o' day I must halt altogether if I would listen as I ought.

For many mornings past a blackbird from the top of the apple-tree in our garden has been challenging Tom Jardine to a trial of song; and, much as I love to lie and listen to my neighbour's pure tenor voice in 'The Lea Rig' or 'Flow gently, sweet Afton,' I have not been sorry when, as if acknowledging defeat, he has stopped to hearken to his feathered rival in the old apple-tree.

Now that Tom has got over all his worries, and the sun is rising earlier, his heart is becoming attuned, and the familiar old Scots airs are accompanying the different items of his morning duties just as they used to do when first I came to stay with Betty. I hear the gray mare's whinny, the turning of the key in the stable door, the lid of the corn-bin creaking on its rusty hinges—these are all as they used to be. But, alas! all is quiet in Betty's kitchen now, and I miss the cheery sounds of the early breakfast preparations, for Nathan is lying prostrate in the back-room, and poor Betty's rest is too much disturbed to permit of her rising with the dawn.

Every Friday evening since I came here I have given Nathan an envelope enclosing my weekly contribution toward the household expenses—this is, of course, in accordance with the arrangement I made with Betty; and at first I often used to wonder if she had fully explained the matter to him, because he always took the packet from me in a hesitating, doubtful way, very much as a debtor would accept a summons. Later he just smiled, and without a word put it in his trousers pocket, looking sideways at me and inclining his head toward wherever Betty happened to be at the time.

Last Friday night, when I was at his bedside, I handed him the envelope as usual. He didn't hold out his hand for it; so I laid it down on the

coverlet, and nothing was said for a time. Then, nodding toward a wooden box in the corner of the room, he said, 'Maister Weelum, will ye open the lid o' that kist, if ye please, and bring me the wee tin box that's lyin' at the left-haun side?'

I did as he requested. It was an old, battered, black japanned receptacle without a lock, and only secured against accidental opening by a wooden peg inserted through the catch. Withdrawing the peg and placing it between his teeth, he took off the lid, and there—some clean, others crumpled and dirty—was every envelope I had given him, and all of them unopened, as I had put them into his hand.

'Maister Weelum,' he said after a pause, 'I mak' nae great shape at speakin' or explainin'; but I've been thinkin', as ye've been idle and aff yer wark sae lang, ye'll mebbe no' ha'e muckle comin' in the noo, and—and—Auch! I was gaun to say something mair, and I've forgot it; but ye can tak' it a' back if it's ony use to ye.'

'Nathan,' I said, in astonishment, 'I—I don't quite understand. Why should you offer me this?'

He gave a wee bit quiet laugh. 'I dinna ken what kind o' a job ye ha'e, Maister Weelum. Betty never telt me, and I never asked; but wi' us yins doon here it's nae wark, nae pey. Ye've been idle a lang time, as I've said, and I thocht mebbe it micht come in handy. Of coorse, if ye dinna need it—weel, there's nae hairm dune.'

I didn't know very well what to say, but I thanked him, and assured him that I didn't require money, explaining that it came to me whether I was working or not. This last bit of information roused Nathan's interest.

'Comes in to ye whether ye're workin' or no! Imphm! Ye maun be connec't wi' meenisters somewey, then,' he said.

'No, Nathan; I'm connected with law.'

'Oh, imphm!'

'I'm astonished that Betty never told you I was a lawyer, Nathan.'

'Mebbe she wadna like, man. Betty's very discreet.' Then he added by way of sympathetic encouragement, 'Dinna think ocht aboot it; there maun be fouk for a' kinds o' jobs, ye ken, Maister Weelum.'

Nathan is capable of unconsciously starting many different emotions. I was touched by his kindness and unselfishness, and amused at his reflection on my profession. But I couldn't find words to thank him for the former, and I daren't laugh at his serious remarks on the latter. Then I bethought me of my plan to relieve him of his long, weary walks, and to find something to take up his attention nearer home. I asked him if he wouldn't give up his present work and take to the cultivation of tomatoes, and I outlined my little scheme as clearly as I could. Somehow, I didn't succeed in making it plain to him, for

after I had finished, and when I asked him what he thought of it, all he said was, 'It has nae attraction for me, Maister Weelum, for I never could eat a tomato a' my life.'

'But, Nathan,' I said, 'you needn't eat them unless you like. You've to grow them, and then you sell them. There might be money in it for you, and for your goodness of heart in offering me all these envelopes I want to pay for the putting up of the glass houses and stoves and piping; that will be a small return for all your kindness to me. You know all about the growing of tomatoes?'

'Ay, brawly.'

'And what do you think about it, then, Nathan?'

'What would Betty say, think ye?'

'I don't know,' I said, 'but we'll soon hear.'

Betty was baking soda-scones, and when she was free to leave her girdle she came in, and I told her all I had told Nathan. She looked from me to Nathan, and then, answering a sign, she went up and leaned over his bedside. I heard a throttled sob and a whispered word or two. Thinking they wished to talk it over by themselves, I slipped into the kitchen.

In a minute Betty was with me. 'Maister Weelum,' she said, and her lip trembled, 'Nathan, puir falla, broke doon there. He didna want you to see. He says he's obleeged to ye, but—but—it's no' worth while.'

I laid my hand on her shoulder in silent sympathy. Without a word she turned to her bakeboard, and I went into my room and quietly closed my door.

Last night, just after I had lit my gas and settled myself down for an hour's perusal of M'Crie's *Vindication*, Betty opened my door and came quietly in. 'Maister Weelum,' she said with a trembling lip, 'Nathan's a wee mair relieved. Him an' me ha'e had a closer he-rt-to-he-rt crack than ever we had in a' oor lives. I'm gled, in a wey; but—but I canna help thinkin' it'll be oor last.' She wiped her cheek with her apron. 'Hoots! hoots!' she said as the tears continued to flow; 'it's—it's no' like me to be a' begrutten like this; I'm gettin' awfu' soft-he-rted; but, oh, Maister Weelum, I'm awfu', awfu' sair-he-rted!'

I was at her side in a moment. 'There noo,' she said, 'I've dune;' and she choked down a sob. 'What I wanted to tell ye was that Nathan's very anxious to see ye; he wants to speak to ye aboot something. It's the first time he's speirt for onybody, and I'm gled it's you. I ha'ena to gang in wi' ye, for he wants to see ye your lane.'

I pulled in my big chair nearer to the fire, put my mother's kirk hassock in front of it, and after I had seated Betty comfortably I went ben to Nathan's back-room.

A week or two ago, at his request, we had

turned the bed round so that from where he lay he could see into the garden. I was present when Joe and Deacon Webster made the alteration; and when Nathan and I were alone and he had looked his 'e'fill' on the scene of his lifelong labour of love, he said, 'I'll no' weary noo, Maister Weelum. The flo'ers and the yirth ha'e aye a hamely look to me.'

And to-night, when I approached his bed, his eyes were fixed on the darkened shadowy plots outside. I didn't speak for a minute, and neither did he. Then, thinking he was unaware of my presence, I said, 'Nathan, I am here, beside you.'

'Ay, I ken.'

'Shall I bring in your lamp? It's getting dark now.'

'No, no, if ye please, dinna licht the lamp. I want to see—to see oot as lang as I can.'

I sat down beside him, and together we watched in silence the shadow of night's wing creeping around bush and tree. And when everything was shrouded, and nothing was visible through the blue-black window-panes, Nathan's head turned on the pillow toward me. 'Man, Maister Weelum,' he said, 'it's quiet, quiet wark that.—I'll never see it again—no, never again.—Ye dinna mind sittin' in the dark?'

'No, Nathan.'

'Ay, the licht hurts my een; and—and I've never said muckle a' my life, but I've often thoct oot lang screeds in the darkness, and mebbe it'll help me oot wi' what I've to say to ye the noo. Ay, the Hebrons dinna speak muckle, Maister Weelum, but this is a forby time wi' me, and I've something to ask o' ye. I hardly expec'it the ca' at this time o' the year. The back-en's the time o' liftin'. I aye thoct, someway, that when my time cam' it wad be when the growth was a' by, the aipples pu'd and the tatties pitted; and it seems awfu' queer that I should ha'e to gang when the buds are burstin', and—and the gairden delvin' on—imphm!—but it's His wull. "The young may, the auld must."—Imphm!—Ay, are ye listenin', Maister Weelum?'

I rose from my chair, and I stroked the gray hair back from his forehead. 'Yes, Nathan, I'm listening; but you must not give up hope; you're really not an old man, and'—

'No' an auld man! Himph!—I've—I've been an auld man a'my days. I canna mind o'ever bein' young. I was ten—only ten—when my faither was ta'en away, and I had to mak' the handle o' his spade fit my wee bit haun. Ay, I had to, for the weans had to be brocht up, and—and, thank God, I managed it! But it killed the youth that was in me. Ay, and as I was gaun to say, I'm seein' things differently lyin' here. Coontin' the times ye've been at the kirk'll no' quieten your fears. Thinkin' o' the guid ye've dune or tried to do nicht, an' my crap o' that's a very sma' yin. Still, I maun ha'e pleased the Almichty in some wey, or He wadna

ha'e been sae kind to me; He wadna ha'e gi'en me Betty. Oh, man, Maister Weelum, I wish I could tell ye a' that Betty's been to me! I'm vexed I canna. I'm a Hebron, and I needna try; but ye ken yoursel' in a sma' way. She nursed ye—ay, and—and noo this is what I want to ask ye—when I'm away, Maister Weelum, will ye see that my—that Betty's a' richt—eh? Is that askin' an awfu' lot?'

'Oh, Nathan,' I said, and I knelt down at his bedside and took his softened hand in mine, 'Betty is to me a sacred trust, and if it be God's will that you must leave her, I will be with her till she goes out to meet you again.'

He pressed my hand. 'Thank ye, Maister Weelum. I—I thocht ye would; but I juist wanted to mak' sure. That's a', I think—a' at least as far as this world's concerned. There's a lot—an awfu' lot I should do, but I canna. I doot I've been careless. I've left the want to come at the wab's en', and I ha'e nae time to mak' it guid noo. I maun juist leave it to Him. Guid-nicht, Maister Weelum, an' ye'll tell her—ye ken whae I mean—that I was gled a Hebron was o' service to her. Guid-nicht. God bless ye, man! Guid-bye.'

'Guid-nicht!—God bless ye!—Guid-bye.' These words kept ringing in my ears as I sat by my fire, and during the quiet hours my sorrowing thoughts strayed again and again into that wee back-room where Betty sat watching, and where Nathan lay dying.

Long after the village folks had gone to bed I heard the street door open quietly, and the doctor's shuffling footsteps in the lobby. He went through the kitchen into Nathan's room; then he came in and sat down in the big chair opposite me. 'I told Betty I would be here if I were needed, William,' he said, and he took out his old clay pipe and smoked in silence.

Just when the night was on the turn he opened the door and went quietly across to his patient. I followed him into the kitchen, and there, by a cheerless fire, sat Mrs Jardine in Betty's chair, and, poor, hard-working soul, she was asleep, with her head resting on Tom's encircling arm. I put my hand on his shoulder and thanked him for his presence. Then I went back into my room, and, sitting down in my chair, closed my eyes, for their lids felt heavy and weary.

'William, Betty wants you.' The voice seemed far away. I rose hurriedly and rubbed my eyes. The sparrows were twittering in the lime-tree, and the gray light of a March morning was lying cold in the room. The doctor was standing with his hand on the handle of the half-open door. 'Betty wants you, William,' he said in a whisper; and I passed him without a word, and with a heavy, apprehensive heart.

On the little round table was an open Bible

which I knew well, and a pair of spectacles lay across the flattened-out leaves. Betty was standing at the bedside, her dimmed eyes fixed on Nathan's long, wan face. She didn't turn her head when I came in, but she held out her hand to me, and together we watched. Suddenly he raised his head from the pillow and his sunken, sightless eyes turned toward the window. 'Ay, imphm!—weel, Betty lass, it's aboot time I was daunerin'.—It—it's a nice mornin' for the road; the birds'll be whussalin' bonny in the Gillfit wood, and—and the sunshine will be on the hawthorn.—No, I'll no' mak' a noise. I'll open the door canny, and I'll no' wauken Maister Weelum. I'll—I'll juist slip oot quietly. Ay'—

And Betty and I watched Nathan slipping out quietly—oh, how quietly!—into the sunshine of God's own everlasting morning.

CHAPTER XX.

HARVEST-TIME in Midlothian. Golden corn in golden stooks dotting the stubble-fields, yellow leaves on the ash and russet nuts on the beech, a beautiful panorama of multi-coloured landscape stretching hazily away southward and cuddling tranquilly between the Moorfoots and the Pentlands; bird song in the woods and laughter in the fields, mingling with the jolting of iron wheels and the cheery rhythmic *craik* of the levelling reaper. Little wonder Old Sol lingers long this afternoon above Castlelaw. Gladly, I ween, would he stay; but his times of rising and going down are set, and slowly but surely the shadows deepen at the base of Caerketton, and steal upward to its sheltered crown behind Allermuir.

My wife and I drove round by Roslin to-day, called at The Moat, and, after having tea with my old friend Mrs Pendriagh, whose soda-scones are almost as good as Betty's, we returned 'in the hush of the corn' to Blackford Hall, *via* Woodfield and Fairmilehead.

This is all strange, unfamiliar country to Désirée. To-day she saw it for the first time and under the most favourable auspices, and already I know, from her looks and words of appreciation, that it has made its appeal. She thinks, with me, that it very much resembles my own home-land scenery, from its undulating fields and bosky woods to its velvety grass-grown hills, so sleek and rounded, she said, that she wanted to clap them. As we drove homeward, quiet thoughts of Thornhill came to us, and we wondered what Betty would be doing, and how she was getting on. For a month she had been with us, our first guest, and the most honoured and most welcome we shall ever have under our roof. Two days ago she returned to what she calls her ain auld hoose, and when Désirée and I saw her off at the station she told us in a shaky voice that 'mebbe she wad be back in the spring,

when she had the hoose seen to and the gairden delved.'

We miss her cheery, motherly presence in the house; and, though it was looking far ahead, we planned a future for Betty as we drove along.

When we reached Blackford Hall I found more than a kenspeckle countryside to remind me of homeland. In the hall was a carpet-bag which I recognised as a Hebron heirloom I had often seen in Nathan's back-room. Two large pictures, indifferently packed and tied round with rope line, were placed against the hat-rack. One, from the corner of the frame which was uncovered, I knew to be the oil painting of my father and mother; and the other, from the new brilliancy of the gold, I recognised as Désirée's painting of Nith Bridge. Nathan's old hazel walking-stick, which daily he carried to his work, was lying along the top of the carpet-bag, tied securely to the leather handles.

'Désirée, my dear,' I said, with a happy flutter in my heart, 'I do believe Betty's come back.'

She looked at me with a wondering smile on her face, as much as to say, 'Too good to be true;' and, acting on a common impulse, we rushed upstairs like expectant bairns.

There, in the little room facing southward, which we already called Betty's room, on a low chair before an empty fireplace, sat the dear old

soul with her chin on her breast and fast asleep. Her bonnet-strings were loosened and lay over her shoulder, and her hands were tucked underneath a Paisley shawl, which was folded across her knees.

We tiptoed in and stood quietly beside her, Désirée on her right and I on her left. Slowly she opened two wondering eyes, and in a bewildered gaze she looked around her. It was Désirée's hand she grasped. 'Oh, weans,' she said, 'I'm awfu' sorry to bother ye; but I'm back! I juist couldna stey away, and ye maunna be angry wi' me for'—

My wife had knelt down beside her. Betty's face nestled into her neck, and the rest of the sentence was lost to me in smothered sobbing. And I waited beside them in silence till the solace from one kindly heart had crept into the other. Then I left them, and quietly closed the door.

Betty, my own Betty Grier, as long, long ago you prepared a place for me within your big, warm, loving heart, so have you sanctified to yourself a place in mine; as you sheltered and cared for me in my spring of life, so will I shelter and care for you when your winter comes, when the cold wind tirls the leaf and it falls.

THE END.

THE ROMANCE OF MODERN EXPLOSIVES.

By JAMES H. YOUNG.

IT will probably never be satisfactorily proved who first invented gunpowder; there really is not sufficient solid evidence on which to pin down its invention to one man, just as it is still a debatable point which nation first used it. One thing, however, is indisputable, and that is that until a comparatively few years ago gunpowder was the only propelling agent in use for arms of all kinds. Various—one might well say numerous—inventors tried to add other ingredients to gunpowder, but for long no substitute which gave satisfaction from any point of view could be found.

A considerable impetus to the development of explosives was given by the invention of the so-called nitro-compounds. Probably the pioneer in this direction was Braconnot, of Nancy, who in 1832 discovered that starch, woody fibre, and similar substances could be converted into highly combustible bodies by the action of concentrated nitric acid; a few years later Pérouze extended this discovery to cotton and other organic substances. But no practical result followed these discoveries until, in 1845, a German chemist named Schönbein, having hit upon a better method of treating cotton with nitric and sulphuric acids, announced the discovery of gun-cotton, which he proposed as a substitute for

gunpowder. He claimed for it that the advantage it had over gunpowder was that it burned without leaving any residue, and consequently without smoke.

This development acted as a great stimulus to increased activity from an experimental point of view, and eminent chemists in nearly every country in Europe enthusiastically devoted themselves to the question of utilising the new explosive for military purposes. The measure of success achieved by some of these experimenters was none too encouraging, and the fearful risks which the nature of their work incurred were often all too apparent. In this country, for instance, it was first manufactured by Messrs Hall & Son of Faversham; but, in addition to minor accidents, a terrible explosion at their works so unnerved everybody that its manufacture in England was discontinued for several years. Inability to trace the cause of these accidents, and the then imperfect knowledge possessed of the subject, accounted for this step.

To the well-known chemist of the War Department, Sir Frederick Abel, then Mr Abel, was due the solution of the problem which had so persistently baffled the efforts of his predecessors and contemporaries—that is, a process for the purification of gun-cotton. Indeed, its

utility as a disruptive agent may be said to date from Sir Frederick's discovery in 1865, a discovery by which gun-cotton is thoroughly purified, and the material converted into thoroughly compact, homogeneous masses. This did not necessarily eliminate the risks of manufacture—at the Stowmarket factory, in August 1871, twenty-four employes were blown to atoms—but it certainly did a tremendous lot to minimise the perils with which gun-cotton manufacture was environed.

In his experiments with gun-cotton the great chemical expert not infrequently took his life in his hands. The story goes that, apparently in the most cheerful mood, Sir Frederick bade his wife good-bye one morning and set off. He had been commanded by the War Office authorities to make some experiments with gun-cotton. It was dangerous stuff. None knew this better than the man whose business it was to experiment with explosives. The question that occurred to him was: 'When I take the cover off the iron boiler in which I placed the gun-cotton with the acids I poured on it yesterday, shall I be blown to pieces?' There was only one way of solving the problem—by lifting the cover. He lifted it, to discover that his experiment had been a huge success.

With Professor Dewar he spent months in seeking how to render cordite safe to handle. Sir Frederick and the professor, having surrounded themselves with it, began to experiment. When some of the head officials visited the laboratory to hear Abel's observations on it, he nearly startled them out of their wits by thrusting the lighted end of a cigar into a lump big enough to send the whole party heavenward, 'just to show you that we have made no mistake, gentlemen,' he remarked.

Cordite is much more powerful than gun-cotton, and is composed of nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton, and vaseline, which are dissolved by so many parts of acetone. These are mixed together until they form a soft, putty-like paste. It is then forced through holes in a metal plate, and emerges in long strings, whence its name 'cordite' comes.

A smokeless powder, cordite is commonly used in firing our big guns. How the huge shells, weighing in some cases nearly a ton, are thrown distances varying from seven to twenty odd miles is one of the marvels of modern munitions. The shell, which is filled with a high explosive, is loaded into the gun, and behind it is placed a big charge of cordite. The breech of the gun is then locked, the cordite is exploded, and the power generated by the explosion thrusts the shell forth from the gun at terrific speed to its mark. The shell itself is filled with lyddite—so called because it was first tested at Lydd, a little place in Kent where many of our 'lads in khaki' have been trained in the art of marksmanship.

Lyddite is an explosive of truly awful power—probably the most powerful known to man—and was invented by M. Turpin, a French chemist. He sold his invention to his country in 1886; but in 1891 it was alleged that he and a captain in the French army had been supplying information respecting his invention to foreign countries, and the pair were sentenced to imprisonment, exile, and fines. In 1888 the patent was bought by Messrs Armstrong of Elswick, and sold by them to the British Government.

The wonderful properties of coal-tar are well known to most people; but to the great majority it will probably come in the nature of a surprise to learn that this terrible explosive, lyddite, is largely composed of one of the derivatives of this extraordinary by-product. We refer to picric acid, a substance extracted from coal-tar, and greatly used for dyeing materials yellow. Picric acid was being utilised in this manner, when a tremendous explosion occurred. It was afterwards discovered that the picric acid was the cause of the explosion. To convert and develop the explosive properties of this new discovery to the purposes of war was only a matter of time and experiment for the expert chemists. They did not labour in vain, for they found that by melting the picric acid crystals until they turned into a fluid of the consistency of cream, and then combining this fluid with gun-cotton melted in alcohol, they got an explosive more terrifying and tremendous in its destructive powers than anything else known before or since.

If the names of Nobel and dynamite are not synonymous terms they certainly ought to be, for we seldom speak of the one without suggesting the other. It was the great Swedish inventor who took the first practical step toward the dynamite of the present day, and gave it the name by which it is everywhere known. Like other workers in the domain of research and experiment, he had more than one perilous adventure before he 'made good' with his big discovery. A catastrophe, as a matter of fact, led up to it. Prior to 1868 Mr Alfred Nobel was, comparatively speaking, in a small way of business as a manufacturer of nitro-glycerine; but in that year his factory was blown to pieces by an explosion of this highly susceptible concoction. This awful accident, which would have been sufficient to convince most men that they had better seek fields and pastures new, only incited Mr Nobel to further experiment, and he discovered that by mixing nitro-glycerine with a certain kind of earth called kieselguhr he could make a solid substance which possessed terrible explosive powers, and which was yet quite safe to handle. He called his discovery dynamite.

Men were extremely chary of handling dynamite at first. As it is largely composed of nitro-

glycerine, which explodes at the slightest shock, they not unnaturally imagined that dynamite was bound to be equally dangerous. The famous Swedish expert accordingly felt that it was 'up to him' to prove to the world that his new compound, under ordinary circumstances, was quite safe to handle. One day several of his men found that they could not remove some dynamite from the receptacle in which it was packed. The explosive had all amalgamated and formed into a solid mass. The matter was explained to Nobel, and he was asked what was to be done.

'I'll show you,' he said; and, leading the way to where the dynamite was packed, he seized a big knife, and started to dig and hack the dynamite piecemeal out of its case. The men drew back as far as they could, expecting every moment that a terrific explosion would take place, but none did.

'Now perhaps you will realise that what I tell you is true,' said Nobel. 'There is nothing to fear.'

In spite of all that has been said and written to the contrary, many people still have the idea that dynamite is exceedingly dangerous stuff to take any liberties with, and that it will explode at the least shock. This is a mistake. Nothing less than a tremendous shock will make dynamite explode, and this shock is obtained by exploding a mixture of nitric acid, mercury, and alcohol, which in turn explodes the dynamite. Fulminate of mercury is the name of this mixture, and by its aid many of the high-powered explosives are detonated. The wet gun-cotton in the war-head of the torpedo is exploded by a little of this fulminate, which goes off upon striking anything that the nose of the torpedo happens to hit. When fulminate goes off it develops a tremendous heat and exerts a terrific pressure. If it is placed in the middle of a quantity of gun-cotton, it is this great heat which makes the gun-cotton instantly explode. It acts with dynamite in precisely the same fashion.

Mr Hudson Maxim, the celebrated inventor of explosives, lost his left hand by having it blown off at the wrist by a fulminate compound with which he was experimenting. In connection with his experiments in the development of motorite he has also had some pretty close calls. Motorite is a compound consisting of about 70 per cent. nitro-glycerine and 30 per cent. gun-cotton, and forming a somewhat rubbery substance.

Speaking of his early experiments, Mr Maxim says: 'When my first motorite apparatus was tested a couple of sticks burned all right, as these happened to be flawless. The next went off with a noise like a ten-inch gun. Three of us were standing around the machine, and for the instant we all thought we were dead; but the machine had not actually exploded. The material had blown out through the safety-valves, slightly

burning a young man who was assisting me. I then tried another place to conduct the experiment, as the above episode had placed the machine under suspicion at the first place. I was soon again ready to repeat the test. I thought I had discovered the trouble; but I had not, for I had not yet found out that the trouble was due to longitudinal flaws in the material. There were two of us in the room when the test was made—a young Irishman and myself. He said he was not afraid if I was not. Ready! The button was touched to ignite the motorite. There was a flash and a terrific bang. The machine was blown to fragments, which were hurled in all directions about the room, making deep dents in the walls; but fortunately neither of us was hit. The windows were blown out, sash and all. I then went away from that place, and built a laboratory especially for the purpose of making further tests. Provision was made for touching off the machine from a position outside the room and behind a barrier. My wife and I made the new test alone. The button was pressed, and a fearful explosion followed. One fragment of the machine came out at the door, embedding itself in the barrier in front of us.'

But the ultimate triumph belonged to Hudson Maxim. The loss of a hand and the daily risk of losing his life did not put the indomitable inventor into a fever of frightfulness. No, not by a long way. To him these 'incidents' were 'all in the day's work,' and merely acted as a spur to the splendid achievements which followed.

One man gave up his life in the search for a new explosive a few years ago. He was a scientist named Wartenberger, and the lure was one of two hundred thousand pounds promised him by the Government of the United States if he succeeded. Wartenberger had spent years of his life in the midst of awful perils in search of a new explosive. He found one at last which the experiments of the Government experts satisfied them was even more powerful than dynamite. The Government offered Wartenberger two hundred thousand pounds for his invention, providing he could perfect a method of firing the fearful stuff by means of electricity instead of a fuse. While he was engaged in these experiments an explosion occurred which killed the unfortunate inventor.

How science has gradually stripped the manufacture of high explosives of many of the terrors which it once so supremely possessed is, nevertheless, one of the most remarkable features in connection with this great and vitally important industry. Men now cut, carve, and handle with impunity compounds which at one period only experts, backed by scientific knowledge of what they were doing, dared to touch. Gun-cotton, for instance, whilst in a stiff pasty state, may be cut, moulded, or pressed into any desired shape without danger of ignition. In fact, gun-cotton

in the colloid state may be hammered on an anvil, and as a rule only the portion struck will detonate or fire. The end of a rod of cordite may be struck a moderately heavy blow on an anvil without exploding or igniting. The rod will first flatten out. A *sharp* blow will then detonate or explode the portion immediately under the hammer, the rest of the rod remaining quite intact. Bullets may be fired through a bundle or package of cordite without detonating or inflaming it.

Dynamite, as already pointed out, will explode only when subjected to a tremendous shock. It can be dropped on the ground, just as you

would drop a handful of sugar, and nothing will happen. Miners often pitch sticks of dynamite at each other in fun. Men of science sometimes make their visitors thrill with horror by setting fire to a stick of dynamite, and lighting their pipes from the flame. They even cut it and saw it to prove how harmless it is.

As Mr Hudson Maxim once said: 'The greatest source of danger in working with explosive compounds is not carelessness, at least conscious carelessness; but it is due to the fact that in every occupation there is a tendency for voluntary acts gradually to become automatic, and therefore unconscious.'

THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF THE CHANCELLOR.

CHAPTER II.

EVENTS moved encouragingly for the inspector. The Chelcote chief constable approached him glowering. An elderly clergyman with a newspaper followed him.

'Well, sir,' exclaimed the captain, 'I venture to prophecy that you are no wiser than the rest of us. What did she tell you?'

'Very little! very little!' answered the inspector.

'Exactly! All the same, what I want to know'—A touch on his arm made him swing round impatiently to the clergyman.—'Yes, yes, Mr Duckworth. This is Mr Clapton, the gentleman they have sent us from the headquarters of genius.—Mr Duckworth is the Vicar of Cloudbury, Clapton.'

'Your servant, sir,' said the inspector, bowing.

The vicar would have spoken, but Captain Rampney cut in: 'No use my wasting time up there, Clapton, after what you tell me. I thought I'd wait and see you, and then—But who was that in the car just now? I see it's coming back.'

The inspector looked, nodded, and enlightened the captain about Mr Lampson, but not about the special purpose of the solicitor's visit.

'What I was going to say, sir,' then said the vicar tremulously to the inspector, 'is that I cannot believe any resident in my parish would lay the hand of violence'—

Captain Rampney checked him with an indulgent, even patronising, touch upon the shoulder. 'Don't distress yourself, Mr Duckworth,' he said. 'We shall see what we shall see, all in good time.'

'Naturally we shall do that,' resumed the vicar; 'but as I was remarking to Mr Beamstock—ah! I see he has gone in—I was saying, Mr Clapton, that it was a singular coincidence that the text of the sermon which my curate preached on the Sunday morning, when, for anything we knew to the contrary'—

'Don't see where the singularity, or the co-

incidence, comes in,' interposed the captain rather rudely.

'What was it, sir—this text?' asked the inspector, his thoughts elsewhere.

'"Judge not," Mr Clapton, "that ye be not judged,"' replied the vicar, with a grave emphasis that deserved (and from the inspector obtained) more respectful acknowledgment than the laugh which burst from the captain.

'"Judge not, that ye be not judged!"' echoed the inspector softly. 'Mr Leven preached it, I think you said, sir?'

'My good man,' boomed the captain, 'what's there in that? Every sermon must have a text, and presumably every Sunday its sermon—more's the pity sometimes. What the—Here, I'd better be into my dogcart and off.'

But Mr Lampson, the solicitor, was now on the scene. The Chelcote car which had brought him to the Hall pulled up a few yards from the group, and he alighted.

'Captain Rampney, I believe?' he said, with accurate aim, and the two drew aside.

Given a couple of minutes, the inspector would have questioned the vicar diplomatically about the curate's sermon on that appropriate text; but the opportunity was not afforded him. The vicar himself began a sort of eighteenth-century-tombstone eulogium of the Chancellor—verbose and charitable—and the inspector let him go on with it. His attention drifted to the solicitor and the chief constable. Captain Rampney had snorted '*What!*' as to something preposterous, and the London solicitor had replied, 'It is her desire, and we must conform to it, Captain Rampney. She inherited a great deal of money from her mother, and has entire control of it. I agree that the sum is imprudently large, but I am to request you to see to it at once.'

'Putting a premium on that kind of crime, unless she has an idea whose pocket it is likely to fall into!—that's what I call it,' said the

chief constable next; and then, 'Oh, very well, Mr Lampson. I'm talking at random, of course. I'll have the bills printed.' This said, he turned to the inspector, who was ready for him.

'You're in luck, Clapton, or may be,' he announced, irately ironic. 'I am instructed to offer a reward of ten thousand pounds—ten thousand pounds, sir—for information that may lead, &c.—alive, not dead. Lady Geraldine Gurford declines to entertain the supposition that his lordship's life has been endangered. I've nothing more to say. Go ahead and make your fortune in a day, if you can, Clapton.—Good-morning, gentlemen.—I'll be in Chelcott almost as soon as yourself, Mr Lampson.'

He pranced toward the inn stables—really pranced. The London solicitor returned to his car, which whisked him away. A little nettled by the London solicitor's almost pointed disregard of him, Inspector Clapton abruptly left the vicar. 'This is a new departure, sir,' he said, 'and I have my hands full.'

Two young men with note-book eyes, whose motor-cycles were outside the inn, now shot from the house. The inspector had seen them at the window, and was prepared for them. 'Go away! go away! You'll get not one syllable from me; so give it up, boys,' he urged with generous self-restraint.

They clung to him nevertheless for many yards, coaxing, pleading public benefit, his and their own. Then his obstinacy beat them. The one ran back toward Captain Rampney and his dogcart; the other pursued the vicar down a side-road.

Thus relieved of them, almost mechanically the inspector drew from his pocket a sketch-plan of the village, the grudging gift of Captain Rampney. Nine-tenths of his mentality was engaged with the Lady Geraldine and her lover, the curate; the other tenth reminded him of the paper. It was a neat piece of draughtsmanship; but, upon his soul, he could have crowed, if crowing as an expression of triumph had been one of his gifts! Pure professional triumph, with not a pound-piece of other profit attached to it, now. It seemed to him that the Lady Geraldine and the young clergyman between them had given him every key in the bunch, now. This ten-thousand-pound move for the recovery of the living Chancellor, not his dead body, was surely the master-key of the lot. The Chelcott chief constable and the London solicitor might think what they could about it. *He* understood. She might as well have offered a million while she was about it. Of all young ladies!

The chief constable passed him at fifteen miles per hour. 'See you later, Clapton,' he shouted.

Just in front a droll figure of a young man in the garments of a boy was whipping a top in the middle of the road. He cleared out of the way of the dogcart in the very moment of

fate. The captain swore at him. The oddity mouthed lumpishly after the vehicle, mouthed next at the inspector, then retrieved his top, and was muttering over it, with his back to the ivy-covered ruins of an old pigsty appurtenance of the adjacent cottage, when the inspector reached him.

'Well?' said the inspector, as to a canary or a parrot. He believed he knew all there was to know about the cottage and its tenants, but there were always chances.

'Eh?' responded Pegtop Sammy blankly.

'Not quite all there, are you, sonny? But never mind. That's no fault of yours. See here.'

'Eh?' said Pegtop Sammy as before, but suspiciously this time.

'What I want you to do, sonny,' continued the inspector, exhibiting a shilling, 'is to try to remember last Saturday—Saturday evening. Four days ago.' He used the coin as a counter on his fingers. 'One, two, three, four.'

It was time thrown away, of course. This brawny youth with the bared hairy chest might have posed to an artist as a model of his unfortunate kind—vacant, watery-eyed stare (a trifle querulous), loose lower lip, large-fingered dangling hands (whip in the one, top in the other), the big toe sticking out of his left boot, slack-jointed, and the rest of it. But he couldn't stand cross-examination. Wouldn't, anyway. At 'three—four' he snatched the shilling, bolted round, and nimbly scrambled over a broken part of the wall. On the other side was a wilderness of nettles and overgrown outbuildings. Waist-deep in its weeds, he soon waded out of sight.

Those two 'Ehs?' made up the total of his information.

'Artful young kipper!' chuckled the inspector, with a friendly smile for the lad's back that did him credit. Then he advanced to the cottage and the village idiot's mother, who was ironing, and proved as futile a subject as her son. He had to shout at her, and all she could tell him in return was that she didn't get back home on the Saturday until nigher eight than half-past seven, thankful that nothing had befallen her Sammy in the meantime, seeing what a peck of troubles had since come to the great folks at the Hall.

'*E will* play about in the 'orseway, sir; nothin' 'll stop 'im. It's no use talkin' to 'im, the poor dear; an' some day'—

'There 'll be a funeral in the family,' said the inspector, a trifle grimly. 'Quite so! quite so! Good-day to you,' he shouted in conclusion.

This over, he braced himself for his hope of the morning, perchance even its realisation ere he returned to the inn.

The Chancellor's park on the opposite side of the road was shut in by a high wall; but a walk of half a mile brought him to a fine old hammered-iron gate with a side-wicket, through

which he promptly clanked. A moment later he returned and peered up and down the road. No one was visible. There was evidently not much general highway traffic between Chelcott and Cloudbury. So he had been given to understand.

Then, with his hand on the wicket, he viewed the footpath, which meandered through the well-nibbled grass in and out among trees and sheep, toward the hidden Hall. Nothing in this.

But to the right of him, in front, was something—something desirable. It was just what he would have asked for in that vicinity, and for the next three harassing hours he was lost to the world in the tangled coppice which climbed from the road-level some fifty yards only beyond the gate.

There were many acres of it. It was disgustingly primeval in its undergrowth upholstery of brambles, tall russeting bracken, rabbit-holes, and black mud in the hollows with accommodation for the successful concealment of a dozen dead bodies.

Before and while he groped and poked, the inspector had the tragedy well reconstructed in his mind.

They had met by the gate, these two—the curate after his slow passion-nursing walk through the park, and the Chancellor coming angrily by the road. Inevitably a further scene had followed, and then the end. Quite possibly an apoplexy had helped the great man to his fate. He was built for such a mischance. Probably, however, there was a previous blow, or blows, and afterwards the curate became like most men when confronted with the stern consequence of an unpardonable misdeed. The common law of self-preservation would scream itself at him, and he would at once drag the body through the gate. A few or more minutes, and in the supernatural strength of a panic terror he might transport it to a secret part of the wood.

The inspector sweated himself rank at his task, but it was only when he had had his fill of it for one day that he hit upon the very spot of his, and the curate's, requirements.

A funnel-shaped sink of black water and mud, four or five yards in diameter, hemmed in by brambles, almost utterly screened from the sun, and so near the parkland that it was an irritating marvel that he had missed it at the outset of his hunt!

Midshin-deep in its rotten margin, he probed it, without result, with a sapling. Its depth and area both beat him; and presently he returned to the wholesome sunlight and green of the park as 'done' as he had ever felt in his life.

He was a dirty object, glad to get back to the inn unobserved. And here his plans for the afternoon were thoroughly wrecked by an attack of heart trouble which forced him to his bed in the middle of a well-earned luncheon, and kept him there.

Mr Beamstock had already obliged him with a change of boots and trousers. He obliged him further by undertaking to say as little as possible—or even nothing—about his calamitous breakdown.

'You understand, old chap, one gets discounted at headquarters badly if one's known not to be A1 all through. It's the second turn of the kind I've had. See what I mean?' asked the inspector painfully, in bed.

Mr Beamstock saw, and promised; and when night fell the inspector, much to his chagrin, was still in bed.

But he would be all right in the morning. He didn't doubt that. And then—a drag for that noisome puddle in the wood, a tactful engagement with the curate's landlady about the state of the curate's clothes and boots on the Saturday, &c.

His brain was scarcely sounder than his heart for this residue of the Wednesday, but it was firm on these two points.

(Continued on page 724.)

WITH THE FIRST BRITISH FIELD-HOSPITAL FOR SERBIA.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW,

Third Hospital, Skoplje, Serbia, May 12th, 1915.

A CRY came ringing out from Serbia some months back, the cry of a brave little nation which needed help for her sick and wounded, who were perishing in thousands; and Britain, to her honour, made haste to answer that cry and do what she could.

The steamer on which we travelled out to Salonika a few weeks ago was provided by the Admiralty for the various hospital units wending their way to Serbia. The ship was crowded

to her utmost capacity, and the passage differed in a great many ways from the ordinary sea-trip. First came the grave risk of being torpedoed by a German submarine during the early days of the voyage. The danger we were running was vividly brought home to us when we were all called up on deck for life-belt drill, and then had tickets allotted to us informing each passenger by which lifeboat he was to take up his position when an alarm-whistle blew on deck. A con-

siderable amount of exchanging was done with these tickets after their distribution, for the various units all wanted to keep together in the different boats as far as possible; but, as very heavy seas prevailed, considerable difficulty would have been experienced in launching the boats, and few would have got off safely.

The captain took every possible precaution, however. We were forbidden to remove our outdoor clothing during the two nights when a torpedo attack might be expected. All lights had to be put out at nine o'clock, and we were asked to have our life-belts close at hand. Notwithstanding the serious danger we were all in, the greatest cheerfulness prevailed on board; we gathered round the piano on both evenings and sang patriotic songs till the time came to extinguish the lights. It was fine to hear the way the National Anthem rang out; but it gave one a queer, creepy sensation to know that the steamer on which we were sailing was liable to be attacked at any moment by a ruthless foe. The loud howling of the wind and the angry lashing of the waves sounded very sinister; there was the chill of death in the air for some days and nights.

Our steamer reached Salonika safely, however, and the various hospital units who had travelled on her in happy fellowship bade good-bye to each other, departing to join their hospitals; for hospitals have been organised all over Serbia by now, with the fine result that the terrible typhus epidemic which threatened a little while back to devastate the entire country has been successfully coped with. But, unfortunately, other epidemics have to be expected when the hot weather sets in. Still, it is good to know that so many British doctors and nurses are at their posts, and most certainly Serbia will never forget the heroic dead who have died on hospital service, for not all the hospital nursing-staff who came out from Britain will go back.

Our unit stayed only a few days at Salonika, and we were very glad when we got orders to proceed straight to Skoplje, for we were all of us anxious to start work as soon as possible. We imagined we should make a very brief stay at Skoplje, but we had not been in the town a day or two before we were asked to take charge of the Third Hospital, where we are now. Directly fighting starts again we shall, of course, take the field with the army, for we are first and foremost a field-hospital, and our place is with the troops.

Our unit numbers twenty-seven, and includes surgeons, dressers, nurses, chauffeurs, a cook, and a laundress. Five Ford motor-ambulances accompany the field-hospital, and a small scouting-car; and, in view of the urgent need we find for further transport, our commandant, Dr Hartnell-Beavis, cabled home for six more motor-ambulances, which are due to arrive in a week or ten days.

The General in command of the new Serbian army is particularly anxious that we should get our new ambulances out as soon as possible; nor is this much to be wondered at, for the sick and wounded soldiers who are so often arriving by train here have to be conveyed to their respective hospitals, often a drive of several miles, either in bullock-wagons with a rough basket cover of wickerwork, or else in little rickety victorias drawn by thin horses. The patients must suffer terribly as they are jolted over the rough roads and uneven streets in these springless bullock-wagons; also the little victorias are a sure means of spreading disease, for soldiers suffering from infectious diseases have often to be conveyed in them, and the same carriages, without any attempt having been made to disinfect them, are plying for hire half-an-hour later.

We have many patients to look after, mostly surgical. In one ward alone lie two poor fellows who have lost both their legs; in fact, it would be difficult to find a hospital containing a higher percentage of amputation cases than are to be seen here; and the tragical part of the matter is that had immediate surgical attention been available on the field a large proportion of these amputations need never have taken place. In our daily work here we realise more and more the value of field-hospitals, which are able to render that prompt assistance that not only saves so many lives, but is the means of preventing the condition the brave soldier dreads so much—namely, that of the helpless cripple.

During the half-hour that our train stopped at Strumitza, a station some miles south of Skoplje, we made a pilgrimage to a green field just outside the station, the burial-place of the Serbian soldiers who lost their lives during the raid that took place on Easter Sunday. Great hills tower above the burial-field, keeping motionless watch over the dead—hills that have stood there from the beginning of time; but the little wooden crosses which mark each grave are pathetically new.

It was here, at Strumitza, that the Bulgarian comitaljis behaved with such abominable cruelty to the unfortunate wounded Serbian soldiers who fell into their hands after the raid; for these savage barbarians cut off the noses and ears of their victims, and then burnt them alive. It seems almost incredible that such a deed should have been done on Easter Sunday, of all days in the year; but this war is bringing out the brute in man as well as revealing his more noble qualities.

It must be stated that the Serbians are really most humane to their prisoners, treating them with quite extraordinary clemency and generosity. A young officer told us a striking little story the other day—a story that reflects very favourably on the Serbian soldiers.

'Our men have good hearts,' he began, 'and we are by no means the savages we are made

out to be. Why, only in November I was with my regiment. We had been retreating all day before a foe which was vastly superior in point of numbers—and every one knows what a strain a slow retreat is upon soldiers—when, during the night, the order was given to cease retreating and to attack at dawn.' The speaker paused a second and smiled at us proudly. 'We attacked the Austrians at dawn. They were more than twice our numbers; but, by the blessing and the help of God, after a desperate struggle we dislodged our foes and regained the ground we had lost on the previous day. It was then I entered a trench with my men which the Austrians had abandoned, leaving several of their dead and wounded behind. I turned to give my regiment a command, but what a scene met my eyes! My brave fellows had put down their weapons and were assisting the wounded and the dying, giving them water and food from their own scanty store, and binding up their wounds as well as they could. I confess my breath was taken away by this quite unexpected sight; but it was necessary to continue the assault, and here were my men occupied in attending to the needs of their enemies. "What are you doing, my fine fellows?" I demanded; but my brave boys had their answer ready: "Leave us alone, sir. These poor men bleed to death; suffer us to attend to them for a moment."'

The same generous spirit prevails in the hospital wards here. Austrians and Serbians lie side by side, and the wounded men all try to talk to each other; they might be the best of friends instead of foes. A very wonderful and beautiful thing is the pity of the wounded for the wounded; patients often quite forget their own serious injuries as they commiserate with another sufferer, or try to persuade some nervous comrade to consent to an operation.

There is romance in the wards. A young soldier brought in a few days ago suffering from some slight injury has produced a photograph of his pretty sweetheart. The portrait has been passed from bed to bed and generally admired; and the young lover's shy smile as he listens to the eulogies of his beloved is very naïve and charming.

Romance in one ward, but poignant tragedy in another. A poor Serbian soldier—such a nice fellow—heard from his native village yesterday, and learnt, to his infinite distress, that his wife and two children had succumbed to typhus. He lies on his bed heart-broken; no one can comfort him—he mourns for his dead.

There is a Serbian gipsy lad amongst the patients. The other men are very fond of the olive-skinned, black-eyed lad, for he wanders in and out of the various wards and dances to the music provided by the gramophone. He has lost an arm, but this calamity does not seem in the very least degree to have damped his spirits, for he is as merry as possible, and presents quite

a gay appearance in his pink woollen stockings and red jacket. When he can get a rose to tuck into his cap over his left ear he is the happiest man in the ward.

It was a splendid thought of our commandant, Dr Hartnell-Beavis, to bring out a gramophone. The patients most thoroughly appreciate the instrument; they are always begging to have it played in the wards. The Scottish and the Irish airs seem to appeal to them most, and they all try to sing 'Tipperary.' They do this partly as a compliment to Britain, for the Serbians are simply overflowing with gratitude to the country which has come to their help, and also because they like the lilt of the air.

A striking instance of the affection in which the British are held was afforded during Lady Paget's recent illness, when the greatest sympathy was manifested throughout the whole of Serbia for the sufferer. The Jewish population kept up continual prayers in their synagogues during the course of her illness, and we do not exaggerate when we say that even little children knelt for hours at a time praying for the noble woman who had done so much for Serbia.

A most affecting farewell took place when Lady Paget left Skoplje last week *en route* for England, the whole city turning out to wish her God-speed. The convalescent and her party travelled to Salonika in the royal coach, which was placed at her disposal by King Peter. The officer commanding the Serbian army of the new territory saw her off at the station with a guard of honour, the regimental band played as the train steamed out, and little children threw bunches of flowers; but it was an old gray-haired peasant woman who voiced in one shrill cry the national feeling. 'Do not leave us,' the old woman wailed as the train was about to start. 'What shall we do without you? You have been Serbia's good angel!'

Truly, the Serbians do not lack gratitude, and their hospitality is marvellous. A poor, hard-working, struggling little nation—a nation that has had to fight for over five hundred years for its sheer existence—they entertain the stranger in their midst with the very best the land affords, and in proof of their perfect hospitality they make their guests feel absolutely at home. But there is great poverty in the land, a poverty which, though unobtrusive, is plainly to be seen by those who, like ourselves, have so recently come from a land of plenty. Serbia needs help in every way, the abundant help which one wealthy ally can offer to her less prosperous comrade. Serbia needs even the most ordinary hospital supplies; Serbia's wounded soldiers lack boots and clothing. Mr Alexander M'Connell, treasurer of the First British Field-Hospital for Serbia, will gladly give readers of this article further information with regard to Serbia's great and pressing needs if they will write or call on him at 61 Chancery Lane, London.

A fortnight ago we were the guests at a most interesting function—a Serbian peasant wedding. The bride, a handsome young brunette, was dressed in white brocade; her rich wedding-robe was doubtless one of those which are handed on from mother to daughter for generations. She wore a veil and a wreath of orange-blossoms, also a heavy cloak of pale-primrose-hued brocade edged with dark-brown fur. The respective mothers of the bride and bridegroom wore old heirloom peasant dresses of stiff yellow and crimson satin; their aprons and kerchiefs were one mass of rich embroidery, and they were adorned with any amount of peasant jewellery.

The bridal feast was spread on a long table out of doors, under the protecting shelter of the gray wall of the monastery of Gratchanije, a famous Serbian shrine; and this old gray wall made a fine background for the wedding guests in their gay and varied apparel.

Dancing started fairly early in the afternoon, the bridegroom leading out the bride. A gipsy band played wild, exhilarating music, and in brief intervals between the dances glasses of the red wine of the country and pieces of hot roast-lamb were pressed lavishly upon the guests. What did it matter if we had to help ourselves to meat with our fingers? All the other wedding guests were doing the same, and no words can describe the generous hospitality with which we were treated and made welcome. Just as we were driving away in a motor-car a tall lad came running up with a bottle of wine in one hand and a large joint of lamb in the other, a parting gift from the father of the handsome bride—refreshments which we were expected to eat during the journey back to Skoplje.

We were given an equally hearty welcome at a very interesting fête in honour of St Jerome, held at one of the newly formed colleges of agriculture. This college stands a few miles outside Skoplje; and here young Serbian lads of fifteen to eighteen are given a thorough grounding in the rudiments of agriculture, followed by the advanced course, which, we saw, was a thoroughly practical one. We were impressed by the fine strain of cattle on the farm, and greatly admired the stable of magnificent Arab horses. An interesting religious ceremony preceded the lavish feast offered to the guests, for the archbishop of the province prayed that this year's harvest would be bountiful, and blessed a good wheaten cake, pieces of which were subsequently distributed. Speeches were delivered during the course of the long repast which followed the religious function, and we felt quite moved when a special tribute was paid to Great Britain.

'Here is a country,' cried the eloquent Serbian speaker, 'which, having nothing to gain by plunging into war, drew the sword in defence of an outraged and defenceless little nation; for Britain, when she leapt to the help of Belgium,

had no desire to gain territory or batten on the spoils of victory. She fought for conscience's sake alone. Nor must we forget the very special debt that Serbia owes Great Britain. If it had not been for her and the help she has so generously bestowed, our sick must have perished in their thousands, and this land of ours would have become a land of dead bones.' The toast to Britain was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm, and our commandant, Dr Hartnell-Beavis, replied in a few well-chosen Serbian words. The gipsy band sent in a message to him to say that they would like to play the British National Anthem in our honour; but as they did not know it, might they play the French Anthem instead? Our commandant immediately replied that Britain and France, fighting for the same cause, were as one, and that their anthem was our anthem too; so the 'Marseillaise' was played with immense spirit.

It was quite a difficult matter to tear ourselves away from our kind hosts, they had so much to show us, so much to explain, and wanted above all to discuss their plans for the future. 'Imagine it!' cried the prefect. 'This college has only been in existence seven months, but now we are starting agricultural colleges all over Serbia. For five hundred years we have had no chance to do anything toward the improvement and development of our country and our people; but at last we have gained our national freedom, and now we cannot work hard enough for our land, for it is the ambition of every Serbian to do something for his country. We live for Serbia. We die for her.' He spoke, he looked, like one inspired; and we knew that it was a true patriot who addressed us, a man consumed by a divine fire. 'We must not waste a minute; that is how we all feel,' the prefect continued. 'Serbia has been neglected long enough; but once this war is over, ah, we shall be able to do great things for our land, a country that has been watered with the blood of our sons and nourished by the tears of our women! Yes, the wilderness shall blossom like the rose; Serbia shall arise from the dust adorned as a bride.'

The prefect voiced the national sentiment in these words—the great national dream; for what the Serb longs to do now is to develop his country to its utmost capacity. And Serbia is indeed a land of promise; only a little capital needs to be spent upon the country to ensure a magnificent return. Acres upon acres of splendid arable land simply require cultivation, and there is abundant scope for all kinds of commercial enterprise—soap, jam, canned-fruit factories, breweries. The country needs all these; but, though labour is both cheap and plentiful, fuel is scarce and costly. Still, the swift rivers which water Serbia's green plains would provide more than ample motive-power, and there is little doubt that, commercially speaking, Serbia's day is near at hand. Great things have been done

already; schools are being opened all over the country for the better education of the young generation, public gardens are now laid out in the towns, and the sanitation is vastly improved; but Serbian enterprise has been cruelly handicapped by the present war and the ravages wrought by the typhus scourge. Nevertheless, when a whole nation is bent on the improvement of their land national progress will surely come, and it is splendid to see all classes of the community united in one great aim. Here in Serbia the old Roman sentiment prevails which is embodied in Macaulay's famous line, 'When all were for the State.' But it is impossible to disguise the fact that poverty extends its skeleton fingers over the nation. The houses, even of the better classes, are most barely furnished, the shops stock only the cheapest goods, and the peasants go about poorly clad; but the independence of the Serbs is a thing to be admired. They do not think of asking for charity; all the help they require at the present moment is for the sick and wounded, for they are a self-supporting community, a nation of honest husbandmen. And they have accomplished miracles, for surely it was nothing short of a miracle for Serbia to beat back the Austrian invader a month or two ago, fighting and conquering a vastly superior force—fighting as men fight for their wives, their children, their homes.

'It was God who gave us the victory.' That is what the Serbians murmur reverently when talking of the heroic deeds of their heroic army; and in saying this they are only following the example set them by their king, for the day the old monarch made his triumphant entrance into Belgrade he stopped in his progress through the city, went into one of the largest churches, threw himself down on his knees, and gave God thanks for victory.

A dramatic moment this, a great moment. Austrian cannon rumbling in the far distance; Austrian soldiers being swept out of the town at the point of the bayonet; women and children throwing flowers from the windows and loudly acclaiming their heroic army, blessing and thanking the soldiers who saved them from dishonour and death; the entire population of Belgrade delirious with joy; bells ringing madly; and the sobbing cry of thanksgiving sweeping through the town, 'The king is praying! The king gives thanks! The Lord has been on our side in the battle!'

Later on in the day King Peter's heart must have swelled proudly as he trod the Austrian banner under his feet, the flag pulled down by a loyal hand from his palace as he drove up, and now spread out like a carpet in his path; but the king knew, as we all know, that great victories have to be paid for in blood and tears and sweat. He was aware of the ravages wrought by recent wars upon his country—deep red scars which it will take years to heal; he

had heard of peaceful villages destroyed by the Austrian invaders; it was no secret to him that women and little children had perished by the sword, and that many thousands of brave Serbians had fallen in the last few weeks, fighting for their beloved country—soldiers the land could ill afford to lose. Yes, victory has been dearly bought, and doubtless the king realised this, just as he recognised the fact that Serbia has strenuous days ahead of her; she will most certainly have to meet the Austrians on the battlefield in the near future, and fight this battle to a finish, for the Serbs cannot rest upon their laurels; they must pursue the invader, carry the flaming torch through the enemy's country, and descend in a wild torrent upon Austria. The Serbs know this; they are aware that not yet can their land find rest. They are preparing, as we write these words, to make another supreme effort; train-loads of soldiers are passing daily through Skopje station. A number of young recruits left the town yesterday afternoon. Roses were freely showered upon the lads by the crowd, and a scene of the wildest enthusiasm prevailed at the station; but how many a mother's heart ached as the train steamed out, for not all these boys can return unscathed to their homes—war will demand of many the supreme sacrifice!

Hail to Serbia! a single-hearted little nation struggling for its independence, indeed for its very life, but a nation that commands the respect of the whole world; for Serbia has fought her battle alone through the years, asking alms of no man; and to-day she desires neither purple nor fine linen, gold nor silver; merely that all her sons should be united under one flag. This is the national dream, the great Serbian prayer.

THE WIND'S CALL.

'Tis cosy here by the inglenook when the wild nor'-wester's blowing;
But there is a cry in the wind for me, and I must be up and going.
I am tired of the warmth of the sheltered vale, of the still and breathless places,
And I must be off to the upland plains, to the wide and windy spaces.

I love the valley at noon of day, when my heart beats calm and even;
I lie in the shade of the hedgerow elms, and gaze at the broad blue heaven;
But when the shadows are closing in, and the evening wind pipes shrilly,
There's a call that comes in its rising cry from the distance wild and hilly.

Oh, stay me not when I rise to go! I know you would cherish me ever;
But joy for you would be pain to me—the anguish of stilled endeavour!
The storm may buffet me on the heights, the rain and the sleet be driving;
But I die for the wide and windy plains where the souls of men are striving.

G. E. MERRICK.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE GOLDEN YEARS OF AUSTRALIA.

By F. A. W. GISBORNE.

PART I.

STATISTICIANS have calculated that within the period intervening between the year 1849—the date of the first great discovery of alluvial gold in California—and the close of the nineteenth century more gold was extracted from the crust of the earth than had been obtained altogether during the preceding four centuries. Many economists of repute to-day view with serious concern the still increasing output of the precious metal each year. Within the twelve months ending on the 1st of January 1913, gold to the value of over ninety millions sterling was added to the world's supply of monetary raw material; and there is grave reason to fear that the gradual exhaustion of the Transvaal mines will be accompanied by an enormous expansion of the industry in the Congo basin and other parts of Africa. Still, inexorable economic laws must always check the overproduction of gold when it is derived from quartz and other such material, since its acquisition then entails the employment of much labour and machinery, and the application of costly scientific processes. The restraints referred to, however, operate in but an infinitesimal degree when rich deposits of alluvial gold are found. Such deposits will attract hardy adventurers to the most inhospitable or pestilential regions, such as Alaska and the jungles of Papua. If, as M. Huc long ago declared, vast quantities of virgin gold lie scattered along the beds of the icy torrents that flow through the abyssal gorges of Tibet, some day, no doubt, the rugged solitudes of the great Asiatic plateau will be invaded by thousands of treasure-seekers. Only a minimum of capital and labour is required to obtain the precious metal in such circumstances; and the digger, in his eagerness to secure riches, thinks little of the operation of economic laws, or of the widespread destitution he may be instrumental in creating. The silver flood poured forth from the rocky bosom of Potosi in response to the stroke of the enslaved miner four centuries ago depreciated the white metal to such an extent that within a comparatively brief space of time, it is said, the worth of money in Europe declined to one-fourth of its original value, and the cost of living increased correspondingly. Untold privation and misery followed among the ignorant

toiling masses and those who had to live on fixed incomes, while crafty financiers and selfish employers of labour accumulated gigantic fortunes.

It is proposed in this article to recall a few of the incidents connected with the last of the great gold-rushes in modern times, if we except that to the Klondike not many years ago, a much smaller affair. The events which 'precipitated Australia into nationhood,' as some one has phrased it, occurred with dramatic suddenness. Never before did a community spring more suddenly from adversity to unbounded prosperity than did the settlers in Victoria between the years 1850 and 1855. Midas, indeed, was the colony's godfather. On the first day of August 1850 the Bill separating the region south of the Murray from New South Wales was passed by the Imperial Parliament; and almost exactly a year later the famous ridge afterwards known far and wide as Golden Point was visited by three prospectors named Brown, Merrick, and Turner, who found along its slopes particles of gold scattered among the grass, and on digging a hole a few feet deep in the lower ground struck auriferous deposits so rich that, as one of the fortunate finders declared, looking down the shaft was 'like looking into a gingerbread-basket, it was so yellow with gold.' So great was the excitement caused by the news of the discovery that by the end of October there were about eight thousand persons congregated on the spot, and hundreds were pouring in daily. Golden Point was the parent of the flourishing city of Ballarat.

To go back a little, it may be mentioned that more than three years before the event just described virgin gold was brought to a Melbourne jeweller, the finder, a station hand, declaring that he had gathered it at the roots of a tree torn up by the wind some fifty miles distant from the city. Apparently the occurrence attracted little notice. But at intervals within the next three years other small parcels of the precious metal in the raw state were brought in by outside settlers for disposal. A shepherd named Chapman thus sold on one occasion twenty-two ounces of dust and nuggets, and then fled in terror to Sydney, fearing punishment for stealing what

was then protected by law as Crown property. Gold-poaching at the time was a risky business, meaning, if the offender was detected, loss both of booty and liberty. But when news arrived in 1849 of the great discoveries in California, observant men began to think that possibly gold could be got in places nearer than America; and systematic prospecting was commenced, with results that must have astounded even the most sanguine.

Apart from the significant incidents just narrated, clear proof of the existence of gold in Australia had been found at a much earlier period. The Government assistant-surveyor, James M'Brien, officially reported the discovery of alluvial gold near the Fish River, in New South Wales, early in the year 1823. Twenty-eight years later Hargreave made his memorable discovery in the same locality. In 1839 the explorer Count Strzelecki announced the finding of gold in the Vale of Clwydd, near Lithgow; but the Government of the day in each case suppressed the information, fearing a convict mutiny. A story, believed to be authentic, is told of a Mr Campbell, the nephew of a squatter who, some years before the discovery of Golden Point, occupied a sheep-station at a place called Forrest Creek. One day, while the young man was superintending the washing of his uncle's sheep in the creek, he noticed at the bottom glittering particles, which he at first took to be mica. On his collecting a few, however, their weight betrayed them to be gold. Delighted with his discovery, the finder half-filled his pannikin with the precious spoil, and hurried home to tell his uncle of his good fortune. The old gentleman, however, being afflicted with a double share of Scotch caution, so far from offering congratulations, strictly enjoined his nephew to keep the discovery a close secret, 'lest,' as he said, 'the people should come and turn up the soil, and the shepherds abandon the flocks.' The dutiful young man actually gave the required pledge. He, too, seemed to think a sheep in the hand better than many nuggets in the ground. But in spite of all precautions, the riches of Forrest Creek not long afterwards became known, and then the soil was 'turned up' with a vengeance. So busy and fortunate were the diggers there assembled that, for a considerable space of time, the quantity of gold conveyed thence to Melbourne by the armed escort averaged one ton a month. On a certain occasion, when the lieutenant-governor, M'Latrobe, was visiting the locality, a digger, whose operations he was watching, threw up at the distinguished visitor's feet a lump of clay 'as large as a man's fist, studded thickly with nuggets as big as peas and beans,' and begged the astonished dignitary to 'take it home to the missus.' Naturally the governor demurred, pointing out the value of the proffered gift, which the generous donor was only with difficulty persuaded to take back.

But Victoria's golden sunrise was preceded by the darkest hour in the colony's history, and weird traditions of the 6th of February 1851, the Black Thursday of evil fame, are still fresh in the Antipodes. Devastating flames swept across the land on that woeful day, devouring indiscriminately parched pastures, forests, fences and homesteads. Dense masses of smoke rolled across Bass Strait to the shores of Tasmania, rendering navigation difficult and suffocating thousands of birds. Cattle, horses, and sheep perished in thousands; seven thousand sheep were summarily converted into roast-mutton on one station alone, and the charred remains of the victims were in places piled up in hecatombs. Human beings, too, in no few cases shared the same pitiable fate. One settler lost his wife and five children, and he himself suffered terrible burns. In Melbourne the thermometer registered one hundred and thirteen degrees in the shade at 4 P.M., and the smoke and dust were so stifling that all business had to be suspended. But only a week later the dawn broke radiantly. Intelligence of Hargreave's discovery of payable gold at Summerhill Creek, near Bathurst, in the adjacent colony, created a buoyant spirit of hope. A 'gold discovery committee' was at once formed by a body of enterprising citizens; a substantial reward was offered for the discovery of a payable goldfield in the colony, and well-equipped prospecting parties were sent out in all directions. On the 16th of July following it was officially announced that gold had been found at the Deep Creek on the Yarra and the Deep Creek at the Pyrenees, the latter locality afterwards receiving the name of Clunes. Less than a month later followed the famous discovery at Golden Point, and the founding of Ballarat.

The excitement aroused by reports of the good fortune met with by the first-comers at this new El Dorado was prodigious. Thousands of men hastened to the spot, the fortune-seekers including 'slim shopmen, stout-calved butlers, Government clerks, doctors, lawyers, runaway sailors, deserting soldiers, self-ordained divines, and strong-minded females in ultra-bloomer costume.' Unfortunately a considerable sprinkling of newly liberated jail-birds might be added to the list. A temporary reaction, however, occurred within a few months, when all the superficial deposits within reach had been worked out, and the place was deserted by all save some three hundred diggers. The belief then prevailed that a layer of pipeclay found to lie a few feet below the surface of the ground was the true 'bottom'; only the thin covering of auriferous gravel or clay, immediately overlying the pipeclay, was washed for gold. At length, however, an experienced miner, not long arrived from California—Cavenagh by name—determined to sink through the so-called 'bottom,' and prove whether or not gold was attainable beneath it. Selecting for the experiment an abandoned claim which had

yielded exceptionally rich returns, he deepened the shaft left by the first proprietors, and after passing through a barren stratum of pipeclay only a few feet thick, struck a marvellously rich deposit of auriferous gravel intermediate between the fake and what afterwards proved to be the true bottom, directly below. In an hour or two Cavenagh picked out nuggets worth eighteen hundred pounds, and the quantity of metal obtained by him on the first day following the discovery was so great that he could hardly carry it single-handed to his tent. Naturally a second and yet greater stampede to the locality followed, and deserted claims were resecured with feverish haste. Soon the famous Eureka, Red Hill, and Canadian Leads were discovered; and claims along the 'gutters,' or main channels of the ancient streams, proved fabulously rich. Although each claim was limited to the very moderate area of twenty-four feet square, one alone on the Canadian Lead returned gold to the value of fifty-five thousand two hundred pounds, while several others gave from thirty thousand to forty thousand pounds sterling apiece. Where the Canadian and Prince Regent's Leads met, the surpassing richness of the claims gave them the name of 'Jewellers' Shops.' Fifty-seven pounds weight of pure gold was sluiced from a single tub of wash-dirt taken from one of these treasure-pits; and nuggets weighing up to ninety-two pounds were discovered in profusion. Within three years the population of Ballarat increased to nearly thirty thousand souls, a number exceeding by about three thousand the population of Melbourne at the time of the first discovery of gold at Golden Point. The actual history of the 'Jeweller's Shop,' which is believed to have contained more gold than any other claim about Ballarat, may be given. This precious fragment of ground, eight yards by eight yards in extent, was first taken up by a party of eight men, all novices at mining, who managed to dig a shaft ninety feet deep, at which depth the gold-bearing material packed together in the 'gutter' was met with. Want of technical experience prevented the amateur miners from sinking their shaft vertically downwards, and they also lacked the skill necessary to enable them to timber the sides securely. Fearing quick burial at any moment, these favourites of Fortune therefore hastily collected all the spoil they thought it safe to remove, and realised from it wealth to the extent of twelve thousand pounds. They then sold the claim to another party of ten experienced miners, who paid for it only the very modest sum of seventy-seven pounds. The new owners forthwith set to work, and raised gold to the value of two thousand pounds on the very first day—a 'living wage' sufficient to satisfy even the modern trade-unionist. An additional eight thousand pounds rewarded them for their labour during the two following days; and then, desiring, rather prematurely, to cele-

brate their success with due spirituous rites, they let the property for the term of one week to another party at a very low rate. The tenants, twelve in number, prudently devoted the first four days of their term to securing the sides of the shaft and opening up the still untouched auriferous deposits by means of drives, and then worked with such energy that during the remaining three days they raised wash-dirt sufficient to yield them no less than fourteen thousand four hundred pounds. A profitable tenancy indeed! The owners resumed possession, got another nine thousand pounds worth of gold, and then sold both claim and plant for one hundred pounds. Treasure to the value of five thousand pounds rewarded the efforts of the new proprietors during the first fortnight; but then one of their number, an ex-convict, designedly knocked out the props supporting the timbering, and caused the shaft to fall in. The claim was thereupon abandoned by the party, but immediately resecured by the rascal guilty of the deed, who was aware of the existence of a corner of very rich wash-dirt still untouched. Hiring men to help him, the crafty rogue opened and timbered the shaft afresh, struck the desired spot, and out of the contents of the first four buckets of wash-dirt obtained no less than sixty-three pounds weight of pure gold. The remaining material yielded an additional eleven hundred and sixty ounces. Roguery certainly did not receive poetic justice in this case.

The prodigious increase in gold production that followed the developments at Ballarat may be gauged by the fact that whereas in the month of September 1851 only one hundred and twenty-one ounces four pennyweights of the precious metal were officially recorded to have reached Melbourne, the quantity received during the December following exceeded seventy-two thousand one hundred and fifty ounces. These figures, however, represent only the quantities conveyed to the city under escort; the amount of gold brought by the diggers themselves was probably much greater. The official estimate of the total value of the gold produced in the four months following the first discovery at Golden Point was close on nine hundred thousand pounds.

Within less than three years the shallow workings at Bendigo, the scene of the next great rush, yielded gold to the value of ten million pounds; and later operations of a more systematic and scientific kind were even more abundantly rewarded. At first, indeed, the ground had but to be tickled with pick and shovel and it laughed with a golden harvest. But rich gleanings were left by the first tillers of the soil. The vast accumulations of tailings and refuse scattered about the diggings were afterwards found to contain very large quantities of fine gold, which the rough appliances first used for sluicing purposes had failed to intercept. Companies were formed to take up numbers of the deserted claims; well-

equipped puddling plants were erected, and great fortunes realised by the treatment of the discarded material. Even at the present day numbers of 'fossickers,' by re-sluing wash-dirt already twice treated, contrive to make a fair living; and occasionally some fortunate individual stumbles across a nugget overlooked by previous searchers for wealth.

That the uses of prosperity are not always sweet, however, was conclusively proved by the misfortunes that followed sudden accession to affluence in the case of many lucky adventurers. One man, it is recorded, on an auspicious day found a nugget weighing twenty-eight pounds, and was so overcome with joy that he forthwith lost his senses, and had to be conveyed by his comrades to the Gold Commissioner's tent for medical treatment. On recovering the use of his faculties, the fortunate one hastened back to his claim, only to find that it had been raided during his absence by cool-headed opportunists, and completely stripped of its precious contents. This was too much for the poor victim of Fortune; reason again forsook him, and did not return. A man named Johnston secured a claim in an entirely new locality known as Woolshed Valley, and decided to expend the few hundred pounds he had previously made in sinking a shaft deep enough to reach the auriferous deposits he believed to lie beneath the surface. Engaging six men to help him, he accordingly set to work.

(Labour, by the way, was expensive. A muscular Methodist minister, in narrating his experiences later, declares that he received five pounds a day for driving a cart—remuneration which a modern colonial bishop might envy.) The party soon struck—not gold, but water, and found the continual inflow so great an impediment that, after a few weeks, the enterprising prospector had to tell his men that the attempt to reach 'bottom' must be abandoned, as his means were quite exhausted. Being decent fellows, however, all six offered to give him another week's work free; and in four days superlatively rich wash-dirt was struck. Within a few months Johnston made no less than seventy thousand pounds, paying his friends in need wages on the most liberal scale so long as they worked for him. The result of a single week's work was gold to the value of fifteen thousand pounds; and its owner celebrated his success by 'shouting' twenty dozen bottles of champagne, costing one pound a bottle! When the claim had been quite worked out, its proprietor was supposed to have extracted from it altogether no less than two tons of gold! But these riches were quickly dissipated. Within a few years Johnston was an ordinary miner again, a castellated mansion built by him in his days of prosperity, but soon transferred to more thrifty hands, remaining the sole monument of his short-lived grandeur.

(Continued on page 741.)

THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF THE CHANCELLOR.

CHAPTER III.

SURE enough, he was his normal self the next morning, and came down looking like it; went outside and opened his mouth and eyes at one of the Chelcott 'Ten Thousand Pounds Reward' bills already plastered on the inn wall; then returned and rang for his breakfast.

This he was discussing thoughtfully, and the maid had just brought in more toast, when an eager, indeed joyous, voice in the hall caught his attention. It seemed a familiar voice, but he couldn't put a name to it.

'Ah, good-day, Beamstock!' it said. 'I want you to send your fly round to my place not a minute later than a quarter past nine.'

'For Chelcott, sir?' inquired the landlord.

'For the Chelcott railway station, Beamstock.'

'Right, sir. It shall be there,' said the landlord.

This was all until the inspector questioned the maid about the speaker.

'It's Mr Leven, sir—our curate,' the girl told him.

In a moment or two the inspector was out of the room. The Cloubury curate was rehang-ing a railway time-table on the inn's hatstand, and welcomed him with a bearing as different

from that of the previous day as light from dark.

'Hallo, Mr Clapton! How are you?' he cried, with a smile of astounding vivacity. 'Sorry, but I'm in a melting hurry. I've a train to catch. Hope to see you again, though—some day.' He waved his hand and made an impetuous exit.

'Mr Leven,' called the inspector, following.

'Can't wait. I've some packing to do,' shouted the curate over his shoulder. But he waited nevertheless, and whispered confidentially, 'I say, what an ass I made of myself to you yesterday! Forget it, please. You fellows are a bit frightening to us country bumpkins, you know. I was off my balance too. But I'm all right now, thank goodness! So long.'

He offered the inspector his hand, and it was taken and held fast. 'Where may you be going, sir?' asked the inspector frigidly.

'That's none of your business, my friend.' The curate laughed and released his hand. Muscularly, he was fully as strong as the inspector, during his prowlings in that coppice, had given him credit for being. 'But, look here, I tell you what,' he added, suddenly con-

templating the Scotland Yard man as if he were a fellow-creature whom he would like to help if he could; 'they're sending me a cab from here in about an hour. Come with it if you like, and part of the way to Chelcote. You're raging to put me in the mill again, I can see, and I'll do what I can for you. That suit you?'

It had to suit him, unless he chose to hunt the curate to his lodgings there and then.

He resumed his breakfast, with scant appetite for that kind of food, but a ravenous imagination.

'Don't let that fly of yours go without me, my friend,' he said first to the landlord; and he was assured upon that point.

The minutes passed, and he was consulting his watch for the third time, when a woman flurried past the window and into the house. 'Mr Beamstock!—Where's Mr Beamstock?' she cried shrilly. And then, 'Oh dear a-mussy! there you be, sir! His lordship's found, an' you're to send the fly down the road this instant, Mr Leven says. Oh dear! oh dear!'

She sobbed for breath, and by that time the landlord and the Scotland Yard man were both engrossed in her.

Mr Beamstock bent and shouted, 'Do you know what you're saying, Mrs Cheese, about his lordship being found? Where is he?'

'Sittin' drinkin' a cup o' tea in my kitchen with Mr Leven as quiet as any lamb, poor gentleman! That changed 'e is! Not one 'ard word for me or nobody, yet, though 'eaven knows'— She raised a workworn hand to her eyes. 'It were my Sammy's fault, seemin'ly. Oh, if 'e'd only spoke—if 'e'd only spoke o' Saterday! But you'm to be quick, Mr Beamstock. I'm that moithered I dunno what I'm doin', but I was to tell you that.'

She shed tears and trembled, and continued to do so when, at a word from the inspector, Mr Beamstock hastened into the yard to do her bidding.

'Now then,' said the inspector, alone with her, and with a soothing hand on her shoulder, 'don't cry, mother, but let's hear *all* about it.'

He repeated his request, successfully this time.

'As true as I'm standin' ditherin' 'ere, I'd not so much as me little finger in it; nor Sammy 'isself, so far as meanin' to do wrong goes,' began the distressed soul. She calmed and proceeded: 'E'd fell into the old dead-leaf-an'-rubbish pit right back in the orchard that they'd started for a coal-mine years an' years ago, where nobody couldn't 'ear 'im screech, if screech 'is lordship did, which I can't think, for 'e'd whacked 'is 'ead on one of them old timber balks that was drawed across it. Sammy, dear simple lad, was whippin' 'is top in the road, 'e says now, when 'is lordship came by on the Saterday, an' kicked it out of 'is way, an' called

'im a name; an' it was puttin' 'is finger up to 'is poor nose that riled 'is lordship so that 'e mounted the wall after 'im an' tried to lay 'old o' 'im, chasin' of 'im all that distance. That's 'ow it 'appened—must 'a bin, from what I can get out o' Sammy. The unfort'nate thing was that if Sammy even saw as 'is lordship fell into the 'ole, 'e forgot all about it till not an hour ago. Acshully 'e covered the 'ole up again—the poor innercent, meanin' no wrong in 'is 'eart—that I'd swear if it was my last word, I would. It was after breakfast just now, when 'e was out wi' 'is top again, that 'e stopped Mr Leven in the road, an' nothin' would serve 'im but Mr Leven must come an' see what 'e'd found in the 'ole, says 'e. "Somethin' big an' alive!" 'e called it; an' though terrible pressed for time, Mr Leven went wi' 'im, an' come runnin' back for the ladder; an' that's the whole truth, as true as I'm standin' tellin' you, sir. Twelve foot deep the 'ole is, an' not one crumb or drop 'as 'is lordship 'ad in all that time. But 'e don't look so much amiss in the face, barrin' 'e's so quiet-spoken, though perishin' thin to what 'e'd used to be afore'—

The inspector left her abruptly. He heard the curate's voice outside, and now, for the first time in his active life, came face to face with the Lord Chancellor himself in the flesh. The curate had given him his arm. They were both worth looking at. Though reduced and pale, there was an unmistakable air of eminence about the Chancellor; and his elation made the curate even handsomer than an hour ago.

The fly stood ready to the left of the inn, and the curate had called to Beamstock to bring it along.

The fly and the inspector reached the great man almost at the same moment. The Chancellor gazed at the inspector mildly, but without inquiry; and then, with similar indifference, observed the furtive flight to her home of the Widow Cheese. The curate frowned and shook his head at the inspector warningly, yet pleasantly and—comprehensibly; and, receding a pace or two, the inspector watched the Chancellor being put into the fly. He was far from helpless, yet gave his arm to the curate as if already habituated to that kind of support.

'Thank you, Leven—thank you!' he whispered.

'There's one thing you must have, my lord, before we go,' exclaimed the curate. 'I insist upon it, sir.—Stay with his lordship, Beamstock. I'll get what I want.'

He swept the inspector with him in his rapid return to the inn.

'You're like Othello, old chap—your occupation's gone here, and I don't want him yet to have any inkling of all this fuss that's been going on,' he said quickly on the way. 'Isn't it glorious, though? It would have killed most men, but I verily believe it has done him good

—body and soul. A mouthful of cognac—that's what I want for him.'

He shouted for it at the inn bar, then turned and smiled at the inspector. 'It was a very near thing, Inspector Clapton,' he observed.

'Yes, sir,' said the inspector; 'so I make out.'

'Only fancy, if'—the curate lowered his voice—'if I had gone off to Ireland first of all, as I was about to do this very hour! Ah!' he laughed, 'that's a puzzle to you. We were rather undercutting you there, to tell the truth. It was Lady Geraldine's inspiration. Lord Gurfurd has a little bungalow on the Kerry coast, with just room for himself, and she thought—indeed, she more than thought—he might have gone there; for he had done it once before, after he had been badly upset about something, without a word to any one.—Ah! thank you, Mrs Beamstock.—Well, let them know at Chelcott, will you, inspector? Good-bye.'

The inspector was left in the porch of the inn, and he stood there until the fly was in the Hall drive. Six or seven villagers and others had assembled by this time. They raised a rather shy cheer when the vehicle moved.

'Well, sir?' ejaculated the inn landlord, now returning excitedly to the inspector. Then he noticed the reward bill on his wall. 'We'll rip this off as a start. Luck for somebody—*perhaps*—eh?' he asked, with sudden new excitement.

His tongue was heavy with other communications, but the inspector did not wait for them. He made a husky statement about having to send a telegram, went in for his hat, and then out to the village post-office. And so absorbed was he afterwards with his thoughts that he walked straight away to Chelcott and took train to London without paying Mr Beamstock his bill at the time.

Of course, for the nation's sake, Lord Gurfurd's own, and his family's, he was glad that his lordship had been found, even in such queer circumstances; but it seemed to him (although, of course, it was not really so) that he had been fooled in more directions than one.

It surprised him less than others, a few weeks later, to read in his morning paper that a marriage had been arranged between Lady Geraldine Gurfurd and the Reverend George Leven.

THE END.

THE HARBOURS OF PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

By G. DE H. LARPENT.

THE Boer war accomplished miracles in the teaching of South African geography; yet there is reason to believe that not a few eminent and excellent persons are even now convinced that Johannesburg, Nairobi, and Bulawayo are as close together as Sheffield, Stafford, and Birmingham, and that all three are connected by telephone. Therefore, to obtain the right focus for the consideration of our subject, it may not be inexpedient to mention that the Portuguese dominions on the East Coast of Africa comprise an area ten times the size of Portugal, with a population of over three million natives, and that the coastline extends for a distance of fifteen hundred miles, equivalent to a straight line between London and Constantinople.

Four hundred years have come and gone since Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope. The spirit of adventure was at that time abroad. The highway lay open to the East, that enchanted land of uncountable riches and golden opportunity. Conquest and Christianity marched hand-in-hand. Priest and warrior were alike intoxicated with the romance of empire-building and consumed with zeal to accomplish the conversion of the heathen to the Christian faith. Clad in the panoply of martial and religious enthusiasm, and fired by rumours of the traditional wealth of the interior of South-Eastern Africa, the Portuguese pioneers determined upon the subjugation of Sofala, an Arab settlement situated on a small

river about thirty miles south of the present town of Beira. Sofala is mentioned in *Paradise Lost*, and in Milton's day popular opinion associated the district with the Land of Ophir, that mysterious source whence flowed the streams of gold that filled to overflowing the coffers of the kings of the ancient world.

The Arabs did not surrender their lucrative trade in gold-dust without a struggle; but the Portuguese, having eventually established their supremacy, found themselves confronted by two great natural barriers to progress. Beyond a fringe of low-lying, unhealthy country, where the conditions of primitive life proved deadly to European existence, towered an almost unbroken range of mountains inhabited by fierce native tribes. Victory, therefore, assumed the guise of a vampire eager to suck indiscriminately the life-blood not only from the victim but also from the conqueror. Anæmia set in. Trade dwindled away. The goose that laid the golden eggs was gradually strangled. Expeditions into the interior failed. Religious enterprise proved equally abortive. To-day a ruined fortress yielding year by year to the inroads of the sea, and a solitary weather-worn pillar erect among the wind-swept sand-dunes of Sofala, bear silent witness to the dissolution of a once prosperous community, and to the strange mutability of human affairs.

Reviewed in the light of modern scientific discovery, it is less surprising that the Portuguese

failed to achieve the impossible than that they contrived to maintain even a semblance of power. After that first conspicuously great pioneering effort their settlement lingered on without stability, and, except on the seaboard, without influence. Confined within the limits of island fortifications, rendered impregnable against attack by native forces, the Portuguese enjoyed a partial immunity from the malarial dangers of the mainland, and clung like limpets to the rocks that represented the outward significance of ineffectual authority. Generations passed away in apparently purposeless occupation, until with the nineteenth century and the age of steam came a change of conditions. Natural barriers are now no longer insurmountable, development on the mainland no longer an impossibility. By the partition of Africa, Portugal has been confirmed in the possession of a vast colonial empire. The dreams of her virile pioneers may yet be realised, and their expectations yet rewarded. It were niggardly to withhold a tribute to the inherent pride of race and national pertinacity of those visionaries of long ago, who, imbued with the traditions of Henry the Navigator, and inspired with the songs of Camoens, endured discomfort, danger, and disappointment undismayed in the seemingly hopeless endeavour to make Portugal great among the nations.

Of their island strongholds, the most famous was, and still is, Mozambique, once an important port of call for sailing-vessels on the Indian trade route, the centre of executive administration for the coast, the pivot of religious organisation and commercial activity. The Mozambique of to-day has begun to assume the part of the spinster aunt, faded, jealous, soured in temperament. Time was when, as a brilliant *débutante*, her sway was indisputable, and to her acknowledged ascendancy was accorded the homage of submission to her whims and caprices. The haughty old lady, in spite of, and perhaps because of, her age, still wears traces of remarkable attraction; but she has been spoiled in her youth. The habit of having her own way for so long has made her petulant of competition. Power is slipping from her grasp, and an inward consciousness of waning authority breeds envy of the upstart modern harbours and spite at their successes. This is, however, not the only rift within the lute. Mozambique is a lady with a past, a ruined victim doomed to endure the penalty of the selfish European policy of colonial penal settlements. Mozambique is the Botany Bay of Portugal. The proud fortress of San Sebastian, no longer invulnerable against modern naval armament, has been degraded to serve as a state prison. Military glory has departed; obsolete cannon rust upon the bastions; the frowning parapets have lost their terrors except as inner barriers to freedom for the desperate wretches within. At the foot of the towering walls, in the foam of the waters, lurk a host of sharks,

hungry, watchful, relentless, an outer ring of warders to preclude the possibility of a prisoner's escape to the mainland. The horror of a sentence of two years at Mozambique hangs like the sword of Damocles above the head of every undetected criminal on the East Coast. Rumour, in all probability sedulously exaggerated, assists as a wholesome deterrent to crime.

To the casual traveller, the fact of Mozambique being a convict settlement adds to, rather than detracts from, the romance of his visit. He regards every person he meets as a malefactor momentarily let out on good behaviour, but liable to commit murder on the slightest provocation. The man in the wine-shop who, by his order, uncorks a bottle of Collares or No. 4 Vinho do Porto becomes in imagination a desperate criminal. The sombrero, the bearded face, the fierce moustache, the swarthy complexion, and dark flashing eyes heighten the delusion. Only a curved scimitar and a brace of pistols are required to complete the picture of the conventional pirate of our nursery tales, and to transform a perfectly harmless, law-abiding individual—in reality a gay-hearted troubadour who would spend his evenings dancing round a water-butt, if there were such a thing handy—into a villain of the deepest dye.

Mozambique is already supplanted for the first place on the coast by Lorenzo Marques, better known to us as Delagoa Bay, to which progressive port the seat of coastal government has of recent years been transferred.

Delagoa Bay is the Cinderella of the Portuguese East Coast. Before modern science made European settlement possible, no place possessed or deserved a more evil reputation. Wedded, however, to wealth and progress, this magnificent harbour has outstripped all her rivals, and controls the main shipping business for the Transvaal. The development of South-East Africa has proceeded stage by stage from south to north. Capetown and Port Elizabeth, a few years ago, were the only ports of importance on the seaboard. Capetown's value as a place of call still remains, but her valuable trade with the interior of the Union has mostly passed beyond Port Elizabeth to Durban and Delagoa Bay. Beira stands next in order to Delagoa Bay to profit by British expansion. For this progression Beira holds an undisputed monopoly.

It is as true of harbours as it is of human beings that the child is father to the man. Parents and schoolmasters study a child in the endeavour to discover whether he is possessed of brains and likely to make his way in the world, or is dull, devoid of intelligence, and bound to be a failure, or at least an encumbrance to the family. In earnest conclave the question is anxiously debated whether the promising boy should have a public school education. Is it worth while that the family resources should be strained to the uttermost in order to send him

to Oxford? As often as not it is the decree of destiny that the youth shall be buried in oblivion behind a counter in a bank, or do something mysterious in the City. Phrenology, so far, has failed to predict the future for the human being in the early stages of childhood. Fond nurses, it is true, are wont to prophesy great things for babies in the cradle; the devoted mother dreams at the christening of a career of greatness; while the eagle eye of the proud father seldom fails to detect the Senior Wrangler in his perambulator. The fact remains, however, that the child has to grow almost to manhood before any final decision can be taken.

Harbours have this advantage, that the germ of greatness can be detected at the very beginning. Some are born great, like London; some achieve greatness, like Glasgow; and some have greatness thrust upon them, like Beira. Rightly to be great, the modern harbour must possess a deep channel, mighty ships must be able to cross the bar, the anchorage provided must be safe, geographical position must assure a bulk of trade over a wide area and eliminate competition.

Delagoa Bay and Beira are the only two Portuguese harbours on the East Coast that can ever aspire to anything more than local importance. Like the bank clerk and the office-boy, the others may, and possibly will in time to come, enjoy no small measure of local success; but their outlook is necessarily limited, their ideas and ambitions are stunted, their influence can never be felt beyond the limits of their own comparatively small spheres. Massasima, Quilimane, Ibo, Inhambane, and Parapat are ranged under this category. The public know little of Massasima, though sailormen speak highly of its natural advantages.

Pemba Bay, a magnificent landlocked harbour, is dangerous for ships in certain weather, and, like Mozambique, lies within the cyclone belt. Besides, if and when the railway from Port Amelia arrives at the shores of Lake Nyasa, it will find itself forestalled by an established trade route to Beira across the Zambesi River.

Delagoa Bay has won its position, and will always enjoy a share, and so long as the gold-mines last probably the lion's share, of the trade of the Union territory. Delagoa Bay, however, will always have to combat with keen competition from southern ports, and can only maintain her position by keeping abreast of modern scientific improvements.

Beira, on the other hand, as the natural gateway to Rhodesia, possesses a germ of greatness which, if unspoilt by lack of acute competition and fostered by an alert progressive policy, will outdistance even Delagoa Bay in commercial importance. The town is situated on a tongue of sand at the mouth of the river Pungwe, whose broad estuary forms a safe and spacious harbour for ships of large tonnage. Already a railway of standard gauge connects Beira with

Rhodesia. By the terms of the contract under which this railway came into existence neither import nor export taxes can be levied. Beira, therefore, is the free gateway to Rhodesia. In the earlier stages of her development organised opposition was of course inevitable; recognition of her monopoly of commercial advantages has been reluctant and tardy; vested interests and political jealousy had to be reckoned with. The older established British ports were quick to recognise a rival upstart whose geographical position would eventually challenge, and was inevitably bound to wrest from them, the major portion of their trade with the northern provinces. The Cape Government strained every nerve to maintain its hold on the Rhodesian trade by juggling with railway rates, and until recently it was possible to bring certain classes of goods into Rhodesia from Port Elizabeth at the same cost as from Beira. Beira was boycotted as being Portuguese, vilified as unhealthy, and every misfortune or delay that befell the young competitor in its struggle for existence was reported and magnified. Geographical position, however, triumphed in the end, and Beira has held for several years her rightful place as the declared official port for Rhodesia, and over 70 per cent. of the Rhodesian goods traffic now passes over the Beira Railway. Trade over eighteen hundred miles of railway is now gravitating toward Beira. A main channel is being hollowed out, down which a steady broadening stream of ever-increasing strength is descending to the coast. In course of time tributaries will swell the flood. The British Government has realised that development of Nyasaland depends upon railway communication with a deep-water harbour, Chinde being altogether inadequate for the growing export trade in coffee, cotton, tobacco, and other tropical produce.

The railway from Zomba has been extended to the banks of the Zambesi River, where it will be met by a line authorised by the Mozambique Company from Beira. The consequence of the building of this line will be the gradual transference of the present business at Chinde to the town of Beira. The further extension of this railway to the shores of Lake Nyasa will bring north-eastern Rhodesia within the area to be served by the outlet of Beira. The already considerable activity in sugar-planting on the Zambesi will receive an additional impetus, and thousands of tons of existing commerce will be diverted from the Zambesi transport service to the harbour of Beira. Local trade is increasing. The province of Manica and Sofala, for which Beira is the port, shows remarkable development in the last few years both in mining and agriculture.

As a port, Beira occupies an unassailable position with regard to the development of a total area equivalent to France and Germany put together. Geographically, Beira is the only

deep-water harbour for about eleven hundred miles on the coastline of Eastern Africa, from Delagoa Bay, five hundred miles to the south, and Mozambique or Pemba Bay, six hundred miles to the north. Therefore Beira may be compared with the great harbours of the world, such as Hamburg or Liverpool, which owe their trade expansion to geographical position.

The business quarter of Beira lies on a sand-bank protected from the inroads of the sea by a massive sea-wall, which forms a marine parade. This sandbank is a peninsula separated from the mainland by the creek of the Chiveve River, over which has been constructed a substantial swing-bridge to enable trucks to run right into the Custom House. Hitherto ships have been loaded and unloaded in the open bay by means of lighterage; but wharves will in course of time be constructed, where goods in transit can be handled, and copper, chrome iron, and other ores loaded direct from the railway trucks, thereby effecting considerable saving of labour. Business is confined to a space hardly half a mile square; consequently land commands larger prices than in towns where expansion is more feasible. Near the Custom House land has changed hands at as high a figure as one pound per square foot freehold.

The town is clean, compact, and well ordered. The tides sweep through the Chiveve Creek and encircle the business quarter on three sides. The residential suburb straggles for nearly a couple of miles as far as an open stretch of beach facing the Indian Ocean, from which, even in the hottest days, a grateful breeze springs up in the afternoon. The absence of general vegetation is welcome as a beneficial safeguard against mosquitoes; yet, here and there, as a concession to the amenities, the eye is relieved by neat, tastefully laid-out gardens, where feathery palms luxuriate alongside the rampant hibiscus, the gaunt cactus, and the dark-green foliage of the orange, all blending agreeably with the red tiling of the houses.

Beira possesses another advantage which adds enormously to its value as a port: that of possessing for six months of the year a climate that, for the tropics, is quite agreeable. As a seaside resort for Rhodesia, Beira is becoming deservedly more and more popular. The importance of this can hardly be exaggerated in estimating its effect on trade, and on the value of residential and hotel property. A thoroughly cosmopolitan flavour pervades business and social life, and may the day be long distant before the community is doomed to lose its delightfully democratic character.

In the yachting contests, on the golf-course (allowed to be second to none in South Africa), or on the tennis-courts at the Amateur Sports Club, all nationalities meet on an equal footing. Social cliques are cemented by the common bond of language and national custom. Frenchmen

forgather at sundown over their *apéritif*. Dutchmen dine together and hold high revelry on the birthday of Queen Wilhelmina. The Swiss Club is reputedly on the verge of dissolution for the reason that its members find it impossible to yodel at an elevation of four feet above sea-level. St Andrew's Day is worthily observed with heels on the table, and the strains of 'Auld Lang Syne' hurtling through the evening air is the signal for the guardians of law and order to dissolve discreetly like shadowy ghosts, compassionately indulgent of British foibles.

While the railway was being built, and the British represented the bulk of the population, the problem of maintaining order oftentimes presented a distinct difficulty. On the occasion of the first cricket match, when the railwaymen were invited to contest with Beira the championship of the East Coast, a general holiday had been proclaimed, and the story is current that the British Consul repaired with some trepidation to Colonel Machado's office to take counsel for the prevention of any disturbance against the public peace. Here he found the Governor, sitting at his table twirling his magnificent moustache, quite unperturbed at the prospect of a British invasion. The Consul was about to unfold his tale and suggest various elaborate precautionary measures, when, to his surprise, Machado greeted him cheerily, and said, 'It's all right about Saturday, Consul. I have given orders that the police shall be confined to barracks for three days.' The common-sense tradition of mutual forbearance and comprehension thus worthily begun has been tactfully sustained. That harmonious relations prevail between the component parts of the medley of nationalities composing the population of Beira is in a great measure due to the felicitous choice of able officials to regulate the affairs of the province.

The Portuguese colonial service appears to attract the best men. Beira is a stepping-stone for promotion, the nursery for ambition, the lists where political knights can win their spurs. A goodly proportion of Beira's distinguished men have attained to Cabinet rank at Lisbon. Society is consequently permeated with a leaven of talent which tends to adorn and elevate the social life of the community. To the superficial observation of the passing visitor the merits of Beira are not so apparent. Nine out of ten travellers dislike Beira; they find it dull, and they complain that there is nothing to see, nothing to do. Professional amusements are certainly spasmodic. An occasional visit from a touring theatrical company or a band of strolling musicians constitutes an event. Besides, Beira is so unexpected. In the soundless sandy streets one misses noise and movement, the rumble of the wagon, the hoot of the motor, the racing rickshaw 'boy.' 'Why should these things be?' growls the querulous globe-trotter. After a

brief stroll up the principal street and a peep at the Banyan quarter he retires to his hotel. Stretched in a long chair on the veranda, in close proximity to the bar, he yearns for the

hour of departure. His one impression of Beira is that everybody is thirsty. To do him justice, he is quite right as far as he goes. They often are.

A MAN OF IDEAS.

By ARTHUR O. COOKE.

IN a spacious apartment of the presidential palace in the chief town of a certain small Central American republic two men were lounging at their ease one torrid afternoon upon a date which may be vaguely specified as being within the memory of living men. There are some reasons why that date should not be definitely stated; and the curious reader will gain little from the further information that a revolution had but lately taken place—within six months, indeed. For the history of that small republic will, when written, be found bristling with such incidents; and the readers of that history may be fairly certain that the volume will require the insertion of yet others if it is to be brought fully up to date.

The room was a most pleasant lounging-place on sultry afternoons. The presidential palace faced north, and thus overlooked the bay, receiving the advantage of what breeze blew from the sea; while the tiled roof of a broad paved veranda kept the sun's rays at a respectful distance from the walls. The view across the presidential garden, the hot sun-baked town, the dazzling waters of the bay, the cloudless sky, added materially to the contrasting coolness of the dim and shady room.

The low cane chairs in which the two men sat were placed at an angle which, while making conversation easy, did not force upon their occupants the need of looking one another squarely in the face. This small arrangement may have been intentional, or it may not; but a glance at the eyes of one of the couple might have suggested that he at least would hardly welcome a straight look. For the dark eyes of Señor Pedro Martinez, the president, were undoubtedly shifty in their nature; they were placed close together, and the eyebrows were much arched. The *señor's* hand—a rather coarse, broad hand—played often with his flowing black moustache. His skin suggested half-breed blood.

His companion and guest was one David Callum, captain—some said part-owner, but the captain would not have admitted this—of the Newcastle tramp steamer *Ibis*, at that moment lying in the bay. The captain was a round-faced man, and fair of skin. His small blue eyes impressed a stranger pleasantly, and possibly might do so for some little time. Not until danger, difficulty, or a hint of opposition threatened would he be aware of the hard, steel-like coldness of their depths. The captain, too,

wore a moustache—a fair one; but he was a trim and tidy person, and he kept it very short. Nor did he finger it. He was a man of but few gestures; when his hands moved it was in useful action—swift, decisive, irresistible. It may be added that the captain's native place was Aberdeen.

Between the two men stood a little table, and the president had at his elbow a tall glass of some straw-coloured liquid, which he now and then replenished from a crystal jug in which ice chinked. The two ingredients of the seaman's beverage were plain for all to see; a bottle marked 'Talisker' and a siphon with the brand of Schweppe upon it flanked his chair. Both men smoked long cigars.

Their attitude and talk suggested that unusual ease prevailed in the relations of the Tyneside skipper with the president of a well-known, if small, republic. The captain, though by nature quiet, was quite unconstrained. But in addition to the fact that the manners of Señor Martinez were rarely of a severely ceremonious nature, there were good reasons why he should not try to awe with any show of dignity this plain, blunt seaman from the granite city on the Dee.

They had met more than once before, the first encounter being in that very bay on which they now looked out. It was a moonlight night, and Captain Callum, who had visited the port to call for letters and take in fresh stores, was just weighing anchor when he heard a shout and sounds of splashing on the steamer's starboard bow. First a rope, then a rope-ladder, had been thrown across the rail; and presently the gentleman who was now master in the presidential palace, in the town below it, and in the whole republic, scrambled up the ladder, dishevelled, dripping, rather breathless from his swim, and stood on deck.

While he was giving somewhat hazy explanations of his unexpected visit, Captain Callum had looked shoreward, and had seen for himself at least one pressing reason; a police boat, driven at the best speed of its motor, was close in pursuit. Police, whatever their nationality, were not a class on which the captain looked with any great benevolence. Besides, he was short-handed in the cabin, having failed to find a steward.

'I'll take you, but you'll have to work,' was his brief answer to the dripping figure at his

side ; and with that answer Pedro Martinez had been content.

Forthwith the captain turned his back on the approaching boat, ordered the engine-room 'Full speed ahead,' and steamed away. He did not expect to visit the port again for some little time ; and anyway no one could swear to his having taken the fugitive on board.

So the president put on no airs with the plain seaman who had once been his master, and was now his guest. On the other hand, Captain Callum assumed no offensive familiarity with his host. He was a man of the world, rarely feeling surprise, and still more rarely showing it. There were ups and downs in life, especially in life in Central American republics. The man beside him had once hurried to and fro between the galley and the cabin of the *Ibis*, and had called him 'sir ;' he had been 'down,' and now was 'up.' The presidential palace was a pleasant place ; the whisky—which the captain drank with moderation—was extremely good. Besides, you never knew when you might need a friend. Therefore the captain did not dwell, even in his own mind, upon past relations with his host, and spoke to him, if not as to a superior, at least as to an equal.

'And so,' the captain said, drawing slowly at his long and very excellent cigar, 'you've put down the revolt.'

For it is regrettable to be obliged to state that, although the revolution which had placed Pedro Martinez upon the presidential chair was only six months old, another outbreak had come to a head and burst a month or less before this story's date. It will be noted that Captain Callum was not without a measure of tact. He could distinguish the successful 'revolution' from the abortive 'revolt.'

'And so you've put down the revolt,' he said.

'I have checked it, captain—for the moment,' was his former steward's reply.

The captain turned round slightly in his chair and looked at his companion. 'That so?' he said. 'I gathered from the chat down town that you had got the leaders—every one.'

'The town may think so ; but, unhappily, my friend, it is not so. I have the seeming leaders only—smugglers and muleteers and fishermen—leaders of those who chose to think themselves oppressed. But the man who was, and is, behind it all—Garcia, who would have come to power if the rising had succeeded—him I have not got.'

The captain nodded comprehendingly. 'That's bad,' he said. 'Then there's the possibility of it all breaking out again.'

'That is the case. The man is in hiding, and till he is in my hands I am not likely to have rest.'

'Cannot you find him?'

'It is most difficult, if not impossible. He has escaped to the interior, and is lying there.

He can hide there for months—a year perhaps—till the time is ripe again.'

'The fellows that you have got, don't they know his haunts?'

'They know them, most undoubtedly. They will not speak.'

Any one looking at the captain at that moment might have seen the cold, hard gleam in his blue eyes. He did not turn them on the president, but looked out quietly across the bay.

'You cannot—well—persuade them to tell what they know?'

The president spread out his hands. 'I know of no way. In former days the Fathers of the Inquisition would have made them speak, undoubtedly. Those days are now long past—most happily, of course.'

'How about threatening them with death?' the seaman asked.

'The five men whom we hold are under the death sentence—naturally,' replied his host. 'But I feel a difficulty in putting the sentence into execution. To speak frankly, I would rather not.'

The captain nodded. 'Yes, I understand,' he said. He knew that under the president's predecessor executions had been frequent and free ; knew too that his host was anxious, for obvious reasons, to make the opening period of his rule a pleasant contrast to the one that had just passed away. 'I understand,' he said again.

'You see,' the president went on, rather as though in quest of sympathy, perhaps even of advice, 'I can most certainly condemn to death and execute the five ringleaders that I hold. In fact, they are already condemned. But as to execution, what will that execution do for me? I have but little hope that the threat of it will make them speak, and it will assuredly alienate public opinion from me. That, *señor capitán*, I do not want. The five will all go silent to their death, uttering no word of where I may lay hands on Ramon Garcia. I well know the class of men.'

Captain Callum leaned back in his chair and was silent for some minutes, as if considering. He had no particular respect for Pedro Martinez, and certainly no affection ; indeed it is doubtful if he had affection for any living creature except the little motherless daughter at a Scarborough boarding-school, for whose sake he meant to die a wealthy or at least a well-off man. But he respected iron-handed discipline ; he had quelled more than one mutiny himself. Martinez, it was true, had risen in revolt against the previous president. Well, there were times when even mutiny was needful. He had once assisted a much-suffering and exasperated crew to overpower a drink-maddened skipper, and to fasten him securely in his room. Garcia he knew for a most wily scoundrel, a fit man to make a good example of and shoot. Moreover, it might prove a not unprofitable thing to render service to a president, even although he were but ruler of

a small and unimportant state. Martinez seemed at his wits' end; he, David Callum, had never yet found himself at the limit of his resources, though he had been in many a tight place.

'I remember a curious tale that I once heard in Lancashire,' he said at last. 'Water burst through into a coal-pit, and the workings were flooded. One fellow—he was a chap of twenty—ran before the flood into a blind working, and was cooped up there; the water left him just a yard or two of good dry rock on which to lie. He hammered on the wall, and he was heard; men worked hard to cut through it and so save his life. It was a biggish job, and took two days; and when they found him he was dead.'

'Drowned?' asked the president, who had been listening politely, but apparently without great interest, to the tale.

'No, he had not been drowned.'

'Foul air, no doubt.'

'No, sir; the air was pure, and there was plenty of it; for, you see, the water was not quite up to the roof. Nor was he starved, for he had bread and cheese with him; besides, men do not starve inside of eight-and-forty hours. No; doctors said that he had died of fright.'

'Of fright!' Martinez smoothed his dark moustache with a contemptuous smile.

'Of fright, and yet the fellow was no coward—not in any ordinary way. He had formed one of a courageous rescue-party in that very mine twelve months before. But in this cut-off working he was alone, and he saw the water rising on him—rising inch by inch. He wondered which would win—the water or the rescue-party; and the fear that it would be the water was too great.'

The captain paused and looked at his companion.

'Curious!' the president remarked.

'Put a man alone, Señor President—a young man, to whom life is sweet—put him alone within sight of a slowly, surely coming death, or within hearing, say. Keep him uncertain of the time when death will seize him, and depend upon it that man will do almost *anything* for life. That miner could do nothing, and he died.'

Martinez turned and looked at his companion with admiring eyes.

'You are a man of ideas, Captain Callum,' he said.

'That's how I get my living,' said the captain, rising from his chair and taking up his hat from where it lay on the floor beside him. 'There's very little money in the British mercantile marine to-day unless you have ideas.'

'A young man, did you say he was, the hero of your interesting little tale?'

'Yes, young.'

'One of the prisoners that I hold is young—not more than eighteen, I should say. The other four are rather older men.'

'Well, usually, young men are fond of life; they haven't learnt what a rough-and-tumble business it mostly is,' replied the captain. 'And now, Señor President, I'll be getting away. We sail with to-night's tide. I shall most likely call in here on the return trip, and shall quite look to find you well fixed up by then. Good-bye.'

After the captain left him Pedro Martinez sat thinking deeply for a time. Then he despatched a message which called to his presence the commandant of the prison, and the two conferred together until dark.

If it was cool and pleasant in the presidential palace, it was neither in the small cell of the prison where Antonio Goma was confined alone. One wall faced south upon the prison-yard, and the noon sun smote down through the square opening in the vaulted roof—sole aperture besides the door—barred on each side into the thickness of the stone. Antonio had been brought there on the morning following the day on which the president and Captain Callum of the *Ibis* had sipped cooling drinks and smoked their long cigars upon the hill above.

He and his four companions had been taken in arms, had suffered a brief, speedy trial, and had been condemned to death. But, as already said, executions had been many during the last president's régime; had been so many and so frequent that they had become excessively unpopular. Pedro Martinez was most anxious to get on without them, if he could. He had, if we may so put it, 'billed' himself for the rôle of the deliverer, the one who was to rule by graciousness and peace. When he struck he wished to strike at leaders, not at followers. These were only followers he held; for Ramon Garcia, the true leader, was still free.

Antonio, like his other fellow-captives, had been interrogated as to Garcia's whereabouts—publicly first, and then in private. But, like his fellows, he had steadily refused to speak, though he well knew the hidden rebel leader's haunts, and also those who were most likely to be sheltering him. So he had gone back to his cell, the fear of death upon him as he went. But he had carried that fear bravely, just as he had fought with an unflinching courage till he was disarmed. He and his fellow-prisoners had encouraged one another, had all sworn to die before they would betray their leader; for at first they were confined together in one cell. Then on the morning following Captain Callum's visit they were separated, and henceforth Antonio found himself alone.

A jailer visited him night and morning, bringing food and water, but would give no information of his friends. The burning days gave place to hot and stifling nights; each stifling night was followed by another burning day; and, night and day alike, Antonio was alone—

he who had lived his eighteen years of life amid the pleasant lazy gossip of his fellow-men.

He was to die—of that he had no doubt. A rebel, taken arms in hand, he had no hope of a better fate. He would have chosen rather to fall in that one brief furious battle which was fought and lost for the insurgents in a little over half-an-hour; but, as his lot was otherwise, he must put up with it. Only, he wished they would not be so long about it. It gave him too much time to think—to think of things that he would see no more: of the white beach beside the sea (for he had been a turtle-fisher in a village of the coast), of moonlight nights among the islands, and of pretty, dark-eyed Magdalena, with her cigarette poised daintily between her pouting lips.

He tried to banish all such thoughts of things that were beyond him now, of pleasures he would know no more. But it was useless; the hot, stifling cell seemed full of pictures of the life he used to lead. He could not shut them out.

Sentries were in the prison-yard, and sentries in the corridor behind the door. But, listening attentively to the advancing and retreating footsteps of his jailer, he could gather that his four companions were confined in the long row of cells of which his own was one. And one day, after he had been thus alone a week, something occurred which made his heart stand still and then beat furiously.

There came the measured rhythmic tread of many footsteps past his door, past others in the corridor, until they stopped before the last. He heard the door being unlocked, heard voices speaking, then a word of sharp command. The footsteps, pacing slowly now, came past his door and died away.

But presently again he heard them, this time in the prison-yard outside. Yes, they were pacing slowly, very slowly. What were those words that he heard spoken in a mumbling monotone? Latin! Then it must surely be a priest who spoke them. Slowly the footsteps came below his small roof-window, and he heard the murmuring voice more clearly, heard the words. It was the office for the dying!

He caught his breath in sharply and a new look came into his eyes as voice and footsteps faded in the distance of the yard. The time had come at last, then; he too, presently, would die. Whom had they taken? Would it be Filippo or Diego, Pepe the woodcutter or Juan the muleteer?

His thoughts were interrupted by a crackling crash of musketry that rang across the square. Juan or Pepe—some one—had stood up with bandaged eyes for a few seconds with his back against the wall, and had been shot.

Antonio sat down quickly on the narrow wooden bench, for he felt sick and dizzy—he who had felt nothing but a cool indifference in the fight.

Death in a battle—that was nothing; but this death was horrible, coming so slowly and inexorably toward its man. Would that death take him next?

'Who has been shot?' he asked abruptly when, that evening, his food was brought in. But his jailer only shook his head.

Antonio passed a sleepless night; it might be the last night he had to live. Nor did he sleep much more the next night or the next; yet the days came and went, and there was no more tramping of footsteps in the passage, no slow-paced march, no murmured Latin words. A week went by, and still there was no change. Death was unhurried, so it seemed.

And then, upon the tenth day, came the sounds again; this time from a cell nearer to his own. Again there was the tramp of feet within the corridor, the bustle in and round the victim's cell; then the slow march across the yard below his window, and the murmured words. And finally, as he sat rigid, breathless, waiting, came the rifle-crash.

Would it be Juan the muleteer, the man who had first tempted him to join in the revolt? But it was Juan who had perhaps been first to die. Oh! it was terrible, this waiting there for death, knowing nothing, knowing not who lived or who had died; above all, not to know when his own turn would come.

Three days he had to wait until another man went out to die. Well, his own turn must come soon now; two only, he and one other, still remained. Which would go first across the prison-yard and stand with back against the wall?

There was no mirror in the little cell, and it was well. The boy had aged in face by twenty years; his eyes were wild and staring, his round cheeks were sunken, and his swarthy skin beneath the unwashed prison grime was tallow-pale. This death that moved inexorably toward him with such slow and lingering feet had conquered him before it came in sight.

One question racked him: was it that other or himself who would be taken next? Three days and nights he bore it, till at last the cruel tension reached its breaking-point.

'I want to see the president,' he burst out hurriedly when, on the fourth morning, he was brought his food. 'I have something to tell him.'

Half-an-hour later Antonio stood before Pedro Martinez in the presidential palace, bargaining for life against another man's. Yes, he should live, he should go free, if he would tell where Garcia might be found. He named the hiding-places and the shelterers he knew of. Garcia was taken two days later in a cave among the hills. Judgment and execution followed swiftly on arrest.

Free, but with heavy heart and conscience, Antonio, a week later, made his way toward

home—home and Magdalena. As he passed through the town he met a gang of convicts coming from the harbour where new quays were being built; for Martinez, if not a perfect moral character, was an enlightened, enterprising ruler of the state. Shuffling along the dusty road, their ankle-irons clanking, there among the gang were Filippo, Diego, Pepe, Juan the mule-teer! All four men saw him; but they gave no sign of greeting save a scowl.

All four alive! Antonio could not understand it. Who, then, were they who had died, those who had paced so slowly underneath his window, those for whom a priest had mumbled Latin prayers? Puzzled exceedingly, his brain in turmoil, Antonio made his way toward home.

Some twelve months later Captain Callum again sat in that cool, pleasant chamber of the palace, and this time the face of Pedro Martinez was quite serene.

'And so, Señor President,' the captain said, 'all is going well, I hear. And Garcia is—dead. You laid your hands on him all right. From information received, I suppose?'

'Yes, captain, from information received, as you say. One of the prisoners, a young man of whom I think I talked to you a year ago, gave the clue needed to lay hands on him.'

'Ah, he did, did he? Yet I thought you found them all too staunch?'

'At first that was the case; but happily it is sometimes the unexpected that happens, captain. This particular prisoner was quite young, and his nerves appear to have been shaken by certain circumstances. These circumstances were as follows: The four other prisoners proving intractable, and declining to afford me any useful information, I gave orders that the death sentence should be carried out. Three of the men were led forth to be shot—not all together, but at intervals of several days. The request of one of the three for the ministrations of a priest was, of course, granted by my orders; in fact, a priest went with each one. Then, literally at the last moment, captain, I relented. I have faults, doubtless; very many detractors will point them out to you with great pleasure; but bloodshed—wholly useless bloodshed—is detestable to me. In each case a reprieve met the condemned man at the place of execution.'

'Very creditable to you, Señor President,' said the captain, removing the ash from his cigar with a care which apparently demanded the entire attention of his eyes.

Martinez gave a slight wave of his hand in acknowledgment, and continued: 'Rather curiously, it—happened that in each case, just at the moment that the reprieve was handed to the officer in charge of the intended execution, soldiers were going through rifle exercises in another portion of the prison-yard, which forms a military exercising-ground as well at times. These soldiers were being practised at "concerted

fire." Thus listeners might have thought the executions had really taken place. One listener, indeed, did jump to this somewhat hasty conclusion—Antonio Goma, the young man of whom I speak. He had heard each prisoner being marched out from a cell not very distant from his own; the route across the prison-yard led past his window, and he had perhaps heard the priest recite the office for the dying. He did not, of course, know of the reprieves, and he *did* hear the concerted fire practice. Putting these coincidences together, he drew the conclusion that his friends were paying the penalty of their misconduct, and that his own turn would come. It was too much for him; he gave the information that I needed. In return I gave him life and liberty. I trust that he will make a better use of both.'

'And the four others?' asked the captain, without looking at his host.

'They are now well employed, at work as convicts on the harbour quays, which, as I need not tell you, captain, have long needed improvement.'

'That's so,' said Captain Callum with some emphasis.

The Aberdonian felt considerable admiration for Pedro Martinez. The president was not, perhaps, the man with whom he would exactly care to 'bed and board' for life, but he was smart, and he knew well how to act upon a hint. It was a cruel trick, perhaps, this one that Martinez had played upon his prisoner; but what then? The world is a cruel place for weaklings. And if the captain felt a momentary qualm of conscience for the hint which he had dropped before the president a year ago, he quickly swept it from his mind. As a result, the rebel Garcia had been taken and had died. By all accounts, he was a man who well deserved to die.

All this swept through the mind of Captain Callum in a moment, but was followed by a thought that lingered. He had rendered service. Would there be a *quid pro quo*?

Martinez did not leave this little matter in suspense, though he now rose, with a polite excuse of public business calling him away. 'Always look in to see me, captain, when you come this way,' he said as they shook hands. 'My door is ever open to my friends; also my ears to anything that they may have to say. And if at any time, captain, you find yourself at all incommoded by the harbour or customs authorities of this place, I beg that you will come direct to me; though for the most part well-meaning, some of them are now and then a little dense. A thousand compliments. Good-bye.'

The captain smiled as he walked toward the harbour, keeping on the shady side of the hot street. The precise meaning contained in the president's hint would need too long an explana-

tion to those unacquainted with the republic and its capital and port; to those who know them little explanation is required. Captain Callum saw a rosy future opening before him. Mary should have a year at school in Paris if things went as he foresaw.

But in a fishing-village of the coast Antonio Goma was an outcast, for his treachery, now half-suspected, would in time be definitely known. Already Magdalena, when she passed him, took her cigarette from her red lips and spat upon the ground.

THINGS CHINESE.

By F. CARTWRIGHT.

THIS scribe, though he has not actually lived in China, has passed many months among communities of that race expatriated in foreign lands—in the United States, Hawaii, Australia, Canada, and elsewhere. All those who know bear witness to the fact that among the older Chinese—that is, original settlers—once a Chinaman, always a Chinaman. John keeps his ancient habits, customs, and religion green in his new home just the same as if he were still in Peking or Canton, and he hopes to be laid to rest in the Fatherland too. An examination of the bills of lading of the many shipping-houses trading with China would be fruitful in the constant recurrence of the word 'coffin,' or its equivalent. John may not be shipped eastward immediately after death, but the time surely comes when all that is left of him finds its way home. There are exceptions to this, of course.

But whatever the old may think, young China is not going to follow blindfold. Not having been born in the old country, the young Chinaman is growing quite satisfied with the land in which he lives, from which comes his education and, later, his sustenance. The former brings light, enlarges his reasoning powers, and in general tends to produce a keen and practical satisfaction with things as they strike him. What his father thought, or thinks, is not the youth's concern at all. Having once tasted the sweets of learning, young John cannot be kept on the leash, for he simply revels in text-books and the thousand and one aids to knowledge placed in his path.

Consequently, in the considerable Chinese colonies which are met with the world over, we find their young manhood discarding the typical picturesque dress of their fathers, and the order of the day comprises what we are fain to call civilised garb, with its natural corollary of an increased self-respect. Being placed on an equal footing in the classroom with the white man, young John soon discovered that he had to live up to it outside as well as inside the school walls. He scoffs at the ancient type of abode, fourteen inhabitants to the room, and plans higher things, even if it means cutting adrift from the parents that bore him. 'Nothing but the best' is his motto, for he is daily proving that he is at least the equal of the white man,

that erstwhile superior being. What eventually will be the outcome of this is a problem which will settle itself in the future.

The writer has had experience as a teacher of Chinese boys abroad, and can speak with sympathy of their stupendous keenness for education. In fact, so eager are they that this desire for knowledge is apt to become a veritable trial to the pedagogue who wishes for rest from his labours. In tramcar and train, in field and path, young Li Chung carries his book, for he finds that a day of twenty-four hours is all too short for what he has to do. In this there is just a suspicion that the end does not justify the means; but doubtless, as time goes on, things will right themselves, and Li Chung become just as ripe for the rod as his British prototype.

If the young Chinaman has the defects of his qualities, he, with all his sledge-hammer methods, has a fixed purpose shining like a beacon ahead. He has well assimilated the question of what a good education means to him in the race for existence; consequently those at whose feet he may sit have nothing but respect for him. He certainly will do anything for his mentors. The writer on one occasion was of use to an ambitious youth in obtaining a post for him in a bank, and thought nothing more of it. Much to his surprise, the next Christmas there arrived a huge box of Chinese delicacies—which to the ordinary buyer would have meant an outlay of several pounds—'From your faithful pupil.'

Though they may be following—some say aping—the lead of the white man in matters of dress, we never noticed that our young friends gave up attachment to rice as their staple article of diet. That one item never changed, and as a rule it was quite safe to provide nothing but rice for the consumption of those pupils or friends who were entertained to a meal. People who kept boarding-schools were quick to note and profit by this preference for rice.

A somewhat too slavish reliance on the text-book is apt to produce such replies as the following to the request, 'Name the five great races of mankind.' 'The five chief races of mankind are the hundred yards, the hurdles, the mile, the quarter, and the three miles.' The explanation of 'Out of sight, out of mind,' found

expression in 'Invisible, insane;' while 'Mention any great towns you have visited' was sufficiently answered by one sage youth with 'Downtown.' So much for the budding youth who will one day be a force to be reckoned with.

For good, sound, practical sense we think the Chinese modern business man, be he merchant, builder, or shopkeeper, hard to beat; and, in addition, his word is his bond. While adhering to lawful ideas of what constitutes a fair profit on any transaction, John is always anxious to please, to do good work, and to give due money's worth in whatever he contracts to do, whether over the counter or with spade and shovel. The charge of undercutting falls when it is considered that his mode of living enables him to perform whatever he has to do for a client or customer. Even the modern young and ambitious Chinese have not yet attained the sumptuous ideals of comfort which are the vogue among white people. So long as the claims of the inner man can be satisfied at a cost of a few pence daily, so long will the Chinese reap the rewards of their frugality, which is natural to them. This is one reason why the Chinese market-gardener, duck-rearer, or house-builder is able to hold his own and a little more. From time immemorial he has been a successful gardener, with methods of his own, while he laughs to scorn the eight-hour day as he trudges to his melon-patches what time the sun is peeping over the hill.

Here is a fairly faithful rendering of the reply made by a Chinese hotelkeeper to two Yankee 'drummers.' After devouring a chicken, and then four alligator pears apiece, the twain asked mine host for his tariff. Looking through the list of charges, they found that three dollars per day covered bed and three meals for each guest. This was not unreasonable, considering all things. The couple immediately began to wax eloquent in their own tongue as to the iniquity of the charges, which grumbling the Chinaman at once countered with, 'S'pose you no like my plice, you get out of here. You go down to the warp [wharf] and sleep to-night flee, no charge anything. You no like my meal, you go down to the store, buy one tin sardine ten cents, and five cents crackers; he nuff for your breakfast tamalla. I think you fella cheap guys. When I go town last week hotel charge me one dollar supper, and all I got chicken wing and half one potata, and ice-cold tea, nothing more an that. Here you two fella kaukau one whole big rooster! I go city and stay at the Conal [Colonial] Hotel. You savvy that place is. Missie Johnson he is manager. Big lady, he charge me two dollars half for loom one night. I no kick about that; his hotel no better than mine, all same bed and spring little soft. Missie Johnson got more water than me, that all difference can see. You like take a bap, you go down one big pool in yard; here, hard up no lain, I give you one

bucket, all I can spare, one bucket each man. I no charge for this flee. Down the warp you fella get water for nothing, jump off warp and swim all day, and when you sleep no maskia. Very cheap living for guy like you. I am Aiona, I merchant man. I see plenty men come for board, but this first time I see my life man try jew me down. Now no use talk any more; you know my style, and I like hold him one plice like Missie Johnson. I no want cut hotel business, no pay have two plices. S'pose you single man you pay one loom; but you all same mallid man, two fella stop one bed, but I charge same plice, make no difference.'

Making a call among the Chinese is a distinctly intricate ceremony. Your visiting-card must be red, for white is the sign of mourning. Tea is brought forward, each dainty cup covered with an inverted saucer. Now you may be frightfully hot, and, in hackneyed phrase, 'simply dying for a cup of tea.' But no; it is etiquette to ignore the fragrant Oolong till the hostess desires you to partake. Then, before sipping, you must raise the cup in both hands and offer it to her. She will decline, and you are free to drink. If you are able to converse in Chinese, the following may be the course of discussion. 'Which is your honourable country?' you are asked. You reply, 'My inferior kingdom is England.' 'And your honourable age?' The gentleman replies to this. Perhaps you query, 'How many distinguished children have you?' and you are told that one or more 'puppies' is the tale. So the ice is broken. On bidding adieu you say that it is to be feared that your company has been a trial for the household; which is met with, 'Our despicable conversation must have been dishonourably boring.' Passing out, you bow about forty times till the outer gate is reached, and the conveyance (strictly necessary according to etiquette) takes you home—on the opposite side of the street!

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

MY man was colonel in the line,
Her man a sergeant in the Greys;
And, while I nursed this grief of mine,
To her I listened with amaze.

'We can't complain that we have lost
The men that counted more than life,
For we had reckoned up the cost
Demanded from a soldier's wife.

'For we could only claim a lease
Of those brave lives we could not buy;
We paid the rent of love in peace,
The lease fell through when war came nigh.'

While I had failed my balm to find,
With lettered thoughts and gifts of speech;
With native wit and bookless mind,
She grasped a truth beyond my reach.

A. STODART WALKER.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE NET.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

HARDSHIP and trouble, perhaps to an unusual degree, are the portion of the independent 'longshore' fisherman; but Marshall felt that he had more than his share as he walked home to the village beside a shallow bay on the Scottish coast. To begin with, he had lost his brother in a torpedoed cargo-boat, and had heard nothing from his son in the navy for some months. Then his seven-ton trawler went ashore on Balhourie sands in a sudden gale; and, though Marshall had got her off, the boatbuilder had estimated that it would cost forty pounds to make the damage good.

In peaceful times he might have borrowed the money in the little town a few miles inland, where he was known as an honest man; but just then its inhabitants had other matters to think about. They had sons in Flanders, war-funds were being raised, and rumours went round of strange lights being seen upon the coast and wireless installations working among the hills. Consequently Marshall was glad to take charge of a salmon-net in return for very small wages and a share in the catch; but misfortune dogged him yet, because there was no 'run' of salmon on that part of the coast. Now he was returning from a visit to the boatbuilder, who had declined to repair his boat except for payment as soon as the work was done.

It was getting dark, and the moors across the bay rose in blurred, dark masses against the sky. In the foreground several miles of wet sand glimmered in the fading light, with a paler streak that marked a river-channel running through their midst. The deep, monotonous murmur of surf upon the outer shoals filled the keen air, and a dim white line in the distance showed the edge of the advancing tide. When the wind comes fresh from the southward the bay is a dangerous place, and strangers take risks in entering it at any time, because the channels wind and the strong tide is apt to capsize the boat that runs aground.

On reaching the village, where the low white houses rose straight from the wet street, Marshall found his wife sitting by the fire—which somewhat surprised him, since Kate was generally busy. The little room was dark except for the red glow of the peats.

'Will I light the lamp?' he asked.

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'Ye will not,' said Kate. 'It's no' that dark yet, an' oil's goin' up. What had ye in the net?'

'Naething,' Marshall answered gloomily.

'An' what's your share o' the week's tak'?'

'Ye micht ca' it half-a-croon.'

Kate did not answer for a minute, but Marshall thought she had something on her mind. She was a managing woman, but of late her activity had relaxed. Her stern courage was still unyielding, but rheumatism racked her joints.

'It winna do, my man,' she said. 'Gavin, the agent, was here, an' telt me a stranger had bought the hoose. If the back rent's no' paid, he has orders to pit us oot.'

Marshall grappled with this in silence, for when trouble came he was silent and grim; but by-and-by he said, 'Weel, there's twa three bits o' gear I micht get a pound for. Then ye'll bake less, an' I'll maybe leister a few flounders on the sands.'

They let the matter drop, and sat with heavy hearts in the dark, for it is easier to economise in oil than food. After a time Marshall remarked, 'Ill news spreads, an' I'm wonderin' if Woodhouse kent we would be turned oot. I had hopes o' his pittin' the boat richt an' gi'in' me time; but he said the day he couldna touch the job except for money doon.'

'It's queer!' Kate answered thoughtfully. 'He's no' a hard man, an' trusted ye afore; but there's a hoosefu' o' bairns yonder, an' meat's gettin' maist ower dear to buy.'

One night, a week or two later, Marshall stood beside the big salmon-net, which he had been mending. Rising high above his head, it ran between the cliff-foot and the channel, which curved toward the beach just there. There was a half-moon in the sky, and the wet sands glistened. Oyster-catchers were screaming on the flats, and a fresh wind brought the sound of the surf inshore; but the night was mild, and Marshall, who carefully cut off a very small piece of tobacco, lighted his pipe. This was an extravagance, but it helped reflection, and he had something to think about.

He had paid his rent, though he did not know where the next was to come from, and then asked who had bought the house. The agent

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only knew that the purchaser came from Glasgow, and spoke like an American. Marshall next inquired if he had bought any more houses, and the agent had said he thought not. He was frank, and seemed as puzzled as Marshall, for the latter could not understand why his cottage, which was old and very small, had been singled out when there were better ones for sale. He could find no explanation, and was about to return to the beach, when a dark figure appeared beside the net.

'The fishing seems poor,' the stranger remarked.

'It might be better,' Marshall agreed.

'Well, I expect you make good, taking things all round. You'll get flounders when salmon are scarce.'

'I canna say that's true.'

'Then times are bad!' said the other sympathetically. 'How do you meet them?'

'By eatin' the less'

'That sounds pretty rough. Now, I expect you'd be open to take a paying job?'

'I'll hear what it is,' Marshall answered cautiously.

The other came out of the shadow, and Marshall saw he wore rough shooting-clothes and carried a gun. Somebody had told him that a sportsman, who went out at night after wild duck, had been staying at a small inn in the neighbourhood.

'It's quite easy. I want a buoy or two moored at the bends of the old channel.'

'The new deep's the better. We dinna use the gut; it's siltin' up.'

'So I understand; but that's not the point. I'll pay you five pounds for putting down the buoys; a ring of net corks will do.'

Marshall looked at him in astonishment, but the man was obviously serious.

'I'll ha'e them fixed next ebb,' he said.

'Very well; but there's another matter. You're down here at night when the tide suits, and there's nobody else about. I want you to say nothing if you see a launch pass.'

'What for will she be goin' up the gut at night?'

The stranger smiled meaningly, and explained that he was a naturalist, and was making a collection of the wading birds. The close-time had begun, but he was determined to secure the specimens he was short of. Then he mentioned a reward that the fisherman thought extraordinarily liberal, and added, 'I guess that ought to satisfy you.'

Marshall was puzzled and suspicious, but he took the sovereign the other gave him, and presently went home. Next morning at breakfast he told his wife, but she did not show the satisfaction he had expected. After asking him a few questions, she said, 'It's a pity, but I'm feared yon money is no' for us.'

Marshall waited. There were matters—not

many of course, but some—about which Kate's judgment was better than his.

'What for is he collectin' birds noo they're protectit, when he had a' the winter for shootin'?' she resumed.

'It's queer!' Marshall admitted.

'Then ye say he talked like an American; so did the other wha bought the hoose, an' gave Gavin orders to pit us oot.'

'Dinna mak' difficulties, woman, if ye're no' sure they're real!' Marshall exclaimed. 'I canna get the boat sortit; I canna earn enough to feed us an' pay the rent.'

Kate pondered, glancing gloomily at the coarse but very clean tablecloth, the bright hearth-irons, the brass candlesticks and preserving-pan, and the shining china in the rack. These common things were her pride, and had cost stern self-denial; but it looked as if she might have to give them up. For all that, her wrinkled face was unmoved and her eyes were steady.

'Mr Herries was tellin' me they had a wheen o' them in the United States,' she said.

'A wheen o' what?' Marshall asked.

'Gairmans!' Kate answered dryly.

Marshall started, but she signed him to be quiet. 'Ye see hoo things fit in. It's kent ye're no' doin' weel; ye canna pay for the boat bein' mended, an' a stranger who must ha'e his rent to the minute buys the wee hoose. Ye'll need to watch he doesna buy mair than that, my man. He kens that an empty stammick mak's a willin' mind.'

Marshall, who saw a light, clenched his fist. 'When I'd taken his pay for keepin' quiet I'd ha' been in his poo'er. Yon deevils drowned my brither; an' there's nae word fra the lad!' Then he flung the sovereign on the table.

'Ha'e! I've nae use for't.'

He seized his old oilskin coat and went off to his work; but Kate was satisfied, and after redding-up the house sat down to think. It was plain that a sacrifice might be demanded from her, but she must not hesitate. More costly sacrifices were being made, for there were many young widows in the countryside. By-and-by she roused herself with an effort, and, although her hands and arms ached with rheumatic pains, got out her wash-tub.

When the next tide was ebbing, Marshall launched a punt and carried off a heavy stone with some chain round it. The chain had a rope and bunch of net-corks attached, and on reaching the right spot he threw the whole overboard. The corks would mark the entrance to a channel the fishermen no longer used, and he moored another buoy or two at the bends. After this he waited a week, and then, one night when the tide was flowing, sculled the punt to the end of the salmon-net, where he made her fast. It was a wild, dark night, with heavy showers; but Marshall was not surprised when he heard the throb of an engine between the

gusts. Then a swift, dark object swept out of the rain, drove past the net on the white stream of the tide, and vanished among the sands.

Marshall's eyes were keen, and he made out that the object was a motor-launch. She was plainly a powerful craft, or she could not have made a passage along the coast that night. Desolate marshes surrounded the head of the bay, but a fairly good road wound through them to the waterside, along which the river had scooped out a channel. It was very cold and wet in the plunging punt; but Marshall waited until the launch came back, forging with a white wash about her bows against the last of the flood. He wondered very much what she had on board.

Next day he walked eight miles to a coast-guard station, which a naval detachment had lately reinforced, but unfortunately saw a petty officer from a distant part of Britain, who did not understand the Scottish character. Moreover, the detachment had been turned out on several false alarms, and obviously absurd warnings were brought to its officers. Consequently he was short with Marshall, and smiled in a superior way that angered the fisherman, who trudged home without telling him much of what he had meant to impart.

At dusk next evening he was busy fixing another buoy, when a man walked along the edge of the channel, carrying a net. He stopped on seeing how Marshall was engaged. 'Ye're makin' a good job, though I canna see the reason for't,' he remarked.

Marshall, who knew the other could be trusted, looked up with a dour smile. 'I'll better it by-an'-by.'

'What way? Wha's comin' up the gut that needs a leadin' mark?'

'I dinna ken; but yin o' they nichts he'll no' come doon again.'

Now the Scottish longshore fisherman does not, as a rule, say all he thinks, and often prefers a hint to an explicit statement; and the other, who nodded as if he understood, suggested, 'Ye'll ha'e been to the coastguard?'

'I ha'e,' said Marshall dryly. 'They'll maybe mak' a note o' what I telt them; but noo I've fixed the buoys as I was ordered, I'm goin' to run a flounder-net across the gut.'

The other looked hard at him in a puzzled manner, and then laughed with grim enjoyment. 'Man, I'll help ye! We'll stiffen the heid, and fit ropes wi' a strand o' wire fra the auld sheep-fence; I'm thinkin' she'll need it.' Then he added in a different tone, 'They ha'e drooned an' pushioned over mony o' oor men!'

They carried out the work next low tide in a very conscientious manner, and when night came and the flood began to race across the flats, launched a punt near the salmon-net. This was difficult, because the wind was blowing in from the sea, and an angry surf broke upon the beach.

When, after wading knee-deep, Marshall got on board over the stern, they had hard work to keep the punt from being swamped, but found smoother water on pulling round the end of the net. They were now to leeward of the wall of mesh, and the rows of tall stakes that framed the pocket of the net broke the sea. Marshall's companion made a line fast round a stake, and the punt rode to it safely, lurching up and down as the surge washed through.

It was a cloudy night, but now and then a flash of watery moonlight shone out and showed the foam upon the thinly covered sands and the breaking waves in the deeper water. The tide was about three-quarters flood, which meant that any craft likely to come up the bay would arrive in the next hour or so. The end of the long net commanded the channel, which, a little farther on, ran outshore between banks of surf-beaten sand. They waited an hour, lying for shelter in the bottom of the punt, and then Marshall raised his head.

'Heard ye oucht, Jock?' he asked.

Jock listened. The wind wailed among the net-stakes, the growl of the surf filled the air, and a great black-backed gull screamed overhead. This was all for a minute, and then his keen ears caught a faint throbbing sound.

'Ay,' he said, 'yer friends are comin'!'

Shortly afterwards a ray of moonlight travelled across the sea, sparkling on the crests of the combers and the white wash on the sands, then faded and flashed into greater brightness. A low hull, half-buried aft in leaping foam, drove across the glittering track, and vanished when the light was suddenly cut off by drifting cloud.

'She's rinnin' hard,' Jock remarked. 'I wouldna say but she micht break oor gear.'

'It will haud her best when she's pairtied it,' Marshall rejoined with a chuckle.

The net they had stretched across the gut lay some three hundred yards ahead, and when the moonlight shone down again they saw, as they had expected, that the launch had swung across the stream of tide. She was hove well down, but the foam washed across her lifted side, which was nearest the fishermen, and the frothy patch round her stern showed that the screw was running.

'The net canna stand it,' Jock remarked, and added after a few moments, 'It's pairtin' noo!'

The launch broke through the obstruction, swung off on her course, forged ahead slowly, and stopped. Then, coming round broadside to the current, she began to drift up-channel. The watchers knew she would not drift far, because the channel curved, though the tide flowed straight across a dangerous shoal. Nor could she restart her engines with some yards of mesh and a quantity of wire firmly wrapped about her screw.

Marshall watched her with grim satisfaction.

He knew that Kate was right. The man who had offered him money was an agent of his country's foes, and no doubt employed in smuggling supplies or information for their submarines. Moreover, he had cunningly plotted to force him into the enemy's service, because if he had taken their pay he could not have denounced his employer without implicating himself. Marshall thought of his drowned brother and the lad in the navy from whom no news had come, and his eyes were hard as they followed the helpless launch, which steadily drifted toward the shoal.

Then his satisfaction got less pronounced. He had fought the sea from his youth up, and now and then saved his own life and the lives of others by daring skill. It was an instinct of his to snatch a victim from the destroying waves when he could, and now the drifting craft began to make a forcible appeal. The moon kept out; he could see her drive nearer the surf-swept sand, and knew what would happen when she struck. Presently Jock got up and commenced to loose their line.

'She'll no' stand the hammerin' she'll get on the horseshoe tongue,' he said. 'The punt would maybe cairry twa or three o' them.'

'We'll try it,' Marshall agreed. 'The tide'll tak' her up, but I dinna ken hoo we'll pu' her back.'

They left that to chance, and, steadying her with the oars, were swept away; but it was fortunate that the rescue was taken out of their hands. Another launch came plunging out of the dark astern, with red sparks streaming from her funnel and her bows lifted above a mass of curling foam. She was a navy pinnace, and soon after they saw her she raced past the punt. There was a crash as she ran alongside the motor-launch, and then a shot; but next moment thick clouds drove across the moon, and all was dark. The fishermen swung the punt round and headed for the net, but although they pulled savagely, could make no progress against the wind and sea.

A few minutes later they were hailed, and saw the steam-pinnace stopping close astern. Obeying the order given them, they let the punt drift alongside and got on board, where a lantern was flashed into their faces.

'They're not in the job, sir. The short one's the man who brought me word,' somebody remarked.

Then the light was turned, and Marshall saw a young officer in oilskins at the helm, and two handcuffed men sitting in the well.

'Where were you going?' the officer asked.

'To try to take them off.'

'You'd have lost your punt. This craft's powerful, but we couldn't tow them clear of the surf. Their engine wouldn't run. I suppose you saw it had stopped?'

'We did, an' expectit it,' Jock replied. 'Ye see, when Marshall had pit the buoy where he was telt'—

'Then you fixed a buoy to lead them in?' the officer exclaimed.

'Just that. But we ran a net across the gut ahint her, as weel as an auld fence. Ye'll find a wheen fathoms o' mesh an' wire tangled round her screw if there's oucht left o' her on the ebb.'

The officer laughed. 'I'll come and see; but you're an illogical lot. First you make a very neat plot to drown the rogues, and then go to their rescue in a punt that would certainly have got swamped.'

'Weel, that was the wey o' it,' Marshall said.

The officer informed them that they must come with him to the coastguard station; but Marshall objected that their punt would fill and break adrift before the pinnace had towed her far. 'I'm feared the Government wouldna pay for her,' he observed.

'It's improbable; they're not remarkable for generosity,' the officer agreed. 'However, I expect you to meet me on the beach here to-morrow as soon as there's water enough for the pinnace.'

He towed them to windward of the net and let them go; and they kept the appointment he had made. After carefully noting down Marshall's story, and examining the wreck of the motor-launch, he said, 'You may be required to give evidence, but as the trial will be kept quiet, that's not certain. There's another matter that will, no doubt, interest you. It has lately been decided to offer a substantial reward to fishermen and coast-watchers who communicate any news of value, and I'll try to see that you get your share.'

Marshall was satisfied when the reward arrived; and not long afterwards Kate and he visited the small inland town on market-day. Their troubles had vanished, and they had heard from their son.

By-and-by Kate stopped in front of a shop where household furnishings were sold, and taking out the sovereign her husband had given her, regarded it doubtfully. Then her expression grew suddenly resolute. 'Na,' she said, 'it's no' clean money; I canna spend it.'

There was a Red Cross collecting-box close by, and she quietly dropped the sovereign in.



THE GOLDEN YEARS OF AUSTRALIA.

PART II.

ONE can well imagine the furore created in all large centres of population when reports of astounding gold discoveries arrived almost daily. It was hard indeed for the most phlegmatic and sober-minded citizen to stay at home when he heard how, at Bendigo, a couple of diggers had shovelled up seven hundredweight of pure gold from a single hole a few feet deep; how a man strolling through the bush struck with his pick by chance what seemed to be a moss-covered boulder, but proved, when the dull sound emitted excited interest and prompted closer examination, to be a monstrous nugget, which the enraptured finder had to wheel away in a barrow, as it was far too heavy to carry; how a carter driving a dray along a well-beaten track observed, after a sudden jolt, the seductive gleam of gold in the fragment of stone broken off from a large mass; how new chums arrived by a vessel, hurried off to the diggings, made substantial fortunes within a few weeks, and sailed home rejoicing in the ship that had brought them out; and so on. The jails were left without turnkeys, and the lunatic asylums without warders. No doubt some of the lunatics turned diggers as well as their ex-keepers. Of forty constables stationed at the time in Melbourne thirty-eight resigned, leaving only two to keep order in a city containing twenty thousand inhabitants. Compositors fled from printing-offices, and civil servants by the score abandoned their posts, although the Government raised their salaries by one stroke 50 per cent. as an antidote against the fascinations of the goldfield. More than half the seamen belonging to fifty-nine vessels in port rushed off also, leaving their vessels harbour-bound. In some cases, by tactful management, the men were kept within the bounds of discipline. One captain, finding his men determined to try their luck as miners, prudently offered to lead half of them himself to the nearest diggings, spend a month there, and then send the remaining half on a similar mission under the guidance of the chief officer, all the gold obtained to be equally divided among officers and crew. After the expiration of the full period the men were to return to duty and work the ship home again. The bargain was duly made. The two parties secured and divided, as agreed on, gold to the value of several thousand pounds; and the lucky seamen, satisfied with their experience, faithfully fulfilled their share of the compact.

It is not surprising that, at a time when large quantities of virgin gold could be extracted from auriferous gravel or clay by the use of the simplest sluicing contrivances, little attention was paid to the numerous quartz-reefs in which

the precious metal was known to be plentifully embedded. Fragments of quartz studded with gold were frequently picked up by the diggers and kept as curiosities; but no special notice was taken of the massive outcrops which really concealed the chief accumulations of treasure. Oddly enough, two boys first set the example of crushing quartz for gold at Bendigo. Having discovered the famous reef outcropping on Victoria Hill, where Cleopatra's Needle now stands, the youthful experimentalists constructed an ingenious 'battery' out of a long sapling, a block of iron-bark, and an iron bucket, and with these simple appliances succeeded in winning large quantities of gold. From thirty pounds of selected stone they on one occasion obtained gold worth six hundred and twenty-four pounds; and the German to whom they afterwards sold their claim made forty thousand pounds by the transaction. Eleven tons of quartz taken from the mine proved to contain gold of the value of two thousand three hundred pounds. What would not the astute company promoter of to-day give for opportunities such as were passed by with indifference for months at Bendigo and elsewhere sixty years ago? Not many modern gold-mines, however, would return dividends were the ordinary charge for crushing quartz (very imperfectly) eight pounds per ton, as it was then. How vastly Bendigo has contributed to the world's supplies of gold is proved by the fact that between 1851 and 1909 that district alone yielded, according to official records, no less than fifteen million nine hundred and three thousand and ninety-nine ounces of gold—a quantity, nevertheless, falling short of the entire amount produced by fully two million ounces, in the opinion of good authorities, as during the first three years of the period the annual returns were very inaccurate. In but few spots on the earth's surface has Nature stored wealth to the value of over seventy million pounds within so small a space.

Probably the greatest gold 'rush' to a single locality that ever took place in modern times was that to Ararat in the year 1857. A large body of Chinese, who, to evade the poll-tax payable on landing in Victoria, had been put ashore at Guichen Bay in South Australia, crossed the border and travelled in a direct line for the nearest known diggings. One day, while the Celestial trespassers were resting at noon beside a small creek, one of their number espied some particles of gold in its bed. Immediately picks and shovels were at work on each bank, and soon rich auriferous deposits were exposed. Within a few weeks the fortunate discoverers of a new goldfield had secured three thousand ounces of

gold; but as they were then obliged to recruit their supplies of provisions at the nearest settlement, the secret, hitherto kept, became known, and hordes of white diggers quickly invaded the preserves of the yellow men. The bed of payable wash was proved to be half a mile wide in places, and so rich here and there that from one claim alone six Chinese took one hundred and thirty pounds of gold. Within a month no fewer than sixty thousand persons were congregated on the spot, and frontages along the main street of the new-born town were selling at many pounds the foot. Unfortunately friction soon arose between the yellow pioneers and the unwelcome intruders, with the result that serious rioting took place. Indeed, the strong antipathy felt by white miners all over Australia to-day against the Chinese may be said to have first arisen at Ararat. Some years ago the present writer, when staying at Herberton, in north Queensland, observed that the Chinese were not only entirely precluded from engaging in mining, but were even forbidden to sell vegetables. The manager of the local bank was boycotted for some weeks because he employed a Chinese cook; and that useful functionary had at last to be dismissed, as his retention would have meant the loss of all profitable business. At places so remote as Pine Creek, in the Northern Territory, the same racial feud prevails. Ararat may claim the doubtful honour of being the birthplace of 'White Australia.'

As might be supposed, at a time when enormous quantities of portable wealth—of a kind, too, that was quite untraceable—were being carried from place to place every day, either directly or under armed protection, theft and brigandage were rampant. Birds of prey hovered about the various mining-camps, ripping open tents after dark and stealthily removing bags of gold-dust from under the sleepers' pillows; making nocturnal forays on unguarded claims and carrying off quantities of rich gold-bearing material; and not infrequently adding murder to robbery. Clever tricks were often played by these marauders with success. On one occasion four young men, lately arrived on a certain goldfield, by chance struck an amazingly rich pocket of alluvial wash. A few minutes later a couple of well-dressed and most genial strangers appeared on the scene, and offered congratulations. After a while the delighted quartette imprudently accepted an invitation to join their new acquaintances in celebrating the event at the nearest saloon. What followed may easily be guessed. The four lucky revellers were soon helplessly intoxicated; their treacherous entertainers quietly slipped away, and, with the aid of several confederates, thoroughly ransacked the treasure-chamber before its foolish discoverers had regained their senses. The ringleader in the business proved afterwards to be an ex-captain of a crack English cavalry regiment, a reprobate who combined the qualities

of Lord Chesterfield with those of Dick Turpin. In another case, a party of four diggers, fully armed and known to possess a large amount of gold, heard while proceeding along a lonely bush-track the most heart-rending cries issuing from a thicket not far distant. Hurrying to the spot, they found a couple of men tightly bound to two trees, and were saluted with a piteous tale of robbery and violence. The kind-hearted but simple Samaritans thereupon laid down their weapons and proceeded to liberate the distressed vocalists, who when free gave a signal which immediately brought several of their friends, hitherto lying in ambush close by, to the spot. Taken unarmed and by surprise, the unlucky four were soon overpowered, and in their turn accommodated with four trees, and a genuine grievance to make known to the next party of benevolent wayfarers. Their pockets were emptied, their camp looted, and they were left destitute alike of gold and faith in the goodness of human nature.

Artifice, however, was as much employed in defence as in attack. On one occasion some gentlemen of the road stopped an innocent-looking individual travelling alone with a horse and cart. No resistance was offered, and both the cart and its owner were thoroughly searched without result, amid loud protests against the unjustly suspicious disposition shown by the investigators. Just as the latter were going off, perhaps feeling ashamed for having treated an honest stranger with such disrespect, one of their number, attracted possibly by the drooping posture of the quadruped attached to the vehicle, or by a movement of its eyelid, drew his knife and slashed open the lining of the animal's collar. A shower of nuggets and fine gold followed; indeed, to the thieves that one lucky stroke meant a substantial fortune. The horse is recorded to have smiled; the owner did not.

Another time a poor cripple with one arm and one leg heavily swathed in bandages, resembling in appearance elongated sausages, was painfully limping along a track, when suddenly three compassionate strangers, each provided with surgical instruments in the form of knife and pistol, accosted him. After a brief conversation, a kindly offer was made by one of the party to tend the victim's injuries and rearrange the bandages in a manner more conducive to his comfort. The service was courteously but strenuously declined. Nevertheless, the charitable strangers insisted on bestowing 'first-aid,' and succeeded so well that in a few moments the cripple, completely restored to bodily soundness, and relieved of his encumbrances, but filled with sentiments of bitter ingratitude towards his benefactors, was hurrying along the road, like a Marathon runner, towards the nearest police-station; while the amateur surgeons were hilariously dividing among themselves the precious contents of the bandages.

Travellers had plenty of tales to tell in those wild days. The ingenious blacksmith who shod

his horse with four golden shoes and rode safely into Melbourne must have had some anxious moments by the way, and might be awarded the distinction of having shown in the most forcible manner a contempt for riches.

Fortune's chief prize in the great Australian lottery was not drawn until the 5th of February 1869, when the famous 'Welcome Stranger' was brought to light at Mount Moliagul, a few miles from Dunolly. This, the largest recorded mass of virgin gold ever discovered in the world's history, weighed when found two hundred and sixteen pounds troy. After several knobs had been broken off, the rest, weighing two thousand three hundred and two ounces, was sold for nine thousand three hundred pounds. The fortunate finders had for two years worked their claim with very poor results before the gigantic nugget was found buried beneath only four inches of earth. Strangely enough, one of the partners recalled to mind after the discovery that when the claim was first secured he had tried to drive a peg into the ground at the particular spot where the nugget lay buried, and had been unable to do so through the resistance of what he naturally supposed was a stone. Had the peg been driven inside instead of outside the obstruction, the 'Welcome Stranger' would probably be still reposing in the bed where it had been laid by Nature, as no doubt some of its brethren still are. Ten years afterwards the famous 'Queen's Birthday' reef, discovered in the same locality, yielded returns so abundant that for two years shares in the property which shortly before were sold for five shillings apiece gave their owners fortnightly dividends ranging from seven shillings and sixpence to twelve shillings and sixpence. At a depth of five hundred feet, however, the quartz ceased to be payable, and the mine was then abandoned.

The general results to Australia of the great discoveries of gold made in the feverish period known as the 'fifties' have been both good and bad. The goldfield attracted the best and the worst representatives of our species. The energetic and hardy pioneer hastened to the diggings, made his 'pile,' and then in many cases usefully employed his money in founding a home and clearing and tilling the land. Prosperous farms soon dotted the country, and the ravages committed by the miner's pick were healed by the cultivator's plough. Cities sprang up, and a flourishing trade was developed. But many of the adventurers were men of a low type, either lazy or depraved—mere parasites preying on their industrious fellows. Crime, drunkenness, and even poverty were rife at a time when gold worth hundreds of thousands of pounds was

pouring forth weekly from the great Victorian treasure-fields. When the general prosperity had reached its very zenith, and when the most indifferent and unskilled workman could easily earn a wage of one pound a day at Ballarat or Bendigo, the 'unemployed' in Melbourne were clamouring for State relief. Unhappily those 'sturdy beggars' of bygone days have left a numerous progeny behind them in the large cities of Australia; and echoes of their unmanly supplications may be heard in the demand made by a considerable section of the trade-unionists in the modern Commonwealth that the length of the working-day should be limited to six or even four hours. To these poor degenerates labour is the supreme evil of existence; limited work and unlimited wages constitute the objects of their highest aspirations. It is not improbable, also, that not only did the miner's cradle rock nascent political trade-unionism and its unpleasant twin-brother State Socialism, but that the spirit of levity, extravagance, and reckless experiment which marks Australian legislation to-day arose from the same source. The rush to Utopia has succeeded the rush to the goldfield, the impelling causes, discontent, impatience, and an inordinate eagerness for improved material conditions, regardless of all moral considerations, being the same. Thus the unstable, improvident digger was the parent of the Jacobin, the demagogue, and the successful popular politician of after times. Class and racial hatred, too, for the first time in the history of the continent assumed violent manifestations during those ten golden years. The riots at Ararat and Buckland left behind them a legacy of bitter antagonism between the white and the yellow invaders, which has been transmitted with increased virulence to their posterity. At Bakery Hill the forces of lawlessness and authority came into open collision, and militant trade-unionists and strike leaders in the Commonwealth to-day may trace their ancestry to the infuriated miners who offered armed resistance to the powers of the Government behind the Eureka stockade. Feuds also arose between the miners and the graziers on whose pasture grounds they trespassed in search of gold; and when many of the trespassers settled down permanently as farmers on the squatters' domains, those feuds were intensified and perpetuated. The jackals of the mining-camps, too, left behind them a numerous brood of criminal descendants. Moral loss, therefore, must be weighed against material gain in computing the real value of the goldfields to Australia. It were best, perhaps, for her, as it most certainly would be for every other civilised country in the world, that no new Ballarat or Bendigo should hereafter be born.



THE BEAUTIFUL WITCH.

By W. F. BATTEN.

IT was the height of the mad Boxer uprising in China, and a veritable reign of terror had set in for all Christians, native and foreign alike; whilst one of 'China's sorrows'—not the Hoang-ho (Yellow River), but the other, the Manchu Empress—was secretly subsidising the movement in the hope of getting rid of both the foreigner and his religion. The poison had already spread from Peking to the Yang-tze valley, and was just then threatening the two Kwang provinces and the southern capital, Canton. Now, at the time all this happened a large district lying between the last-named place and the second port of the British Empire, Victoria, Hong-kong, had been selected by the secret agents of the Boxers as a suitable 'jumping-off place' from which to stir up risings against the Christians in southern China. This district was known as the Hakka country, and had been the cradle of the terrible Tâiping rebellion which had devastated half of China, and was believed to have led to an enormous sacrifice of life before 'Chinese Gordon' succeeded in suppressing it; hence, doubtless, the Boxers' choice of this particular locality. Then, too, the great stone quarries within it, which supplied granite for the fine buildings of the beautiful 'Queen of the Far East,' employed armies of able-bodied Hakkas as stone-cutters. The largest and most powerful of these communities was the Yu clan, which could muster over five thousand remarkably able-bodied fighting-men, armed with muzzle-loading rifles and spears, and possessing a number of serviceable six-pounder smooth-bore guns. As a consequence, this clan was generally left severely alone by the provincial authorities. Besides, their walled villages of stone houses and their great quarries in the mountainside were known to be veritable strongholds.

Now the *citow* ('head' or 'master') of the Yu clan, a man then in active middle age, was a magistrate who possessed a mandarin's button of one of the lower grades, by virtue of which, or of his five thousand armed clansmen, he held the power of life and death in his own district; but though he was in consequence feared by these, they dreaded his lady infinitely more. Her word was said to be law even to the magistrate himself; but, if so, it was consistent with a strong attachment that increased rather than diminished with the passing years. The fact that Madame Yu was notoriously 'a woman with a past'—and such a past!—did not in the least lessen the clansmen's respect for her. They, being Hakkas, were willing to forgive almost anything to a born leader of fighting-men; and madame—or, to give her the

name bestowed upon her in a country where nicknames are universal, the Beautiful Witch—had certainly 'given her proofs' when scarcely more than a girl, albeit in a most unholy cause. For the secret society whose most dreaded and successful leader she had been simply had plunder for its aim and massacre for its method.

The clansmen's fear of their *citow's* lady, however, by no means arose from that, but from a cause that the men seldom, and the women never, cared even to whisper, the Beautiful Witch being generally believed to owe her unbroken series of successes to a compact with the Evil Spirit; for these continued till the unlucky day when she fought the 'foreign devil,' whose magic was superior to her own; which, being translated, meant that his men were better trained and armed. Be that as it may, Madame Yu might very well have earned her sobriquet by her physical attractions alone, supplemented as they were by a strongly wayward and imperious nature. Half-caste as she was, she had inherited from her 'Dago' (Spanish or Portuguese) father a tall and graceful figure without embonpoint, yet sufficiently rounded for symmetry, regular European features, fine if fierce dark eyes, and a skin no darker than that of many a southern European belle; whilst from her Chinese mother had doubtless come the great coils of jet-black hair, the broad plaits of which reached to her waist. Now though scandal said openly that it was the heavy bribe which the head of the Yu clan had paid down in sacks of silver that had rescued her from the death penalty, it was only secretly hinted that the *citow's* having met the Beautiful Witch at the critical moment, and fallen in love with her at first sight—like his marrying her directly she was free—had been brought about by 'the evil influence.' But as she was barely three-and-twenty at the time, and 'as handsome as paint' at that, 'Western barbarians' will doubtless fail to see the need of any such supernatural intervention in the case.

Even at the period of this story, when she was about nine-and-thirty, she was still a handsome woman, and might even have passed for her only child's sister—a daughter having been the only issue of the marriage—who was a favourite pupil of the good Sisters. The conversion of the girl to Christianity had greatly pleased the Hakkas, for most of the clan had been brought over to the Christian faith by the missionaries who had thrown in their lot among them; a fact, this, which the Boxers' secret agents had either overlooked or been unaware of. Ah Looey, too, had just been promised in

marriage to a young student at the British College in Victoria, whose father, a wealthy Hong-kong merchant, was a British subject.

One beautiful morning in autumn—a time when the climate of southern China is ever at its best, and at an hour when all nature seemed to breathe an air of Sabbath peace—a little procession was winding its way along a narrow road between bamboo thickets in the heart of the Hakka district toward a distant white stone chapel that was just visible on its border. First came two tall clansmen carrying presents for the Sisters in covered baskets slung on each end of their long steel-headed spears, which they balanced on their shoulders like carrying-poles. Then came six coolies carrying a mountain-chair somewhat similar to the ancient 'sedan' of our great-grandmothers, but built of the very lightest materials. The green bamboo blinds were up, and the Beautiful Witch, who was riding in it, was using a large and handsome fan; though, as the breeze was quite perceptible in the gap they were then in, the desire to hide from her chair-coolies the anxious expression her face bore as she glanced back at her daughter probably prompted her action. Indeed, she presently ordered the coolies carrying her daughter's chair to close in nearer to her own.

Before Madame Yu started, her husband, the magistrate, had strongly remonstrated with her for allowing their daughter to continue to attend the chapel services whilst the present dangerous excitement lasted; but this masterful lady, resenting his interference, promptly announced her approval of the girl's attendance at the chapel, and added that she intended to accompany her, 'so that for the first time in her life she would be able to hear a Christian service.' The magistrate's wayward and imperious partner, however, took the precaution to place a heavy British revolver and some cartridges in the chair, and to order all the coolies to lash their long spears to the sides of both chairs, whilst the other six Hakkas were to place their Chinese double-barrelled pistols in the sashes they wore under their jackets. Finally, four clansmen, carrying more presents for the mission in similar fashion to their comrades in front, were to follow the chairs closely.

The view from the hillside just then was a very beautiful one. The sapphire sky was cloudless, and so smooth was the blue water beneath it that sky and sea seemed to blend in one upon the horizon. Below the winding road the light green of the bamboo and sugar-cane clusters that bordered the paddy-fields harmonised well with the hue of the dark red earth in the great quarries that had eaten away the mountainsides up to their very summits. Here and there, too, just peeping out from small clumps of trees, were the houses of rich stone-quarry owners, their quaintly decorated outside walls and queer-shaped roofs

being most fearfully and wonderfully embellished with marvellous monsters in coloured porcelain.

But the young girl, as she rode in her mountain-chair, saw none of these things. Her thoughts were evidently of other matters, perhaps not entirely unconnected with a certain youth in the neighbouring British colony; for her eyes were fixed on the highest peak of the mountainside, up which, in terraced tiers, rose the beautiful city of Victoria, then just dimly visible in the clear atmosphere of that brilliant day. Perhaps the young student's thoughts were occupied in similar fashion just then, for Ah Looey was as handsome as she was good and gentle, having inherited her mother's beauty without a single trace of the fierce ambitious nature that went with it; though, where her affections were engaged, she could show some of her mother's high courage. Hence the thought that the good Sisters were in danger had only made her the more intent on going to them, quite ignoring the risk to herself which this involved.

Another quarter of an hour at the steady pace they were then travelling sufficed to bring them to the plain stone building, surmounted by a cross, in which the Christian services were held, just as the bell was ringing for the early celebration, its loud summons unfortunately reaching other and less friendly ears.

The Beautiful Witch had meantime entered the sacred building, and, seating herself beside her daughter, seemed most unusually quiet and subdued when the service commenced; listening, too, with close attention to the white-haired priest as he exhorted his flock to be faithful unto death—a way of alluding to the danger all present were exposed to in those perilous times that seemed to compel her respect. Then a singular thing happened. The Beautiful Witch seemed most strangely fascinated by a fine representation in pure white marble of the Virgin Mary, with the Infant Saviour reposing in her arms; and so evident was this that the worshippers whispered to each other that a miracle was being wrought before their eyes, and that 'the Witch' was being converted! Be that as it may, at any rate her demeanour was undoubtedly a most strangely altered one on that fatal Sabbath morning during the solemn calm that then seemed to pervade the House of God. But the officiating priest had hardly pronounced the parting benediction when loud shouting in the distance, and other ominous signs of the approach of an angry mob, reached the ears of the still kneeling congregation. Then, as all hastily rose from their knees, the old fierce light leaped once more into the Beautiful Witch's eyes. Nearer and nearer came the uproar, swelling into a perfect pandemonium of yells, howls, and threats. The old priest, bravely maintaining his position at the altar, exhorted his terrified hearers to remain tranquil and meet death calmly, trusting to find in the mercy of God a refuge from the cruelty

of man. But as he finished speaking the Beautiful Witch sprang to the porch and summoned her spearmen; then, turning to the priest and the now trembling Sisters, 'Quick!' she commanded. 'Take the old people and the children, and hurry out through yonder half-hidden door to the bamboo thickets; then run down between them to the shore, where one of my husband's large stone-junks lies at the jetty. Tell them to steer her for the nearest of his villages and bring help. I will hold your chapel and keep the Boxers busy till you are all safely away. Quick!' she repeated as the good old man hesitated to accept safety at the probable cost of her life and that of her little party. Then, finding that all remonstrance was useless, he and the Sisters led their frightened flock down to the great stone-junk alongside the jetty, which, after some delay, got safely out to sea.

But Ah Looey had broken away from the Sisters, and run back to her mother's side. Nor could she be induced to leave her again. The sixteen armed Hakkas who had come with their mistress to the chapel were then joined by half-a-dozen more who had been amongst the congregation, and these, by her orders, hastily armed themselves with axes and iron bars from an adjoining stone-cutter's mat shed, and commenced to break down the woodwork and rails of the interior of the chapel to form a barricade behind its closed doors. They had hardly completed their task when a mob of many hundreds of Boxers and bad characters from all parts of the province reached the front of the chapel. The doors, however, were firmly secured, whilst the chapel bell was swinging madly backwards to send an alarm to the distant Hakka villages, which would sooner or later bring many hundreds of armed men to the rescue of the little party within.

Meantime 'the strangers' who—in the long silk gown of the trader or the short cotton jacket of the coolie—had so mysteriously spread themselves over the province were now seen in their true character as leaders of the Boxer movement, and were openly directing the operations of the mob. Very soon realising that the stout teak doors could not be forced by any weapons or tools they had with them, they ordered some of their followers to drag up a heavy tombstone from an adjacent burial-ground, while others were despatched to bring down three stout wooden posts from the mission house. These posts were then fixed in the ground in a slightly slanting position, and lashed together at the top, while the heavy gravestone was suspended from them by a stout rope so as to hang in a rough sort of tripod that would permit the stone to be swung backward and forward, and, when suddenly let go, to crash against the chapel doors with an impetus that even stout teak and iron bars could not withstand. As there

had been neither time nor suitable tools available to loophole the chapel walls, the Boxers were able to carry out their plan with perfect impunity.

The heavy stone was no sooner in position than fifty eager hands seized the rope, swung the stone high in the air, and then suddenly quitted their hold, so that it struck the doors at the rebound and instantly sent them crashing inward, mere fragments of splintered teak. But the strategy of the Beautiful Witch immediately scored, the mob's onrush being brought up by a strong barricade of closely packed woodwork. Thereupon four of the fanatics, who firmly believed that they had been rendered bullet and steel proof by the Boxers' spells, sprang toward it, but only to find that something had gone wrong with that particular brand of spell, for when the Witch woman's heavy English revolver had spoken four times these 'invincibles' were lying before the barricade writhing in their death agonies. The rest, checked for the moment, hung back; whilst that part of the *Punti* mob which had only come to gloat over the torture and massacre of the venerable priest, the good Sisters, and their helpless converts, before assisting to plunder the mission house, slunk away, cowed at the sight of the dreaded Witch woman and her armed Hakkas. The rest of the mob, who had been recruited from the banditti, water-thieves, and desperados of the Delta, raising shouts of 'Kill the Witch woman!' made a most determined attempt to rush the barricade; but the heavy revolver in the hand of that expert markswoman, and the Chinese double-barrelled pistols which six of her Hakkas used, continued to spit venomously, and again checked the assailants, who left a track of dead and dying behind them as they recoiled.

Then for a time it looked as if the Beautiful Witch would succeed in holding her own till succour came; for the mob, repulsed from the barricade, turned to the less dangerous and far more profitable work of looting and firing the mission house, though not before another desperate attempt to tear down the barricade had been made by the fiercest of the Delta desperados, which had resulted in their leader, whilst on its summit, being promptly shot through the head by the Witch woman, those of his followers who had reached the other side being impaled on the long steel points of the Hakkas' spears.

Yet, strangely enough, the firing of the mission house, which at first seemed to be a helpful diversion of the mob's fury, was ultimately to prove the Beautiful Witch's undoing. As the flames roared and crackled along the great wooden verandas, and then spread to the building itself, a Boxer leader got an inspiration, and, with loud shouts of '*Foh! foh!*' ('Fire! fire!'), carried some of the ignited woodwork toward the chapel porch; but, mindful of the Witch woman's deadly shooting, he and his followers were care-

fully screened by doors, shutters, and mattresses carried in front of them, the last-named having been previously drenched with lamp-oil to ensure their burning fiercely. Nor did the few cartridges the defenders had left suffice either to stop the Boxers' advance or to prevent them from flinging the whole mass into the chapel porch. Then several bunches of fire-crackers were exploded, and, despite the toll taken by the last pistol-shots of the Hakkas, very soon afterwards flames and smoke were darting and rolling through the porch toward the wooden barricade behind it, the smoke filling the chapel in suffocating volumes. Hidden behind this screen, and protected by the now blazing barricade, the Beautiful Witch, seizing her opportunity, flung back the half-concealed panel of the priest's private entrance, a mere slit in the thickness of the wall, and sallying out, the Hakkas with their spears quickly accounted for the Boxers left to watch it.

The little party then succeeded in reaching the road between the bamboo thickets which led to the seashore. Ah Looy was clinging to her mother's arm, who in turn was ringed round with the spears of her men, so that they seemed even then likely to reach in safety and seize the three or four small craft that lay at the end of the jetty. But the evil fortune that had overtaken the Beautiful Witch since she left the chapel culminated in a final disaster.

The breeze blowing freshly from the shore seaward suddenly fell, and then failed altogether. The Boxers—who by then had been enabled to enter the chapel—on discovering the open back entrance, pressed through it and rushed down between the bamboos in hot pursuit. At first their swords could make no impression on the compact body of spearmen, until, with devilish cunning, some of the hired assassins contrived to crawl and wriggle snake-like amongst the thick bamboo stems between which the road ran, and, passing beyond the group of spearmen, hamstrung from behind those nearest them. As these fell the crowd of Boxers made a final rush, and overwhelmed the remainder by weight of numbers.

But while the clansmen were making their last stand the Beautiful Witch and her young daughter had contrived to reach the end of the stone jetty, where, anchored in deep water, lay several large sampans (boats with mast, sail, and oars). Springing on board the nearest one, they dragged her anchor in, and were getting out two of the long oars, when, the last of the spearmen having been hacked to death, the Boxers swarmed down the pathway and crowded into the other small craft lying a few fathoms nearer the shore. The chapel bell had then ceased to give its alarm, for the ringer lay dead beneath it, with the rope still grasped in his clenched right hand, his work accomplished.

Far in the distance, but as yet too far off to reach the scene in time, were many swiftly pulled boats crowded with armed men, the sun glittering, as if in mockery, on hundreds of rifle-barrels and spearheads. The Beautiful Witch, as she measured the distance with her practised eye, saw plainly that all hope of a rescue in time was gone. So, turning to Ah Looy, she bade her repeat 'the Christians' prayer'; then, after tenderly embracing her, she first kissed her on the temple, and next, placing the muzzle of her revolver to it, pulled the trigger. Afterwards, with set and stony face, she gently lowered her daughter's body from her arms to the deck, and, attaching it to the anchor, let both sink into the clear blue waters, watching her daughter's corpse till it was out of sight, with a look of triumph in her eyes at having been able to preserve her pretty and innocent young child from outrage and torture at the hands of the bloodthirsty miscreants then closing in on her. As, however, she again raised her pistol with its last cartridge reserved for herself, a foul threat and taunt from the first Boxer that sprang into her boat caused the Beautiful Witch to change her intention, and the next instant the ruffian leaped high into the air, shot through the heart. Then, as she sprang to the side to throw herself after her daughter's body, the Boxers, exasperated at the fall of their leader, buried their weapons in her body, which quickly sank out of sight, and was never recovered.

The weird explanation given by the dwellers on the shore of the bay was that during the awful typhoon that broke over it and the adjacent coast that very night, the Spirit of Evil had borne the body off! In proof thereof they adduced the story told by the affrighted crew of a wrecked stone-junk, who declared that they had seen a dense black cloud, as the whirlwind passed, carrying some object along with it. This indeed might very well have happened; but whether or not it was likely to have been the Spirit of Evil with the body of the Beautiful Witch that the half-drowned junkmen saw, readers must decide for themselves. Albeit, the memory of her innocent young daughter is still cherished by the good Sisters and their former pupils. Every soul of the congregation that the mother had saved from torture and massacre, at the cost of the life of her idolised child as well as that of her own, always declared that the miracle they firmly believed they had witnessed (the conversion of the Beautiful Witch whilst kneeling beneath the carved representation of the Virgin Mary and the Holy Child) had delivered her from the power of the Evil Spirit, who, enraged at being baffled, and unable to compass her destruction in the sanctuary, had brought it about at the hands of his Boxer servants as soon as she quitted the sacred place. Be that as it may, the manner of the Beautiful Witch's death certainly seemed some atonement

for her early life, for it was that of a gallant leader fighting in a good cause; whilst the vengeance the infuriated husband exacted for her murder and the death of his only child caused

the Boxers to shun that part of the Quangtung province as they would a plague centre, and this spelt safety for all the other scattered Christian communities within it.

THE ARMAMENTS TRADE.

THE MAKING OF ARMOUR-PLATES.

By E. T. GOOD.

THIS terrible war has invested the armaments industry with a new significance, and a few particulars about the trade, especially the making of armour-plates, may not come inappropriately. It may surprise many to learn that the aggregate productive capacity of our British armament works is about three times as great as that of the German concerns. For this circumstance we have to thank the enterprise and patriotism of our private companies rather than any encouragement given by our Government. Krupp's, of course, is the biggest of the world's armament producers; but the combined capacity of the Krupps, Siemens-Schuckerts, and Schichaus for the production of ships, guns, armour, and ammunition is much less than half that of our Armstrongs, Browns, Cammells, Firths, Hadfields, Vickers, and the other British companies engaged in this business. Roughly, our British armament firms are capitalised at forty million pounds. This is exclusive of our Government dockyards and arsenals. The aggregate capital of the German works is about fifteen million pounds. It is quite probable that the superior capacity of our works and the quality of our products will prove the dominating and decisive factors in the war, for there is much evidence to support the idea that the long and loudly advertised German works are failing to furnish the German army with adequate supplies of arms and ammunition.

Chief among our armament companies are Vickers Limited, capitalised at more than eight million five hundred thousand pounds; Armstrong-Whitworth's, at eight million five hundred thousand pounds; Cammell-Laird's, at four million pounds; John Brown's, at nearly four million pounds; the Nobel Dynamite Company, at four million pounds; Beardmore's, at over two million pounds; Kynocks Limited, at nearly two million pounds; Birmingham Small Arms, at over one million five hundred thousand pounds; and so on.

The Barrow shipyard and naval construction works of Messrs Vickers Limited cover more than one hundred acres, and employ in ordinary times about twelve thousand men. The same company's River Don Steel Works at Sheffield occupy about eighty acres and employ about seven thousand hands. It was here that the first 13·5-inch guns were completed, while the

usually well-informed technical press was declaring that the Admiralty would not employ guns larger than 12-inch. The latest types of ordnance and the heaviest of armour-plates are produced in the Sheffield works. Here are to be seen the newest electric steel furnaces, cranes of two hundred tons lifting capacity, hydraulic presses capable of exerting eight thousand tons pressure for shaping big guns and armour-plates, and rolls for dealing with plates forty feet long, twelve feet broad, and two and a half feet thick.

At Elswick-on-Tyne, Newcastle, are the famous works of Messrs Armstrong-Whitworth and Company, stretching about two miles along the river-front, and comprising a shipyard, steel-works, gun-shops, and electrical engineering plant, and employing about twenty thousand hands. This firm has armour-plate works at Manchester, and a huge new shipyard at Walker-on-Tyne.

The John Brown Company, of Sheffield and Glasgow, is another of our big self-contained armament firms. All kinds of iron and steel products are made at the Atlas Works, which cover fifty acres in Sheffield, and the largest battleships are built at Clydebank, where the plant occupies about eighty acres. This company, besides being one of the pioneers in the armour-plate industry, claims to have been the first firm to demonstrate the commercial value of the Bessemer steel process. Briefly, the principle of this process, which revolutionised the world's iron and steel trade, is to blow air through molten iron. The heat is intensified, the impurities are burnt out, and the metal becomes steel.

The Cammell-Laird Company, of Sheffield and Birkenhead, is a similar concern. The annals of this enterprise furnish a pretty accurate history of the development of the modern armaments industry. The founders, Mr Charles Cammell and Mr Thomas Johnson, set up in business in a small way in 1837. Little but railway iron was made until the 'sixties, when the Bessemer process was adopted, and steel became cheap enough for general heavy purposes. In 1863 Cammell's manufactured iron armour-plates. In 1865 it made steel-faced armour by the Wilson process; but it was not until ten or a dozen years later that the Government definitely decided to accept steel plates.

Now this firm, besides its one-hundred-acre shipyard at Birkenhead, possesses the great Cyclops Steel Works in Savile Street, Sheffield, a thirty-acre steel and armour-plate mill at Grimesthorpe, Sheffield, large blast-furnaces at Penistone, and ironworks at Workington, in Cumberland. Besides all manner of general, marine, and naval work, the company manufactures a special bullet-proof steel which is used for breastplates, gun-shields, and armouring motors, trains, aircraft, and light vessels. Rolled into plates only about the eighth of an inch in thickness, this steel has a wonderful resistibility.

Another notable Sheffield armament firm is that of Messrs Thomas Firth. Although this is a little-advertised concern, it has made more projectiles for the British Government in the last fifty years than any other company. It also manufactures enormous guns and castings for war-vessels.

Then there is the world-known Hadfields steel plant at Sheffield, covering ninety acres, and turning out the very highest-class steel for military and naval purposes, including projectiles which have pierced the latest Krupp armour.

Armour-plate making is, no doubt, the most spectacular branch of the steel trade, and one of the most important lines in armaments. It is little more than a century since the employment of armour-plate, as at present understood, was even suggested. It is little more than half a century since the first armour-plated vessels were employed. It appears, according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that the first proposal to use armour for war-vessels was promulgated by Sir William Congreve. That was about 1805, for in the *Times* of 20th February in that year reference is made to Sir William's 'designs for an armoured floating battery.' The inventor claimed that this would be proof against artillery fire. It seems, however, that the idea was not taken up by the British Government. No greater success attended the efforts of one John Stevens, of New Jersey, who submitted plans of an armoured vessel to the United States Congress in 1812. Stevens's family nursed the idea, and in 1841 they exhibited an armour-plate of wrought-iron which could not be pierced by the best projectiles then in use. It was also in 1841 that General Paixhans urged the necessity for protecting ships with armour. Still nothing was done by any Government, though many experiments and demonstrations were made in America, England, and France between 1827 and 1854. In 1845 Duprey de Lome made designs for an armoured frigate for the French Government. On 30th November 1853 the Turkish fleet was destroyed by shell-fire at Sinope. That prompted the Governments of Britain, France, and the United States to build 'armoured floating batteries,' and

in 1855 the French employed three of these with great success at the bombardment of Kinburn. These vessels silenced the Russian forts in four hours, and although frequently hit, they were practically uninjured. The value of armour was then fully recognised, and battleships became 'ironclads.'

Both for ships and forts armour was made of wrought-iron in the early days, but a change followed the introduction of the Bessemer process of steelmaking in the 'sixties and 'seventies. Gruson, of Magdeburg, introduced chilled cast-iron armour for land forts in 1868. This was too hard to be perforated by any projectiles then in use, but it was liable to destruction by fracture; and the armour for ships continued to be unchilled wrought-iron down to 1876. In that year Schneider, evidently quick to see the virtues of Bessemer steel—just as Napoleon III. had recognised its qualities for gunmaking, and had given Bessemer practical encouragement when the British Government had turned a deaf ear to him—introduced steel armour-plates. Eleven years previously the Cammell firm, of Sheffield, had produced steel-faced armour-plates; but our Government stuck to the all-iron ones. In 1876 a series of important trials was made at Spezzia, and the superior resistive power of steel over iron was clearly proved. Still, however, the steel showed a tendency to crack, and it was this defect which led Messrs Cammell to introduce a 'compound plate' in 1877. This, in plain terms, was a steel surface welded on to an iron foundation, the molten steel being run on the white-hot iron. It was known as the Wilson process. About the same time that Wilson invented this process, Ellis, of Messrs John Brown's, also of Sheffield, conceived the idea of cementing a steel plate to an iron one by running molten metal in between. In both the Wilson and the Ellis compound plates there was still a weakness—a tendency on the part of the steel to crack and become detached from the iron. But improvements were effected both in the manufacture of steel and in the making of plates. In 1887 Captain T. J. Tresidder patented a method of chilling the hot surface of armour-plates; and in 1891 Mr H. A. Harvey, of New Jersey, introduced a method whereby an all-steel plate could be face-hardened in such a way that the advantages of the compound principle were obtained in a homogeneous plate by keeping it for about a couple of weeks at a high temperature in contact with finely divided charcoal. Meantime Schneider had introduced nickel into armour-plate steel in 1889. A little later the St Chamond Works employed chromium, and the chief processes were united in the Harvey-Krupp patents. From then (1893) until a year or two ago the Harvey-Krupp processes held the field. Now still better processes have been brought into use, and the patents controlled by the Harvey United Steel Company have lapsed or

are no longer used, and the company has liquidated.

Each of our five armour-plate makers—Armstrong's, Beardmore's, Brown's, Cammell's, and Vickers'—have their own particular pet method of manufacture, as well as their special steel compositions; but, roughly, it may be said that all armour-plate steel now consists of 3 or 4 per cent. of nickel, a metal which comes almost exclusively from Canada, about 1 or 2 per cent. of chromium, .25 to .5 per cent. of carbon, and a still smaller percentage of manganese. After the composition is cast in the form of a huge ingot it is heated up to a uniform temperature, and then forged down into a kind of slab under a powerful hydraulic-press exerting as much as eight thousand tons pressure. The slab is again heated, and then passed through huge steel rolls until it is a plate; then it is subjected to delicate thermal treatment; next it is cut to size by immense shears, surfaced, and planed; then it is 'soaked' in a 'cementation' furnace for a few weeks in contact with carbon, the heat being brought gradually up and then gradually down; next it is intensely heated and suddenly plunged

into a huge bath of oil, which makes it tough. Again it is heated, but not so intensely, and chilled with water by a specially contrived sprinkler; yet again it is slightly heated and passed to the bending or shaping press, where it is given its final form; drilled and machined; and then sent to the ship.

The manufacture of big guns is also a highly interesting process, or series of processes, and in this, of course, the quality of the steel is of vital importance. The huge ingot is bored, then a mandrill is inserted, and round this the tube is forged by hydraulic pressure. Then the gun, in this rough shape, is heated, and next tempered in oil, much as an armour-plate is. The tube is strengthened by jacketing or winding. For the winding process a high-class steel ribbon is used, and on, say, a 12-inch gun more than a hundred miles of this is wound, its weight being twelve or thirteen tons. Then on the top of this an outer tube is solidly shrunk. Some guns are strengthened with a number of rings. In every process, from mixing the steel to the final machining of the gun, extreme care must be exercised.

THE GERMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND.

SINCE the time when Von der Goltz wrote that 'the way is short, and, to an enterprising admiral, not difficult,' the idea of an invasion of England has been an obsession in German military minds. And we have recently been told that a number of Hamburg liners are being held in readiness in the Elbe in order to be used as transports when the time comes for putting the plan to invade England into execution. Circumstantial accounts have even reached us of the necessary alterations to these great ships having been carried into effect.

But Hamburg and the Elbe are not the only jumping-off points for a German invasion. There are three other rivers which should also be taken into consideration—namely, the Weser, on which Bremen is situated; the Ems, with Emden, the nearest port of all; and the little-known river of the Eider, in Schleswig-Holstein. It has, too, occurred to some of our military prophets that the great liners laid up in the Elbe might not be used for transport purposes after all; might, in fact, be deliberately sacrificed in order to engage the attention of our submarines and older warships not forming part of the Grand Fleet, and that a swarm of trawlers and similar boats might convey the real invading army to our shores while the attention of our coast defence vessels was thus being occupied elsewhere. If a few of the smaller boats were sunk the loss of life would not be so great as in the case of a great liner, and numbers would give a margin of security. Moreover, German shipbuilding re-

sources are better able to cope with the rapid preparation of a fleet of unarmed small craft than with warships. There is also another fact to be remembered. Though the greater shipbuilding yards of Germany in the North Sea equal in number those in the Baltic, yet those in the Baltic are almost entirely used for the construction of warships. This, of course, is the case with the Imperial yard at Kiel, and with Krupp's and Howaldt's works at the same port. The Vulkan Works at Stettin, too, are of the first importance for the German navy. Next to these rank Schichau's works at Danzig and Elbing, and the three smaller yards at Flensburg, Lubeck, and Rostock. It may be taken for granted that all these are now working exclusively and at their utmost capacity for the German navy.

In the North Sea there are, apart from the Imperial yard at Wilhelmshaven, only Blohm and Voss's yard at Hamburg and the Weser yard at Bremen which carry out a great amount of naval work for the fleet. Blohm & Voss's yard carries out an immense amount of commercial work in addition, for it has been in existence for thirty-seven years, and is the most important yard on the North Sea. There are also three other great yards on the Elbe, those of Reihersteig, of Heinrich Brandenburg, and of Janssens. None of these last build warships.

On the Weser, the Weser shipyard at Grope-lingen, near Bremen, with its large ironfoundry, ranks next to that of Blohm & Voss. This

yard was founded in 1844, and was converted into a company in 1872. Rhine monitors, mine-layers, floating cranes, and steam-dredgers of enormous size are among the craft in which it specialises, and recently Dreadnoughts have been built by it.

Nearer the mouth of the Weser, at Vegesack, where the Wümme runs into the Weser, are the Vulkan Works, founded in 1893 by the purchase of two smaller yards previously in existence. These works have about one thousand six hundred yards of water frontage, and have had a career of almost unbroken prosperity, rarely paying a smaller dividend than 12 per cent. The writer (who was at one time engaged in teaching the very large staff of engineer apprentices here) can testify to the thoroughness of the training given to their men by the works; and considering the minute care given to the equipment of the yard, it is curious that the Vulkan Works of Vegesack have attracted so little notice. The workmen's houses at Vegesack, built for these works, are model dwellings of their kind. Each house is surrounded by a garden.

At the very mouth of the Weser are Tecklenborg's works at Geestemünde, founded in 1840—a very large yard, which does not build warships—and Seebeck's, which makes a specialty of constructing trawlers, and possesses five dry docks. Seebeck's became a company in 1895, and Tecklenborg's in 1897. Ruckmer's yard at Bremerhaven, in addition to building ships for other firms, possesses a large trading fleet of its own.

The Ems, on the other hand, has but two large yards, both of recent date. These are the Nordseewerke at Emden, and Meyer's yard at Papenburg. Both of these build small steam and sailing vessels.

Thus the great majority of the larger shipyards on the Elbe, the Weser, and the Ems, under normal conditions, do no naval work at all. And though the Ems has the two smallest yards of all, yet it is extremely well fitted for the assemblage of a fleet for invasion. It is too often forgotten that in past centuries Emden was of far greater commercial importance than either Bremen or Hamburg. Mary Queen of Scots concluded a treaty of alliance with the town on 26th September 1557, and a splendid silver-gilt *Nef* (or salt-cellar in the form of a ship), presented on her behalf, together with a handsome loving-cup given by the Merchant Adventurers of London, in Queen Elizabeth's days, still form part of the town's *Silber-schatz* (or silver treasure). Marlowe, in his *Tragical History of Dr Faustus*, alludes to Emden as one of the wealthiest ports in Europe. Since these days Emden declined. Its harbour was neglected and silted up, and its inhabitants now number only about seventeen thousand.

But after the completion of the Ems-Dortmund Canal in 1898 work was carried on at Emden with literally feverish haste. Up to the year

1900 five million marks had been spent on the harbour, and in that year the Government allotted another seven millions and a half for the same purpose. The Alte Höft, a great obstacle in the channel of the Ems, was dynamited out of existence in 1895, the cost of this and of other works in the vicinity amounting to another two million marks; and since then quite five millions more have been spent in dredging the Ems and in building sea-walls. The harbour is now capable of accommodating fourteen of the largest liners at one time. From Emden runs the Ems-Jade Canal to Wilhelmshaven, completed in 1883. The Ems-Dortmund Canal, in direct communication with Krupp's at Essen, has a depth of over eight feet, and can carry steamers of two hundred and twenty feet in length and of seven hundred and fifty tons burden. And there is a third and smaller canal which links up the Ems with the Weser, and brings it into communication with the shipyards of Vegesack and Bremerhaven. This is the Hunte-Ems Canal, starting near Potshausen on the river Leda, which joins the Ems at Leer-Ort, and running into the Hunte to the south of Oldenburg. The Hunte runs into the Weser at Elsfleth, between Vegesack and Bremerhaven.

Least known of all the German North Sea shipyards is the great yard and foundry at Tönning, on the west coast of Schleswig-Holstein, diagonally opposite the mouth of the Weser. Near its mouth the river Eider widens and deepens very much. At Tönning it is over one thousand three hundred yards wide and two hundred and thirty feet deep—facts which are rather surprising to those who know the immense mud-flats and shallows of this coast. Since the year 1900 the works of Schömer and Jensen, located here, have comprised large boiler and engine works in addition to the original shipyards. This firm specialises in tug-boats, and claims to have built the largest tug in existence—the *Roland*, one hundred and sixty-eight feet in length, thirty feet in width, with a total of one thousand five hundred horsepower.

If one who is in no sense an expert may venture to hazard a prediction, it is that the real invasion, if it comes, will come from the mouths of the Eider and the Ems, if only because they are at the extreme ends of the German triangle in the North Sea. A glance at the map will convince any one that the wide bay of the Dollart will suffice to screen preparations at Emden from the notice of (possibly) unfriendly Dutch neighbours, and that the mud-flats and undiked small islands, termed Halligen, near the Eider, will also prove a sufficient protection from too curious eyes in that neighbourhood. The waters round Sylt, Amrum, Föhr, and the other Frisian Islands would provide abundant hiding-places for a fleet of trawlers.

WHAT RUSSIA AND POLAND OWE TO THEIR WOMEN.

RUSSIA and Poland are now more interesting to us than ever, although life there has become harder and more difficult. We can see and feel what the people are able to do. Life has become absolutely changed in both these countries—less pleasure and more toiling. People have begun to realise that the situation is more serious, and have started active work. Petrograd and Warsaw used to be far distant from each other, not only in actual mileage, but in the very spirit of the nations. Now, however, the war has brought the two countries into closer contact with one another, and Polish soldiers are standing shoulder to shoulder with their Russian comrades against a common enemy. Nor is this the chief point of interest for us in the changed condition of affairs. The war has brought the people of Poland into direct and personal contact with the people of Russia, into a contact which has never been known in the past. Hitherto the Pole has looked upon the Russian as the source of his unhappiness; he has hated him because he has not known him as a man and as a comrade in distress. Now that Poland has become the battle-ground of the northern armies, the misery occasioned there has drawn forth a spirit of humanity and aid from the Russian which has changed the Pole's idea of his character.

Nor is it the men only who have caused this change in the attitude of the two countries. The women, by their courage and their mutual sympathy, have introduced a new spirit and a new ideal. The despair and the misery of Poland at the present time have called forth the work of sympathetic Russian men and women. Red Cross parties for the Polish and Galician fighting-line have been started in Russia, composed largely of Russian women; while much has been done by the Russian people to alleviate as far as possible the civil distress in the Polish territories.

Russia and Poland have always owed much to their women. Russia has in her fighting-line what no other European nation possesses—women struggling against the Germans in the trenches, side by side with the men. Foremost in every social advancement, Russian and Polish women have stood out conspicuously. They have been equal with the men, if they have not taken the lead, in culture and art and courage. The character of Cossack women is a fighting one; they are usually trained from childhood in horsemanship and manly pursuits, and it is not surprising for us to find them in the fighting-line to-day. What does come to us as a surprise is to find in the fighting-line intellectual women, like teachers and others educated for a profes-

sional career. In the Russian firing-line, up till now, are to be found four hundred women of all classes and professions. Russian women have had the courage and have had the liberty to go into the trenches; they have had the courage and the desire to go as nurses to help in the fighting-line; they have had the sympathy and the desire to go to the help of their distressed comrades, the starving and the helpless in Poland. By all these things they have raised up a new ideal and a new conception in both countries, which were formerly so much at enmity. The courage and the sympathy shown and the aid given by the Russian women at this and at every other crisis in their country's history have done as much to change the idea of the Poles toward the Russian people as the actual declaration of freedom to Poland made by the Grand Duke Nicholas at the commencement of the war.

IN MEMORIAM.

DEAD? Nay, not so. Sleeping? Ah! surely not,
When summoned forth from fairest earthly lot.
God doth not rust His valiant sons of earth,
But bids them hence to greater, mightier birth;
His life—deep dipt within the fount of love,
Pure symbol of the noblest above—
Was wanted of him, and his gracious parts
Required for other shrines than human hearts.
Life was in love with life, but God's bright wing
Fanned the immortal impulse from within.
Through unfulfilled renown his joyous youth
Took little heed for aught save right and truth.
Ofttimes a look, full strange to his short years,
Dawned in his eyes; the light of holier spheres
Stirred their unkindled fires within his breast,
And promised him eternity's bequest.
Another hour-glass runs its final sands,
Deep in the twilight of war-riven lands.
Leaf of love's tree blown down the vale of tears,
Whose name is writ in heaven's own book of spheres.

Glory and wealth are worthless to the wise,
Life holds for greater souls another prize,
A higher guerdon far than man's estate.
Mightier he who is than seemeth great.
Who are those souls of light above whose bier
We earth-bound dreamers claim to shed the tear?
They are the living for whom tears we shed;
Thrice happy souls are those whom we call dead.
He knew his lot, and straightway calmly went
His heaven-inquiring way; and, thither sent
By Him who breathed into our souls life's breath,
Undaunted faced the gorgon mask of death.
Strange that his earth-reft spirit still should waft
A potent sway, a benediction soft!
Spirit of love, that watcheth o'er love's rest,
Ray from the one celestial Father's breast!
Dead? Nay, not so. No monument he needs,
Nor flower-decked tomb that time would mock
with weeds;

The white rose of an honourable name
Alone upon his grave shall speak his fame.

VIOLET TWEEDALE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

ONE of the most interesting countries in the world at the present time is Spain. In these warring days that must appear to be a somewhat startling and doubtful proposition, so let us establish it at the beginning if we can, and proceed, if it is agreeable, to a glance at some of the points that make the old land of the Iberian peninsula the most attractive for an hour's consideration. Some may say that with the world in the crucible no country that is not engaged in the great war can be what we call interesting, unless, indeed, both subjectively and objectively, it is concerned with the war, and there appears an imminence that its guns may begin to shoot, and ought to do so. Yet even the vague expression that a thing is interesting indicates one special and definite quality, which is that it has elements of peculiarity. Alas! most of the good countries of the world are without peculiarity now in the chief respect in which they are considered. Look on a war map of the world with the parts that are engaged in the great struggle marked in blotches of black, and it will be seen that there is little enough of white remaining, and that much of it hardly seems to matter anyhow. In times of peace there may be strong contrasts among these lands and peoples, accounting for more than half the population of the world, that are marked in black, but there is an awful sameness about them now. They are at war. The world is at war. What is not engaged in the war does not matter at all, some may say; but that is not true. The case of Spain, then, is peculiar, and you will realise at once that of all the nations of past greatness that have been an influence on the development of the world, Spain is the chief outside the prevailing war. Yet it may seem that she has forgotten the world, and has been forgotten. Looking over the maps as we do morning, noon, and night, sometimes the eye falls on the south-west corner of this unhappy continent, and there is a moment's wonder as to whether Spain is of any account, or may be, and why we hear so little of her. She gains no publicity in the newspapers. Not every day on behalf of Spain is there breathed a threat against any of the warring Powers; she does not continually declare herself to be very angry about the things

that happen; she is contented to be in a large measure ignored, even though the reason why the newspapers have so little to say of her is chiefly because they do not understand. But pusillanimity has little or nothing to do with this attitude; nor is it by any means a matter of Spanish lazy indifference, arising, as might be suggested, from the instinct of this old people that it is pleasant to lounge in the sun, and the *mañana*—the convenient morning of the next day—will serve for such thought and work as cannot even then be postponed until the next rising of the sun. I do not think that since the war began a full total of ten columns about Spain has appeared in all the British newspapers, and I know that much of what they have contained has been misleading. The French journals have been paying a little attention to her, and some of the American also. Yet by some means the idea seems to have been established in Britain that Spain need not be discussed, that it does not matter, and is not 'interesting.' And at the beginning of this war it was as if it were a part of diplomatic etiquette that Spain should be ignored. She was a neutral, in regard to which there were certain possibilities, and that was some justification for the attitude. But these possibilities have to a large extent disappeared; yet it is still considered in some of the chancelleries that for the time being Spain does not exist. It happens that the writer knows this country and her people well—knew them well before the war, and has had more intimate acquaintance with them since; and as a study in neutrality having an object that is far from mean, he has decided that Spain is quite fascinating now. She indeed has no ambition to be reported in the newspapers to the extent of columns daily; but it is not that she could not supply them with sufficient matter of an occasionally sensational kind. The truth is that in her own way she is most immensely concerned with this war, and she believes, not without reason, that she has as much to win or lose by it as any other nation. Even when you walk along the Alcala in Madrid you may be made to feel the war intensely, and Spain is already changed in consequence of it. If you had been in the habit of reading her newspapers regularly for years past you would

realise that. Spain now finds herself in difficulties, but has a great ambition and a firm determination.

* * *

'Spain, indeed!' It is with a curl of the lip that some in a phrase like this will speak the name of Spain if she and her people are mentioned in association with the present upheaval of the world. But you will find, on a close and reasonable analysis of circumstances, that the prospects of Spain being a material factor in the future organisation of the world are appreciable. This is a world of actions and reactions, of reversions and revivals; one in which atavism is a definite and continuous principle. The simple idea of change and regular progress as it is generally entertained is, of course, not merely historically unjustified, but is impossible, and would in the long-run be for little good. That seems paradoxical. But mere science and invention do not make for the greatness of the world or the splendour of life. The world was farther from perfection at the outbreak of the war than it had been ages before that, and it showed too little promise of approaching nearer to the ideal. No assumption could be more unsound than that if the Germans, in their madness, had not broken loose, the world would have gone on steadily and surely to the state of the millennium. There was no evidence to justify any such fancy; the facts that are witness to the contrary are of overwhelming weight. In this there need be no undue reproach upon ourselves. How dare we now consider the world to be better than it was in some of the brilliant epochs of the past? And when the war is over there will be a disposition to ransack history in every department for suggestions and examples, so that life may be fashioned anew on the best principles of ages gone. All the great artists who paint new pictures, sculptors who shape the finest models, the writers of the greatest stories and poems study the examples of the past for their teaching and their inspiration; and so it is with life and in general. Most of the broad features of ancient history will be lived again and again before the weary planet comes to an end. History seems fond of its own creations; it turns plagiarist upon itself continually, and no old model of the past, good or bad, is exempt from revival. Less than two years ago, murmuring stupidly to ourselves that we were marching on in civilisation and greatness in life, we regarded it not so much as impossible that the cruelties of the early barbarians, the atrocities of Attila, the horrors of the Inquisition, and others of the red and black pages in history, could ever be repeated now that we have reached the heights of electricity and motor-cars and wireless telegraphy, as that it was too silly to think of such a possibility. Can you recall how, when the great *Titanic* sank after striking an iceberg in the Atlantic, that that disaster was felt by the world not so much

because of the loss of life as that it seemed such a terrible reflection on our progress? It was the kind of thing that we felt ought never to have been possible, and should not be permitted to happen again in this perfected world. And now here are the Germans, in one of the mad and hideously fantastic freaks of history, making a record before which those of the old savages and the medieval tyrants pale to extinction. We have before us now the most amazing and realistic example of the working of the great world law of atavism and reversion that has ever been presented; and after witnessing it, one, even with high faith and great hope for the beneficent working of human instinct, could not reject a suggestion as utterly impossible that the human Europe could crumble back to a raw, rough simplicity such as was its state before the time of the Romans.

* * *

Do not, then, curl the lip at the mention of Spain. Recall her past, consider her potentialities, and then, if you will think again upon these mundane laws of atavism and reversion, it is not unlikely you may come to decide that when history falls to picking up the old threads of its past again, it may select its once famous creation of Spanish greatness as some of the best possible material for new work. Remember that Spain has had many periods of greatness in the past; she has been frequently brilliant. And then in the time of the second Philip she rose to the loftiest heights of empire; on her dominions the sun shone always without setting, her tongue was spoken in the new worlds across the seas which her sons had established, and she sailed the ocean in the lordly way of ownership. It seemed then that Spain was the proudest nation that history had ever known. She fell. It does not matter to the argument how or why. Nations, like the men of whom they are made, fall into grievous errors, and they pay for them. Spain has paid in full. Deeper and deeper did she fall. A Spanish friend in Seville wrote a letter to me the other day, in which he laid a long, sad trail of historical reflection, in the course of which he murmured that his poor Spain had twenty-six million kilometres of foreign possessions in 1600, only thirteen millions in 1668 (Portugal and her colonies gone), ten millions in 1713 (Treaty of Utrecht), only six hundred and fifty thousand in 1820, when South America fell away, and but three hundred thousand or 'nearly zero,' consisting merely of the Spanish Sahara and Spanish Guinea, in 1898 as the result of the war with the United States. There is hardly any other tale of such sure and steady fall of a great nation. Bottom was reached at the beginning of this century. Spain believes fervently, and not without reason, that this was the darkest hour, and that the dawn already glows on her horizon. She believes that she will rise again, and that present circumstances

favour her prospects. Thinking, then, of her past and the obvious strength of her people, and reflecting also upon the atavistic tendencies of history, do not consider Spain with contempt. No greater or more foolish mistake could possibly be made. A little while before the war began I had the satisfaction of talking of the past, present, and the future of Spain with one of her greatest statesmen, the Count de Romanones, the late Prime Minister, at his mansion in Madrid. He is one of the few strong men in Spain to-day; but he will tell you, with no affected modesty, that Spain has no man strong enough for her demands and her desires; that what she craves for is one great strong man, and then she will rise. But even without such a leader she struggles gallantly, and with fervency the count told me the story of the great modern awakening of his country as he witnesses it. In every department of national life a new energy is springing up—the sense of power is in the souls and bodies of the Spaniards again; patriotism glows once more; the roads, the railways, and the steamships bear good witness to the advance of Spain in the way that nations advance most surely in these days. Feeling her feet firmly again, she believed the time had come for her to emerge from her isolation and take her part in Europe along with the other nations that are held of most account. Negotiations of a diplomatic kind were then progressing with this object, and I was made aware that the clear tendency of Spanish policy was in the direction of increased association with France and Britain, as against any such extra friendliness with the rivals of her northern and western neighbours. Then the world broke with the war, and many fine dreams came to an end. All plans, schemes, and diplomatic arrangements dissolved. Spain in her remote corner of the continent, awe-stricken and a little nervous, watched the great blaze of Europe, and shuddered as she saw its horrors and its mad destruction of the best results of its thought and work. She was incredulous when she heard of the spoiling of Louvain; but nothing has more affected her since the war began than the smashing of Rheims. The pity and the sin of it! She looked tenderly then on some of her own ancient cathedrals, of which she has such a glorious collection. On one of the most magnificent of them, that of Burgos in the north, she determined to lavish money and labour in some necessary work of restoration. While the rest of Europe was smashing, Spain began to rebuild again. That is the key to her present thought and policy and general idea for her future. Now I will relate some of the broad features of what has been happening in this country since the war opened, and if some of it should appear like the news of newspapers, let it be said that it comes from one's own knowledge, and that, for the reasons

set forth at the beginning of these notes, it has not yet been printed in Britain.

* * *

After the first shock of the war Spain settled down steadily to the strange necessities of neutrality, which her leaders determined should be strict and impartial. There was to be no doubt about that, although some of her foremost men were inclined to fancy that there was hardly any necessity for a declaration of neutrality at all, that Spain might have kept her hands free, and that her interests suggested that she should be benevolent towards the Allies. Her military people for the most part were obsessed at the beginning with a great admiration for the German war-machine, and, believing that it would prevail, were largely pro-German. So were some, but by no means all, of the aristocracy. The more enlightened classes were decidedly for us and our friends—enthusiastically so, indeed; and it may be said that, in spite of enormous German efforts in seduction, the cause of the Allies ever since the war began has been winning steadily in the heart of Spain, and is now in an overwhelming mastery over the opposite cause. That will answer a question that is often asked. While the Allies preferred to leave Spain largely to herself, and allow her to come to her own independent conclusions, the Germans resorted to every form of intrigue. It was found at the beginning of the war that the country was swarming with German agents, that German wireless installations were set up in monasteries, that officials were bribed by Germany, and that the ugly German machine was a great power in the country. Spain strove honestly and fearlessly to ungear this machine and make it impotent. Germany became more active than ever. Impudently, her consul at Barcelona demanded the exclusion from that city of the French newspapers, because, in his judgment, things were said in them that were disrespectful to the German army! He was snubbed. The German embassy at Madrid at once commenced to pour out all over Spain pieces of official news of an imaginary kind, representing the progress of Germany in the fight. Then one of the German newspapers, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, printed a special edition in Spanish, pretending that it was just the same, except for the language, as the German edition; but, of course, its columns were fitted up specially for Spanish consumption. At the same time, the Berlin authorities informed all the leading Spanish municipalities that they would send them regularly large bundles of the German daily, weekly, and illustrated newspapers, in the hope that they would be placed where the people might be able to read them. The German official explanation of the war was translated into Spanish, and most extensively distributed throughout the country long before the Allies took any similar step. Business men

and people of all classes found leaflets advocating the German cause enclosed in their letters in the most mysterious way. Some of the Spanish newspapers were obviously subsidised, and misrepresented the facts of the case to the favour of Germany; and one of them, *El Correo Español*, which has been the organ of the Carlist, or Jaimist, party, the party of the inevitable Pretender, became very violent, its conductor, Señor Vasquez de Mella, being almost ridiculous in the blatancy of his pro-Germanism. Yet the Pretender, by one of the anomalies of which Spain and only a few other countries are capable, has strong sympathies for the Allies, which, whatever their political advantages and disadvantages, he cannot repress, and for a long time he has been working hard in the war hospitals of France. He has withdrawn his interest, so it is reported, from the leading organ of his own party in consequence of its pro-German excesses. A curious speech that De Mella at last made in one of the theatres of Madrid to a large party of his followers, in which he drew a fantastic picture of Spain, with the help of her children in South America, owning nearly all that was left of the world after Germany had taken what she wanted, led to a governmental suspension of free speech, which still prevails. It is not now permitted to refer to the war and Spain's neutrality in regard to it in any public or semi-public speech in the country, and there are severe restrictions on the Press also. But shortly before this speech was made by the strange De Mella, other great speeches, neutral indeed, but yet with an obvious partiality for the Allies, were made by some of Spain's best and clearest-thinking men. One of her greatest statesmen of the past, the old Conservative leader, Señor Maura, to the surprise of his followers, who were largely pro-German, spoke for the strengthening of the Spanish bond with Britain and France, the only way for Spanish progress. That made a most profound impression throughout the country. It brought him into some new agreement with all the strongest political forces. The Count de Romanones and he found themselves at one, and that seemed strange enough. Little by little it seemed that all the responsables had a common feeling; and so it happened that, despite occasional outbursts, the violence of Spanish party antagonisms and the bewildering ramification of the country's innumerable parties subsided and disappeared as no living Spaniard had ever known them to do before. The different parties gave pledges of support to the Government, led by the Conservative Señor Dato, a wise and tactful man, who had not been in office long when the war began; and so it has come to pass that in a limited sense it is a national Government that is in power at the present time, an achievement that in Spain seems like a miracle. Parties have been the curse of Spain; their factions, their stupidities, and their jealousies more perhaps than any other

cause have kept her down. The European war has stilled them for a time as nothing else could ever do, and the lovers of Spain see abounding promise in the circumstance.

* * *

The Radical leader, Señor Lerroux, has dared much in his bold advocacy of the cause of the Allies, with which he would have Spain directly associated. He has made speeches in which the Government injunctions have been defied. At Barcelona he made one such speech, and the walls of the building in which he made it bore placards with the words, 'Neutrality is cowardice.' The intellectuals of Spain, including practically all the chief writers, artists, sculptors, and professors, addressed a ringing manifesto to their brothers in France, in which they said: 'Modestly and soberly we raise our voice to utter these words as Spaniards and as men. It is not fitting that in this, the greatest crisis in the history of the world, the historian of Spain should say that she was inarticulate and indifferent to the course of events; that she stood on one side, a barren and insensate rock, or turned her back to the future, to reason, and to morality. It is not fitting that at this moment of profound gravity and intense emotion, when the human race is racked with intolerable suffering in giving birth to a closer and firmer fraternity of mankind, Spain, in her blindness, should remain unmoved by the pain with which the world is torn. Worse still would it be that her part should be to stir up the bitterness of voices inflamed by unreasoning passion and the insults of mercenary writers and newspapers. We have no title to speak, except that given by quiet lives devoted to the pure activities of the mind; but we feel that in order to serve our country by being honest and useful citizens to her, we must be honest and useful citizens of the world; and so we are confident that we are doing our duty as Spaniards and as men by declaring that we share with all our heart and soul in the conflict which is shaking the world to its foundations. We stand firm on the side of the Allies, inasmuch as they represent the ideals of liberty and justice, and therefore their cause coincides with the highest political ideas of the nation. Our conscience reprobates all actions which detract from the dignity of mankind and the respect which men owe to one another, even in the fiercest moment of the struggle.' There was more of this manifesto to the same effect, and the men who signed it belonged to all parties. Therein is represented the feeling of Spain. She sees a clear vision of herself, when the fires of Europe have burned low and the smoke has cleared away from the battlefields, rising, almost unharmed and with her resources unimpaired, to a place in the world that she could not have reached in warlike centuries. That idea she steadily maintains, and she is working hard upon it.

THE OPAL BUTTERFLY.

By Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bart.

ONE Christmas morning, John Eden, coming down to his solitary breakfast somewhat later than usual, found beside his plate three letters and a minute parcel. Eden was a solicitor and estate-agent, and as a rule his correspondence was voluminous. But at this season of the year it might be said to fall off in quantity and to gain in quality or interest. So to-day's letters were all of them private or personal.

Noticing the package whilst pouring out his coffee, Eden smiled inwardly, remarking to himself, 'Some one has sent me a Christmas present. I wonder who it is.' But when his eye fell on the handwriting of the address his countenance instantly lost its cheerful look, and he muttered, 'Ha! I think I know what that is now. I suppose I must have somehow missed the announcement. Yet it isn't usual to send bride-cake to a bachelor; still less, I should suppose, to a rejected suitor. But, after all, it is quite of a piece with the rest of her conduct toward me.'

There was bitterness in the tone in which the last words were pronounced, and asperity in Eden's action as he drew a pen-knife from his pocket and cut the string which fastened the wrappings. A neat cardboard box was disclosed. But when he came to open this, it revealed, not the regulation slice of heavily iced plum-cake, but, nestling among cotton-wool, a delicate feminine ornament. It was a butterfly, cut in shimmering opal and poised upon a wire, to be worn either in the hair or on the *corsage* of a gown.

Neither by temperament nor training was John Eden addicted to strong language. But for once the shock betrayed him, and he used a more forcible expression than I feel inclined to reproduce here. Beneath the judicial bearing which had become a second nature to him, John's feelings at nine-and-thirty remained warm and strong; and, under the present circumstances, his warmth was perhaps excusable. For here, returned upon his hands, was the dainty wedding-present which, with infinite care and many self-torturing thoughts, he had selected for a 'friend whom he held dear.' That had been a year ago!

Turning impulsively to his letters, he selected and opened one which was addressed in the same handwriting as the parcel. Its contents were brief and formal. Addressing him as 'Dear John,' the writer, who signed herself Elsie Mayne, explained that she and Mr Ivor Leigh had come to the conclusion that, though very good friends, they did not care for each other enough to have a reasonable prospect of happiness if married. They had therefore de-

cided to break their engagement, and hence she (Elsie) was returning the pretty present which he (John) had so kindly, &c. In all of which there was no touch of character. But at the foot of the page was the postscript: 'We are quite of one mind about it,' and the word 'quite' was underlined. Ah, how well John knew those postscripts! How well he understood those underlinings! He, in his day, had received his share of them; and, though a truthful man himself, he thought no worse of the writer because he was convinced that they were generally insincere. Not, perhaps, deliberately so; but, at least, the utterances of a woman, a girl, whose speech was instinctive and impulsive rather than the result of calm deliberative thought.

As he read John crumpled the paper in his strong fingers, and an expression of sheer pain, not pleasant to witness, passed across his homely features. At that moment he presented the somewhat rare spectacle of a man who resents the wrongs of another more acutely than he resents his own. For decidedly Elsie had not used him well. She had flirted with him; but what of that? He could not blame her for that. Surely a girl is within her right in flirting with a man of twice her years. And, if she at nineteen has the sense to realise that this commits her to nothing, surely he at thirty-eight should also be equal to grasping a fact so elementary. No, John Eden had not blamed Elsie for leading him on. Had he not received her assurance, her explanation, that she had merely intended to be kind to, and never dreamed of 'encouraging,' him? That was not his ground of offence. But the manner in which she had dismissed him had been cruel—quite deliberately cruel, as it seemed; for she had allowed him to proceed with the statement of his case until he had made everything plain, and then—she had laughed outright! Though it had not happened to him to be refused before, John knew from books and plays that there were other ways than this in which a gentle woman may decline an honest man's love—ways more tactful, more considerate, less humiliating to the rejected. It was true that Elsie had apologised for what she feared must have hurt his feelings, yet her very apology had been interrupted by a fresh burst of mirth.

It may be that, as the only child of a widowed mother, now deceased, John had been somewhat spoiled in his upbringing, and was unduly susceptible. Be that as it may, the manner of Elsie's rejection of him had left a lasting soreness behind it. But that rejection was not the only thing of which he had a right to complain.

In one so young and inexperienced as Elsie, a single act of tactlessness might be condoned. Her inconsiderateness, however, had been so prolonged, so oft repeated, that against his will he had been forced to regard it as systematic. In vulgar phrase, she had appeared to him to aim at 'rubbing it in.'

Let me give one example. Though an old friend of Elsie's aunt, with whom she lived—for whom, indeed, he acted as man of business—John might well have made the course things had taken an excuse for reducing the number of his visits at the house. He was a fairly busy man, and pressure of business might easily have been alleged to account for the change; but by Elsie's express desire he had abstained from making any change. Yet, when he had taken the trouble to visit Agilthorpe, the neighbouring and rival town where Elsie lived, what topic would she choose to entertain him with in their tête-à-tête conversations? She talked almost incessantly of 'Mr Leigh' or 'Ivor,' and of his numerous advantages.

It was apparent, without insistence on the fact, that Ivor was a much more showy and dashing personality than John. A subaltern officer in a regiment of the line, he had come to Agilthorpe for the hunting (John did not hunt), had met Elsie at a ball, and three weeks afterwards was engaged to her. For some reason known to themselves but not to us, the girls of Agilthorpe thought it much more brilliant to marry a stranger than a townsman, and when that stranger was also an officer, and *ipso facto* irresistible, nothing whatever could stand against him. This perhaps explained why the pleas for delay of Miss Cerisa Mayne, the aunt, were so very quickly set aside. John Eden's opinion of Lieutenant Leigh, with whom he was slightly acquainted, was not high; but professional prudence, combining with more obvious reasons, prevented his going farther in the expression of it than to remark that Ivor seemed to him a somewhat 'unsubstantial fellow.' And, as a matter of fact, that definition might be held to hit the mark.

Whenever John now called on Miss Cerisa, Elsie's talk would be wholly of Ivor: where Ivor had been staying, what Ivor had been doing, what Ivor had been buying. 'Has he paid for it?' John once interjected dryly.

Elsie at once assumed a manner of serene and chilly superiority. 'He did not say,' she answered placidly. 'Probably he thought that would not interest me.'

'I can quite believe it,' was John's reply. But he was sorry afterwards for having spoken so tartly.

At last things reached a climax. On being ushered into Miss Cerisa's drawing-room one wet afternoon, he had found Elsie alone. Enforced confinement to the house had evidently bored her, and her somewhat doll-like prettiness

showed to less advantage than usual. She was also rather overdressed. But John did not notice any of these things. In his eyes she was at all times the perfect princess of dainty beauty.

Regarding her somewhat wistfully, he had taken a stiff-backed chair, and had opened the conversation with a hardy British commonplace. But Elsie was inclined for something more piquant. *A propos de bottles*, as our neighbours say, she introduced the subject of Christian names, asking John if he had ever noticed how exactly some men's names seemed to suit them.

He had never noticed it.

'Do you mean to say that you have never noticed that a person with an uncommon name is never commonplace; and *vice versa*? What is your favourite name, John—your favourite man's name, I mean? I admire Leonard, Everard, and Felix; but Ivor is just as pretty and more uncommon than any of these, so Ivor is my favourite. Is it not a lovely name?'

Possibly the weather had affected John's temper. It was, at any rate, less long-suffering than usual. 'I consider Ivor a perfectly detestable name,' he said. 'I never wish to hear it again; and what is more, I don't intend to!' And, rising from his chair, he left the house, leaving Elsie to account for his absence to her aunt as best she might.

After that his visits had become much rarer, and had always been prearranged by letter with the elder Miss Mayne. Yet the gray eyes, the rose-pink cheeks, and the golden curls of Elsie had never ceased to haunt him. Outwardly, in the world's eye, he had continued his normal life of business routine, had given his clients full satisfaction, and had added to his reputation as a man of sound judgment and good professional ability; but inwardly he had been visited by moods of bitterness, of longing, of deep sadness. Perhaps such visitations are less rare in offices and chambers than one might think. He had heard news of Ivor and of Elsie incidentally, but never as the result of inquiries of his own. He had heard, for instance, that Elsie had been unduly uplifted by her engagement, and had done and said some rather foolish things in consequence; but he had found excuses for her. And he had heard that Ivor was spending more money than he ought to; that his assiduity in attentions to his intended was by no means conspicuous; and he had been rather hard on Ivor. Then he had heard that the wedding had been postponed. Now he heard that it was not to take place; and the little tremulous butterfly, which had been his offering to the bride-elect, had come fluttering back to settle on his bachelor breakfast-table, where it seemed so sadly out of place!

For the first time since his childhood, John did not go to church that Christmas Day. It was not that he was in any way overcome by the

news he had heard so unexpectedly—not that; but that he felt the need to be alone, to think matters over, and to let the turmoil of his feelings settle down. He had no engagement till the evening, when he was pledged to eat his Christmas dinner at the house of friends. So, as soon as the church-bells had stopped ringing and the streets were clear, he sallied forth to take a country walk. The weather was hardly Christmas-like or ‘seasonable;’ for, though there had been frost for some days past, and the roads were hard, there was little whiteness on the ground. The sky was dull and the sun obscured, and in his present mood John felt that he preferred to have it so. He directed his steps toward a neighbouring height, which was a favourite walk of the townspeople, but which at the present hour and season he was pretty sure to have to himself. Having reached the summit, he paused, drew breath, and looked down on the adjacent town of Agilthorpe, lying at his feet, shrouded in its own smoke, less than two miles away. A day would come, perhaps, when the two townships would unite; but meantime they were separate and distinct, and infinitely more opposed to each other than places that lay farther apart and knew each other less. The train of thought into which he had fallen made John sigh, he could scarce have told wherefore. Then, mechanically, as he had often done before, he sought through the haze for the whereabouts of Elsie’s dwelling.

Poor dear little girl! he *was* sorry for her. For, bravado notwithstanding, he knew how intensely she must feel the humiliation of her present position—she, whose foible had been admiration, of which she could never have enough, and who had been betrayed, it was said, into boastfulness—into telling over her chickens before they were hatched! His heart ached for the pain, if not of unrequited love, at least of humbled pride, which he knew she must be suffering; she, who was so little fitted to bear pain of any sort, whom to shield had once been his dream!

Then his thoughts returned to the opal butterfly. His first impulse on receiving it back had been to grind it beneath his heel on the hearth-stone. But a variety of reasons, not all of them romantic, had induced him to think better of that. For one thing, the ornament had been for a considerable time in Elsie’s possession, and had perhaps been worn by her. It was a relic. Secondly, it had cost him a good deal; he had not forgotten that; for, even in life’s most thrilling moments, our thoughts are seldom purely poetical! He drew it from his waistcoat-pocket, looked at it stealthily, and put it back again.

All at once, as he did so, a change came over the spirit of his mood. As if a light had broken on the past, he saw where he had erred. He had overdone unselfishness, had effaced himself overmuch, subjected himself too entirely to

Elsie’s every whim. Doubtless it had been with an object of his own in view that he had acted thus, and so to act had been a pleasure to him. So, on that ground, he could not claim the crown of an entire self-sacrifice. But none the less, as he now saw, had his conduct been mistaken. What unselfishness, what self-sacrifice, had his rival ever shown? Could it be, he asked himself—and he was not the first man who had done so—that selfishness is what women in their secret hearts admire in a man, and unselfishness what they despise? It will be seen that his view of the situation was but a partial one; but, so far as it went, it was plausible enough. Manhood and unassuaged passion, at the thought, asserted themselves, and he resolved that Elsie should yet wear that opal butterfly, and should wear it as his wife! A more delicate mind might have formulated the resolution differently, preferring that there should be nothing in the anticipated future which should recall the past. But the good John was less particular. For him the pretty toy had become a symbol of the sway which he intended to impose on Elsie. He had heard of hearts being ‘caught on the rebound;’ being captured, that is, whilst still demoralised and with defences weakened after disappointment. The John Eden of that morning—the John who was the creature of habit and preconceived notions—would have contemplated any such capture with suspicion and distaste. It would scarcely be fair to the girl, he would have said. But the John Eden of this afternoon was another man, one in whom both sympathy and indignation were aroused as they had scarcely been before. Though not given to introspection, he himself recognised the change; and, though normally even less fanciful than introspective, in the present turmoil of his emotions a whimsical fancy suggested itself. Half mechanically he had kept on fingering the little box containing the butterfly. Could it be, he now asked himself, that the jewel was a talisman invested with mysterious virtue, a medium of telepathy between souls that were sundered, estranged, and in need of each other? Long ago he had heard of such marvels, and had naturally disbelieved in them. Nor did he believe in them now. Yet, scepticism notwithstanding, he derived a sentimental pleasure from dwelling on the fantasy; and, as he dwelt upon it, it developed automatically and allegorically, some of his long-forgotten school-learning coming back to him to take part in the process. The butterfly, *Psyche*, had it not been the Greek symbol for the soul? If so, then just such a pretty dainty soul as this which he held in his fingers might be the soul of Elsie; and that soul had been his gift to her; she had not had one before. He again drew forth the box and opened it; and now for the first time he noticed that, perhaps as the result of rough and careless handling, the butterfly had sustained damage. Alas,

poor Psyche! one of the delicate iridescent wings was broken. Who had done this? Was it he, John Eden, or another? He looked closer. One of the antennæ, too, was gone; the creature was a wreck! Still, it could be mended. How much better, surely, to repair than to crush it, as in his heedless fury he had been about to do! How much better, even supposing that it could never again be quite the same beautiful butterfly that it had been before!

A mist was swimming before Eden's eyes. Surely the atmosphere was growing darker? Yes, a great soft snow-cloud, borne by rising wind, was shutting out the distant landscape and the sky. The town of Agilthorpe was being swallowed up, Elsie's abode and all. John must turn homeward—ay, and quickly too—if he wished to elude the storm; and yet he lingered on. His mood had changed again. And all that had been human, charming, all that had appealed to his affection and his manhood, in his ancient intercourse with Elsie was resuscitated in his memory, and stood out as in relief. The rest was blotted, as if it had never been. So his purpose changed, veering and swinging round as unrestingly as a vane before the wind. He would go to her now, in the hour of her need; would go to her, not as the lover, for that would be importunate, only as the friend, the stand-by and support, the ever-present help that should not fail her. Oh, he had been wrong just now to speak, to think, as he had done, about his own unselfishness! Selfishness and unselfishness, let women appraise them as they would! There was but one course open to him in love; he knew it, and that was to put Elsie first, Elsie's happiness first, and himself and his own happiness nowhere. Nay, was not *that* in itself his happiness?

John moved impulsively, as if to descend from the height in the direction of the rival town. But as he did so the first outlying flakes of the oncoming storm swirled round him. He paused. He did not fear the weather; but it was the *man* in John who had been for acting upon impulse. The solicitor in him entered a caveat; and the solicitor, helped by the storm's increasing fury, gained the day. John descended from the hill by the road by which he had ascended it.

Yet the solicitor didn't have it all his own way either. As soon as the shops reopened after the holidays, an amalgam of man and lawyer approached a jeweller, and gave accurate instructions for having Psyche repaired. His solicitude might have betrayed the fact that to him it was a case of more than the mere repairing of a jewel.

'Never you fear, sir!' replied an immaculate person, who looked like a masculine fashion-plate come to life. 'I will make it so that the damage shall never be detected.'

John sceptically shook his head. But three

weeks afterwards, when the toy was returned to him, he was obliged, in his own despite, to acknowledge that the jeweller had accomplished wonders.

He put the little cardboard box in his pocket, and betook himself to Agilthorpe. Miss Cerisa and Miss Elsie were at home. Elsie's manner, he noticed, was more subdued than when he had seen her last, and yet not quite so much subdued as he had expected it to be. Nor did this seem the result of an effort, or of any attempt to play a part. Was it possible that that postscript to her letter had been sincere, after all? John's steady-going heart beat slightly faster, and as it did so he half-fancied that the butterfly in his left-hand breast-pocket fluttered its wings responsively. Had Elsie ever looked more lovely than she was looking now?

The short day was already drawing to a close, and Miss Cerisa had carried her work to the window, so as to make the most of the last remains of daylight. To all intents and purposes, John and Elsie were alone in the room. Then, all at once, John seemed to see that, after all, his first view of the postscript had been the true one; and he said—as one does say once in a lifetime—just the very thing which he would have sworn by all his gods that he would not say.

'Tell me about it, dear,' he said very softly. The lover in him was no more; only the friend, the consoler, or would-be consoler, survived.

Elsie was not a bit offended, not a bit taken aback. Quite simply, without pose and without false colouring, she did tell him about it. She did not blame Ivor. His tastes were extravagant, and seven hundred pounds a-year was barely enough for himself, let alone a wife. There was a pause.

'Did you care for him very much?'

Her large gray eyes, full of distress, looked up to his. 'A good deal,' she replied.

Poor darling! But there was nothing to be said.

'Oh John! I know now,' she went on, 'how badly I behaved to you. I am sorry, John.'

There was no doubting her truth. He took her hand. 'Never mind that now,' he answered gently. 'You have troubles of your own.' Then, scarcely realising what he was doing, he drew Psyche from his pocket.

Miss Cerisa still sat working at the window, bending low to see the stitches, it was growing so very dark.

'I want you to keep my present, if you will,' said John; and then, coming to himself, he added, in his own familiar well-meant but blundering way, 'It is of no use to me.'

Oh John! how ungallant! And it isn't a bit what you mean either. But Elsie had passed through an experience lately which had made her less intolerant of bluntness. She smiled through unfallen tears.

He had removed the lid of the box. The fire-light caught the opal, suffusing it as with a sunset glow, and the delicately poised creature shimmered and trembled almost as if endowed with life. Elsie had always loved pretty things, loved them perhaps too well.

'It was by far the prettiest present I received,' she said. And she took it in her hand, and, having done so, could not let it go again. John watched her, doubting, hoping. But she showed no repugnance. Could it be that the tricky elf had sloughed off, like a chrysalis-shell, all associations of the fickle Ivor, and that henceforth it would recall to Elsie's mind no thought of any one but John—the steadfast, loyal John?

Now the chink of a teaspoon striking upon crockery was heard without, and a maid entered, bearing a light and the tea-tray. Instinctively John and Elsie drew apart, and the butterfly found harbour, safe and warm, somewhere on Elsie's breast. It was at home again, in its new character, and would, I think, take flight no

more. And John, forgetful of his hour of bitterness upon the hill, thought of it there as of a delicate anguished spirit which had turned to him, which he had sheltered, succoured, and restored.

Then, just at first, Elsie avoided facing the light. But presently the three old friends were gathered round the tea-table again, and were just as friendly together, though not just as happy, as in the old days more than a year ago.

When the time came for John to leave, he did so not displeased with the progress made that day; for, on the whole, John Eden was a patient man. He had that best—and, in these modern days, that rarest—strength, the strength which can wait and work toward an end. Meantime he had seen Elsie smile once more. I think that he will call again—not once, but many times, until at last, perhaps, he will have no need to call. For he will have Elsie always with him, in his home, and Psyche too.

MINE-SWEEPING.

By G. B. BARHAM.

A FLOATING mine had washed ashore at the feet of an astonished Sheppey coast-guard. The big policeman of the sea, anchored in the Warp between the Mouse and Shoeburyness, read the news by semaphore from the beach, and instantly flashed wireless orders which closed the West Swin, Barrow Deep, Knob Channel, and Black Deep, and held up all the little cargo-boats between Sheerness and the Foreland. Later there was talk of newly formed shoals and channels, and the authorities provided pilots to take the ships, one at a time, through the danger-zone, in order that they might go safely about their business; and old Bill Hills lurched over to me and whispered, and I gripped his hard and sea-corned hand, and hurried back that I might snatch a little sleep.

The tide made at 3.30 A.M., and long before the half-hour chimed I was waiting on the beach for the men of the *Emma and Eliza*. The 'two o'clock in the morning courage' is said to be a rare thing. Anyway, I had but little of it. There, behind the old oyster-sheds, was the little cottage I had hired, and there was bed and warmth and sleep. Here there was more than a suspicion of rain in the air, and there was also a chilliness that set my teeth chattering.

The February night was peculiarly dark. The water was inky; and out there, where the white searchlights stabbed alternately the water and the clouds, were lumps of floating death. There might be many; also, there might be but few. It was possible—I rather clung to the idea—that there were none, and that the Warden Point

mine was the only one that had been sown. I hoped so.

We got into the boat with much clattering of sea-boots and packing away of oilskins and wicker hampers of food; and, putting the thole-pins in place, we pulled out, or, rather, the men did. I was packed aft with the spare clothing and other things of minor importance. At first I shivered and saw no beauty, and was sick at heart; but as the oar-blades dipped and picked up silver drops to let them fall like gleaming opals, they loosed the Spirit of the Waters that is a friend to all the English, and it crept into my heart, and gave me full courage, so that I stepped aboard the trawler as cheerily as any of the taciturn men who were going out to try to catch Death napping.

Whether they be going oyster-dredging or spratting or catching the little pink shrimp, the men of the trawler, as soon as the anchor is weighed and the sails hoisted and the sheets pulled taut, make tea. It is one of the sacred rites of the longshoreman, and, like himself and everything he does, is simplicity itself. The kettle is rinsed in the swirling smother beneath our stern, and filled with fresh-water from a stone jar guarded from damage by a wickerwork casing. A big handful of tea is thrown in, and the kettle placed on the little stove which is poisoning the sweet morning air with its thick, greasy reek.

The jam-jars are washed out with sea-water and filled with the steaming brew, and old Hills passes me the first jar, and hands across the blue paper bag of sugar. Hills and I are old friends.

Years ago, when a long-legged lad in short knickers and well-patched blue jersey, I was given the Freedom of the Back Beach and all that pertains to it. I have it still, and it has opened me many doors. I drink the tea, salt and smoky as it is; and as our prow cuts the water with a soothing swish we smoke peacefully until the gray east says it is time to get ready the trawl.

I may as well say at once that we did not catch any mines. But we might have done so. We had all the excitement, and apparently none of the risk; but all the time we never knew what the next minute might bring forth. We worked with Long John Corstorphine, of the *Marie Elizabeth*, and trawled up the Cant, and the Four Fathoms Channel, and round the Great Nore to the Warp, and through the shallows of the West and Middle Oaze into the Deep, and round the Red Sand to the Flats; then up, past the Pan Sand and the Girdler to the Alexandra Channel, and round again through the Knob to the Warp. But never once did our trawl rope tighten and hum like steel wire, and give that momentary jerk to the boat that tells so eloquently of the capture made.

In mine-sweeping, the trawlers or drifters work in pairs. A stout hawser is passed from one boat to the other, with a heavy weight of triangular shape in the centre, which is for some reason called a kite. When the distance apart is properly adjusted the cable floats at the correct depth, and every inch of the fairway can be searched.

The Germans at that time were setting their mines some seventeen or eighteen feet below the surface. Deeper than that many of our ships might miss them altogether; shallower, they would explode comparatively harmlessly against the heavier armour of a battleship instead of hitting her where her armour is thin, and where damage could be done to magazines, bunkers, and engines. Later the Germans have been setting mines at varying depths, so as to be a danger to boats of the lightest draught. The

other day one of our local trawlers pulled up her trawl, and when it was close to the surface it caught a mine, which jammed between the trawl and the hull, one of the detonators being actually in contact with it. To free it, the men got out the dingy, and passed a rope from the mine out seaward. They had almost released it, and returned alongside to bend on another rope, when either the trawl or the mine slipped, and the consequent explosion blew boat and trawler literally into fragments. Another of our trawlers struck a mine that could not have been more than three feet below the surface, with disastrous results. But at the time I went out with old Hills there were no shallow mines laid, and mine-trawling was not nearly so risky as it is to-day.

When a mine is caught, the trawlers are instantly thrown up into the wind, which allows the cable to lie slack. It has done its work, and the momentary jerk has torn the mine from its moorings. Instructions are bawled from skipper to skipper through a megaphone, and the steam-drifters toot on their sirens to call up the attendant warship, and every eye scans the surface of the sea. Suddenly a shining sphere bobs up and floats peacefully a hundred yards away. One would not think five hundred pounds of gun-cotton could look so harmless.

All at once there is quietude, and a dozen arms point to where a long, lean torpedo-boat is bearing down on the trawlers. The men on board are doing something forward—one cannot quite see what; but one can make out the boy in charge—they all seem to be boys in the T.B.D. service—looking through his glasses. The destroyer's siren shrieks a warning to the scattered trawlers, and there is a vivid flash. Even in the bright sunlight one can see the flash of that gun; but before one can hear the shriek of its shell there is a roar that is like nothing else on earth, and the sphere vanishes as the sea rises up in a column which bursts even as it forms, and the decks of the wildly tossing trawlers are swamped with the salt rain.

MY ADVENTURE.

By A. J. DAPLYN.

THE news of the passing of the islands of Samoa from the possession of the Germans to that of the British brought to my mind a few incidents that occurred more than twenty years ago, when, as the guest of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, I was on a visit to the islands. At Stevenson's house of Vailima one led an almost ideal existence; life passed like one long summer day. As an artist I found it a perfect paradise, with *motifs* for pictures in every direction; and then there was the library, filled with books to suit all tastes, horses to ride, birds to be shot,

and for the idler, hammocks slung in shady corners of the wide verandas, inviting to repose and the consumption of tobacco and liquid refreshment. The master of the house was rarely visible till the luncheon-hour, when, the troubles of authorship being left in the study, he gave free play to his high spirits, and abounded in wild fancies and quaint conceits. Literary topics were occasionally discussed, but more often the conversation turned on local politics and the news of the war.

The war was also local, being confined to the

natives, led by two rival chiefs, the prize being the throne of Samoa. The people had nothing to gain and much to lose, but they flocked to the standards and fought with savage energy. Why this indolent and generally amiable people should suddenly fly at each other's throats is only to be explained by the great popularity of war with all sorts and conditions of men, savage or civilised.

Samoa at that time was nominally governed by a native king, Malietoa, a mere cipher in the hands of the representatives of the three Powers, Britain, Germany, and America. Opposed to him was Mataafa, the rebel chief, who, with his army of several hundred men armed with rifles and hatchets, was encamped a few miles from Apia. Religion also played its part, as Mataafa was a Catholic, and King Malietoa a Protestant. Stevenson favoured Mataafa, and, much to the disgust of the Germans and others, had paid a visit to the rebel commander, from whom mysterious messages sometimes came to Vailima, asking advice and assistance. It was a time of great excitement, and hearing so much of the war gave me a desire to see some fighting. Accordingly I bade adieu to my host and his family, and went to lodge in Apia, the chief and only town, a straggling village inhabited by two or three hundred white men and many thousands of natives.

The white population was divided between Germans and British, many of the former being employed by a Hamburg firm, owners of a large warehouse and many plantations. Coffee and cotton were grown, but the cultivation of the coco-nut palm and the making of copra was the largest industry.

These plantations were worked by labourers collected from other islands, who were little better than slaves. The Samoans will not work for the Germans; in fact, they object to work of any sort, and, strange to say, manage to do without it. In their happy land nature has liberally provided for all their wants; coco-nut palms grow everywhere, and the nuts provide both solid and liquid refreshment; there are groves of the succulent banana and other fruit, and, last but not least, that stay of the South Seas, the bread-fruit tree. With fish from the sea, various nutritious roots, and the flesh of the pig, their larder is abundantly furnished. For clothing the bark of a tree is used, made into a stuff called tappa; a little of this goes a long way, as the dress of a Samoan consists mainly of a *lava-lava*, or waist-cloth, and a few beads.

From this it will be seen that the maintenance of an army in the field in Samoa is not the difficult problem that caused a great European commander to say that 'an army marches on its stomach.' The Samoans take care to fight near a village, and if defeated take to the bush; and as there are no roads, pursuit is impossible.

In Apia the state of war was very apparent; bands of armed natives paraded on the sea-front, and wounded men carried in litters were seen on their way to the improvised hospitals. But the most dreadful sight was when a warrior fresh from the field of battle, accompanied by a drummer, came dancing down the street holding at arm's length a bleeding human head. A dozen of these grim tokens of prowess were deposited before the king's house; and more would have been added had not the representatives of the European Powers succeeded in putting a stop to the horrid practice. Like the Germans, the Samoan, who in time of peace is quite harmless, in time of war develops all the murderous instincts of the savage; and to decapitate an enemy and exhibit the result brings him great kudos among his friends. This dreadful spectacle was witnessed by many white women, who became much alarmed in consequence, though without cause, the Samoan confining his murderous instinct to his own race. Stevenson tells of a man who brought in a head in great glory. On the black paint that disguised it being washed off, behold! it was that of his brother. It soon became known that a great battle was taking place about twenty miles up the coast, near the village of Mataafa, the rebel chief, and I made up my mind to see some of the fighting. A young fellow whose acquaintance I had made, named Charley Brown, was equally eager, and after some difficulty we chartered a small boat and got away.

My companion, Charley Brown, was a strange fellow, possessed of ample means. Having passed through Eton and Oxford, he had come to the South Seas, as he said, to seek adventures. But adventures nowadays are not to be had for the asking, and the only thing in the shape of adventure he had encountered was a matrimonial one, having married a so-called native princess, who turned out to be no princess and not much good, as she ran away with a native a month or two after.

Our voyage up the coast was unduly prolonged, owing to our inexperience and the perverse current, and we did not arrive at the field of battle until the fighting had ceased. The rebels had lost the day; their chief Mataafa was in flight, and their village a mass of smoking ruins. At the foot of the tall coco-nut palms dead men slept their last sleep, and pools of blood indicated where the fighting had been fiercest. We found shelter for the night with some friendly natives, and in the morning witnessed a grand march past of the victorious army of nearly a thousand men armed with rifles. On they came, divided into companies, ten men in a line, and before each company danced the 'maid of the village' in her dress of ceremony, consisting principally of flowers and beads; the warriors' well-oiled bodies glistening in the sunshine being their only uniform.

There being nothing more to see, I proposed returning to Apia, but Charley Brown would not hear of it. To return without anything happening in the shape of adventure could not be thought of, and he proposed a walking-tour along the coast, stopping each night at a native village. This was agreed upon, and leaving our boat with a friendly native, we set out, reaching a village about sunset, and being received with the proverbial hospitality of the Samoans. Brown was in fine form, causing it to be known that he was a great 'medicine-man,' and in order to impress the crowd by his profound knowledge he performed a few cheap conjuring tricks. He then invited all who were sick to approach and detail their ailments. This was quite superfluous, as Brown understood very little of what they said, and whether the patient suffered from a cold in the head or a broken arm, the remedy was always the same, consisting of two antibilious pills, or a seidlitz powder, and sometimes both. This farce was enacted at every village, for Brown took his function as medicine-man very seriously, and was highly indignant when I suggested it was humbug. 'The ordinary mind thinks everything it cannot understand is humbug,' he exclaimed. 'Was Livingstone a humbug, or Stanley, or all the other great explorers? And surely I cannot do wrong in following their example.' It was perhaps for the best that, as we moved on every morning, we did not see the results of my friend's practice of medicine.

In this fashion we journeyed half round the island, and at a large village a poor man suffering from that scourge of the South Seas, elephantiasis, consulted Brown. As the man's legs resembled those of an elephant, even Brown felt that pills and seidlitz powders would not suffice. He explained, however, the diagnosis of the case, and was convinced that with surgical assistance and careful nursing the man could be cured. 'And he shall have it!' cried Brown. 'We'll start to-morrow for Apia, crossing the mountains where no white man has ever trod, and this poor fellow shall act as guide, and we'll meet with no end of adventures.' To travel forty miles over unexplored mountains, with a cripple for a guide, was not at all to my taste, but Brown overruled all my objections by saying, 'What's the good of being an explorer if there are no hardships to endure or difficulties to overcome?' The next morning the rain came down in torrents, a regular tropical downpour, and I hoped our journey would be postponed; but my companion laughed at the idea of explorers being stopped by rain, so we started, and after tramping three miles through the deluge, being wet to the skin, I called a halt, and announced my determination to turn back. Brown, much to my surprise, made little objection; like other explorers, he perhaps was averse to sharing the glory to be obtained by his

discoveries. As I turned back I saw Brown rushing up the steep path, singing at the top of his voice, 'Excelsior!' Returning to the village a sadder and wetter man, I learned that four natives were starting by sea for Apia the next morning, and was duly accepted as a passenger.

When the time came to embark in the old whale-boat, its appearance was far from inspiring confidence; but the sail being hoisted, with a fair wind, all went well for several hours, and by that time we were half round the island. The crew slept or smoked cigarettes, and paid very little attention to the navigation of the boat. This was typical of Samoans; for, though the original discoverer called the land the Navigators' Islands, from the supposed expertness of the people in that art, the present inhabitants are considered the worst boatmen in the South Seas. I was sitting at the head of the boat, wrapped in a railway-rug, having discarded my clothes, which had been soaked in yesterday's down-pour, when, turning my head, I saw coming toward us an immense breaker. I called to the boatmen, but most of them being asleep, no notice was taken, and in an instant the gigantic breaker was upon us. We seemed to glide up its steep slope, to be balanced an instant on its summit, and then cast with a crash into the boiling waters.

When I regained consciousness and found myself struggling in the sea, with the heavy rug clinging round my limbs and dragging me down, I gave myself up for lost; but just then a big wave burst over me, and, enraged at the buffeting, I struck out, and, as luck would have it, managed to seize some floating wreckage—a portion of the boat, which, of course, had been smashed to pieces. With a despairing effort I at last succeeded in freeing myself from the heavy rug, and as I mounted the summit of the waves, I could see standing on a reef, about a quarter of a mile away, my four companions, making frantic gesticulations. As they could swim like fishes, the mishap was of no great importance to them; but it was otherwise with me, as my swimming powers were of the smallest, five minutes in a bath being about their extent. Luckily, I still clung to the piece of wreckage, and pushing it before me, made slow progress toward the reef. I called to the natives for assistance, but no doubt my voice was drowned by the noise of the waves, for they did not respond. When at last I reached the reef, I found that my troubles were not nearly over, for great seas broke on its edge, forcing me against the sharp coral; and the rock overhanging like the flap of a table, I could find no purchase, and made vain efforts to secure a footing.

But at last the natives succeeded in dragging me on to the rock, and no sooner was I there than a huge wave broke and sent me sprawling on the sharp coral. As I was without clothes, I received several very severe wounds, which

caused me much pain ; in fact, I was nearly done for, and had just strength, leaning on two natives, to reach the house of a chief, when I collapsed. On coming to, I found myself lying on a bed of mats, with the chief by my side, who pressed me to drink a shellful of hot coco-nut milk. Then the 'maid of the village' came in, and by a primitive sort of massage gave great relief to my aching limbs, causing me to fall into a deep sleep, which lasted till late the next day. When I awoke, my host informed me that a party of white men on a shooting expedition were camped a mile or two away. This was welcome intelligence, and I sent a messenger begging for assistance. He returned shortly afterwards with a box of cigars and a bottle of whisky, and an invitation to their camp. So, bidding farewell to my kind host, I, being unable to walk, was carried on the backs of the two natives, and on arriving at the camp, found there my friends Mr Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's son-in-law, and Mr Bassett Haggard, the brother of the well-known novelist. Mr Bassett Haggard, the British Commissioner, travelled in style, and his camp was a model of comfort. After a few days' repose, I was well

enough to return to Apia, and the whole party embarked in Haggard's boat, the *Union-Jack* flying, as became a representative of Great Britain, and six sturdy Samoans pulling at the oars, singing their native songs.

For two or three weeks I was confined to the house, as I had injured my back, and the wounds from the coral refused to heal. Plenty of visitors came to cheer me up, among others Baron Cedarcrantz the governor, Robert Louis Stevenson, and the editor of the local paper.

Then one fine morning Charley Brown rushed in. 'By Jove!' he cried, 'you are a lucky fellow.' 'How's that?' I replied. 'Is it lucky to have been half-drowned, and to be laid on your back covered with bruises?'

'What of that?' he said. 'You've had an adventure, a thing that I've tried for ever since I came, going round the island in a boat, exploring mountains, &c., and nothing has ever come of it; while you, after only a few weeks in the place, experience this delightful adventure. Everybody on the beach is talking of it, and the newspaper devotes a column to you, headed in big letters, "A Close Call."'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE DRY PRESERVATION OF FRUIT.

IN this country the dry preservation of fruit has not attained the vogue which prevails in the colonies and America, but at the same time it is the simplest and cheapest way of preserving it. Recently the Government has drawn attention to the necessity of carrying out such preservation, and has mentioned an ingenious and simple, as well as inexpensive, apparatus whereby it may be done. This dryer and evaporator, as it is termed, comprises a series of superimposed trays disposed in a frame, which, in the case of the domestic application, may be set upon the kitchen stove. If required for drying upon an extensive scale, such as in conjunction with an orchard or farm, the apparatus is fitted with a special chamber for carrying the gas-burner, or it can be utilised in connection with coal, coke, or wood fuel. The apparatus is so designed as to be capable of extension upon the unit system, a small plant suitable for domestic use being capable of meeting any possible requirements by the mere acquisition of further trays, which are obtainable for a nominal outlay. The fruit, or vegetables such as French beans, peas, carrots, onions, potatoes, and mushrooms, require a little preparation before being placed in the dryer, such as paring, coring, slicing, steaming, or salting, as the case may be; but full instructions are given concerning the necessary preliminaries, according to the article to be treated. Apples, for instance, should be peeled

and cored if required in the dry whole condition; and if apple-rings are preferred, they should be sliced. The fruit is then placed in salted water or exposed to sulphur-fumes, because otherwise the fruit will assume an unappetising brown colour. After this treatment the apples are placed in the trays. All the trays are placed in the dryer, with the charged ones at the top, the latter being the first to be filled. The whole of the trays disposed in a nest can be raised by means of a lever to facilitate the removal of the uppermost tray from the top to the bottom position. The temperature of the dryer ranges from 180° to 210° Fahrenheit at the start. In the drying the trays are moved successively from the topmost to the lowest position, being left in the latter place for about a quarter of an hour, so that drying and evaporation is carried out uniformly throughout the whole layer of the trays. The time required in the drying process varies according to the ripeness and the character of the fruit, apple slices or rings occupying less time than whole fruit. While drying is in progress little attention is demanded, it only being necessary to examine the fruit at intervals, and to remove the dry fruit to the top and the less dry nearer the bottom, where the heat naturally is greatest. After evaporation has been completed, the fruit should be exposed to the air for a few days, when it may be packed in boxes or any other suitable receptacles. The fruit does not suffer the slightest damage from exposure to the air, and if properly dried it will

keep almost indefinitely. Naturally, drying causes the fruit to shrink and to lose weight, one hundred pounds of raw apples yielding approximately twelve pounds of the dried article. When required for use, it is only necessary to subject the fruit to a preliminary steeping in water in the usual manner to restore its bulk. The preliminary treatment of the fruit varies slightly, stoned fruits of course demanding the removal of the stone. In drying plums, the sugar content is preserved, while there is less risk of deterioration or decay if the dried fruit gets damp. The Government has recommended the process as being economical and applicable as much to the domestic circle as to the small-holder. Indeed, any one boasting an orchard, irrespective of its pretensions, should undertake the drying of the fruit, inasmuch as thereby an adequate supply of a nourishing comestible is assured during the winter. Moreover, such fruit comes as a welcome change to that which has been bottled. The outstanding feature of the process is the low cost of the initial apparatus and the packing of the dried article, air-tight bottles, such as are indispensable in ordinary preservation, not being necessary. The application extends to vegetables and other foodstuffs.

AERO-BALL, A NEW GAME.

A novelty in recreation has recently crossed from France to this country. This is 'aero-ball,' a game which demands a quick eye, keen judgment, and dexterous movement of the hand. The necessities of the game are a bat and an ordinary ball of the tennis pattern. The bat is of special shape, being curved in the manner of a sickle, and having a groove capable of carrying the ball, extending from the handle to the point. At the handle is a small basket. The essential feature of the game is to place the ball in the grooved channel of the bat, and to jerk it in such a manner that it flies off at the point of the bat into the air, the final task being to catch it in the basket before it has bounced. It appears a very simple and easy task, but a little experience will reveal the fact that it is much more difficult than it looks, especially if the ball is moving with any velocity. Once one has mastered the art, however, infinite amusement may be obtained, while very dexterous feats in ball throwing and catching may be performed. For instance, an expert is able to induce the ball to describe a perfect circle in the air, and to perform the operation with such speed that the ball is scarcely visible during its flight after leaving the point of the bat until it falls into the basket. It is a game in which one or more players may participate. A single player can obtain great amusement and exercise as well in playing against a wall. The varying angles at which the ball strikes the wall and its fluctuating speed impose a supreme task upon quick movement and rapid eye judgment. Two or

four players may indulge in a game reminiscent of tennis or badminton, marking out courts in the usual manner, but dispensing with a net. Such a game, when played fast and furiously, demands great activity. In this instance the method of scoring is preferably to start with so many points, say one hundred, and to deduct points for every mistake which is made, such as failure to catch the ball in the basket, or an erroneous return. The advantage of this game is that it can be played anywhere providing sufficient open space is available, where the courts may be marked out distinctly. The command which one is able to obtain over the quaintly shaped bat and ball as a result of diligent practise is astonishing. Diabolo created a furore, but aero-ball is described by those who play it as far more fascinating; and they even declare it to be more attractive than badminton.

AN IMPROVED STRETCHER.

A distinct improvement upon the conventional improvised stretcher has recently been placed upon the market. It comprises two hickory poles, two ash-wood traverses or crosspieces fitted with metal brackets and provided with locking-pins, together with a foot to facilitate lifting. In addition there are two lengths of rope each nineteen feet long. The stretcher has the advantage of being extremely portable, inasmuch as it can be packed within a small space, each bearer carrying one of the side-poles, a traverse, and a length of rope, the pole being merely a staff such as is used by Boy Scouts. To prepare the stretcher for use it is only necessary to fit the traverses into the brackets of the side-poles, and to make them fast by slipping in the pins, when the frame of the stretcher is completed. The mattress formed by the ropes is produced by carrying each of them diagonally from pole to pole, and as the opposite ropes cross, a wide mesh lacing, taut yet elastic, is obtained. The stretcher can be prepared ready for use in two minutes, while it can be dismantled and packed in approximately the same time. The outstanding features, in addition to those already mentioned, are lightness and portability, as well as interchangeability, since each half-section of the stretcher is complete and a duplicate of its fellow. Consequently when any two members of the aid detachments come together they can prepare a stretcher from what they are carrying. The device has met with the approval of those concerned with Red Cross work, and has been recommended for use by voluntary aid detachments.

AN INGENIOUS POLISHING-MOP.

The mop has undergone a remarkable revival, a development which is due to the vogue of parquet and polished flooring. But the cleaning and polishing of these, owing to the area to be treated, is a tedious and protracted task when

carried out by hand, while the orthodox mop is scarcely satisfactory. The new mop has been designed especially to overcome the drawbacks of the circular-shaped utensil. This latest mop is of triangular shape, with the result that the front point can be thrust into corners. The white yarn forming the mop is attached to an unbreakable steel frame, the yarn being carried over the upper face of the frame and covered with canvas in such a manner as to form a soft cushion. The result is that no possible damage can be inflicted upon furniture or other fittings from accidental knocking. The handle is attached to the mop by means of a flexible spring socket, which causes the mop to lie flat and evenly upon the floor, no matter at what angle the handle is held. This arrangement ensures an automatic self-adjustment, with the advantage that the whole of the surface of the mop is brought to bear upon the space under treatment. Furthermore, this novel form of attachment enables one to clean beneath gas-stoves, baths, and other fixtures having very little clearance with the greatest facility. The yarn is treated with a special polishing-oil which cleans and polishes the surface perfectly, and yet does not impart such a face to the flooring as to cause it to be slippery and dangerous. The success of this utensil in connection with floor-cleaning operations has been responsible for a modification of the idea to meet the necessity for dusting walls, ceilings, and so forth, a duty which formerly had to be carried out with the brush. This application of the mop is precisely similar in its essential details to that used for cleaning floors, and the dust is not stirred up to settle elsewhere, but is collected or absorbed. The mop is of light construction and flexible, owing to the spring socket fitting.

THE CHILD'S DOLL EXERCISER.

The doll has ever been regarded as a mere toy for children, but a recent invention imparts a more utilitarian purpose to this inanimate playmate. The new doll is designed essentially for the purpose of acting as an exerciser. It resembles the conventional cloth toy, thereby being virtually indestructible, but its arms are really powerful spiral springs, capable of considerable extension. If desired, the doll may be used in the usual manner—that is, purely and simply as a toy; but it may also serve as an exerciser for the development of the infantile muscles, chest, arms, back, and so on. The springs forming the arms are of substantial construction, so that they are not readily broken or impaired by ordinary childish rough usage; while the fact that they are elastic imparts a new joy to the playmate. Altogether there are twenty-one games which may be played with this doll, each of which is a distinctly valuable health-giving exercise. While the average youngster would spurn the idea of carrying out exercises with

the orthodox apparatus, to this end it will perform the same duties with the new doll with great zest.

A WRIST-WATCH PROTECTOR.

Although the wearing of a watch upon the wrist is convenient, there are certain drawbacks which militate against its use. One of the most aggravating is the susceptibility of the glass to breakage. In order to overcome this an ingenious protector has been devised. It is merely a metallic outer case which slips over the watch, and through which the leather wristlet passes in the usual manner. The case is extremely light, although of great strength, and it flies open with a single movement. The encasing of an ordinary watch within this protector virtually converts the timepiece into a miniature hunter. The glass is protected from breakage under ordinary use; while even if this calamity occurs the watch is not rendered inoperative, because the outer hinged metallic cover protects the face and the hands. While such a protector is especially recommended for use by soldiers, it is invaluable to any one who wears a watch in this manner. So far as the service conditions are concerned, the dull-finished case adequately prevents the watch being unconsciously turned into a heliograph, thereby inadvertently betraying one's position.

A HANDY RANGE-FINDER.

This latest pocket instrument which has made its appearance has received the approval of the War Office. It is an extremely small device, comprising merely a rectangular case with the requisite glasses and calibration, the whole measuring only three inches in length, so that it will slip unobtrusively into the tunic pocket or belt. By means of this handy little instrument the distance of any object with a base of a predetermined length may be ascertained; it is possible to determine, by merely one observation from a single position, the distance of an object the size and height of which is known. Also one is able to calculate accurately the distance between two inaccessible points. The instrument is handy and simple to use, while its intricacies can be mastered within a very short space of time; and as facility is acquired it is possible to carry out with striking accuracy the difficult work for which it is designed.

PHOTOGRAPHING METER-READINGS.

A difference of opinion concerning a meter-reading is inevitable where gas, electricity, or water is purchased from public supply companies. Moreover, it is quite possible for an official meter-reader to make a mistake, although, at the same time, such an error is very rare. Still, in order to satisfy the customer, and to offer indisputable evidence concerning the read-

ing of the meter at a certain date, a novel camera, known as the 'Factograf,' has been invented, and is now being extensively used in America. By means of this appliance the meter-reading official is converted into a photographer, the instrument comprising a small camera, the opening of which is held against the dial-plate of the meter. The operator presses a lever which causes the shutter to open for a pre-determined period, while at the same time four small battery-operated electric lamps come into activity to illumine the meter-dials. After each exposure the shutter is locked, and cannot be operated again until the film has been moved forward a certain distance to permit the succeeding exposure to be made. The manipulation of the camera is virtually automatic, and tampering or erroneous photographic recording is absolutely impossible. By pressing a lever the camera may also be used as a lantern in dark passages, thereby dispensing with the electric torch light, which is now generally used to this end. A single roll of film is sufficient for seventy-five exposures, each of which costs about a sixth of a penny, while two extra rolls may be carried, thereby enabling two hundred and twenty-five exposures or meter-readings to be completed. The film consists of an emulsion upon opaque paper, which is backed with white paper; consequently details of the meter-reading stand up with admirable clearness and definition. The record is read by reflection in a mirror, which reverses the film record, which naturally has become reversed in photographing. It is impossible to dispute the record, because, in addition to the actual meter-reading, the customer's name and the meter number are on the dial; while the actual date of reading may also be incorporated. The records are filed, and in the event of a complaint are produced to satisfy the customer that the meter showed such-and-such a reading upon a certain date. The camera is useful with electric meters which operate upon the maximum demand principle, although in this country this practice has disappeared in favour of the more convenient flat-rate system.

MOISTURE-PROOF CEMENT CONCRETE.

Bulletin No. 230, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, consists of a contribution on the subject of oil-mixed Portland cement concrete, from the office of Public Roads, of which Mr Logan W. Page is director. The production of Portland cement has been increasing in the United States; for 1913 it amounted to some ninety-two million barrels. Combined with sand, gravel, and water, the resultant product, concrete, is being largely used for foundations for heavy machinery, for dams, walls, or bridge-piers, and when reinforced with steel is widely used for construction of buildings, water-conduits, farm buildings, and fence-posts. Its weak point

has been a tendency to crack, and it has not been moisture-proof. While experiments were in progress in the office of Public Roads in an attempt to develop a non-absorbent, resilient, and dustless road material, it was found that when a heavy mineral residue of oil was mixed with Portland cement paste it entirely disappeared in the mixture, and did not separate from the ingredient after the cement became hard. Further tests showed the worth of oil-mixed concrete for damp-proof and water-proof structures. It was found that oil is not detrimental to the tensile strength of mortar composed of one part cement and three parts sand when the oil added does not exceed 10 per cent. of the weight of the cement used. It requires longer to set than plain concrete, is almost non-absorbent of water, and as tough and stiff as plain concrete. For a bag of cement weighing ninety-four pounds some two and a half quarts of oil are required. For roof-slabs, and also for reinforced tiles, cement mortar mixed with mineral oil and reinforced with steel wire mesh is used. The system has been adopted for damp-proofing the concrete base of roads against the action of ground water. It has been found that oil-mixed mortar and concrete containing 10 per cent. of oil have very little absorption, and under low pressures both are water-proof. A public patent has been granted in the United States for mixing oil with Portland cement, concrete, and hydraulic cement, giving an alkaline reaction, and therefore any one is at liberty to use this process without payment of royalties.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

FLANDERS—1915.

The men go out to Flanders
As to a promised land;
The men come back from Flanders
With eyes that understand.

They've drunk their fill of blood and wrath,
Of sleeplessness and pain,
Yet silently to Flanders
They hasten back again.

In the low lands of Flanders
A patient watch they keep;
The living and the dead watch on,
Whilst we are sound asleep.

MARGARET SACKVILLE

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-tickets should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible. ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES.

FORTUNE COMES TO SUNNYMEDE.

By W. E. CULE.

CHAPTER I.—IN WHICH GRACE CHALLENGES FORTUNE, AND MRS HOBBS ARRIVES.

IT may be taken for granted that a really honest and conscientious author will never declare in his title more than he is prepared to prove in his narrative. For this reason I have considered my present title with much doubt and uncertainty, being strongly tempted to replace it by something less provocative of expectation. Yet in the end I leave it, confident that every fair-minded reader will admit that I had excellent reasons for using it. These reasons will be found in the appearance of Mrs Hobbs at Sunnymede, the circumstances that immediately preceded that appearance, and the remarkable developments that followed it.

The last meeting of the committee of ways and means was held in the dining-room on Monday, 16th July, at three o'clock in the afternoon, while Slater was angling on the pier, and while Bertram was still in the City. Mrs Lanyon and Grace, finding themselves together in the dining-room on different duties, had begun to talk, and then Hester, their business manager, had joined them from the kitchen.

It was not a cheerful meeting, though the element of humour was not entirely absent. The courageous Hester, the heart and soul of the enterprise, had at last given way, and was frankly pessimistic. She admitted that the experiment had failed, and that there seemed to be nothing to do but await its inglorious end. Nor was there any real cause for surprise at this conclusion.

'We might have known it from the first!' she said sadly. 'How could we three hope to succeed with a seaside boarding-house? Consider what a tragedy it has been. Family after family come, and look, and go away—or, rather, the heads of the families come and look, and then the families never come at all. When the heads are wise, they will not bring their boys to a house where there are two girls; and even when they are stupid, they are not so stupid as that. There were the Arnoldsons, who came for a month, and left in a week because Denis Arnoldson—the little booby!—wanted to sit next me at dinner one evening. Then the Trescotts and the Harveys—it was just the same with them. Charlie Harvey made Grace play one

game of cricket with him in the garden, and that was more than enough.'

'His mother bowled him out the very same day,' said Grace mournfully. 'And I only played the game at all because it was our principle to entertain our guests. Charlie was a wretched little nuisance!'

'The only people who would come were people with little children,' proceeded Hester; 'and then, of course, all the other kinds of people must keep away. One child sitting in a front window is fatal to the success of any boarding-house. But, after all, *we* are the chief obstacle. If your daughters were only ugly and deformed, mother, Sunnymede might be a great success.'

'Would that be success?' asked the mother, with a sad little smile.

'Well, this isn't, anyway. Here we are past the middle of July, and no one else booked. And we have only two young men in the place!'

The business manager had had her say, and her facts were beyond dispute. There were other facts that she did not mention, but they were upon the minds of all—the disappearing capital, the imperative need of paying the rates, and the difficulty of selling the house when there were so many similar houses for sale. So the mother said nothing, and it was left for Grace to bring another element into the discussion.

As a member of committee Grace was a forlorn hope, or something even less hopeful. She was only twenty-one, and though Hester was no more than twenty-three, the one possessed her father's very useful business capacity and practicality, while the other was by nature something of a dreamer. Now she spoke according to her disposition, for the dreamer will always see Hope at the end of the road.

'It doesn't matter so much about booking, does it? People often come without booking in advance. Mr Slater came like that. Why, some one may come by the three-fifteen—this very day!'

'And this very hour!' said Hester, with rueful directness. 'I do wish you would be practical, Grace. As for Mr Slater, he has no head

of the family to look after him. He came because you smiled at him when he knocked, and he only stays because you still smile at him—a little.'

'For the sake of Sunnymede,' protested Grace.

'Oh, of course!'

Grace blushed. Slater was a rackets youth, with a weakness for perfumed pomade and a strong disinclination for work, and he was entirely out of his element in this quiet circle. Yet he held on persistently, in the hope of softening the obdurate heart of the younger daughter of the house. She did not, however, give up her argument.

'Mr Bertram came without booking, too,' she said. 'And it was you that opened the door to him.'

This was so true that for a moment Hester had no word to offer. Then Mrs Lanyon spoke, always the peacemaker, and always eager to interpret these diverse dispositions: 'So he did—so you did, Hester. That is quite true.'

'I don't know why he came,' retorted Hester, recovering. 'But we all know why he stays. It is because the house is so quiet, and he is quiet himself. If Sunnymede were a success, he would have left long ago to find a quieter place. So there!'

Mrs Lanyon looked at her elder daughter admiringly, though there was despair in the admiration. Then she suggested that perhaps another advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* might be tried. Grace, however, took no part in the discussion that followed, for the mention of young Slater a few moments before had given her a new train of thought, in which Slater himself—poor fellow!—had no part. The world of happy fancy was always within her reach, and now, though she was sitting in the dining-room at Sunnymede, looking down Aylmer Avenue toward Station Road, her thoughts were far from Eastgate-on-Sea. Her lashes drooped; her eyes were veiled; her bosom heaved behind the neat print apron in which she did the 'dusting.' She was returning from an autumn visit to an aunt at Richmond, and was in a busy, crowded street near the Bank, struggling along with a wicker dress-basket that was far too heavy and bulky for her. She was hot and tired, lonely and breathless and dispirited. But suddenly another hand seized upon the dress-basket, and when she looked up she met the laughing but sympathetic gaze of two dark eyes in a face that was as gentle as it was manly. And those marvellous eyes said as plainly as the clear young voice, whose note she would never forget, 'May I help you? Where do you want to go?'

What a splendid voice! What wonderful eyes! What a fine figure! What glorious strength! How simple! How graceful! How natural!

'Thank you very much!' she said softly; and then she woke.

'Grace!' cried Hester. 'What are you dreaming about? Look, mother, she is at it again! We cannot keep her to business for five minutes at a time!'

Grace returned to the committee. She had actually spoken those grateful words aloud, breaking in upon some remark by her mother. For a moment she was confused, feeling that she had betrayed to Hester's searching eye a closely cherished secret. Then, recovering, she changed the subject with really creditable neatness. She even took the war into the enemy's country.

'Well,' she protested, with unusual courage, 'I don't call it business to go on despairing as you are doing, Hester. There is no business in it. What good does it do? It is better to think of something pleasant, even if it is impossible, than to keep talking of things that are horrid.'

This was rank rebellion—nothing else. The gray eyes of the business manager opened to their widest, and the mother looked at her younger daughter in plain surprise. And spurred by her own courage, the younger daughter laid down her own secret principle of faith and action once and for ever.

'And I'm not going to give up—on the 16th July, when the season is only half-over! I'm going to hope and believe. I do believe that some one will come by this very next train!'

'Who?' asked Hester, recovering her breath.

'I don't know who. It may be Dame Fortune herself. Why shouldn't it be? It isn't impossible.'

'She hasn't booked rooms here, anyway,' said Hester, with a gleam of kindly-caustic irony; and it was at that moment that Mrs Lanyon interposed another remark, intended to calm the storm.

'There are the passengers from the three-fifteen.'

People were indeed crossing the end of the road—two men first, one with a kit-bag and one with a Gladstone; then a boy alone, a couple of girls, and two or three family groups in straggling order. The committee watched with keener interest than ever before, but possibly not with firmer faith. And never one of those passengers turned into Aylmer Avenue.

They waited until the last had definitely gone. Then Hester spoke, but without looking at her sister.

'Not this day, Grace,' she said. 'Nor this hour. I am sorry'—

'Look!' said Mrs Lanyon. 'What is that?'

Something white appeared on the pavement at the end of the road, and paused there, fluttering and irresolute. Then the brisk breeze from the sea caught it again, and it came five or six

yards up the avenue. A moment more, and an old lady followed it from Station Road—an old lady flustered and blown, and burdened with two other parcels, an umbrella, and a reticule. That something white was a draper's paper bag which she had dropped, and which the breeze was keeping just out of her reach. It contained a trifling purchase which she had made on her way from the train.

'What an absurdity!' said Hester. 'Why will people carry all their belongings in small parcels?'

And Grace? Grace made no remark; but the glamour of her day-dream was still upon her, and she acted under that influence. In one half-minute she was out of the room, the front-door, the gate. In another she had crossed the road and was bearing down bravely, relentlessly, upon the runaway property. She picked it up just as its owner came within reach.

'Here it is,' she said.

The old lady was breathless, and for a moment could not even smile. She took her property, and in trying to accommodate it, dropped her handbag. Grace had always sympathy for the distressed, and now her sympathy had a special quality.

'May I help you?' she asked, in a sweet and far-away echo of that other and unforgotten voice. 'Where do you want to go?'

The old lady was recovering her breath, but not her composure. With flushed features, bonnet awry, and awkward hands, she gave her answer plaintively.

'I don't quite know where to go. I was looking for rooms, and the stationmaster recommended me to a house in Station Road. But he said it was at the top of the road.'

Grace, looking at her again, was conscious of something more than a warm sympathy. Perhaps it was the disordered bonnet, perhaps the helpless note, perhaps the colour and glance of her eyes. They were kind, true eyes.

'I'll take you there, if you like,' she said. 'But we have rooms to let just here, across the road. Would you care to see them?'

The old lady was a little suspicious at first. She glanced across the road, and then she looked searchingly at Grace, who, having taken the first fateful step, must needs do her best. When Grace did her best her dimples crept into view most becomingly, and her eyes displayed effects entirely marvellous. At such times it was only possible to gaze and wonder.

'Do come!' she pleaded. 'We have some very nice rooms, and I will make you very comfortable. I was really hoping that some one would come by this train.'

The old lady gazed, and possibly wondered. Then she surrendered, and made to cross the road to Sunnymede. Immediately Grace seized two of her parcels, and began to lead the way.

But when they were exactly in the middle of the road a halt was called.

'Have you a feather-bed?' asked the old lady, in a tragic undertone. 'I must have a feather-bed. I won't come inside the door unless you have one!'

It was very comical. Grace laughed merrily. 'Why, we have two!' she cried. 'And nobody ever wants them. You can have them both if you like.'

The journey was resumed. By this time Hester, still in the window, realised its purpose.

'Oh mother,' she cried, 'she is actually bringing her in! Why, all the avenue will think she went out purposely to waylay her! And such a quaint old thing, too.'

Mrs Lanyon watched the scene with mingled feelings. 'She may be quite respectable, after all,' she said gently; and there was no time to say more, for the new-comer was already at the threshold.

The rest was very easy. The old lady was tired, out of patience, and not ungrateful for the prospect of a speedy settlement. After making sure of the feather-bed—she felt it critically, to see that it was the genuine thing—she selected a room, and arranged the terms. Her name, she said, was Hobbs, and the length of her stay was uncertain. Yes, she would be glad of a cup of tea, if she might have one—but it must not be China. Then she took possession of her room, deposited her various parcels upon the feather-bed, and sat down to cool herself after her exertions.

An hour later, after the tea, she set out to view the sea-front before dinner—a somewhat portly and motherly old person, whose general appearance suggested neither style nor fashion, and whose manner was a curious combination of assurance born of experience, nervousness born of natural humility, and a desire to please, the flower of a kindly disposition. She was a widow, probably the widow of some London tradesman in a fair way of business, possibly of some obscure professional man; and she was about sixty years of age. When she had gone Grace joined Hester in the dining-room, and was surprised to find that young lady in a state of laughter.

'What is it?' she asked quickly.

'Oh Grace, do you remember what you expected? It was to be Dame Fortune. And she calls herself Mrs Hobbs!'

Grace had forgotten the little argument, but she stood up bravely for her position. 'Of course, she can call herself what she pleases,' she said.

'And I called her a quaint old thing!'

'You can call her what you please, dear.'

'And she insisted on having a feather-bed—she wouldn't come into the house until you had promised her one!'

'It was a case of "Look before you leap." She was very prudent.'

'And mother said that she might prove to be a really respectable person, after all!'

'Well, we'll just wait and see,' said Grace, with unbroken good-humour; after which Hester, her gray eyes still smiling, went away to consider dinner.

It was a crushing catalogue of unhelpful facts. Yet, Hester, practical, business-like, far-seeing, sagacious beyond your three-and-twenty years, hear my urgent question! If Fortuna should indeed leave for a time the uncharted islands

where the old gods dwell, and walk once more among men; if she should set out laden with the old gifts, her showers of gold, her sudden streams of sunshine; if indeed she came, who could presume to guess how strange her guise, how deeply veiled her glory? And if she came seeking a sign to guide her untrammelled feet, what sign would be most likely to win her as a guest? Would it not be the gentle welcome of a young maid's voice, the sunny faith of a young maid's fancy, the kindling light of a dawning love in a young maid's eyes?

(Continued on page 786.)

PARLIAMENT IN WAR-TIME.

By MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

PARLIAMENT has undergone extraordinary changes as the result of the war and the establishment of a National Government. The transformation is to be seen outwardly in the disturbance of the traditional seating of members of both Houses, and in the regroupings of parties; and inwardly in the different atmosphere and fresh spirit and purpose of the assembly.

One of the general effects of the war is its belittlement of such of our national institutions as in time of peace derive their strength and influence from the sway of moral and intellectual ideals. It is the same with living beings. The young man, as the embodiment of physical force, is alone exalted. With the nations of the world in death-grips it is inevitable that the soldier should be the only man who really matters; and it is natural also that those institutions which are concerned with equipping him most efficiently for his work should be thought of most account. All else has shrunk and shrivelled in importance.

Even Parliament, one of the most ancient and renowned of English institutions, and certainly the most powerful, has shared in the common fate. It is to a great extent overshadowed and dwarfed. It remains the organ through which the policy of the National Government is announced to the people. Any measures which the National Government may think necessary for the security of the realm have to be passed by it. It is from whatever Parliament may do in that way to help in the successful prosecution of the war that it derives such interest and distinction as it still possesses. But as the grand council of the nation it is a pale shadow of what it was only a year and a half ago. Procedure, manners, customs have been modified; and the most remarkable change of all has occurred in the spirit of its members—in their ways of feeling, thinking, and acting as politicians. In short, the English Parliament, that for seven hundred years—since 1213, when the idea of representation first became associated with the

central assembly of the nation—has been the arena of conflict between the two main tendencies of political thought in government, the progressive and the conservative, has suffered an eclipse in the black shadow of the European catastrophe. One cannot help wistfully putting the question, Will it ever be the same again?

Some outward signs of the change that has come over Parliament is visible to those who pass by the Palace of Westminster, in which it meets. There is Big Ben, the great clock up in its high tower, by which the people of London are accustomed to set their watches. On its four immense dials the passing of time is still recorded, but the familiar musical chimes that marked the quarters and the resonant bell which struck the hours are both silent. At night-time the clock is no longer illuminated. The brilliant light on the top of the tower which, seen for miles around, used to tell London that the House of Commons was sitting late is no longer lit. Over the mighty Victoria Tower, however, the Union-Jack flies predominantly in the day-time mast-high. It is the truest symbol of the unconquerable temper of the country in this time of crisis.

The first thing that must strike the visitor in both the House of Lords and the House of Commons is the absence of youth, ever the pride and hope and promise of the assemblies. This is particularly noticeable in the House of Commons. All are vanished, those bright and ardent spirits, whose voices were loudest in the approving cheers or defiant cries that marked the passionate debates on the Union but yesteryear. Two hundred or so are on active service in the army and navy. Some are dispersed among the ships of the Grand Fleet, which, silent and invisible, yet constitute an impregnable wall of steel and fire against invasion. Most of them are in Flanders or at the Dardanelles, those grim arenas of conflict between divergent principles of statecraft and government, where the only speeches on both sides are the roar of cannon.

sending forth the one common argument of a high explosive. Several have been wounded; others are prisoners of war; some have died on the field of battle. It is in connection with the issue of new writs for the election of members for the constituencies of those who have fallen that the first change in old customs caused by the war is observable. As an old parliamentary journalist, I have always wondered at the seeming indifference, if not callousness, with which the House of Commons as a body hears that a member has been struck off its rolls by death. A new member is brought into the House amid the cheers of his party. He may sit at the deliberations of the House for a quarter of a century or more, but unless he attains to the highest rank as a Minister, no notice is taken when he passes away. The writ to fill his vacant place is moved for by the Whip of his party; and though, no doubt, the reading of his name awakens in the minds of his intimate friends a thought of kindly remembrance, the House as a whole is unmoved. Not a hat is raised by way of respect. This insensibility to the visits of death to the House has been brought to an end by the war. On the moving for a new writ for the election of a member in room of Lieutenant Gladstone, 'killed in action'—as the motion said—every member simultaneously uncovered at the mention of the gallant officer's name.

One effect of the absence of all the young members at the war is very remarkable. Probably never since the Witenagemot, the ancient assembly of wise men that was the governing body of the nation under the Anglo-Saxon kings, have there been in Parliament so many gray-beards or—as hair is scarce or has gone out of fashion—so many bald heads. It is a Parliament of seigniors, the 'most grave and reverend' of the Shakespearian quotation, but hardly the 'potent,' for in this time of war it would seem as if potency were the attribute of young manhood alone. Still, a few members are always to be seen in the brown of the soldier or the blue of the sailor. Occasionally an officer home from the Front, wounded, or on short furlough, appears in his active service uniform. For the most part, the soldiers and sailors are those in training in home camps or engaged in administrative duties. But the importance of this spectacle of members in uniform is that it marks a breach with a long-established custom. Hitherto there has been but one occasion when the wearing of uniforms, or any other dress but the civilian, was allowed in Parliament. That was at the opening of a new session. In both Houses, the mover and seconder of the Address in reply to the King's Speech are required to attend in uniform or levee dress. Once only has this rule been dispensed with. That was in the case of Mr Fenwick, the workman representative of a coal-mining constituency, who one

year seconded the Address wearing his ordinary attire. On any other day but the opening day of the session, a member would not be permitted to enter the chamber in any clothes but the clothes of a civilian. I have seen Lord Haldane, when he was Mr Haldane and member for Haddington, refused admittance in the gown and wig of a barrister. Appearing as counsel before a Royal Commission sitting in the precincts of the House, at the sound of the division bells he hastened to the chamber to vote, and was stopped at the threshold by the doorkeeper, who told him that he must disrobe before he could pass in. Nor would a member in wig and gown be given admission to-day. The custom prescribing civilian dress is suspended only for soldiers and sailors, and, no doubt, only for the period of the war.

Even so, it marks a striking departure from tradition. Those who have seen new members introduced wearing the khaki service dress of a soldier or the blue uniform of a naval officer have seen a thing that is without parallel in the long annals of Parliament. It is also the case that until the war broke out khaki has never been worn in the House of Commons; and very conspicuous it is now, despite its supposed 'invisibility,' in that assembly of civilians, though it does not tend to the easy identification of those who wear it. It is to be noticed, too, in all parts of the House—in the Nationalist and Labour quarters, as well as on the benches of the two main political parties, Liberal and Conservative. Until recently the wearers of it, with one exception, were commissioned officers. That exception, it is interesting to note, was Lance-Corporal Sir Herbert Henry Raphael, Baronet, Liberal member for South Derbyshire, who is reputed to be one of the wealthiest men in the House, and who, the story goes, had made to his wife the usual allowance of two shillings and sixpence a week from his pay as a private soldier. But in the midst of all these relaxations of ancient rules which the war has brought about in regard to uniforms, there is, curiously enough, a rigid adherence to one kindred and closely allied custom. Even in this time of war, no weapon of war can be taken into the House by a member. Swords are worn by the uniformed mover and seconder of the Address at the opening of a session. That, again, is the only occasion when any symbol of the lethal duty of the soldier is permitted to affront the gaze of the unarmed representatives of the people in Parliament assembled. A revolver is an essential part of the service equipment of an officer. Yet one member in khaki who displayed this weapon in its lanyard was stopped at the door, and required to leave it in his locker outside before he could go to his place in the chamber. Nevertheless, a sword is to be seen in the House of Commons at every sitting. The Sergeant-at-Arms carries it at his

belt; but, then, the Sergeant-at-Arms is the chief executive officer of the House.

More remarkable still are the signs one sees of the change in the atmosphere and temper of the House of Commons as the great arena of political controversy. The truce that was declared between the two sides at the commencement of war has become an alliance. The party system, which in time of peace is the very breath of our constitutional form of government, is suspended. Political forces that for centuries have been antagonistic in their very nature and composition have coalesced, as if by a miracle, in defiance of all the fixed principles of political strife. Evidence of this amazing fusion is to be observed in all parts of the chamber—in the appearance of familiar faces in strange places among the general body of members to the right and left of the Speaker, and still more in the juxtaposition on the front bench on both sides of the table of party leaders who were lately in bitter antagonism. Liberals, Unionists, and Socialists sit cheek by jowl in unity as Ministers on the Treasury Bench. For the first time in the history of Parliament, the 'Front Opposition Bench,' as the appellation of the corresponding bench on the other side of the table, is a misnomer, because for the first time in the history of Parliament it is filled with partisans of widely different political opinions who are united in supporting the Government.

The one great and distinctive feature of the House of Commons which has struck all visitors for many a year was the Government and the Opposition seated facing one another on rising tiers of benches, and, in moments of high party excitement, shouting challenge and defiance across the estranging floor. That picture has been turned to the wall. Party conflict has been stilled, metaphorically speaking, by the roar of the guns. The floor has lost its historic

political significance. To cross it no longer means, as it would have meant for a member but a little while ago, so tremendous a personal revolution as a change in party convictions—a passing from one political camp to the other. Now members take their places on one side or the other without reproach. No longer do they blaze across at each other with fiery eye from under clouded brows. On the contrary, one calls the other 'my honourable friend' in the true coalition spirit. During the long time of international peace, but of domestic party strife, it was as rare as summer snow for a member to refer in debate to a member on the other side of the floor as his honourable friend. By the etiquette of the House the leaders on each side of the table were 'right honourable gentlemen' to one another, no matter how intimate might have been their personal relations outside. Now it is a common thing to hear the term 'my honourable friend' and 'my right honourable friend' exchanged across the floor by erstwhile political opponents.

Still, it would not be quite correct to say that criticism of the proposals of the Government is no longer heard in the House of Commons. There are in the House too many minds representing divergent interests and opposing points of view for that, perhaps, ever to come to pass. There are even a few members, in a pettish kind of humour, disposed to fret and tease the Ministers. But anything like censorious or merely factious criticism would so grate on the sensibilities of the assembly that any member attempting to indulge in it would be overwhelmed in a storm of indignation. What is over and done with for the period of the war is party controversy, or the discussion of public questions in the light of party principles. In the deep peace which broods over the House of Commons the division bells are practically silent.

THE MUTINY.

WHY DID IT TAKE PLACE IN THE YEAR 1857?

By Lieut.-Colonel Sir HENRY SMITH, K.C.B.

BEFORE answering the question I have asked it may be of interest to look back on the chief struggles which Great Britain and Ireland have been engaged in since the beginning of the nineteenth century: on the war with Napoleon, culminating in the glorious victory on the field of Waterloo; on the war in the Crimea, when cholera and frost-bite were nearly as fatal as the shot and shell of the enemy. Russell of the *Times*, the first correspondent with an army in the field, in his story of *The Great War with Russia*—though he encountered difficulties in the closing days

of September 1854 which, notwithstanding his determination to do his duty, *coûte que coûte*, to his employers in Printing-House Square, he found almost insurmountable; though he was not 'on the strength' of any department, commissariat, surgical, civil, or clerical; though he ran a very fair chance of being ignominiously hanged by a certain gallant General from the Emerald Isle before he had put pen to paper—did yeoman service. But for Russell, who would have known at home what happened in those days? Who would have heard the many tales—tales which, had they not been tragic, would

have been exquisitely comic! How, when the 'Tommies'—a word, by the way, not in vogue in 1854, unless my memory is at fault—were limping about in the trenches in their 'stocking-soles,' a ship loaded from stem to stern with boots for the right foot, and another similarly loaded with boots for the left, lay in Balaclava Bay for a week so close together that you could have chucked a biscuit from one ship to the other; how it did not occur to the captains of the vessels in question to communicate with each other; how the vessel with the 'rights' foundered in the terrible storm of 14th November; how the vessel with the 'lefts' was driven ashore the same night with her cargo in admirable condition. I must admit that this 'yarn' would in present times be labelled 'From German sources, and consequently unreliable;' but that a ship loaded with boots lay in the Bay for quite ten days, and sailed back to Malta, boots and all, is an absolute fact.

When the Allies landed on the coast of the Chersonese, what a state of affairs revealed itself! As often happened, not one article was there that should have been. The *Times* correspondent was appealed to by every one. Truly he had enough to write about. 'Mr Russell, Mr Russell,' exclaimed a certain commanding officer, 'tell them at home we've been massacred. No supports.' 'Russell, look here,' exclaimed another, 'do make a note of this! By God, they have landed this army without any kind of hospital transport, litters, or carts of any kind! Everything was ready at Varna! Now, with all this cholera and diarrhoea about, there are no means of taking the sick down to the boats!' Then we were fighting for the Turk; now we are fighting in a far more arduous struggle, but under what different surroundings! We read of the Apostle Peter's dream, how he 'saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth: wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air.' Had the vessel in question descended on the right honourable gentleman the member for East Fife some eighteen months ago it could not have contained a more heterogeneous mass of disintegrated material than that of which the House of Commons was composed; but how nobly, when the Empire was in danger, it recognised its duty! English members, Scottish members, Irish and Welsh, sank their differences, and joined hands for the defence of hearth and home.

In 1854 curses both loud and deep were hurled at that miserable Government—Lord Aberdeen's*—which had espoused the cause of

the Turk. What had we got to do with the Turk? He was, and is, always sick. Let the Muscovite annihilate him. Those days, for the reasons I have given, were terribly dark and gloomy, and there were many predictions that the world was coming to an end, and the millennium, long looked for, was at our gates. So convinced was one eloquent preacher of the gospel, the Rev. John Cumming, of the Presbyterian Church, Crown Court, London, of the impending termination of the world and all that was therein that, as *Punch* felicitously put it, he had begun 'to take his coals by the sack!'

There was another disturbing factor in the Crimea. It was stated that the officers in command of the Cavalry Brigade, Lords Lucan and Cardigan, were not on speaking terms; and that Captain Nolan, who carried Lord Raglan's orders for 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' was hated to such an extent by Lucan that he, taking stock of the situation, was delighted to see that the annihilation of the Brigade was inevitable. But this Lord Lucan indignantly denied. All this seems so utterly despicable that one blushes to think such reports could ever have got into circulation, or that any one save a knave or a fool could have given credence to them.

It was not till the month of June in the year 1865—when the gallant 4th Queen's Own Light Dragoons (now the 4th Hussars) lay in Piershill Barracks—that all those events were made clear to me; and to enable my readers to see now as plainly as I saw then, and to sift, as far as possible, truth from falsehood, I will lay before them an account of an evening spent with one who had ridden in 'The Charge' on the 25th of October, Colonel George Brown, of the regiment in question.

Jock Kennedy, the senior captain, was a great friend of mine, and I dined with him some five or six times that summer, but never had the good fortune to meet the colonel, who had been absent on leave. At last I got a note from Kennedy: 'The colonel's back. Come down to-night. You will be the only guest, and I'll see that you sit next him.' Too good an offer to refuse. The colonel, I had been told, was the only officer then in the regiment who had been in the Crimea; and I found him certainly the most unassuming, not to say shy, commander of a cavalry regiment I had ever come across. He said very little at first, but after the champagne had circulated once or twice he became more communicative. 'What a funk I should have been in,' I said, 'before the bugle sounded the advance!' 'Oh no,' he replied; 'you would have been thinking of your men;' adding, 'But there was no bugle sound.'†

* Lord Aberdeen belonged to the party of peace at any price. Moreover, he was so nervous that he precipitated the calamity he was so eager to avert.

† In spite of this fact, a certain bugle was sold, only a few years ago, at Christie's, for fifty or sixty pounds.

The Voltigeur needs no trumpet sound,
No bugle has he to cheer him on;
Where the fire is hottest there he's found—
Hurrah for the Faubourg of St Antoine!

As the men of the Faubourg threw themselves against the serried columns of the Russians at Auerstadt, so did the Six Hundred advance in solemn silence into the valley of the shadow of death. The French could not endure *le terrible silence*, and on many occasions in the trenches, when the British were absolutely silent, would talk and shout one to another, even as the Allies are doing in and around Ypres at the present moment, though they do so at the risk of their lives from the 'sniper.'

But to return to the messroom at Piershill.

'Paget,' continued the colonel, 'had left the regiment on promotion, and the man who led us that day was Alexander Low. Something momentous, we all knew, was impending; but what we had not discovered. Fifty yards off, with his horse's head turned up the hill, sat Lord Lucan. Presently Captain Nolan* of the 15th Hussars, then on General Airey's staff, galloped up to him full speed. What Nolan said we could not hear; but Lord Lucan, in the evening, gave the purport of what had passed between them: "Lord Raglan's orders, sir, are that the cavalry should attack immediately." "Attack, sir! Attack what?" "There is your enemy, my lord—the guns in front of you."

'Calling up Lord Cardigan, Lord Lucan repeated to him what Nolan had said. Then, without a moment's hesitation, sorely against his will—for to charge along the valley about a mile and a quarter, against guns in position, seemed to him absolute suicide—Lord Cardigan exclaimed, "The Brigade will advance." Low, placing himself some few yards in front of the line, gave the words in rapid succession, "Trot! gallop! charge!" No one spoke but himself, and every word he uttered was distinctly audible during the silence which prevailed. "Steady there, men! Steady on the right! By your centre! Steady, Corporal Jones! You'll have your work to do soon enough! Steady!" Then a round shot would meet us, accurately fired, and a couple of saddles would be emptied. "Close up, men! close up!" Trying work this for young soldiers. The majority of the regiment were lads of nineteen or twenty, but not one of them wavered or turned his head to the right or left. All rode grimly forward, straight for the guns.

'Now the silence, as we got among the Russian gunners, gave place to shouts in English, Scotch, and Irish. Men severely wounded would fall from their horses and call to their comrades for help. This *mêlée* seemed to last an age; yet from the time we started till the men fell in to answer to their names,

some mounted, others dismounted, was barely twenty minutes.

'When the one hundred and ninety-five men—for that was all that remained of the six hundred and seventy-three composing the Light Brigade—were being looked to by the surgeons, Lord George Paget noticed Lord Cardigan, and exclaimed, "Halloa, Cardigan! weren't you in it, after all?" The bystanders smiled as Cardigan answered, "Wasn't I though?" And, turning to Captain Jenyns, he said, "Here, Jenyns, did you not see me at the guns?" Jenyns replied, "Yes, I did, sir." Cardigan,' said Colonel Brown, continuing his story to me, 'I certainly saw when we started; but after we had advanced a short way the smoke became so dense that he might—I don't say he did—have turned up the hill and ridden back again.'

That indeed was a memorable evening at Piershill; and—whatever may be said or believed of bugles sounding or not sounding, and of officers who were 'in it' or officers who were not—I pin my faith to that thrilling narrative told me by one who was present—the gallant and unassuming colonel of the 4th Queen's Own Light Dragoons.

After the colonel had gone to bed, Kennedy, a true Scotsman, and a man who would never go to bed if he could get any one to sit up with him, told me a tale of the 2nd (Royal North British Dragoons) Scots Greys and their adjutant, Jock Miller. The Heavy Brigade, in their charge, lost, comparatively speaking, few men, the enemy bolting incontinently. It was all over in far less time than the charge of the Light Brigade. In five minutes the Muscovite Horse, pierced by Greys and Inniskillings, broke up in disorder. No one did greater execution or accounted for more of the enemy in that five minutes than Jock Miller, who, when the survivors were answering to their names, stood—his charger was terribly slashed and cut about—his handkerchief saturated with blood from a deep gash in his forehead, and half-blinded, endeavouring to see his colonel—Sullivan, I think it was—who was addressing him. 'Well, Captain Miller, have you had enough fighting for the day?' 'No, colonel, I have not,' was Jock's reply. 'I would like to ride back to the guns. There's a wheen o' they beggars livin' yet.'

Jock Miller, originally a Gilmerton carter, was a most extraordinary man. Though terribly severe, he was popular with the old soldiers. He understood them, and they understood him. It was the recruits who actually shook in their boots when he fixed his eye on them—the recruits, not the boots—an eye that nothing could escape. 'They mauna be properly entered,' he would say, as Dandie Dinmont said of his terriers. Anything like slovenliness drove Jock wild. On one occasion he halted in front of a newly joined lad, having seen a spot which few could have discovered without the aid of a microscope.

* Nolan was the very first man killed in the charge.

'Ye'll mak a grand sodger,' said Jock, 'when ye learn to clean yersel,' looking the shaking youth in the face for eight or ten seconds; 'there's eneuch muck on yer belt to grow a caubitch.' When Jock returned to his native village from the Crimea he was received with enthusiasm, and asked to fight his battles o'er again. The charge of the Heavy Brigade was, of course, the *pièce de résistance*, and one old lady, seeking to improve the occasion, remarked, 'I suppose, Captain Miller, you had barely time to offer up a short prayer.' 'Prayer!' said Jock contemptuously. 'I wasna thinkin' aboot prayin,' wi' ma horse's heid amaist cutted aff.'

But what has become of the Mutiny all this time? *Revenons à nos moutons.*

In the year 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, I used, in company with Sir Edward Bradford, to ride in The Row every day of the week bar Sunday. A number of Indian princes, Rajahs and Maharajahs, were always to be seen, arriving earlier and staying later than all other equestrians of the Liver Brigade. Bradford introduced me to several of them; and with one in particular, now—unless I have been misinformed—fighting gallantly side by side with us and our Allies in the lovely plains and orchards of France and Belgium, I became very intimate. An introduction from Bradford was sufficient for those turbaned warriors, who lived in the saddle. Forty long years had he spent in the gorgeous East. He knew their language and he knew their country as well as they did themselves. Moreover, he was a most consummate horseman, second to none.

Bradford had told me why the Mutiny had taken place in 1857, and this is the sum and substance of what he said: that the greased cartridges—greased with the fat of pigs—had created great resentment in the regiments to which they had been issued; that the rumours which had been circulated all through Hindostan had created still more resentment, those rumours being that the British Government had determined to destroy the caste of the native army, and, moreover, to introduce a General Enlistment Act, by which a regiment, or regiments, or the whole army if necessary, might be sent across the seas, nearly all Orientals having a great dread of the ocean.

About forty years previous to the greasing of the cartridges and the rumours of impending and unwelcome changes, the Honourable East India Company annexed the Mahratta States, paying in compensation to the Peshwa, who took up his residence at Bithur, near Cawnpore, a sum equivalent to something like eighty thousand pounds per annum. When the Peshwa died, his adopted son, Nana Sahib, expected that this allowance was to be continued to him, and was both disappointed and indignant when in-

formed that it was only during one life that the allowance was to be paid, and that he had no claim to it. His request for a continuance of the pension having met with no success, he sent his agent, Azim-Oollah Khan, to England to lay the matter before the Board of Directors. The case, as to whether or not the allowance was to be continued, was argued in London, Azim-Oollah Khan, assisted by English counsel, holding a brief for the claimant. It went against the Oriental, and Azim-Oollah made arrangements to return home. While in England, I should mention, he was most popular, especially among the fair sex, and had the entrée to many of the best houses in the Metropolis. He was treated as a friend. Men spoke openly before him, and he learnt what was going on in the Crimea, and how the Russians were withstanding the armies of Britain and France. That decided him on visiting the Crimea and seeing for himself whether or not what he had heard in London was true. The next we hear of Azim-Oollah was in Constantinople, where he expressed a keen desire to see 'those great Roostums, the Russians.' Subsequently he was found in the advanced trenches at Sebastopol, and was heard to say—if I mistake not by Russell of the *Times*—'I think you will never take that strong place.' Satisfied with what he had heard and seen, he hastened back to India. 'Now is the time,' he said to Nana Sahib, 'not only to regain possession of our own province, but to regain possession of the whole of India, and drive every cursed Feringhee out of the country.'

Sir Edward Bradford was not given to make mistakes; but I said to myself, as the Oriental officer and I were cantering round Hyde Park, 'How interesting it would be to have corroboration of all Bradford told me by a native of the country!' And I had corroboration to the full, but it took me that morning and the next to get it.

I should explain that, well as my informant spoke English, I am putting words into his mouth which he did not use, and of which possibly he did not know the meaning. He spoke under deep emotion and with loathing of Azim-Oollah Khan. 'Every word of what Sir Edward Bradford told you is correct. Azim-Oollah was a scoundrel and a traitor. But for him the massacre at Cawnpore would not have taken place. Bad as the Nana was, he was merciful compared to his Prime Minister. God knows I did not wish to speak of such things to an Englishman. The native army is now as loyal to the great Queen Victoria as her own soldiers at Windsor and London. May we have an opportunity of proving it!'

His wish has been granted.

'And may we meet again! Farewell!'

L'ÉCORCHEUR.

A STORY OF THE WILD.

By F. ST. MARS.

THE paying-off pendant curved out in the breeze and trembled and rippled from mast-head to bladder at its end dancing on the cold waves. It was the only moving thing, except the glittering waves, in all that watery expanse. True, the great warship from whose masthead the paying-off pendant floated was moving, but so steadily, so majestically, and her towering gray sides merged so into the seascape, that she seemed at a distance rather to be part of the scene than anything of man's creation moving upon it.

It was the streaming, fluttering pendant that caught the eye. It was the same thing that flashed to the eye of the bird. And instantly the little flying thing turned and headed straight toward it.

Drifted by a steady east wind far out to sea, he had missed all known bearings, was clean out of his reckoning, and flying about helplessly, now high, now low, till, utterly exhausted, he realised, with that sickening dread which must assuredly be the nightmare of all migratory birds, that he was lost, lost completely on the face of the waters.

No one knows, or could realise if he did, the full horror of that last grim struggle to make the great ship, when eyes and brain fast dulled to a misty agony of growing darkness; when madly pounding heart, driven to the last choking, sickening beat, seemed as if it must burst and wrench that whole delicate, seven-inch bunch of feathers apart; when the gasping, wide-open beak and labouring lungs appeared to be closing, closing, closing for ever irresistibly; when the aching wings beat slower and slower, wildly and more wildly, and seemed to be shrinking by inches from their eleven-inch spread; and when, long after to him, ages after to him, eyes and brain and all sense appeared to have ceased work for ever, and the muscles of the wings marvellously carried on the last telegraphed instructions from the brain, and beat and beat blindly, no longer directed, but following the course set by the eyes when they last saw.

And then he came to one of the greatest fighting-machines in the world. He, one of the smallest fighting-machines in the world, came, fluttering blindly, to the rails, gripped, fell back, down, down almost to the seething, snowy cauldron of the wash overside, rose, struggled up again, hung 'twixt life and death, blindly fluttering, collapsed suddenly, and fell headlong and inert—just simply a ball of feathers.

And there you have it. So light was he, so powerfully affected by wind are even small

feathers, that a sudden eddying gust, swishing round the curved steel flank of the forward superimposed 13.5 gun turret, caught him, as it were some great invisible hand, and drew him inboard.

No man saw the boarding of that little bird in the shadow of the mighty, grinning 13.5-inch twins. None heeded him as he lay there—a splash of rose-tinted cream and white and red—hour after windy hour.

Men talked of 'Home' and 'leave,' of 'th' Hard' and 'Commercial Road' (not the London one), of 'th' Town Station' and 'th' Harbour Station,' of the 'Brighton train' and 'Waterloo train,' and swore by their strange gods, 'The Railway Tavern,' 'The Jolly Sailors,' 'The Duke of Something,' and many more; and—that was an officer's voice from the 'high and lofty bridge'—one cried, yawning, 'Ah! who'd sell a farm and go to sea?'

Followed hours of wonderful, salt-laden darkness, through which the steady push of the screws and the swish of the seas overside played like an unending lullaby, that seemed to have put the little bird to sleep. He had fluttered to the shelter of a coiled rope, and lay there like one dead.

But his sleep must have been light, and he by no means dead, for when suddenly a bell struck eight times, cutting the great silence of the sea-girt night, he removed his head from under his wing and opened one eye. And when, instantly, there followed a long-drawn, trembling pipe, summoning 'A-a-all the starboard watch! Seaboats' crews, and reliefs, fall in!' he raised his head completely and opened both eyes.

The great ship seemed to turn over and mutter in her sleep as the watch changed, and there was the sound of talking on the bridge up above him. Then all settled down again to swishing, throbbing, quivering silence; and, almost in the same instant, two things happened at once. There was a rustle of wings in the air over his head, and he became aware, almost by 'feeling' as much as by sight, I fancy, that there were other birds who ruffled their feathers around him.

Dawn, pearl, and gold, and rose, and crude red, came striding westward over the face of the waters, and the little bird stood up, shaking his feathers vigorously. He stretched a wing, clean and crisply; then the other; then a leg; next his neck, shook his head, and, with a final ruffling, closed all his feathers down with a clean, close movement. He was ready to face

Fate in the fight for existence for another day.

He scowled across the deck with his masked eyes, that, in spite of his otherwise beautiful, innocent, and attractive get-up, gave him a rather villainous appearance. And he was not alone. He saw that at once.

Apart from the big-chested blue men, whose existence he seemed to ignore, there were other voyagers on board too, and they were feathered like himself. The wind that had carried him out to sea from his course had also drifted them, it seemed, and, like himself, they had been glad enough to come aboard and save, at any rate for a time, their tired lives.

But our little bird knew nothing about their troubles, and cared considerably less. It's a case of 'All hands on deck, and every man for himself,' so to speak, in the wild, and our little bird was hungry. It was certain, anyway, that all must eat, even a stowaway on a battleship, or perish. Moreover, to feed meant strength to fly away.

My! but this bird conducted his breakfasting after a strange and surprising fashion. Who'd ha' thought it, to look at him?

Quite close to him, not more than three feet away, indeed, the delicate, five-and-a-quarter-inch, brown-yellow-green form of a wood-warbler crouched, huddled against the curve of the towering steel gun-turret; another lay a little farther off; by the rail across the deck the white wing-patch of a whinchat showed plainly on the brown feathers of its owner, in the new, raw light; and above, just showing over the sleek curve of a 13.5-inch gun, was the tail of a preening turtle-dove.

But our little bird had eyes only for the little wood-warbler nearest to him. He gathered himself together, bent forward, half-flew, half-tripped over the space between them, and, before one could wink, was upon the little warbler's back, their two pairs of wings creating a tiny commotion in unison, as he more or less scientifically hammered the other's skull in.

'What the'—

The sudden human exclamation behind him might have been calculated to upset the murderer, but it did not. He calmly, though not over-quickly, completed the foul deed, and no more than glanced round to see what might be the maker of the long shadow that had suddenly fallen across him and his prey.

Then he breakfasted, albeit somewhat clumsily, as if hardly yet perfected by Nature for such grim work; while the lieutenant, who was also a keen ornithologist when he wasn't perfecting himself for the slaying of men, muttered under his breath, 'Red-backed shrike, by Jove! The blood-thirsty little beggar!'

But it was a young French officer, attached to that ship for reasons that do not matter here, who, coming along the deck at that

moment, and catching sight of the bird, clinched the matter, and, in a word, as it were, pinned the bird down.

'L'Écorcheur!' he exclaimed.

L'Écorcheur? Yes, l'Écorcheur, the flayer, *alias* butcher-bird, *alias* flusher, *alias* horn-match, or, if you like him officially, *Lanius collurio*, that is to say, the red-backed shrike—reddish back, gray helmet, black half-mask, black-and-white tail, white and rose-buff waist-coat, hooked bill, needle talons, an appearance of gentleness and innocence and suspicion in one, with the harmless bearded tit and fly-catcher as nearest relations, with the voice of an angel and of a fiend, and a reputation to make you blink—all complete in seven and a quarter inches. That was he, upon the deck there, then.

An hour later he was not upon the deck there, nor upon the very tip of the port side of the two forward 13.5-inch guns, nor on the capstan, nor on the great chain of the starboard bowers anchor, to which he had variously flitted, quite restored to perkiness after his meal. He was a dot, a speck, dipping and rising to the curves of the waves, flying steadily, low above the water, north-north-eastward, to the coast of Spain, which, but for the wind, he would have hugged after crossing the Strait of Gibraltar. And the great battleship, she was no more than a smudge of smoke and a half-guessed something behind it, drifting and fading away to the northward.

And in England, far, far England, the thrushes and the blackbirds, the chaffinches, robins, hedge-sparrows, and wrens were singing, the peewits were executing weird love-dances above the open fields, the blackthorns foamed on the meadow grass, the primroses shone like fairy lamps through the dim woods, and the bats were weaving squeaky mazes among the gnats over the haze of the bursting buds at even.

Very still it was in the early clear morning air, still, and dull, and hazy.

A big, speckless, raking herring-gull or two worked slowly backward and forward off-shore, patrolling the coastline; but, save for them, the face of the waters, like curving smoked glass, was empty. From where they flew, above the ceaseless, cold, following heaves of the sea, they could hear the wonderful dawn hymn of the birds on land rising from the curtained green, for miles, a single, mighty, pulsating chorus, that would have done an atheist good to listen to, from their vantage-point, just once before he died.

Away to the westward, far out over the lifting sea, Night was slowly withdrawing her beaten sombre army corps. The southern horizon was already ashimmer with the hurrying lance-tips of the victorious Sun armies, harrying

Night's retreat, in whose wake the sacked and pillaged east smouldered and smoked like cities afire.

Then, out of the south, dipping and rising over the swell of the undulating sea, came flying a little bird, hurrying perceptibly, with an odd, slightly flustered air of being rather late. It was such a little bird, and it looked so lone and forlorn and helpless in all that vast expanse of sea and sky and land, that one wondered how on earth it could have attempted, and, still more, performed, such a hazardous flight across the hungry waves from the 'other side,' which lay fifty or more miles to the southward. But he—it was a male—had, albeit rather late; and here he was, to prove it, and—oh, help! He must have feared that, that little, hurrying, tired bird, and it was why he looked as if he knew he was rather late.

One of the poising, tacking, drifting big gulls saw him, and heeling over, effortless and full of grace, slid on rigid vans, but with increased speed, out and down toward him, as a man might slide down a drawn wire. It looked like a welcome to the hospitable shores of fair Albion, but it was the welcome of the ancient Saxon sea-rover—a welcome of death.

It was about this time that the lieutenant came down, from the stately home of his ancestors, hidden among the massed and billowing trees, to the golden sands to bathe. The sheen of his pink skin flashed to the eye of the little flying bird. It was the only thing that moved along the whole expanse of the lonely beach, and the bird altered his course a little, so as to place his hooked beak pointing straight toward the moving figure.

The great slashing gull came sliding down, canted, and was left behind, heeling over on a violent slant as he turned. With slow, shallow flaps of the wings, he rapidly overhauled the little voyager heading straight toward the bather. But that apparently artless little traveller was not there. He was below. No; he was above him—below—above.

The great sea-rover banked, and canted, and swung, and tacked, and backed, and veered, and sheered, and curved, and swerved, and got left behind again and again. And all the time the tantalising little bird kept on, and all the time the distance between the two and the man, now immersed to the waist, grew shorter and shorter.

The fact of the matter was, that frightened small feathered one was executing a flight which, as the wagtails and several other diminutive ones have discovered, is, by its very simplicity, peculiarly disconcerting. It consisted of describing a series of inverted arches in the air, flying, that is, an invisible switchback, so to speak, which, against an over-canvassed craft, if one may so put it, like the herring-gull, very largely compensated for the lack of speed and power

consequent upon the tired voyager's small wing-span.

In the end the pirate swayed aside and drew off in face of the splashing man-form, and the little bird toppled, rather than alighted, upon the beach, within easy gunshot of the swimmer.

'By Jove!' spluttered the young lieutenant, lifting on the lap of a grounding wave. 'A red-backed shrike!'

He might truthfully have added that the last time he saw one was on board a certain battleship off the west coast of Spain, what time she was returning home from 'Gib.,' some few weeks previously; but he didn't. He might also equally truthfully have added, addressing the bird, 'We are fated to meet under strange circumstances, my friend;' but he didn't. He didn't know, you see. Nor did the bird, and would not have cared if he had.

After a time, when the risk of immediate palpitation, or of bursting from overworked heart, had become a little less threatening, the red-backed shrike rose, and flew slowly inland to an old target stop-butt. There are many such along the south coast, relics of the days when men, fearing invasion, were allowed not only to carry rifles, but actually (think of the wickedness!) to learn how to use them, with the purpose (what brutes! but they were not so highly 'civilised' in those days!) of killing the gentle, tender-hearted, chivalrous invader, should he land and start killing them. Wonderfully well have these grass-grown 'targets,' as the ranges are still called in the vernacular, withstood time and the weather. Upon the top of this one, then, the red-backed shrike perched, and sang—that is, threw out his challenge to all whom it might concern.

He had arrived.

And next instant a big, fat fly, droning past on the lap of the soft, salt-laden south breeze, knew it.

The song—it was quite a pretty little vocal effort, too—shut off almost with an audible click, the bird swooped out, there was a tiny snap in mid-air, and the bird was back again, motionless as an Egyptian carved bird—and very like one—thoughtfully dropping the wings of that insect from out of the sides of his suspiciously curved beak.

Birds, however, in most, but not all, cases, are far greater eaters than many people realise. This is only to be expected, if you stop to think of it, in creatures who, flying apart, squeeze more intense life out of each passing minute than almost any other living things on earth.

The shrike began his song again, but stopped half-way through to scowl and stare under his black half-mask at the cause of a violent interruption. Their respective devils had prompted two cock meadow-pipits to select that precise moment and spot in which to settle a blood-feud

of long standing. In and out of the stop-butt, over it, round it, fluttering, battling, beating, and 'cursing' shrilly, they whirled, and the red-backed shrike watched them with precisely the same thoughtful regard that he had evinced when the wings of the fly had fallen lightly—like mother-of-pearl shavings—from his oddly shaped beak. There was something peculiarly sinister in that stare of the bright eyes in the scowling black band.

In a minute or so the combatants parted. The great fight had been fought and won—and lost. One of the meadow-pipits rose into the air, as if drawn up by an invisible wire, on little fluttering wings; then, with wings up and tail fanned, came down again on a long slant, singing *Seeing! seeing! seeing!* as he came. He was the victor, and no affair of the red-backed shrike's. Still, that did not prevent that same shrike from copying the song with wonderful success, just in case the singer should be such a fool as to come and see who it was.

The other meadow-pipit had flown some fifteen yards, and settled, where you could just see its head, motionless among the grass.

Then, before you could call out, the red-backed shrike slid down. It was just as if there had been a greased plank from the top of the stop-butt to the bird, and the shrike had gone down it.

Followed instantly a tiny, tenuous scream, choked as soon as uttered; a momentary confusion of feathers; and the shrike had passed on, flying low and heavily toward the nearest hedge, carrying with him the twitching body of the luckless meadow-pipit—headless! But lest any feel inclined to censure our shrike, one may perhaps be permitted to add that he had only done the meadow-pipit a kindness—in his own peculiar way. There is no sentimentality about Nature; the meadow-pipit had injured his wing in the process of settling that blood-feud, and it is better to die swiftly, if one is a bird, than to face the wild with an injured wing—far, far better. *Vae victis* is the law in the wild, remember, which none can evade, and remorselessly does Nature enforce it.

A heavy heat, a hot, blue-gray heat-haze, a filmy white-blue sky, and the unblinking stare of the sun over all.

Bird-song languished at last. There was no clashing dawn hymn to greet the day, but a brazen song-thrush sang at intervals, a black-bird was fluting now and then, there sounded the tumbling bars of a chaffinch serenade occasionally, and from time to time the 'fizzle' of an apparently newly emancipated male starling, the carol of a lark, and quite often the little lilt of a hedge-sparrow, who seemed determined to be heard now or never, before the great summer

silence shut down over the heavy green face of the land.

Now and then the soft, lazy call of a cuckoo pealed abroad; late swifts, hurrying in from the far South, screamed wildly as they tore across the sky; and the gentle, sensuous *C-r-r-oo* of the turtle-dove filled the woods with a new note.

Young birds were blundering about all over the place. Goodness and themselves knew if their parents were with them to keep an eye upon them. If they were, they managed to hold themselves singularly well screened from the public gaze.

Then, suddenly, the quietness was sawed across by a harsh, rasping *Wark! wark!* and a vision of rose and red and white and brown shot out across the field, over the waving poppies and the long grass that was always sighing, twisted, shot upwards, and returned to the old tottering railings with a fat, fawny moth in its beak.

Instantly there was another *Wark! wark!* as a second vision, only less beautiful, fell upon the first, and they fought like fiends over the prey for perhaps ten seconds, only to break off without warning and snap to attention, each bolt-upright and as impassive as a wax candle, on its perch, as if they had never moved for a month. And that, if you please, represented the ordinary loving greeting and domestic felicity of our friend the red-backed shrike and his new wife. It didn't seem to strike them as anything but correct. The young thrushes, that sat about and squawked eternally with frog-like beaks, didn't appear surprised; the turtle-doves crooned on dreamily, unshocked; the little parties of hobbledehoy hedge-sparrows that went by didn't seem to mind, and I am sure I don't. It was all in the programme, apparently.

Then Fate, who must have wanted something to do, chose that very moment to set two male shrews at one another's throats, somewhere down in the shaded realm of mystery of vegetation along the hedge-bank. Being male shrews, they *had* to fight when they met—Heaven knows why. Being shrews, also, they 'said things,' awful things, in thin, high screams, so high that the sounds stabbed the heat like pin-points.

The two shrikes said nothing; but each bird, with head on one side, regarded the spot with that thoughtful, rapt attention peculiar to their kind. Then, as if impelled by a single lever, they slid down.

Only the watching bank-voles and the lurking spiders saw what followed, and they were afraid. The shrews fought with the courage that comes of a body less than three inches long and a seventy-inch temper, slashing upwards with their little *red* needle teeth, still screaming with rage. One managed to get home on the hen-bird's leg, so that she squawked and let go, and he tumbled

head over heels backwards into nowhere. The other managed to get his skull cracked like an egg-shell, and tumbled into the abyss of death with a squirm. Both together the shrikes returned to the rails, where they promptly hurled themselves at one another with harsh screams to match, and only discovered when it was too late that the prey had rolled off the rails into the long grass below; and the cat, who had been planning to circumvent them, but had accepted the shrew instead, was sneezing fit to warn any keeper thirty yards away over the prize, which she had picked up, but dropped again as if it was a red-hot coal.

In an instant the shrikes agreed on an armistice, to swoop at, and yell at, and so thoroughly advertise that feline to all the world that she removed on her belly, pausing only now and then to look back over her shoulder with those inscrutable, yellow-green, sinister orbs of hers, first at the shrew, then at the shrikes, as if they had had a hand in making the obstreperous little beast smell so horrible that no one, except by accident, would bite it.

The shrikes were hardly pleased at this episode, and a small blue dragon-fly passing, like a flower-petal broken loose, at that moment got the benefit of it. A shoot out, twist, turn, and the cock-bird was away, looping over the waving grass—blood-stained where the poppies grew—to the hedge on the far side, the dragon-fly accompanying him.

Here, out in the open, in the middle of the field, many strange little whirling specks of white, which were the white rumps of birds, grew into house-martins. He realised the fact too late, and increased his speed. He knew what was coming, because house-martins appear to have found the shrike out, and behave accordingly. And it came.

He arrived at the far hedge at last, looking somewhat tired and worried, in a dancing, half-demented halo of house-martins, whose personal feelings he was doing his best to dodge without stopping. One house-martin he might successfully argue with, two or three could be held off by bluffed ferocity, but half a hundred! Look here, you get mobbed by half a hundred lusty and naughty children, and you will know how he felt.

Having cleared himself of the incubus of the martins by darting into the great old tangled double hedge—'shaw' they call them in some parts—and incidentally clearing a few dozen twigs, and spikes, and thorns, and what not, which could impale a bird as easily as a spear, and doing it at high speed, too, he fetched up in a perfectly awful thorn-bush of ferocious, bristly aspect.

For a moment he scowled round at the chequered shadows, wondering who was watching him, for there are always watchers in the wild, and then, calmly and coolly, jabbed the

dragon-fly on a big thorn, just for all the world as a man jabs a bill on a file.

But that was not all, for he chose that moment to jump into nowhere—vanish, that is, with startling suddenness. Most birds, if not too flurried, contrive to visit and to leave their nests with about as much advertisement as ghosts, but this was doing the thing handsomely. If one adds that he had merely dropped a foot and slipped through a screen of leaves, to stand scowling at his mate—she could not have tarried much on *her* way home—sitting on their nest, sphinx-like and silent, it rather spoils the effect.

That home which he had come so many hundreds of miles to make, risking death by sea and land and the air above in the process, was of some ambition as to size. Roots, stems, moss had all gone into the building of it, and hair and wool to the furnishing; and you can take my word for it—since Mrs Shrike looked as if she didn't care whether she came off this week or next—under the hen-bird were some gems of eggs, whose background was of the palest green, clouded and figured with bluish-gray, and in the eyes of the owners all the big round world wouldn't buy those little round treasures.

And in that instant it was that the cuckoo stuck her hawk-like head through the leaf-curtain, and with her evil yellow eyes stared at them—a long, leering stare.

There was dead silence in that bush.

For about as long as one takes to aim a rifle slowly and squeeze off the trigger, those two reprobates regarded the third—thoughtfully, and with their heads a little on one side. Then they—*moved*.

Perhaps there had been a mistake somewhere; they ought to have been merely helpless little fools of insect-eaters. I don't know, but the cuckoo did. She came away from the vicinity of that big nest, seven feet up in that unspeakably pointed bush, like a thing hunted by devils. She was, too; and it wasn't the male shrike, more or less on and about her—all claws, including claw-like beak, at work—or the female, who screamed with terror.

The sloping sides of the arena were tastefully decorated in brown plush and gold; the carpet of the floor of the arena was green, scattered with white confetti; and the roof was of rich pale blue.

What an amphitheatre of the fairies!

But it was a man of anything but fairy-like aspect, and not even an elf, that strode down through the crackling golden furze, and set out his nets upon the daisy-carpeted grass of the bottom of the hollow, glancing now and then up at the blue sky to note the weather.

He took a linnet, and put it down, tethered to a peg—Judas! In cages, several times too

small for any bird, he set out some more linnets. They twittered, and moved about the inch or two the cages allowed them, like one o'clock. Then he removed to what he considered a good distance, and I like to think that he didn't know what this was, or how best to wait, and I'm not going to tell him.

Time passed, and so did far too many linnets—into cages. Ah, but heaven must have had a grudge against some of these little birds, else why make them such several kinds of fools as to be taken by the dozen, in this soft fashion?

The man laughed. Well he might. There must be fools in the world, or there would be no fun. Then he didn't laugh.

The laugh was echoed from the furze, only in a sinister and derisive fashion. *Wark! wark!* and a pale-gray and reddish-white-flecked line drew itself from there to—Judas. There was the beginning of a yell, the hint of what might have been a flutter, the pale-gray and reddish-white-flecked line drew itself back over the furze again, and—Judas had gone!

Only the peg was there, the string, the thong, and—oh, horror!—the head of Judas. The rest had sauntered into spookland, and never more returned, and the language of the man would have made a bargee's hair curl.

Flying heavily and low over the almond-scented, golden blooming furze of the common, badly handicapped and weighted with the burden of the headless linnet, captured for her six fine big children, reared now to within a day of taking flight on their own account, the hen red-

backed shrike never had an earthly chance against the waiting, watching, vibrating shadow hung aloft. The shadow fell almost with a hiss, and, with its spurred heel held straight, knocked her literally into the next world. But the kestrel falcon had swooped in an evil moment. The cock red-backed shrike, hurrying home, attached to a fine lizard, to throw into the bottomless pit of his family's mouths, beheld the murder from afar.

He came like a little red meteorite, and he screamed and fought like a little red devil. Moreover, his pestilential, harsh, rancorous voice aroused the wild. Everybody rushed up at his call—linnet, chaffinch, wagtail, robin, wren, meadow-pipit, they all came after their kind, and they all mobbed that kestrel falcon. But what was worse, from his standpoint, the Hibernian riot attracted the rascally roving eye of one out of five passing rooks, and he threw in his weight on the side of the small allies. And that did it. The kestrel falcon discovered 'it was time and time to go,' and he went, rook and little birds streaming after him like the tail of a comet.

Ten minutes later the cock red-backed shrike was feeding Judas to his great, big, wallowing, lolloping children, and next morning they all left the nest together.

The task that began in the brazen glare of the African sun had been completed there under the tempered amber sunshine in the Sussex 'shaw.' The red-backed shrike had 'done his bit.'

TOUCHES FROM OLDEN WARFARE IN OUR ANCIENT CHURCHES.

ON entering many of our ancient churches we come into instantaneous touch with tokens of olden warfare. As the eye ranges along the pale vistas of sturdy or stately pillars and arches—as the case may be, according to the century of their erection—it falls upon sculptured figures of departed warriors, disposed on monuments enriched with heraldic devices that indicate the last resting-place of those they represent, or on other relics still more intimately associated with them, such as portions of the armour they wore in battle array, or banners that blew out over battlefields in which they had been engaged. In several instances the armour has probably been a complete suit (as we may assume from that of the Black Prince in Canterbury Cathedral, or from that of Henry the Fifth in Westminster Abbey, or from examples in Wimbledon church and St Mary Redcliffe's, Bristol), but has dwindled in the course of centuries to a helmet or a corslet, or to a pair of spurs, or a pair of gauntlets. In Witham church there are four helmets; in many more there is only one. Dagenham church has

a helmet and a pair of gauntlets. Some north-country parishes provided armour for such of the inhabitants as performed military services, and frequent reference to it occurs in the books kept by churchwardens. In 1599, for instance, they set down in the books kept at Houghton-le-Spring: 'To the armerer for dressing the armer belonging to the parish, vj s.' Later, in 1624, they set down: 'For dressing a sword and a new scabbard, 1s. 6d. ;' and in 1638 there is another entry of a sword that cost one shilling and sixpence, of a bandolier that cost three-pence, and of a scourer and a worm that cost one shilling. Sometimes a sword is the only trophy placed to the memory of a hero, as is the case in St Leonard's, Bridgnorth, where a gallant soldier met his death in the churchyard in the defence of the town in the Parliamentary wars.

There are still more striking items in some churches, consisting of bullet-marks on doors and doorways, telling of flight from pursuit by enemies. In Caldecote church, in leafy War-

wickshire, there is an oaken door so completely riddled with bullet-holes that it has been thought well to line it for its preservation. This damage was the result of an attack by the Royalists in the Civil War. Frequently these marks are in the stonework of the doorways, as though fugitives who were making for shelter in the sacred building had a volley fired after them, as at Warkworth. In the ancient parish church at Alnwick there is a cluster of bullet-marks about the height of a man from the ground on the exterior of the wall of the south aisle, which conveys the impression of an execution having taken place there, as was the case in St Paul's Churchyard when Trooper Lockyer was shot, and in Burford churchyard, where a cornet and two corporals met the same fate. The churches at Ledbury, Alston, Pembridge, as well as St Sepulchre's, Northampton, among others, have bullet-marks on them. There are marks, too, in some edifices where the sharpening of weapons has taken place. Yardley church has some; Chedzoy church can show where the rustics sharpened their axes and scythes for battle; and farther north there are deep indentations on pillars in Elsdon and Ponteland churches, where weapons were made more deadly for foes at Flodden and elsewhere. A few church-towers show traces of cannonades, as in York, Hastings, and Tockholes. In some northern churches the towers were made of a special strength to afford refuge from attack, and some were furnished with beacon-turrets which gave access to the roof, from which the beacons could be lighted and signals could be easily made, as well as observations taken.

Looking upon the spaciousness and calmness of so many of our old churches, and upon the sculptured figures (images they were sometimes called in old wills) that have been placed in them, we are reminded of the interpretation folklore has given to the various attitudes of the recumbent knights. Those having their legs crossed at the knees are supposed to have differed in some respect from those whose legs are crossed at the ankles or midway between the ankle and knee, such as in the number of journeys to the Holy Land undertaken by the departed; and the treatment of the sword is supposed to indicate either death in action or peace after victory, according to whether it is drawn, or half-drawn, or sheathed. The will of the fourth Earl of Shrewsbury mentions his desire that a tomb should be made for his burial, with three images on it, one of himself in his 'mantell of garters;' one of his first wife, in her robes, on his left hand; and the third of his wife that then was, on his right. To mention another example: Lord Montague, we learn, directed that his helmet and arms should be set up in the chancel of Hornby church, and an image of copper gilt placed on his tomb.

The custom of 'laying up' the colours of

regiments in churches brings a sense of warfare very close to them. At the present day it has suffered no diminution in practice. Before a thousand Territorials left Blackburn for Egypt recently, they deposited their colours in the parish church; and the colours of the ninth battalion of the Durham Light Infantry were laid up in Gateshead church only a very short time ago. Norwich Cathedral, Hexham Abbey, Beverley Minster, and Durham Cathedral have also recently received similar trophies with all reverence and circumstance commensurate with their association. Not only are they thus housed in sacred edifices, but they are sometimes buried within their precincts, as was the case with those of the King's Own Scottish Borderers at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and those of the Thirtieth Regiment at Winchester, not long ago. Sometimes they have been removed from one place to another, as in the case of those of the Durham Local Militia, which had been kept in the Tower of London since 1816, till they were brought with a ceremonial escort and deposited on the altar in Durham Cathedral in the present year. In opposition to this general feeling of devotion, sanctity, and fidelity, we may mention a record reported in the *Times* of the sale of the old colours of the Third Company of the Coldstream Guards in 1907, when the price that secured a purchaser was twenty-one pounds. On this relic were the arresting words, 'Egypt, Talavera, Barrosa, Peninsula, and Waterloo.'

A sword-rest and a mace-stand may be sometimes noticed in churches when the mayor and town officials attend the services; the current of our thoughts, however, carries us to the contemplation of such items as are associated with warfare nowadays.

E. M. B.

(Died of wounds received in action at the Dardanelles.)

FADE, arid waste, swart foes, war's devilment;
Rise, mirage green of fields where once he trod,
That fades in turn; for, lo! the veil is rent,
The Last Post sounds; he lies in alien sod.

What recompense for those still bound in grip
Of life—unwelcome life—that dear voice mute;
Craving from eye to eye, from lip to lip,
Response accustomed? Oh, who can compute?

Deep human love? Impotent yet to keep
Him of the gods beloved; they claim his days,
His bloom of youth and athlete's grace. Why weep
A shield unsullied; grudge the hero's bays?

'Twere better so. Why murmur? Who would
choose
The hollowness and fret of life's long lease,
Its sordid aims, its tendency to lose
High dreams in self? He wins eternal peace.

Yon craggy heights, the lowland pastures lush.
The dim blue line where ocean meets the sky,
The ferny glen whence silver cascades rush—
All echo to a soldier's eulogy!

GWENDOLINE JONES.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE SPADE IS MIGHTIER!

IT is night. In the room men lie sprawled on the stone floor. Their blankets and greatcoats are wrapped round them, for the wind whistles through the cardboard and wood that long ago replaced the glass shivered by the shock of the guns. Braziers are alight in the room, for it is cold lying on a stone floor in the early part of February.

The light flickers on the walls and roof. Most of the men are asleep, but one or two lie reading; one man is writing on a pad resting on his knees. Their candles chase the shadows cast by the braziers. There is no space unused. The whole floor is covered. And on the walls hang equipment and rifles.

The door opens, and suddenly a voice rasps out, 'Fall in in five minutes! Light fighting order without haversacks or water-bottles.'

Roused from their peaceful sleep by the voice, they lie still for a minute, till the voices of the N.C.O.'s break into their momentary reverie: 'Come on! Come on! Show a leg, there! Fall in in five minutes!'

In a moment all is confusion. Before there is time to grasp its meaning, order is restored and the men are filing out into the darkness and the rain. Quickly they form up and number, and, in obedience to a few sharp orders, they are off. An officer falls in at their head.

They have marched for perhaps two miles. The column halts at a wagon drawn up in the deeper shadow cast by the trees at the roadside. The men without shovels move silently up to the wagon, shoulder a bundle, and silently return to their places.

Sandbags! Forgetful is he who spent the winter soldiering in France and does not shiver at that ominous name.

A low command, and once again the column files off. The rain drives down with the wind, cruel with the remorselessness of nature. Ahead, where the splatter of rifles breaks out occasionally, a flare goes up, its weird incandescence showing up the column of men trudging steadily onward. By the roadside appears a row of poplars, uncanny in the half-light.

Tramp! tramp! Oh! the weariness of it, the monotony of it. And not a song or a whistle to cheer them, for they are nearing the firing-line. Houses loom ahead, their shapes

distorted by the darkness and the rain. Men stumble over bricks and stones; an involuntary curse is heard.

'Halt! Who comes there? Advance one to be recognised!'

The officer halts the column and goes forward to satisfy the sentry. Then on again past the disconsolate, sodden figure standing with fixed bayonet.

'Sandbags again, Jock! Bleeding murder, ain't it?' Thus the sentry voices his disgust.

The column turns to the right through the village. Flares glimmer in the rain, lighting up the ruined convent, the shattered houses; the pathetic appeal of a curtain fluttering heavenward through a paneless window, throwing into relief the barricaded, shell-holed road. A light shines from a partially roofed cottage, and a snatch of song is heard. The misery of the men marching past becomes more acute; the discomfort of their own billet is forgotten; in contrast it becomes a place of rest and contentment.

They turn to the left down a road leading straight to the enemy lines, past the machine-gun guarding the approach. They proceed cautiously now. They slither over a muddy plank spanning the roadside ditch. They sniff the tainted air. Huddled 'things' lie on the roadway; they step carefully past. A flare shoots above them, and they crouch down. The sudden light exposes a huddled figure on a stretcher, three others lying round it. The flare dies out, and the men slough onward through the mud with hearts beating faster.

Men suddenly appear out of the darkness—the Engineers. The workers are paced out and quickly get to work. Sandbags are filled to the accompanying 'slough-sloughing' of the shovels in the mud. Bag follows bag across to the Engineers who are building the breastwork. The bags, rising steadily higher and higher, glimmer in the darkness. With a suddenness that is startling, a flare bursts into light; the men flop down in the mud. What does mud matter? They are already wet through. But the horror of lying face downward in inches of mud with the rain trickling down one's neck!

Have they been too late? Have they been seen? They are five hundred yards out from their own lines. They are in No Man's Land!

A machine-gun splatters. The bullets whistle overhead and 'phut-phut' into the mud behind. Thank Heaven! they have not the range.

The racket dies down. The work goes on. Backs are aching; eyes are sore straining in the gloom; hands are blistered; faces, could they be seen, are hard and distorted with the heart-breaking misery. It seems years since they left their billet. The rumour passes from mouth to mouth that some of their comrades are hurt, some killed. Will the hours never pass? Oh God, for a bullet and—Blighty! Blighty! The magic word that means home. Home! A touch of relief comes when he thinks of those behind him there. After all, this is for them; better he than they.

A 'slough-sloughing' makes itself apparent. It comes nearer and yet nearer. The men know what it means—their reliefs have come. It is one o'clock. They have been working for three and a half hours. They collect their shovels. Then backward they go the way they came; another night's work over.

They scarcely glance at the 'things' as they pass. Their senses are numbed. They care for naught save that they reach their billet. They are too tired to think. They stumble down the road; no longer is the steady tramp, tramp heard; they shuffle along, swaying slightly from side to side.

At length the miles are covered. The shovels are returned. They unload their rifles, and at last are dismissed to their pitiable billet. The fires are out. A few candles are lit. They take off their greatcoats, kick off their boots, and, too tired to do more, wrap their blankets round them and lie down. The candles are blown out and the room is in darkness.

A man moves uneasily in his sleep. In the room is the sound of deep, heavy breathing. The draught whistles through the window; the rain patters outside; but tired nature claims her own, oblivious to all else.

MUSIC IS MIGHTIER!

There was quite a pretty little touch one night recently in the trenches. We were in a fairly quiet spot between two hotbeds. On our left trench-mortar bombs were bursting with a terrific crash; on our right liquid-fire bombs were being thrown by our side in return for huge mortar bombs. An occasional rifle would crack with a fussy report. Shells were coming over at regular intervals, heavy ones searching for the German mortar guns. You can imagine the din! The flashing of the guns and bombs, the sparkling flare of star shells.

Then into the medley of sound crept yet another—a cornet was playing march tunes, and its beautiful notes floated downwind from our rear, giving a whimsical touch to the whole proceedings. The bombing stopped; not a rifle cracked. Both sides were silent, listening to the distant cornet. It was perfect! A still, starry night, and not a sound save a distant and unwitting musician playing marches. For a quarter of an hour the cornet-player held supreme place—until he ran his melody into 'Rule Britannia,' when the 'Allemands' opened fire with their rifles and the mortar guns began again.

It was one of our stretcher-bearers, a bandman, who had just got a new instrument. A divisional band was being formed, and he was one of the selected. He was practising, and held some five thousand to ten thousand men listening to him. A good audience!

FORTUNE COMES TO SUNNYMEDE.

CHAPTER II.—MRS HOBBS TAKES A HAND IN THE AFFAIRS OF SUNNYMEDE.

ON Thursday afternoon Grace went to join Mrs Hobbs on the Promenade, the appointment having been made at that thoughtful old lady's request. She found the new boarder seated in a deck-chair overlooking the sands, watching the children at play. There was something so entirely benevolent in her regard, something so regal withal, that the girl was irresistibly reminded of the curious conversation that had preceded her arrival. While she was still smiling at the suggestion, Mrs Hobbs perceived her.

'So you have finished your dusting,' she said. 'As you see, I have kept a chair for you. There, that's right. Now let me see the title of your novel.'

Grace blushed as she revealed the book.

'Green's Short History of the English People,'

read Mrs Hobbs, in natural surprise. 'And why, if I may ask?'

Grace wondered how this alert old lady could ever have seemed stolid and sedate. Few people are at their best when travelling, she reflected, recalling her own experiences with her dress-basket. Then she explained, haltingly, that at the time of Dr Lanyon's sudden death she had been doing very well at a high school. That disaster to the family fortunes and affections had definitely closed her education, and since that time her share in the Sunnymede enterprise had called for all her attention. And so—

'And so you read history instead of novels now and then,' said Mrs Hobbs placidly. 'But may I ask what his name is, my dear?'

Grace started, and looked up so appealingly

that the shrewd old lady was finally conquered. She laughed very heartily, very kindly.

'Oh, my dear girl!' she said. 'Why am I so old if I have not learnt anything? Still, you must not tell me unless you wish to.'

Thereupon, of course, Grace told her, unveiling her shadowy little romance with broken sentences that were all the more effective for their incompleteness. Possibly the portrait she drew was not true to any young man's life or appearance; but Mrs Hobbs, having heard, sat looking out to sea with something in her eyes that was neither ridicule nor criticism. Under her breath, perhaps, she murmured, 'Poor little girl!' but there was nothing so hurtful as pity in her spoken comment.

'So, having a picture of a gentleman before you,' she said—'an educated man, you believe, and extremely clever, of course—you make preparation for his coming, instead of simply wishing for it. Well, it seems to me, though I am not an authority, that that is the faith that moves mountains. I think—I am sure—that he will come again. Just one more question, now. Hadn't you been thinking of him on Monday, when you ran out to help an old woman who was bothered with parcels?'

'Oh yes, I had!' cried Grace, astonished. 'I was thinking of him when you came in sight. How could you guess?'

Mrs Hobbs laughed. "'Tis love that makes the world a round,'" she quoted merrily. 'When my dear husband became fairly well-to-do, he gave up the City and took me with him to see the world, and to get so much wisdom that I should not any longer carry my small belongings in many paper parcels. I found it a very good world on the whole, though it was painful to find so many places where there were no feather-beds to be had. Well, I learnt some new things, perhaps; but at the end some of my old beliefs remained as firm as a rock. I still placed the first value upon the kind word to a stranger, the helping hand to any one in distress. And when we see that, my dear, we generally find that it does not begin where we see it. There is always a first chapter somewhere else. But let us get on to another subject. I have been wondering whether I can help your mother a little with her boarding-house. I have already decided to ask my young nephew Horace, who is at Haileybury College, to come and spend a week here with me. His holidays will soon begin, and then he will make one more boarder. But now I think I can see another, if only we can secure him. I have been watching him for some minutes.'

Grace followed her glance, and saw that it rested upon a middle-aged gentleman who occupied a chair below, on the sands. 'My eyesight is not infallible,' said the old lady pleasantly. 'But I am almost sure. Go to him, my dear, and ask him if he is Mr Denton of

Durban. If he is, tell him that I should like to speak to him.'

Grace rose, without hesitation, and descended the steps to the sands. A moment later the middle-aged gentleman in question awoke to the fact that a very radiant girl was standing at his side.

'Are you Mr Denton of Durban?' she asked sweetly.

'I—I believe so—that is, yes,' stammered the stranger, taken completely by surprise; for he had been under the impression that he had no acquaintances at all at Eastgate-on-Sea.

'Then there is a Mrs Hobbs on the Promenade who would like to speak to you.'

Mr Denton of Durban extricated himself, with some difficulty, from his chair. He plainly recognised the name of Hobbs, but at the moment it was Grace that attracted him, and he scanned her face with evident appreciation. Then, realising that she waited, he murmured a hasty apology and followed her up to the Promenade.

Though the gentleman was just past his prime, his clear eyes and alert manner showed that his faculties were in full vigour. At the first glance Grace had liked him; at the second, her liking was mingled with distinct respect. A moment more, and he was greeting Mrs Hobbs with manifest pleasure.

'This,' he said, 'is better fortune than I could have hoped for. I called at your address in London, only to find that you were away.'

'That was very nice of you,' said the old lady, who was equally pleased at the meeting.—'Mr Denton,' she said, turning to Grace, 'comes from Natal, and when Mr Hobbs and I visited Durban a few years ago he showed us much kindness.—When did you come, Mr Denton, and where are you staying? How long will you be here, and are you alone?'

'I am alone, and I reached England a fortnight ago,' said the colonial genially. 'I am staying now at the Eastgate Hotel. I do not know for how long, but possibly a few days.'

'All the more reason why you should spend them happily. If it is possible, I suggest that you transfer yourself to Sunnymede, where Grace will dust your room for you, and where you will be able to compare notes with me. Can you dine with us this evening and make arrangements?'

Mr Denton was considerably amused, but he was also pleased. Clearly he knew and appreciated both Mrs Hobbs and her hospitable philosophy. He admitted, indeed, that he found his solitary state quiet enough, and after another look at Grace, intimated that a transfer might be practicable. He made a note of the hour and the address, and then he brought up another chair and sat beside them. A very pleasant half-hour was spent in general talk and in the exchange of reminiscences, some of which

Grace found so interesting that her *Short History* made very little progress; and when Mr Denton went away at last, it was very evident that he would keep his appointment for the evening.

'I took it upon myself to invite him to dinner,' said Mrs Hobbs, as she led the way home to tea. 'I hope your mother will not mind?'

'She will be very glad,' said Grace sincerely; and her heart warmed to this old lady, whose chief purpose in life seemed to be to find feather-beds for herself and to provide them for other people. Nor was her expectation falsified, for the mother only rejoiced when she heard that her new boarder had picked up a friend. During the last three days, indeed, the once unpromising Mrs Hobbs had assumed a place of much favour in the Sunnymede circle, even Hester being obliged to admit that she was an acquisition. On closer acquaintance she proved to be kindly, shrewd, and well informed, despite her peculiarities, and possessed of a gift of tact that enabled her to make herself agreeable to all alike. Mrs Lanyon had found her helpful and sympathetic, while Grace had evidently gained a firm footing in her regard. George Bertram, the somewhat staid and reserved young architect who remained at Sunnymede because it was 'so quiet,' found much enjoyment in her good-humoured philosophy and observations, while Slater gave her the highest praise possible when he declared that she was 'a ripping old girl.' Altogether, her coming had greatly lightened the Sunnymede atmosphere, though even now no one guessed that she might be more than she seemed.

Mr Denton made his appearance in good time, Grace opening the door to him and taking him to join George Bertram in the drawing-room. In three minutes they were chatting quite freely, and the colonial had even got so far as to explain the reason for his present visit to England.

'The fact is,' he said frankly, 'I have come to see a young relative of mine, a nephew, who has, I fear, no particular wish to be seen. He is the son of my only sister, who, when she died two years ago, left him a small fortune, and asked me to look after him. Of course I invited him to visit me, because I could not come to England just then. But though he answered my letters, he did not mention my invitation. So I had to make the journey.'

'And have you seen him?' asked Bertram.

Mr Denton smiled humorously. 'Not at all,' he said; 'though I have seen traces of him. He hasn't been to business for a long time, and there is every evidence that he doesn't mean to go. He left his London rooms some time before I landed, and I have a suspicion that his neglect to leave any directions there was

not exactly an oversight. I came down here in despair, to consider what I should do next. What would you advise?'

'It' said Bertram, taken unawares.

But at that moment Roderick Arthur Slater stepped gaily into the room, neatly groomed, light-hearted as ever, and proud of the fact that he was for once punctual. 'Here we are again!' he began in his characteristic fashion; and then, aware of the presence of a stranger, he became very much subdued. 'Oh, I beg pardon!'

'This gentleman is a visitor,' said Bertram quickly. 'Mr Denton of Durban.'

Slater looked at Mr Denton of Durban, but could not find words wherewith to greet him. For a few moments he was much too surprised to speak, and then his expressive face reflected a whole series of emotions. His one exclamation told everything. 'Uncle!' he cried, in dismay.

Mr Denton of Durban was equally surprised, but he had no reason for dismay. 'Well, upon my word!' he said. 'This is an unexpected—er—pleasure. Eh, Roderick?'

Slater recovered his presence of mind. He was also quick enough to get a fairly correct impression of his much-avoided relative, and of the best way to meet a rather difficult situation. He sat down heavily in the nearest chair, and the pathos of his look might have melted the stoniest of hearts.

'There!' he said. 'I've known it all day! When I woke up this morning I found the word "Work" somehow in the air. It came again and again, in spite of all I could do. I told myself that there was really no Work on my horizon. "Why," I said, "you've got quite a thousand pounds left, and it ought to last at least two years—if you can only keep clear of persistent and well-intentioned relatives!" But all through the day the thing has lingered about me—the curious feeling that my holiday was nearly over, and that there was Work somewhere in the vicinity. Never tell me again that there's nothing in presentiments!'

The company laughed, and it was clear that even Mr Denton of Durban appreciated the position.

Slater went on feelingly: 'Allow me to say, uncle, that I am glad to see you—looking so well! More you could not expect me to say, could you? But I should like to know to whom I am indebted for the honour of this visit.'

He looked at Grace, and it was Grace that answered. 'Why, we found your uncle on the beach,' she said. 'At least, Mrs Hobbs did.'

'Oh! So it was Mrs Hobbs, was it?'

He looked thoughtful for a time, trying to reconcile his previous opinion of Mrs Hobbs with this manifestation of her influence. Then

he gave up that problem to deal with the more immediate one.

'Well, uncle,' he said, 'I suppose we'd better make the best of it, eh?'

Mr Denton smiled. 'It is very nice of you, Roderick,' he said genially. 'Perhaps it will be enough to say that I am sorry my coming should have given you such a shock. And we'll discuss other matters some other time.'

Then the gong was heard, and they prepared to go in to dinner. But the day was not in any sense over, for as they entered the dining-room Mrs Lanyon, followed by Mrs Hobbs, came into it by the other door. Up to this time the mother had not met the visitor, and, as it happened, neither had she heard his name. Now they came face to face, and Mrs Hobbs hastened to introduce her friend.

'Mr Denton—Mrs Lanyon.'

For a moment poor mother stood bewildered, incredulity and amazement struggling with definite recognition in her mind. Then she stepped back, with an instinctive appeal to her elder daughter. 'Hester! Oh Hester!'

Mr Denton was equally astonished. 'Good gracious!' he ejaculated. 'It is Edith—Edith Gardener!'

He stepped forward as if to assure himself, and, once assured, again held out his hand.

'Oh!' said mother, to some degree recovering her presence of mind; and in a moment more they had realised that a very surprising meeting of old friends had taken place. After the first greeting, it was Mr Denton who gave the explanation to the others.

'You will excuse my incoherence,' he said, with considerable emotion. 'Twenty-five years ago, when I left England, Edith Gardener was, I think, the dearest friend I had. From that day to this I had never held any direct communication with her, and I did not dream that I should meet her here.'

Mrs Lanyon herself assisted in the process of pacification. Her first pallor had given place to a flush that became her well, and in that hour it was easy to forget that she was forty-five, and the mother of the self-possessed and capable Hester.

'I was so startled at first,' she said. 'Of course the name startled me—and then it was so strange to see the old face appearing through the beard. There was no beard, you know, when you left England! I think I was very clever to identify you so quickly.'

'Yes,' said Mr Denton. 'More clever, perhaps, than I, for I saw you this afternoon, in your daughter. She has your eyes, and I remembered them without recognising them.'

Looking at mother as she smiled upon him, he saw again the Edith Gardener of a quarter of a century ago, maternally indeed now, and with deep knowledge of the grayness of life as well as

its sunshine. But she was still a very charming Edith nevertheless, and he found that her eyes were the eyes he had never forgotten. So it was in high spirits and with romance in the atmosphere that the party settled down, the new guest facing his hostess from the foot of the table, and Mrs Hobbs and Bertram nearest to him. It was to Mrs Hobbs that Mr Denton of Durban unfolded the earlier chapters of the story.

'We were more than friends,' he said; 'at least, I would have been. But I was young, and hot-headed, and impatient—and there was another person in the field. She clearly preferred him; so I disappeared. A year later I heard that she had married, and naturally concluded that she had married that "other person." Now I understand that Dr Lanyon came upon the scene, and defeated every other rival. In coming to England now I did indeed hope somehow to see her; but I did not dream of such good fortune as this. I owe it to you!'

'Oh uncle!' cried Roderick Slater. 'I protest with all my heart. You owe it to me; for if it hadn't been for me, you wouldn't have come to England at all.'

'Hm!' said Mr Denton, somewhat taken aback. 'I should certainly take that into account.' And he looked at his unabashed nephew with a distinct increase in the measure of his appreciation. Whereupon Mrs Hobbs made a remark which appeared to have no immediate bearing on the situation or upon the conversation which had preceded it.

'"'Tis love that makes the world a round,"' she said.

They received the dictum in silence, knowing that it is the habit of elderly people to fall into reverie and to interject remarks which have their origins beyond. But Grace noticed it more particularly, for she had heard it before. Her attention thoroughly arrested, she looked at the innocent old lady intently, recalling her share in the extraordinary incidents of this fortunate day; and as she did so a sudden question came to her lips: 'Can it be that she is really'—

Then she smiled and dismissed the subject. The idea was so nonsensical. A kind-hearted, wise old lady who had a pretty habit of reflection, a lively interest in the welfare of other people, and a favourite proverb—that was all.

And yet, Miss Grace of the radiant eyes, why should you disdain the suggestion as mere nonsense? If Dame Fortune should indeed come and move once more among men, if she sought to give them some maxim to guide them in their affairs and help them to solve the riddle of the universe, tell me, what maxim should she choose? Could she find a better than that which Mrs Hobbs had already uttered twice?

(Continued on page 804.)

ANCIENT SCOTTISH SMUGGLING.

By HENRY ATTON.

FEW branches of research are more quaintly interesting than the condition of the Scottish Customs during the greater part of the eighteenth century. The first thing that strikes a student of the mutilated records is the amazing smallness of the Scottish returns to the British Exchequer. This was chiefly due to the fact that during the first half of the century at least one-third of Scotland was Custom-free, for there were no ports on the northern and western coasts between Helmsdale and Kintyre, while in the 'customed' portion of the country smuggling was almost unchecked. The Highlands were without revenue control, and two-thirds of the goods imported into the Lowlands passed free of duty.

From the date of the Union the Dumfries letter-books display reports of extensive smuggling, principally from that ancient depot of contraband, the Isle of Man, and of violent assaults upon Customs officers. In 1710 the Dumfries collector reported to the Commissioners at Edinburgh that there was little legitimate trade at his port. Early in 1711 he wrote that he had searched many suspected houses, particularly the house of the laird of Arbigland, at which place he found several casks of brandy, one of which the laird's servants destroyed to prevent seizure. 'We are heartily sorie that the Gentelmen of this Countrie give so much Encourigment to these Rogues, for if they had not their countenance they would not dare sutch Insults.' He observed that a cargo recently run was solely for use of the local gentry. 'No Marchants are Concern'd therein.' A few weeks later he reported a seizure near the Border, and the rescue of the goods from stowage by a number of women, who, 'breking open ye Doars & windows, & Committing Severall Abuses upon ye Officers, Forsably carried away ye Brandy.' Later, a seizure being made at the Water of Nith, a crowd of women rescued the goods. The seizing officers, being reinforced, recovered one bale of tobacco, and brought it to Dumfries, although set upon near the town by another mob of women armed with clubs and pitchforks. Later in the same year the Customs warehouse at Dumfries was entered by means of false keys, and rifled. During the following year the collector submitted a highly suggestive question to the Edinburgh Board: 'We beg to be informed what shall be don when we have reasons to believe goods are Lodged in a Nobleman's Cellars, and att the same tyme on pretence that the keyes therof are not to be found we are denyed entrance.' In 1720 the Dumfries Customs men, assisted by the military, made a large seizure of brandy and tobacco, and lodged the goods in the king's warehouse. The soldiers were sent to their quarters to sleep, 'to fitt them for mounting

guard.' Two responsible citizens 'and a parcel of Idle Fellows' broke into the warehouse in broad daylight and carried off the goods. A few casks were recovered on search. 'One of the Casks I found in one John McKells, Deacon of the Taylours, his house, which is within Six Yards of the Warehouse Door, and he himself was the principal Contriver and Actor in y^e Affair.'

Lurid as the old Dumfries records are, they are as nothing to those of Alloa. Most of the rescues (officially styled 'deforcements') entered in the books of the latter port occurred at Airth, a place which the superior officers were in the habit of visiting in disguise; for, wrote the collector, 'we are sure to get ourselves well beaten if we are seen.' In 1721 the Edinburgh Board ordered the goods seized at Alloa to be sent to Leith, 'to be sold at the roup,' and the collector replied that it would not be safe unless a strong military escort were provided. Later the *Charles* of Elphinstone arrived at Airth from Norway, and the Customs rummagers went on board. The ship's carpenter, one Logan, 'cured them many times,' threw one of them, and kicked him in the face. The officers were afraid to resent this. 'The whole crew,' wrote the collector, 'would have risen, and for aught I know have thrown all the Custom-house officers overboard, for I believe there is not such another Set of people in Scotland. There is neither justice of peace or Constable in all that Country.' A practice much in favour with the turbulent of Airth was to rush on board an incoming vessel during the night and plunder her cargo. Again and again the collector requested that soldiers might be put to guard the vessels that discharged at this lively port, but several years elapsed before this was done.

The letter-books of Ayr contain similar details. In 1733 an attempt was made to break into the Ayr Custom-House, and so disinclined were the magistrates to investigate that the Board referred the matter to the Justiciary. In 1742 a mob went on board a vessel that had brought oatmeal from Norway, and carried off the whole of her cargo. The collector informed the Board that it was unsafe for the Customs men to go abroad at night, and asked for a troop of dragoons, 'that the peace and trade of the place may be protected and preserved.' In 1752 the captain of the revenue sloop found four boats from Donaghadee, laden with horses, hovering on the Ayrshire coast. Suspecting an intention of landing the horses without payment of the Custom then due on animals from Ireland, he brought the little fleet to Ayr, where the collector exacted the duty (seventy-nine horses at one pound eighteen shillings and sixpence each). This was not

effected without much trouble, for the Irishmen attempted a rescue. It was fair-time, and the disaffected of Ayr assisted the riotous sailors, and would have succeeded but for the arrival of a troop of soldiers. (For this timely service the sergeant received half-a-crown, the corporal eighteenpence, and the privates a shilling each.)

Frequent complaints were made by the subordinate officers of ill-treatment at the hands of the rabble of Ayr. In August 1760 one Haldane stated that since December 1759 he had been assaulted four times while in the discharge of his duty, and the collector intimated that such an experience was no more than any vigilant officer might expect. In 1761 the collector wrote: 'Ninety-nine out of every hundred concerned in traffick are Smugglers.'

The accounts of smuggling and deforcements (notably at Troon) recur with startling rapidity. In 1765 the Ayr collector stated that there was great smuggling from the Isle of Man. He had been informed of 'great numbers of Horses going through the Country' with goods, even in the daytime, accompanied by bodies of thirty to a hundred men, all provided with fire-arms. It appears that the favoured landing-place was the coast between Girvan and Troon, whence the smugglers carried their goods through Ayrshire to Glasgow and Edinburgh. He quoted one venture in particular that passed in broad daylight over the ford a little above the Brig of Ayr, and along the Glasgow road. The officers witnessed this, but were afraid to meddle, there being no soldiers available to assist them. He continued that before the Government purchased the Isle of Man home-coming West Indiamen landed vast quantities of rum there, the goods being afterwards run into Scotland; that since the transfer of proprietorship (early in 1765) no less than forty-seven thousand seven hundred and ninety-two gallons of rum had been imported formally at Ayr for exportation and shipped for Ireland (thus paying but a slight duty); and that he was convinced the goods would be landed in the Isle of Man and smuggled back into Scotland.

In 1768 the Board tried to obtain a piece of land at Troon to accommodate certain preventive men and a troop of soldiers. The Troon smugglers (according to the Ayr collector) influenced the proprietress to refuse the land. (During the previous year they had waylaid and attempted to murder one Gordon, a Customs surveyor.) From 1776 to 1780—the period during which smuggling, both in England and Scotland, assumed its most determined and dangerous aspect—the Ayr records are quite remarkable. The district appears to have been in a state of war, so frequent are the entries of runs, skirmishes, and deforcements. The officers were afraid to move unless under military escort, and even when they were sure of such assistance their methods were cautious in the extreme. Early in 1777 three Customs men

and seven dragoons were sent to search a house in Carrick. On their way they met two excisemen and seven dragoons who had been on a similar errand, and had been fired upon and beaten off by the smugglers, who were led by one Davidson and 'the brothers McTaggart.' The smugglers were urged on by a number of women, 'holding bottles of spirits to their heads & encouraging them to the deforcement.' The revenue men returned to Ayr, and secured the assistance of two sergeants and twenty privates, armed with muskets and well mounted. With these they proceeded into Carrick, yet there is no record of arrests. Mr Reid, the Ayr Customs surveyor, reported thus: 'Among the excise officers is Mr Hamilton (a very spirited officer), notwithstanding of his having been wounded yesterday; but Mr Hume the supervisor, frightened out of his wits, would not go.' (It should be mentioned that it is not apparent that Reid himself went.)

During two days of the next month three large cargoes were run successfully on the Ayrshire coast, one by an English vessel. During the following month the *Liberty* of Hastings, commanded by one Henry Hanks of Folkestone, ran part of her cargo in broad day at Troon, and then had to sheer off on account of a gale. The goods were carried away before the Customs men arrived. When the gale subsided Hanks sailed in, and ran the rest of his cargo in full view of the officers. The latter waited till the horses were loaded up, and then made a demonstration; but the smugglers fired at them. 'The Irvine officers,' stated the report, 'declined, as thinking it dangerous, and therefore they went off & said they were going home.' Upon this the Ayr contingent 'judged it prudent to withdraw and return home.' About the same time the Ayr collector reported that five smugglers confined in the tolbooth for having fired on a revenue cutter had effected their escape. He hinted at collusion, and ridiculed the magistrates for having advertised a reward for recapture, stating his opinion that arrest by the civil officers was utterly impossible.

The records of the ports from Ayr to Port Glasgow and Greenock are kept in one series. Port Glasgow was the 'head port,' the collector at Greenock being merely a 'deputy.' In 1749 the seizure was reported of a Manx wherry and thirty-two pounds in coin (the latter being the proceeds of a run). This capture had been made by the Liverpool revenue cutter, which was cruising in Scottish waters. The following correspondence was found on board the wherry:

(1) A smuggling insurance policy, effected at Peel, Isle of Man, 7th August 1749. The goods (rum) had been insured for seventy-three pounds eighteen shillings and elevenpence, the voyage being described as from the Isle of Man to the Heads of Ayr, 'not farther north than the Knocking Stone.' The rate of insurance was 10

per cent. 'We engage that this shall be as firm as any policy made at London, Bristol, or any other place.'

(2) An advice of goods—'Sirs: We have sent you the above without your orders, & have charged you the Lowest ready Money price & Insurance, which we wish you safe,' &c.

(3) A letter, dated 19th August 1749, at Irvine, from one of the smugglers, named Callin, to his partner Kelly. This stated that the vessel arrived at Culzean, after being chased by a cruiser, and that the goods were landed safely; but the writer found some difficulty in getting his money, and had to engage that the next consignment should be a penny a gallon cheaper. The receivers insisted that it should be West Indian rum, New England rum being out of favour. Callin was told that rum could be bought at Antigua and Montserrat for two shillings and sixpence a gallon.

(4) A letter from one Ewing, an Irvine receiver, dated 21st August 1749, ordering more rum, and stating names of consignees. 'Let all the Casks be Strong,' &c.

(5) A letter from Callin to his wife, at Peeltown, 19th August 1749: 'D' Hattie: Yesterday morning at 7 o'clock we landed at Culzean after a Chase of 6 or 7 hours. I am pretty well, though I have been since I left home fatigued, night and day up, but hope now to get my regular rest,' &c.

On 14th November 1749 the Port Glasgow collector transmitted to the Edinburgh Board certain depositions made before William Stewart and John Alexander, Justices of the Peace, from which it appeared that H.M. sloop *Grampus* and the revenue sloop *Scorpion* had chased two wherries amid the Kyles of Bute. The smugglers ran one wherry ashore, having first thrown the goods overboard. The other wherry got rid of her cargo similarly, but was captured. Five smugglers were found on board. Meanwhile a crowd of people followed the chase along shore, brandishing broadswords and threatening the officers; but being fired upon, 'they thought it Proper to Shear off.' On 15th January 1750 (new style), Rennie, Wood, and Mackie, Customs officers, while conveying two seized casks of rum through the streets of Greenock, were attacked by a mob. They took the casks into a house, but the mob pursued them, beat the officers brutally, and carried off the rum. The rioters were headed by a sailor named Brallochan, 'with a Cutlass unsheathed in his hand,' who afterwards boasted openly of his misdeeds, shouting, 'I'll walk the streets of Greenock, and let me see who dare say anything against me.' The collector, in reporting on this, stated: 'The mob are still very Troublesome, and Threaten Desperate Revenge, Such as Cutting the Officers' Throats & Burning their houses.' On the 21st February the officers seized a quantity of tobacco on board a vessel from Virginia, and while they were taking it to

the Custom-house 'the Sailors rose in a great Tumult and Deford'd the Officers within Two Hundred yards of ye Custom-ho' Door, notwithstanding there were 11 officers.' The report continued: 'It is necessary to have a Watch on ye Custom House, for there is no Knowing how far the Smuglers' Resentment will carrie them.' Early in March the collector tried to sell publicly a quantity of seized tea. It was impossible to obtain a bid. 'The Countrie is Chiefly supplied with Smugled Tea.' During the same month information was received that fifteen wherries were loading contraband at the Isle of Man for Scotland, and the collector directed Andrew Crauford, commander of the revenue cruiser, to intercept them. Crauford sailed from the Cumbræes on 29th March, and proceeded to Whiting Bay, in Arran, where he found two wherries and two open boats lying ashore. The smugglers at once began to throw their cargoes overboard, and a number of islanders appeared and assisted in carrying the goods away and destroying the craft to prevent seizure. Crauford and his men landed, and were assailed with volleys of stones, 'thrown both by men and women.' The revenue men fired and wounded two of the ringleaders. In spite of this the islanders rescued all the goods; but the *Amazon* man-of-war, which happened to be in the locality, sent a boat's crew to assist Crauford. The island was then searched, and seizure made of large quantities of brandy, rum, and soft soap.

In May 1750 the collector furnished a list of persons alleged to have taken part in the rescue at Whiting Bay, John Hamilton, Hector M'Allister, James Baan Fullerton, and Angus Macmillan being particularly specified. Macmillan was also accused of Jacobitism, the constable of Arran describing him as an ex-soldier in Lord Loudon's Highland regiment, whence he deserted to the Pretender, returning after Culloden to Arran, 'and has been in James Baan Fullerton's employ ever since.' It appears that many women aided in the rescue, some of them attired as men. A red-haired maiden named Hamilton was described as ringleader. The constable also accused 'Barbara Hendrie, spouse to John McCurrie, Janet McKinnon, spouse to John Fullerton, Eliza Fullerton, spouse to Archibald Macallum,' &c.

The Dunbar records are equally enlivening. They display a deal of 'confidential information' received from various quarters by the Edinburgh Customs Board, and transmitted to the port. On 9th September 1751 the collector was told to look out for the *John and Esther*, which had been seen on 3rd September hovering on the Yorkshire coast with a cargo of contraband. In December he was told to look out for a Swedish vessel which had shipped at Dunkirk two hundred and sixty-four bales of tobacco, and stowed them 'abaft the pump.' In February 1752 word was sent that goods had been carried inland, authorised by forged permits, purporting

o be signed by the Customs, which described the goods as having been seized, condemned, and legally sold to the carriers. In February 1753 tidings arrived that the *Peggy* of Eyemouth was off the Yorkshire coast with contraband, supposed to be for Scotland, and covered by a 'pretended' clearance for Bergen. (This was quite an ancient dodge.) In October news came of a vessel from New York, laden with rum, 'intended to be run in this Firth.' In 1757 the Dunbar Customs surveyor detained the *Elizabeth* of Dundee, laden with tobacco and spirits from Campvere, and carrying a pretended clearance for Bergen. In 1762 the collector was ordered to procure a writ of assistance, search all the vintners' warehouses, and compare their stocks with the Customs books, seizing any wine found in excess. This was on account of information that vast quantities of wine were being smuggled on the east coast of Scotland.

The smuggling became more formidable still during the latter part of the 'seventies and beginning of the 'eighties. For instance, on 3rd September 1779 a letter signed by Adam Smith, author of *The Wealth of Nations*, then a Commissioner of Customs, conveyed tidings that a Flushing cutter was hovering off Dunbar, that many Leith carters had been employed to go to the coast as carriers, and that certain Edinburgh merchants, interested in the venture, had taken up their quarters at the Swan Tavern, kept by one Watts, at Beltonford, near the place selected for the run. The letter continued that the cargo was so large that two nights would be consumed in carrying it inland. During the first night half would be taken; the rest would be hidden for the time in the country houses near. In April the Dunbar collector reported the appearance of two armed smuggling-vessels. He had feared their crews designed an attack on the Custom-House, but they contented themselves with effecting a large run near Belhaven. After they left he searched the neighbourhood, and made extensive seizures, notably in outhouses belonging to the Earl of Haddington and on premises occupied by the turncock of Samuelston. For these services he received a complimentary letter, signed by Adam Smith. Later in the same month he reported a deforcement. Three Customs men fell in with a body of smugglers guarding thirteen cartloads of tea. The officers were knocked out of their saddles and beaten. During July 1780 thirty armed smugglers landed at Eyemouth, broke open the king's warehouse, and carried off fifty-seven casks of spirits. In May 1781 Customs Commissioners Maxwell, Cochrane, and Adam Smith directed the collector as to proceedings in the case of the *Janet and Betty*, found hovering off the coast with a delusive clearance for Faroe for Ostend. (She had run part of her cargo.) The commissioners advised seizure of ship and goods, and that the smugglers

should be pressed for the navy. In November 1783 the Board's secretary sent news of large importations of tea into Copenhagen, to be smuggled to Great Britain, and particulars of the ships employed in the trade, as follows: 'A large ship, Gibson captain—for Scotland. A clinker-built cutter, 250 tons, Ellison captain, 18 six-pounders and 40 men—will take £20,000 worth of tea for Great Britain or Ireland. A cutter-rigged schooner, 12 four-pounders, to clear out for Guernsey, but run in Great Britain. A small ship—same pretended destination.' Later he confirmed the advice, stating that the ships had sailed, and another vessel had arrived at Copenhagen from Scotland. This last carried twenty five-pounders and sixty-eight men, and was commanded by Smith and Dicker—'two adventurers said to be from Leith.' Her freighters were the Ryberg Company of Copenhagen. In July news arrived that several celebrated English smuggler-captains, who commanded ships belonging to Ostend, had been made burghers of that town, they imagining that this would clear them if they were found hovering on the British coasts. A question, worded to the following effect, had been submitted to the Crown lawyers: 'Can a neutral vessel cruise thus? It seldom takes more than an hour to land a cargo, people often appearing suddenly to assist, to the number of 300 or more, with 200 or more carts and wagons.' The lawyers had replied that the smugglers did not cease to be British subjects through securing foreign citizenship, and that their vessels, whether owned by Britons or foreigners, were forfeitable if found 'within the limits.'

The above are but a few random selections from the records, and it should be mentioned that they are taken from the books of but five Scottish ports. Still, they furnish abundant proof that the smallness of the Scottish revenue during the eighteenth century was not wholly due to the poverty of Scotland. Foreign trade appears to have been good, especially in tobacco; indeed, the Virginia trade into Ayr, Greenock, and Port Glasgow was quite important. Much of the tobacco thus legally imported was merely entered for exportation, and it is evident that, especially during the earlier half of the century, most of this was not exported at all, but made up in bond into packages suitable for running, taken to sea with a 'delusive clearance,' and relanded duty-free. (The principal exception to this was the extensive trade with the French farmers-general, chiefly controlled by the merchants of Ayr and Greenock, which appears to have been a perfectly legal traffic.) The foolish system of allowing traders to import and enter tobacco, and keep it in bond in their own warehouses, also led to much fraud, the merchants frequently clearing off their stocks, and then becoming fraudulently insolvent, or bolting to the Highlands with the proceeds, their sureties following suit.

Still, the most picturesque portion of Scottish

contraband dealing was the spirit smuggling. So vast was this that, viewed in connection with the contemporaneous illicit distillation, it furnishes telling information as to the habits of the Scottish lower classes of that day: a hardy,

Custom-hating, liquor-loving race, scornful of English laws and English systems, inveterate riotous, and standing shoulder to shoulder as only Scotsmen can in defence of what they conceived to be their own interests.

A SEA NIGHTMARE.

By W. F. BATTEN.

THOUGH one frequently hears it remarked 'that it is the unexpected that often happens,' still I little thought, when compelled by mental overstrain and a wound that would not heal satisfactorily to obtain leave of absence and go for a short spell to sea, that I should in the course of that trip meet with the most terrible experience possible outside the realm of nightmare, besides only escaping death in a most horrible and loathsome form by, in sailor parlance, 'the skin of my teeth.'

But in order to enable the untravelled reader at home to comprehend how such an almost unique experience was possible, I must commence by briefly describing the little craft that I had chartered for my trip, and those who were my companions in this strange happening. Now, I had been for some time watching the completion and fitting out of the lorch *Flying Arrow* with an eye to making a shooting-trip in her. For this type of small craft is a very handy one; being half fore-and-aft schooner and half junk, it usually possesses the advantages of both.

The *Flying Arrow* was about sixty tons measurement, with fine lines, and carried a good spread of fan-shaped canvas sail on her fore and main masts, besides sporting huge balloon stunsails and a flying jib. Her top sides down to the muntz-metal sheathing on her bottom were of brightly varnished teak, whilst a smart little mizzen-mast was perched on her stern. Altogether she was as strongly built and fast a little craft and as good a sea-boat—answering her helm quickly and lying close to the wind—as one could wish; and these qualities stood her in good stead when the occasion came. Doubtless, however, she had been built with one eye to European charters and another (unless I was much mistaken) on the possibilities of the contraband trade. The latter doubtless accounted for her strong crew of eighteen seamen besides the master and cook, also for the two very workman-like six-pounders on her deck aft.

I had taken my interpreter (who, having been through the campaign against the Maoris as an officer's table-boy, considered himself to be nearly an 'Inglisheman' in consequence) to save me the fatigue of arranging matters. I also took my marine cook, who was as much at home with musket and pike as with his

cooking-chatties; whilst the 'coxun and stroke of my gig (both excellent pilots) had been left to go too.

My interpreter had seen fit to bring four Snider breech-loading carbines with their sword bayonets and some boxes of ammunition, besides a six-shooter for each of my little party, because (he kindly explained) 'he never liked to take no chances.' So I, feeling anything but fit, had left it at that. Indeed, I did not intend worrying about anything lest I should spoil my pleasant 'loaf' at sea.

Now, just before we sailed, there had been a pretty bad typhoon, besides some of the very worst weather experienced for many years down the China seas almost to the shores of Australia. There had, too, been upheavals beneath as well as on the surface of the seas as a result, so it was said, of volcanic action and seismic disturbances.

In consequence the master and part-owner of the *Flying Arrow* predicted, with a broad grin, that 'No. 1 good weather must just now make come,' and the first few days at sea certainly did seem to prove his forecast a correct one. But on, I think, the fifth day out the steady fair wind that we had been up till then carrying with us dropped to light airs, and these again to treacherous puffs, which at times died out altogether with sundry mocking flaps of the shivering canvas overhead; whilst the whole ocean was wrapped in a glass-like calm, its unruffled surface seeming to suggest that all the winds were dead. It was, in fact, 'an Irishman's hurricane'—that is, a sudden calm as unexpected in its arrival as uncertain in its duration—the worst of all luck at sea, but hurricane, fire, or wreck.

The next morning, by a couple of hours after sunrise, the intense heat drove me out of my berth below on to the newly washed-down deck, where the salt sparkle on the planks from the quick evaporation in that oven-like atmosphere was quite perceptible. When, however, half-a-dozen buckets of fresh-drawn sea-water had been poured over me I was enabled to enjoy the luxury of feeling only bearably hot.

It was a typical tropical morning, with a sea of pale azure running on a very gently heaving swell, the glare of the even then scorching sun producing a gauze-like steamy mist above the surface of the sea as it worked to its distant

reaches, so that on the horizon it was hard to say where the ocean ended and the sky commenced. A weak hot air at times floated rather than blew over the stern, but it was far too light to fill the useless sails. Hence the lorch's hull swung to the swell without regard to the rudder, which creaked and groaned an unending complaint. After breakfast, however, the lighter sails of thin duck were just curved outwards by the delicate fanning of a scarcely perceptible draught, so that the *Flying Arrow* regained steerage-way, and I could see once more the welcome ripples round her metallised forefoot. But that night when the moon rose she came up crimson rather than pallid of face, being distorted by a haze of hot vapour till well clear of the damp mist on the horizon. Then she seemed to throw broad beams of pale greenish silver on the still sea, but the night air failed to cool ever so slightly the intense heat of the oppressive night. The moonbeams were reflected in the heavy dew that gathered on the outstanding woodwork and seemed to whiten the new canvas aloft to the semblance of milky clouds; but still there was not the faintest stir in the air, or the slightest sign of any current to shiver the face of the sea. This most unusually intense heat had by then evidently told on the generally unemotional Chinese crew; for of a sudden a most tremendous din broke the deathlike stillness all around me, arousing even the sleepy lookouts, who instantly rushed below and added to it. Then, amidst frantic shouts and vengeful imprecations, a seaman, trussed up like a fowl with bamboos and ropes, was dragged on deck, a large stone taken from the ballast being carried up in ominous proximity to the helpless man. But I thought it was high time for me to take a hand.

'Halloa, Ah Sam!' I shouted to the master; 'what are you going to do with that?'

'Me makee cumshaw he to that pieccy sha'k 'long side' ('I'm going to present him to the shark swimming near us').

'What for, Ah Sam?'

'Cos he blong no-good, he allo same spy—Hoi kwan man, savey?'

'Well, if he is an informer of the Chinese Customs, I am not going to allow you to murder him in cold blood. You should have been more careful in choosing your crew.'

'He makee know too much, my must killer 'im,' blandly announced Ah Sam, as if the man he alluded to were merely a rat.

'Well,' I said, 'if he *has* been trying to discover where you have stowed that "No. one" Patna [opium], tie him up on deck, where he cannot do any harm, or meet with "any accident" either, Ah Sam, savey? You can ship him off to Singapore by-and-by. He won't get back from there very easily, you know.'

So the detected spy was made fast to the iron

stanchions of the open side-port amidships, and the huge shark that had been following us so persistently (to the unconcealed dismay of the crew) was cheated of its prey. Then, as I found it impossible to sleep in my berth below, I had some cushions placed on the overhung of the stern, under the awning that was still stretched across it, hoping to get a spell of sleep in the open air, out of my oven-like berth; for never before in the China seas had I encountered such heat. The next day brought me no relief either; the blazing sun seemed to pour its red-hot rays pitilessly and persistently down on the 'white-hot' deck, the atmosphere being close and sultry to a degree that beggars description. The torpid sea seemed almost oily in its glassy calmness and slimy stagnation; the minute marine insects floating in great patches on its surface suggested that the recent disturbances had extended even to its placid depths. These conditions lasted the whole livelong day, during which the lorch might have been the poet's 'painted ship upon a painted ocean' for any progress we made. Darkness again brought us no relief, seeming, indeed, only to add to our discomfort; so I found that to remain in my berth was out of the question. The crew, who had suffered even more than I from it, were quite played out, and were dispirited by their superstitious fears of 'the unpropitious omens' (though our persistent follower alongside had then left us). The men had lost all appetite for their evening meal, and were lying about the deck forward with carefully bandaged eyes to guard against the risk of 'moon blindness,' as they had furled the awning amidship to get the benefit of any light 'catpaws'—of which, however, there was not the slightest sign. Meanwhile I was restlessly tossing on the pile of cushions my men had built for me on the lorch's overhanging stern, which, like the bows, was higher than the midships, in hope that a capful of air might reach me, for I sweltered in an atmospheric environment to which that of Aden was as Siberia! Sunrise came round again, but not the faintest sign of a breeze came with it, though this state of most unnatural calm had already lasted over five days. The sea, too, seemed to be growing even more turbid and foul. The pitch oozed up from between the scorched deck-planks, whilst as far as my marine-glasses would reach there was not a sail or any sign of life. Sky, air, and sea all seemed so lifeless as to suggest, in my own overwrought nervous state, a condition of universal death!

The night that followed found the prostrated crew of the lorch gasping for air, and groping about like a score of blind men to find a bearably hot plank to sleep on. From my cushion bed at the extreme stern I could see right down the deck of the lorch, which then, like the sea and sky, was bathed in the strong white light of the moon that showed up every object before

me with startling distinctness, being, indeed, almost blindingly dazzling.

The lorchas might have been in dry dock, she lay so still on the turbid waters. Not a sound came to break the stillness, for the unhappy crew had at last, from sheer exhaustion, fallen into a heavy sleep. The face of the detected spy looked drawn and troubled; and though the moonlight showed me that he was no longer tied to the stanchion, still he seemed restless and ill at ease. But a foreboding of impending disaster, that instinctive sensing of danger which man shares with the brute creation, had rendered me hopelessly wakeful, and I lay staring first at one distant object, then at another, whilst I thought how glaringly bright the white sails, awnings, and deck appeared; even to my strained eyes the white cotton garments of the crew, the sheets on my cushions, and the canvas covers of the guns seemed almost painfully so. The guns themselves had been cast loose, loaded, and primed to try them at a mark which the awful heat had prevented being towed away from the ship; whilst, with typical Chinese carelessness, the two six-pounders had not been properly secured again, or even had their charges drawn. I noticed, too, as one does notice trifles at such times, that the gun on the port side was pointing toward the open port where the spy lay. Then my wound began to ache badly, causing me to pray for the merciful oblivion of that sleep which so obstinately refused to come.

I next thought I would try bandaging my eyes; but as I sat up to do so, something that seemed like a groan of agonised horror caught my ear, and instinct prompted me to glance toward the open port where the helpless spy lay. Then, though I and fear had been strangers hitherto, I confess that I did experience an entirely novel sensation at the roots of my hair and a curious feeling as of ice-cold water trickling down my spine at the sight of the awful thing I seemed compelled helplessly to look on at. For over the sleeping spy, whose eyes were starting out of his head with mad horror, there quivered and wriggled a most monstrous sucker-like arm resembling an enormous serpent, which gradually closed on and twined round the wretched creature lying helplessly below it. Yet hardly had I grasped the deadly nature of the horror that had boarded us, when another huge tentacle was swinging to and fro, a wriggling, quivering, slimy arm, that showed up clearly in the strong white moonlight. The watchdog (which was far more to be depended on than the lookouts) then gave an angry bark and pluckily flew at the horrible intruder, which he bit and tore at till crushed to death in its coils. For the moment I could scarce believe this silent horror real, and imagined that I must be in the clutches of some dreadful nightmare. So I shut my eyes; but when I

opened them again it was still there. Then I sprang to my feet and sounded such an ear-piercing call on my whistle that my men roused on the instant and seized their carbines and sword-bayonets, fancying, apparently, that some piratical boarders had dropped on board from the sky.

That shrill screech, however, also roused the sleeping crew, just in the nick of time too, for those enormous tentacles, having secured their prey, had raised the now crushed and motionless bodies in mid-air, whilst other and shorter arm-like feelers came over the rail and were inclining toward those of the crew who had been sleeping near the open port, apparently searching for other victims! Then in a moment the air rang with the cries and yells of the terror-stricken seamen, their faces turning a sickly ashen gray, as they tumbled or threw themselves pell-mell down the ladder to their quarters, their dash below being so sudden that the quivering arms already above their heads failed to secure a single victim. I at the same time realised that there was no chance of inducing such panic-stricken creatures to attack the monster. Ah Sam, indeed, did join me, but with shaking knees and a countenance that was almost green with terror, despite his 'My must makee fight he too.' My own sword and my men's sword-bayonets had fortunately been sharpened before starting, and they, albeit with ghastly faces, readily followed me to attack the 'sea demon,' as they called the monster that appeared to have got our little vessel into its clutches; for these men would have followed me, or any British officer who understood how to handle them, to certain death. I ordered all four to keep together and slash right and left with their sword-bayonets at the horrible wriggling arms nearest us. But as I strode warily in front of them the horror of the awful thing facing me seemed almost to paralyse my limbs; for I could then see that well above the lorchas deck at the open port was a vast bulk, in seeming a huge reddish mass of something gelatinous and slimy, which appeared to raise itself slowly out of the water, whilst as it did so the lorchas took more and more of a list to port, evidently through the weight of the enormous bulk of the horrible thing that clung to its side and bottom, the great length of its tentacles having apparently enabled it to twine round the little vessel's hull. The creature's dreadful head, with its half-devilish, half-corpse-like eye, staring and horn filmed, now loomed above the open port; whilst the bodies of the spy and the plucky watch-dog were apparently being conveyed by the huge tentacles that intertwined them toward the centre of this dreadful object. Then I suddenly recollected that the lorchas was only in ballast, and carried none too much of that; consequently she would be unable to withstand such a sudden weight above the rail on one side

of her deck. It also flashed across my mind that the Giant Octopus had been known to capsize fishing-craft in order to prey on the crew. I saw too that my sword and my four men's sword-bayonets would certainly fail to effect its destruction, even if we should escape the fate of the wretched informer. All this passed through my brain in far less time than it takes to write it down, and for a few moments I felt utterly crushed and hopeless with such an awful fate staring me in the face. Then, as I glanced aft to see if it was any use calling to the terrified master to join us in the attack, my eye fell on the gun whose muzzle I had noticed was pointed toward the open port, and I suddenly grasped the fact that, given enough time to act, the situation was saved! So, telling my men to follow me, I dashed aft at break-neck speed, and seizing several small mat bags of mixed shot (iron balls varying in size from that of a small orange to a walnut), I hastily rammed them home on top of the six-pound round-shot the gun already contained. Then I snatched a lighted Joss candle from the small shrine aft, and opening the six-pounder's vent, applied it to the priming.

A blinding flash was followed by a dense cloud of thick, black smoke, which rose but slowly in the heavy, still night air. Then, on looking toward the open port, we saw that the monster had almost entirely disappeared. The lorch, too, had righted herself, which showed that the pressure on her port side had ceased; whilst all that part of the huge body and great tentacles of the creature which had appeared above deck had been blown to atoms by the heavy discharge. My lads then cheered shrilly, Ah Sam joining, in, as it proved, rather too previous joy. For, whilst my men attacked a powerful tentacle of the nearly destroyed monster which, though its body had been shattered, still swung menacingly over the deck, Ah Sam—doubtless intending to save face before

us—joined in, but was nearly seized by its companion, which, however, proved to be the last of these dangerous and repulsive suckers. The scattered remains of the monster were then floating alongside, though the deck amidships was literally coated with a repulsive, gelatinous, foul-smelling substance, neither flesh, fluid, nor blubber apparently, but something equally revolting to sight, smell, and touch! Now, I was incensed at the cowardly conduct of the lorch's crew in bolting below and remaining there out of harm's way, leaving us, as they supposed, to our fate on deck, and I thought that to set them to clean up this disgustingly foul deposit would enable me to get level with these cravens. So, taking my men with me, I went below, and making the still frightened master lend a hand, we ordered the whole seventeen to get up on deck and set about it. At first the crew seemed to be so mad with terror as to be unable to understand the order, for they continued to light demon candles, or hold their cotton quilts over their heads to keep out the awful sight of those monster tentacles, which they fully expected would follow them to their quarters. However, after some shrewd pricks from sword-bayonet points and many well-laid-on blows from the flat of their blades, the shirkers were got up and compelled to turn to. Curious to relate, almost immediately afterwards a heavy bank of black clouds obscured the moon, and finally spread over the entire surface of the heavens. Then a torrential downpour brought a stiff breeze in its train that caused a sudden change from a state of utterly unbearable heat and dead calm to a chilly atmosphere and a rough sea, so that the lorch was soon reeling off ten knots by the log. The sudden change was none the less welcome through the prospect it held out of immunity in the future from any further molestation by such 'awful denizens of the depths.'

A PYRENEAN VALLEY.

By DR J. H. SALTER.

THE Midi express rushes southward through the land of pines and heath till Dax is left behind, and now away in front cloud-banks hang heavy upon the horizon. Amongst them the eye picks out after a time dimly seen outlines which are not cloud, and we hail the mountains at last. No straight and uniform chain, such as we neatly delineated in 'herring-bone' in the maps of our school days, are these Pyrenees on nearer acquaintance. Here and there the foothills send out a pushful bastion into the plain; behind, peak jostles peak, merely flecked with snow in the hollows and upon high-lying flanks, for the season is full summer. Only as we look far to right

and left and see the long perspective of heights die away in the heat-haze which hangs over the plain of Gascony do we regain the idea of a mountain-range. Here and there the cloud-capped forms draw apart a little where a mountain valley opens to the lowlands. Leaving Pau, where in January the mimosas flower against the wall below the sunny terrace overlooked by the ancient château of Henry of Navarre, the branch-line of rail which takes us to Oloron draws steadily nearer to one of these gateways in the mountain barrier. It is the lower end of the Aspe valley, and a good carriage-road enters it at Oloron to traverse its whole length of thirty-five

miles, rising by easy gradients to cross the divide at the Somport, and thence dip downwards into Spain.

All along the valley the white limestone rocks and the turbulent stream remind one of a Derbyshire dale; but the mountains which hem it in rise to eight thousand feet in place of as many hundreds. Here is Sarrance, once the seat of a pilgrim shrine which was visited by Louis XI., he with the little leaden Virgin in his cap. Anon the valley widens to an oval basin, once the bed of a lake, a flat stretch of rich meads and well-tilled crops, amongst which stand five villages, the chief of the group, Bedous, being the commercial capital of the valley. Again the dale narrows, and the fretful stream forces its way through a gloomy gateway. Here it derives from the Lescun valley tribute which doubles its volume, the sister-stream passing beneath the Pont du Roi, so called because of old the shepherds paid a tax to the king when they crossed it with their flocks upon their way to the mountains. Some miles farther on, in the jaws of the ravine, has been constructed the fort of the Portalet. Ten years of excavating were needed to form a series of galleries in the solid rock, commanding the road by means of loopholes and embrasures. The dark gorge is filled by the noise of the torrent, above which in June the white plumes of the saxifrages wave from the rocks. The fort will accommodate three thousand men, but the progress of modern warfare has robbed it of all importance.

From the nick in the mountain-chain, whose name of Somport (the 'summit gate') so well describes it, many an invader has swooped down on the fair fields of France; for the deep-cut and narrow cleft of the Aspe valley has been a highway of nations and of armies. Hannibal's passage, if indeed this was the route which he followed, was succeeded, a couple of centuries later, by that of Crassus, lieutenant of Cæsar. The Roman road, made at the beginning of the Christian era, was utilised in the days of the dying empire by the barbarian hordes of Alains, Suèves, Vandals, and Visigoths; while later the same route was followed by a part of the Moslem host under Abd-er-Rahman. Urdos, the highest village in the valley, has been burnt or destroyed more than ten times. The old gray-stone villages, with (as at Borce) Gothic inscriptions on the ancient houses, or (as at Etsaut) a tower dating from Moorish times, are a palimpsest of the past. But all up the valley, keeping company with the long white strip of road and with the rushing *gave* (generic name of all these Pyrenean streams), the line of the new railway pushes on, raised high on rocky shelf, through gallery and burrow, to pass the frontier finally by a long summit tunnel, thus shortening the run from Paris to Madrid by some sixty miles. Hence the stir and activity along the road, as in heat and dust stores are transported to the navvies' village which has sprung up at the tunnel's mouth; here the patient strain-

ing of a yoke of oxen, there the more nervous and jerky efforts of a team of ten mules, which, harnessed tandem, are taking up a load of cement. Nine-tenths of the labourers engaged upon the line are Spanish, to which circumstance is due the fact that long before the frontier is reached the wayside inn no longer announces itself as an *auberge* but as a *posada*, and the baker's establishment has become a *panaderia* in place of a *boulangerie*. This part of France bids fair to become Spanish by peaceful occupation.

Yet time was when the valley might have stood as a type of self-centred seclusion, veritably, as a French writer terms it, '*un monde à part*.' In common with the rest of the principality of Béarn it had its palmy days, when Marguerite of Navarre, and later her daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, kept court in the old château at Pau. Here the principles of the Reformation early took root. Protestantism became the established form of religion in Béarn, and numbered nine-tenths of the people amongst its adherents, until Louis XIII. robbed the little mountain land of its liberties and re-established Catholicism. These men of the valleys, never oppressed by the feudal system, formed themselves into small free communities from the earliest times. Every step may be traced—first the self-governing village, then the association of the several villages of the valley to form a commonwealth, and finally the union of a group of mountains and valleys to constitute a little state, such as Béarn or Navarre. The old isolation is passing; emigrant sons return from America, bringing fresh ideas. But it is not so long since the Lescun people opposed the making of the road which now winds up to their village, lying high on its sunny slope, upon the ground that the mule-track which had served their forefathers was sufficient for themselves. Lescun was in fact the type of a self-sufficing community, a *respublica in republica*. A mill, maintained as public property, served for all to grind their corn. The shepherd from the next village who hired pasturage for his flock was sometimes unpleasantly reminded of the fact that he was a foreigner by a boulder sent rolling downhill into the midst of his sheep. Do not the Lescun men still repair yearly to the Col de Peyre St Martin upon a stated day in July to hand over two heifers to representatives of the neighbouring commune upon the Spanish side, as reparation for the fatal results of a quarrel between shepherds of the two nationalities some centuries ago? Strangers were regarded with something more than suspicion; and it is said that an Italian savant, who, after making a survey of the Pic d'Anie, descended upon Lescun, only escaped actual violence by the intervention of the priest. The root-idea in this case was one which goes far back to dim times of paganism, to the effect that evil would follow intrusion into the domains of the spirits which haunt the mountain solitudes, a feeling voiced quite recently by a peasant-woman,

who exclaimed, 'You have been on the peak? Ah, then, we shall have bad weather!' No doubt at one time the Lescun men, as in all these frontier villages, occupied themselves largely with smuggling, and report says that a custom-house officer, who had made himself much disliked by his severity, was made away with in broad daylight one Sunday after the mass, and that inquiry failed to bring to light any trace of his fate. But to-day Lescun is peaceful enough, with the vines trailing over its trellises, and its fields of maize, which ripens here at three thousand feet above the sea; and, needless to say, it has nowadays nothing but a welcome for the stranger.

For these people of the valleys are a simple, kindly, and hospitable folk. All are small landed proprietors, who prize the independence maintained by constant toil. Field-work of the hardest is the lot of man and woman, young and old. Two, and in some cases three, crops are taken yearly from the same piece of ground. The very day that a field is clear of corn, seed is sown for the crop of crimson clover, which will be reaped in November in time for an autumn sowing of wheat or barley. Haricots climb upon the maize-plants, and vines are trained over the cherry-trees; while in every waste corner a gourd runs riot. Nothing is wasted; in autumn the fern is mowed and carried for litter, while the fallen leaves are collected for manure. Haymaking in the low meadows goes on from May to October, for no sooner is a crop carried than the field is irrigated by a system of artificial runlets, and under a Southern sun the grass grows again like magic. On higher slopes, so steep that it is a mystery how the mower maintains his foothold, a single crop is secured. All field-work is, of course, done with the help of oxen; and all crops are carried upon mule-back or upon the shoulders of the proprietor and his family, for the stony tracks by which these patches of cultivation are reached admit not of wheels. It would be ungracious to couple, as is sometimes done, with the name of the Béarnais peasant the epithet *grippe-sou*, or to hint that he pushes frugality to a point where the line which divides it from avarice is so fine a one as to be scarcely appreciable; for to live with a total absence of the comforts which an average English labourer enjoys does not here imply poverty, as the provincial French banks could tell. Poverty such as we know it does not exist; begging, except on the part of a chance vagrant, is unheard of. The Béarnais peasant inherits unchanged the type of mind of his forefathers; slow, canny, suspicious of change, the centuries move him not, or but little. He lives in closest intimacy with his mules and cattle, which are accommodated upon the ground floor of his house. The family lives upon the first floor, with granary and lumber-room above. The large size of many of these old houses is explained by the fact that a married son often

shares the parental tenement. Never is a household wanting in abundance of clean, coarse, homespun linen; and vast is the trousseau prepared for a bride. But the spirit of economy revolts from using the brand new. A new-made wife showed with pride her stock of sheets and coverlets, folded neatly away, and explained that she was going to commence upon the trousseau, still untouched, which had been her grandmother's outfit for life. Curious marriage-customs—tacit refusal of a proposal by the placing of walnuts upon the supper-table, the knocking of the bride for admittance to her future home—are largely a matter of the past. But through all changes the people of the valley continue to speak their old-world dialect, the language of the troubadours and the Albigenses, better preserved here than elsewhere. The railway, when completed, may bring many a change to these quaint villages, and brisk business methods may be introduced into the country shops. At present, while agriculture is the primary occupation with all, the enterprising add one or more subsidiary employments. Thus when we wait upon the local hairdresser he is seldom in evidence, because—as he also deals in wine, buys horses, and runs a conveyance to Oloron—he is frequently absent in pursuit of one or other of these varied avocations.

The cutting and hauling of timber gives employment to some hundreds of labourers, for, though the forests dwindle, the upper slopes are still in places clothed with noble woods of beech and fir. Each trunk as felled is secured by hooks and chains, and thus dragged by oxen down the long timber-track to the valley. In the cool, moist depths of the forest, where the great firs stand draped in gray-bearded lichen, some of the wild life of the district still lingers. The wolf has disappeared completely within the past fifty years, but one or two bears are still killed annually. At the wayside *auberge*, as the chas-seurs gather round the supper-table, the talk is all of bears and of izard, the latter being the chamois of the Pyrenees. 'See you,' says the landlord, relating his latest exploit, 'the bear was as near to me as you are; I could have touched him.' Bear-hunting is in the family, for his father counted up twenty-three occasions upon which he had been in at the death of bruin. Who shall tell of the sunny openings in the woods where we wade waist-deep in asphodel and turk's cap lilies, or of the great game-bird, the capercailzie of our Scotch Highlands, which springs up on whirling wings before us? Then, when the uppermost firs, half-dead, rent by storms and broken down by weight of the winter's snow, are left behind, we enter upon a fresh region, that of the berry-bearing shrubs. Shall we deem it at its best when upon every slope and in every hollow the dwarf rhododendrons are glowing with colour, or in that pleasant season after the early September snow,

when, under the influence of the first frosts, the foliage of the bilberry-shrubs turns to a vivid crimson and the dying leaves of every low-growing herb are tinged with orange and scarlet?

Higher still come the wide green basins of the upper pastures vocal with streams, where from mid-May to mid-September the air is full of the bleating of sheep, the sound of cow-bells, and the herd-boy's light-hearted carol. A ready welcome awaits the wanderer; but let him beware of the shepherd's dogs, and, unless blessed with an impervious cuticle, let him avoid passing a night in the hut of sods and stones, which here replaces the picturesque *châlet* of the Alps. But the time to see the upper pastures at their best is in late spring, before the flocks have come up, when the stern rocky corries still hold a great depth of snow, and when the little tarn, later to mirror the summer sky, is still full of melting masses of ice. The hollows are filled with the noise of falling streams, and the vanishing drifts feed countless ice-cold springs and rills. Then this floor of green level mead, once the bed of a lake, is blue as the sky with the Alpine forget-me-not. Soldanellas lift their fringed bells in bare spots from which the snow has just vanished, and gentians open flowers of a hue surpassing that of sea or sky. Upon the dry slopes myriads of the purple iris will later burst into bloom.

Two eagles drop from some high perch, and, unfolding wide wings, pass with a magnificent swoop overhead. Great vultures, disturbed from their watch-towers, leave the pinnacles upon which they sit in order to keep an eye upon the flocks below. With every upward step there is an enlarging prospect, until suddenly the granite pyramid of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau leaps up grand and near, a giant amongst his compeers. Now come the uppermost ramparts which hem in the valley, fantastic rock-towers, stern and arid crags, in whose sheltered hollows the hardened snow lies, forming miniature glaciers, throughout the summer. Here are the wild rocks of Ansabère, vertical or overhanging, for ever virgin peaks, and hence known to the shepherds of the valley as *les Demoiselles*. Here is the Pic Table des Trois Rois, so called because it was said that upon its platform summit the three kings of Aragon, Béarn, and Navarre could meet to dine each in his own dominions. The frontier-line, in general at a height of about seven thousand feet, runs in some cases along a bleak, wind-swept ridge, and at other times traverses a vast limestone wilderness, a mere chaos, the débris of shattered peaks, the home of the snow-finch and the ptarmigan. Here, far into the summer, the dwarf flowerets of nature's rock-garden enamel their barren surroundings with vivid splashes of colour. The high-lying passes are practicable for mules from mid-May to mid-October.

The crest of the divide once gained, a new world opens before us; a whole province of northern Spain seems to lie at our feet. Napoleon spoke never more wisely than when he said that he who would make of France and Spain one country must first plane down the Pyrenees. For contrast in a dozen forms accentuates the change. Upon the French side are the green pastures and the timbered slopes; upon the Spanish side a succession of arid hill-ranges, of brown, tawny, and purplish waves, scant verdure and but little forest. The spare, long-limbed French sheep here give place to neat, compact merinos, and the many-coloured Spanish goats appear. The shepherd, wrapped in his *manta*, returns our greeting with a curt '*Buenas días*.' Here the citadel-like ramparts of the Castillo overlook the valley, through which meanders the Rio Aragon.

The morning's lunch was partaken of beside one of the cold springs which feed the Gave de Pau; the midday halt is called beside a tiny and remote affluent of the Ebro. So few hours have sufficed for crossing the watershed between the Atlantic and Mediterranean! Here, on the flanks of the peak which bears its name, the infant Aspe takes its rise in snowfields which never melt, and rushes down through a rocky gully to enter France. On the rare days when no mist-wreaths curl round the crags, one has an eagle view, every ridge and peak delineated in clearest outline, white limestone contrasting with purple schists, far to the east the immemorial snows of the Vignemale and Mont Perdu, while to the west may even be seen the shimmer of light upon the restless waters of the Gulf of Gascony. Such scenes, grand and lifeless, hem in our valley, accounting for its long isolation and for many of its present-day characteristics.

RECOMPENSE.

GOD gave a day of healing
To the patient budding flowers,
After the rough wind's bruising,
And the stinging showers.

He bade the sun caress them;
'Blow softly' He charged the breeze;
And the flowers gave fragrant incense
In silent ecstasies.

In a riot of bloom and colour,
Painted by God's own hand,
They danced to the breeze's piping
A faerie saraband.

God gave a day of healing
To the patient trustful flowers;
After the grim grief bruising
These broken hearts of ours.

Shall He not grant us also
A time to grow glad again,
His peace and His benediction,
After the stinging rain?

C. FARMAR.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

IN A DERVISH CAPITAL: KONIYA (ICONIUM).

By LOUISE PERALTA.

GUNS boom out from the restored *enceinte* of the crumbling citadel of Uch Kala. Though the heavens should fall, the Muslim's abnormal delight in pious celebrations has to be ministered to. The capital of Hadrian's colony of Lycaonia finds itself within the zone of the titanic modern conflict; nevertheless the True Believer must keep the great *Molid* (Feast) of the Lord Hoseyn and his brother Hasan, martyr-grandsons of the Prophet. Hoseyn is the saint *par excellence* of the heretical dogs of Shi'a; yet not even the *Kiswa* (the procession of the Holy Carpet) or the passing of the *mahmal* with the pilgrim *kafila* to Mekka is so beloved or so carefully prepared for by Shi'a and Sunni alike all over north-western Asia as is the 'Hasaneyn.'

Koniya, the ancient Iconium, thrice visited by St Paul, is four hundred and sixty-six miles from the Bosphorus, at Haidar-Pasha. In this city of orthodox Sunnis, on this late afternoon, the streets are like a scene in the land of the Ginn. The narrow lanes of the great Khan-el-Khalily, the bazaar of the Turks, are each one long blaze of colour and still tenacious sunlight. Each little shop is displaying for the festival its costliest and rarest embroideries and brocades. For the Hasaneyn there are brought from dim interiors and placed in the front of the booths trays full of precious stones whose dull, uncut surfaces do not betray their hearts of fire within. In one tiny warehouse, become a hall of audience in miniature, a story-teller relates, with dramatic gesture, an often-told, well-loved tale. Under the shadow of the Laleli Djami, the Tulip Mosque, an Arab barber is cutting hair with a German clipping-machine. Beside the ablution-fountain outside the mosque is the table of the letter-writer, who has many customers, and strews his script with sand with a less dignified leisure than usual in order to overtake business; and, while the water-seller is ringed in by his *clientèle*, a fanatic is gazing at a blank wall until he shall see the name of Allah blazing on it.

Within recesses hung with rich shawls the well-to-do of Koniya, seated on cushions beside little mother-of-pearl coffee-stools on which are almond and rose flavoured drinks, watch the throng, through which a way is being pierced

by a company of Dervishes, swaying devotees, chanting the Kuran. When the crowd has closed behind these, it is again cleft by a mob of the lower class carrying Karakush, the Oriental Punchinello, up to the mud core which is all that remains of the old walls of the Seljuk epoch, tented alongside which are stalwart Turkomans and supple Persians (called the 'Easterns') from Urumiya and Tabriz, Bedawis from the Hedjaz, Syrians, and Armenians. Notwithstanding their twentieth-century kit, these soldiers of Mohammed the Fifth are little changed from the men whom Saladin led against Richard of the Lion Heart. In the bazaars the fez, the symbol of Reform, has been universally worn; but, despite the ostentatious acceptance to-day by occidentalised Turkey of an almost super-modernity, the *Zeitgeist* of the dominions of the inheritor of the sword of Othman is that of seven centuries ago.

In the orientalism which lies below the citadel of Koniya the Western intrusion is vivid. In the suburb of Zilleh the large Greek community have their quarter, called by the Muslims the Harat-el-Rum. We know that, even at the very earliest point at which we can secure the first slight hold of it, mankind was not young. In this old region between the Persian Gulf and the Euxine, throughout some seven thousand years, great civilisations have reached and passed their maturity, and have declined into their consequent doom of decay. There have just elapsed in this portion of western Asia, not for the first time, the inevitable few hundred years period of arrested progress. To the present generation of Asiatic Turks M. de Rozières has applied the Egyptian proverb: '*Les oreilles du jeune homme sont sur son dos; il obéit à qui le frappe.*' The commercial push of the Greek has been the whip that has flicked the Young Turk of the Trans-Euxine. Along with other industries, the carpet-weaving of Koniya was within recent years passing to a great extent into Greek hands when the Asiatic Turk developed a certain degree of 'hustle,' and almost recaptured the trade.

During a visit to one of the carpet factories, in most of which girl-labour, under very satisfactory conditions, is largely employed, one is astounded at the facile exercise of memory of

which the employ  s are capable. Very seldom in these factories can the pattern be followed by the eye of the worker. A design in black and white only is usually hung up, often against so dark a portion of the wall that it remains illegible. A lad of fourteen or fifteen, the foreman of the looms, paces up and down between the rows of weavers, chanting from memory in a sing-song tone the number of stitches and the colours. One of these lads declared that were he permitted to inspect closely for ten minutes one of the priceless carpets of the world, such as that before the *mihrab* in the mosque of I'bn-el-Bena at Bokhara, he could thereafter take its fellow from the loom. The Greek manufacturers were greatly hampered by their ignorance of the ingredients necessary in the mixing of some of the more beautiful and lasting dyes. The secret of the composition of certain of these dyes—notably of the exquisite blue conspicuous in the Koniya carpets—is the possession of three, or at most four, Mus  lman families, and is jealously handed down from father to son, and divulged to no one else.

The Kurd element in Koniya confines itself to the Koch-Hissar neighbourhood, while nomad Yuruks tent upon the Koniya plain. A curious Hamdani colony, who have monopolised the trade of the *araba*, or cart-drivers, are interesting as exemplifying the issues of an unchanging environment. They present clear contours, in contrast to a people belonging to an era of transition who offer only impressionist silhouettes.

Beyond the Hamdani quarter are the remains of the old Greek walls, half-embedded in the soil with which is mingled the dust of Greeks, Romans, and Mongols who here fought and conquered and failed. That long, broken, deserted wall is an appraiser of human things. '*D  bris colossal du pass  , elle nous diminue, et nous   crase, nous et nos existences courtes, et nos souffrances d'une heure, et tout le rien instable que nous sommes.*'

About the volcanic cone of Kara Bourja, overlooking the little village of Sarai Keui, the sun is lingering reluctant in a golden mist of farewell. In a hollow at the foot of the bastion-like range of the Bulgar Dag  , half-hidden by poppies and girdled by 'the river of pearls,' the   vrigli, the modern Heraclea, whose marvellous rock-sculpture proves that between two and three thousand years before the Christian era the empire of the Hittites stretched from the Taurus to the Caucasus, from the Euphrates to the   gean; that their argosies came laden with lapis-lazuli from Upper Egypt, with cedar-wood from Syria; that their *kafilas* carried precious stones from Iran and gold-dust from Media. Put to mean uses in the houses of the villages on the nearer plain, where cactus defies the sky with gray-green scimitars, are 'written stones' which tell that some five hundred years after the era of the priest-kings an independent Assyrian kingdom

arose; that Egypt, under Thothmes the Third, who made war from the Euphrates on the north to Ethiopia on the south, stretched out hands toward the coast of Asia Minor; although, as we learn from one of Cicero's letters, at Pompey's conquest the worship neither of the Hathor-headed bull of Egypt nor of the lion of Assyria had overthrown the cult of the great earth-goddess Ma. The eternal lesson of the East is graven here:

How new life reaps what the old life did sow;
How where its march breaks off its march begins.

On the north of the city, like a sword in the grass, glistens the German steel of the Anatolian railway, along which during these recent months trucks have conveyed westward from Erzeroum, Bayazid, and Van troops belonging to the Fourth Turkish Army Corps, whose headquarters are at Erzingian. To the south-east, under the sinking sun, violet and gold like an outspread sacramental vestment, is seen the fresh-water Lake of Beyshehr, whence comes the water for the irrigation of the Koniya plain. Nearer, deep-tinged by the flame and flush of evening, is the star-ring of the now blossoming apricot-trees of the suburb of Meram, where are German hotels, and caf  s outside which bock and lager are sold, and where the Vali and the wealthier Muslims have their summer villas, separated from the Assyrian monuments over there by only a few miles of space, but by five millenniums of time. And yet? When the shut soul of the Oriental of to-day is opened by but a hair's-breadth, the essence of that soul is found to be of the essence of ages which, being dead, yet speak.

Out of the chaos of flat roofs and domes—jade, golden, ultramarine—immediately beneath the Uch Kala, one after another slim *minars* separate themselves. On the left, dominating the city, is the huge oblong mosque of Ala-ed-din, last of the Seljuk kings, he of 'the clear and delicate mind, where Honour and Duty sentried the gate that nothing might pass disloyal,' who gathered in his *konak* just below the   lite of the intellectual and artistic life of his day. The mosque of Ala-ed-din is not of the usual form of the *gama*, or congregational mosque. Each of its four transepts is spanned by a single lofty arch supported by fluted columns of gray-blue marble. The eastern transept, which forms the *liwan*, since the Friday prayers and sermon take place there, is furnished with a fine *mihrab* adorned with Persian tiles having beautiful designs of almond and tulip, and with a *minber*, or pulpit, of exquisitely carven acacia-wood. From the *mihrab* it is a noble vista throughout the transepts, expressing the best that the genius of the East can give to Islam. In the perfect architectural relation of its detail to the central idea, it is an expression of the unity of the Mohammedan faith. 'Solomon, I have surpassed thee,' said Justinian on entering St Sophia. Ala-ed-din

has almost—not quite—surpassed the Christian emperor.

The hour of evening prayer draws near, and from every street and bazaar on this night of the Hasaneyn pour men of every colour, of all ages, in every kind of attire. One is reminded of the crowd on the Galata Bridge at Constantinople, whose costumes Mark Twain concluded had been designed by a tailor in *delirium tremens*. Through the great south door, decorated with black arabesques, the Faithful enter the mosque. But the Christian—though genially asked to 'Bless the Prophet,' and courteously answering, 'God bless and save him'—does well to-night to stand at a distance, far back in the vast open court which is the heart of life in Koniya, constantly filled with a great market. After a few minutes the human stream has poured out of the mosque again, to return to the festivities of the bazaars, only a few pious lingerers being left before the *kibla*, and some children reciting to the *imam* portions of the Kuran.

Masterpiece of Asiatic art though it be, the mosque of Ala-ed-din cannot, either in beauty or in interest, compare with the *tekyé* of the Mevlevi Dervishes, or with the *turbeh*, the mausoleum of their founder, the mystic poet Jelal ud-din Rumi, which adjoins it. As we pass through the forecourt, with its marble-canopied fountain, doors inlaid with mother-of-pearl lead into the interior of the *tekyé*, which is unequally bisected by immense square pillars. The first section constitutes the mosque proper, a building the adjustment of whose parts is exquisite. The cedar-wood floor of the second portion is polished like that of a ballroom, a platform running round two sides for the accommodation of the musicians, who are accompanied by immense hide drums. On the east of the building is the *turbeh*, a beautiful domed octagon whose walls are covered with intricate arabesques in which are intertraced the names of Allah and the Prophet, and against which are ranged the coffins of the founder of the Order and his successors. At the head of each catafalque is the long linen turban, twisted into a gigantic plume, of him who wore it. Over each are magnificent Oriental shawls.

Across the Euxine, in Constantinople, is the most sacred of all mosques, that of Eyub, the one mosque that no Christian may enter or even approach. Each new Sultan of Turkey must, on his accession, be girt with the sword of the great Othman; and the ceremony of girdling the Commander of the Faithful with the sacred sabre must be performed only by the General of the Mevlevi Dervishes, who goes from Koniya to Stambul for this proud purpose. Since the conquest of Byzantium by Mohammed the Second, two Sultans only have omitted the ceremonial, or have had it performed elsewhere. The reign of each was calamitous and short.

Close to where the sapphirine *minar* of the

turbeh still dazzles as it pierces the purpling sky rise the arrowy minarets of the Azizieh mosque; and, down in the street below, the swiftly speeding day stays to show the delicate intricacies of the lattice-work of the arcaded square of the Medresa, the college which was founded by Ala-ed-din, and which as a seat of learning at one period promised to rival that fount of the wisdom of the East, El Azhar of Cairo. In Koniya, as in Kaysariya and in Sivas, it is the art of the Seljuk Turk which is distinctive; in Brusa that of the Othmanli predominates. The Turk dedicated his artistic energy to Islam; and that which he dedicated has dominated the East from the Ganges to the Golden Horn. Islam, notwithstanding its rigidity, its stationary tendencies, made the Turks a great people. Islam inspired an obscure mid-Asian tribe to establish one of the widest of the world's empires. To a considerable extent the decay of that empire is indisputably attributable to the decay of its faith amongst certain classes.

It is in the bazaars—those unchanging yet ever-changing marts where Koniya's fifty thousand inhabitants do their trafficking, and where the kernel-oil output of the apricot groves is 'cornered' like wheat in the 'Pit' of Chicago or 'paddy' in Rangoon—that stone and lime, costumes and methods of exchange, cry aloud that the Taurus was subject to Byzantium only until, in 1071, in the battle of Melasgerd, the Mongol triumphed over the Eastern Roman, when Iconium became Koniya, the capital of the Sultan of Roum. A little over a hundred years later the Third Crusade was over. The Emperor and the Kings of England and France and Sicily, the Knights of the Temple and the Hospital, Leopold of Austria, the Duke of Burgundy, the Count of Flanders, and the whole chivalry of Europe had failed to achieve the 'Gerusalemme Liberata.' Saladin the Conquest-laden reigned from the mountains of Kurdistan to the Libyan Desert, and the Sultan, in his *konak* at Koniya, called him friend and ally.

But the eye returns to-night to that blue *minar* of the *tekyé* of the Mevlevi Dervishes, whither we saw the devotees betaking themselves through the throng. The orientalised mentality follows, and assists at the *Zikr* (the 'Remembering' or 'Commemoration'). It is its latitudinarianism, seeking not to convert those of other faiths, but to understand what particular aspect of truth each creed represents, which is the characteristic of the pantheistic and idealistic mysticism we call Sufism. In the different Dervish Orders the ritual assumes different forms, but in every case it is designed to divert the mind from earthly things and to achieve 'annihilation in the Divine.' In the Mevlevi sect *Zikr* takes the form of dancing, or, rather, whirling round as nearly as possible on the same spot, while certain formulæ, philosophic rather than religious, are repeated. On this Feast of the Hasaneyn,

within those richly carven doors of the *tekyé* of the mystic Master, the Sufi Path—the *Tariqat*—has been trodden until the Phantasmal—which is 'The Bridge to the Real'—has been reached. 'Everything returns to its Source.' Another stage in the Arc of Ascent, a farther step toward absorption in the Eternal Beauty, has been achieved.

Without, the night clouds are low, and the salt desert of Karaman takes on their shades of gray. For what long ages, across that sea of

sand which separates Koniya of the Seljuks from Ereğli of the Assyrians, has 'the long darkness flowed away with muffled pulses'? Throughout how many centuries, since the Amirate of Karamania was annexed by Mohammed the Conqueror to the Othmanli Empire, has the heavy rhythm of decadence beat across the arid flat? Has *maya*—delusion—lain so long upon this land only that this latest era of the New may mock the eras of the Old and of the Older, which are gone?

FORTUNE COMES TO SUNNYMEDE.

CHAPTER III.—MRS HOBBS ARRANGES FURTHER AFFAIRS AT SUNNYMEDE.

'GRACE!'

'I am really very busy,' said Grace.

'Yes,' said Slater. 'You're always busy when I am about. For five whole days I've been trying to get a word with you, and you've been as hard to reach as the poles.'

'Is it the same word as usual?' asked Grace, relenting a little, but guarding the approaches carefully.

'No. I'm not going to propose to you any more. I want to talk to you seriously and sensibly.'

Grace relented still more, but felt obliged to return the thrust. 'I never dreamt of that,' she said sweetly. 'That was why I avoided you. What is it?'

Slater sat down on the other end of the garden seat. 'Weren't you sorry for me when uncle turned up?' he asked, with unnatural gravity.

'Yes, I was—very.'

'Well, you needn't have been. It's turned out all right.'

Grace closed that *Short History* whose study she had persisted in with noble resolve in face of all temptations, and began to give closer attention to her interviewer. To a casual glance he was still the freckled and light-hearted Slater of old, with the parted and perfumed locks and well-sustained air of boredom; but she felt that there was really a serious note in his talk this time.

'Yes,' he went on. 'At the time it seemed an awful bit of luck; but it was not quite that, after all. The old chap has proved a real sport, and has actually got me to look almost respectfully on the idea of work. I'm to go to Natal with him, and look round a bit; and I've a horrid impression that before he's finished he may achieve the impossible—that is, make me a respectable member of society.'

Grace's eyes glowed. So even this member of the Sunnymede circle was reaping some benefit from Mrs Hobbs's appearance! Slater took instant advantage of her mood.

'Now,' he said solemnly, 'about that one word

I wanted with you. No more proposals, on my honour. I'm going to be wedded to work before long, and a fellow can't do two things at once. But seeing I'm off to Natal, I think you might give me, for old times' sake, or for encouragement, or because of my good resolutions, or for any other reason you please, just one'—

'It seems most unlikely,' interrupted Grace, with decision. 'But I will promise to give the matter my most earnest consideration.'

'Till when? Shall I have the answer to-night?'

'Not to-night. I am going to the theatre with mother and your uncle.'

'Ah!' said Slater. 'That brings up another question. What are you going to do with my uncle? And when?'

Grace could not affect to misunderstand him. Mr Denton had now been at Sunnymede a fortnight, and a person would have been blind indeed who failed to see that a genuine romance had been rapidly developing. The energetic colonial was buying back his lost years with a spirit and decision utterly admirable.

'He will please himself, I suppose,' she said weakly.

'Not he. He'll please your mother. But it's a curious thing, isn't it? You promised once to be a sister to me—that was the first time I proposed—and now you're going to be a sort of step-cousin. Man proposes, woman promises, and uncle disposes. You might remember the new relationship, you know, when you are considering my request. See?'

'I see,' said Grace guardedly; and then Slater, finding further progress unlikely, left the garden to make his way to the pier. When he had gone, Grace went indoors to find Mrs Hobbs, and to take her a cup of tea. She had another pleasant little attention in reserve for her new friend.

'Does your nephew play cricket?' she asked casually.

'You may be sure of that,' said Mrs Hobbs. 'He does everything a healthy boy likes to do. Why do you ask, my dear?'

Grace smiled, but refused to disclose her secret, and presently went away to put her plan into operation. This evening Mrs Hobbs's nephew was to arrive from Haileybury, and she had undertaken to prepare a room for him, and to look after it while he remained; and for Mrs Hobbs's sake she would leave nothing undone that might increase the boy's comfort during his visit. There still remained a few finishing touches, and it was these that she attended to now. One of the last was the placing of a bowl of roses on the table, and the last of all was to leave a folded note beside the bowl. It was a brief but cordial invitation: 'If you get up very early—say at six—you will find me in the garden, and we'll have a game of cricket.—GRACE.'

'There,' she said to herself. 'Perhaps he has never seen a girl play cricket. Wasn't it good that father taught me!'

Later, with Mr Denton and Mrs Lanyon, she spent the evening very happily with *Brewster's Millions*, which was exceedingly well played by 'a London Company;' and during the intervals between the acts she spent some little time in contrasting the present position at Sunnymede with that of the 16th July. Here was Mr Denton of Durban, and here was the little mother, with all the grayness swept from her face and her horizon. The Slater problem, too, had been solved, and its perplexity turned into prospect. If only—and then beyond the drop-curtain she saw that vista of a noisy city street once more, and heard again the unforgotten words, 'May I help you? Where do you want to go?' Ah, well, there were some things concerning which even Mrs Hobbs could only say, 'Wait and see!'

They went home at eleven, to find the Sunnymede household represented only by Hester—cheerful, attentive, and apparently quite interested in their report. But Grace, who was sharing her sister's room at this time, felt sure that something had happened, and when they got upstairs demanded a knowledge of the event.

Whereupon the business manager, to Grace's great astonishment, threw herself into her sister's arms. 'He has spoken!' she murmured, half-crying, half-laughing.

'He has?' said Grace, trying to look wise. 'Do you mean'—

'Yes, George Bertram. He spoke to-night.'

Grace recovered. Indeed, that pause took most of the surprise out of the occasion, for she recalled a score of signs which she had previously failed to read. Her capable and unsentimental sister had actually had an unsuspected romance under her very eyes.

'You silent, sly thing,' she said fondly. 'Tell me all about it at once.'

Hester obeyed. It appeared that George Bertram had taken his opportunity while half the household was engaged with *Brewster's Millions*, and while Mrs Hobbs was welcoming

her nephew. 'He was afraid before,' said the business manager. 'He couldn't see that I had given any signs of liking him. Perhaps I hadn't, though of course I wanted to. But at last he took Mrs Hobbs into his confidence. She had suspected something—and they were ever so friendly, you know—and she encouraged him to speak out. So he spoke.'

'And you said he had been staying here because it was so quiet!' said Grace. 'Oh Hester! Hester! But now, to make up, you must tell me the whole story from the beginning.'

So Hester told, from its first chapter, the story which sisters all the world over are telling each other at this moment, as they have been telling it from the world's beginning. Then there were happy whispers, and subdued laughter, and outlines of glowing plans, until about one o'clock, when sleep began to claim her natural rights in real earnest. It was only when Hester was actually becoming disconnected in her remarks that Grace recollected another matter.

'Oh,' she cried, 'what about the nephew? I wonder if he saw my note. I asked him to play cricket with me in the garden in the morning at six.'

Hester was too sleepy to be surprised, and could not be expected to feel a keen interest in this side-issue. 'Did you?' she asked. 'Why, you haven't even seen him!'

'No, of course. But what does that matter?'

Hester could not reply intelligibly, though the idea had for the moment stirred her sense of the practical. Accordingly the subject was dropped, and they surrendered to the legitimate claims of repose.

In the morning Grace's happy thoughts called her long before the usual time. She heard the servant's alarum ring in a neighbouring room, and the girl go downstairs; then she dressed, and was in the garden considerably earlier than the time she had mentioned. There she prepared the cricket outfit, which was a pathetic and beloved legacy from her father, her face clouding a little as she set the wickets. Naturally she could not avoid thinking of the long turf garden at Richmond where he had spent so much of his dearly bought leisure in drilling her into the favourite game of his youth. She concluded that he would approve this use of his legacy, for he would have used every possible effort to make a lonely schoolboy feel at home in new surroundings. Then she sat down on the garden seat, and once more opened her *Short History*.

The moments of waiting passed slowly, while the strengthening sun made a glorious halo of her hair and tried vainly to detect some fault in her white throat and neck. That was the picture a young man saw when he came to the French door of the drawing-room, and paused before opening it to make sure that it would

open. When he saw that picture he lengthened the pause, as though he found something worthy of study in what he saw. Then he opened the door very quietly, and walked silently down the path to the bower of jasmine. There he had a better view of the seat she had taken in the sunshine.

She did not look up even then, for some sentence in the *Short History* had caught her attention for the moment; so the young man, tall, athletic, and sunburnt, stood and waited, watching her. As he stood some sense of shock seemed to come upon him, and his attitude became strained and intent; for, though he could not see her face clearly, he perceived that there was something familiar in the contour of her features. When he perceived this he scarcely dared to breathe; for he had seen such a face one day in the City, and it had moved beside him for some fifteen delicious minutes through a crowded street. But no, it could not be the same. He would never see that face again. What he saw here was only some chance likeness that stirred the chords of memory.

So he waited a moment longer, and his doubts became transformed into a delirious hope. Then it was necessary to know, urgently necessary to do something; and he was reduced to a very commonplace expedient. He coughed, with a loud, clear 'Hem!'

Grace looked up, and saw him framed in the little arch of jasmine. After the first start, she perceived that her day-dream had come upon her in an unusual form and with important modifications. She was conscious of wonder as to whether it would come in some other form next time; and then she became aware of the fact that certain astonishing developments were taking place. It was speaking, and while the voice was the old voice, the language was new.

'I beg your pardon,' he said gravely, and with distinct tremors. 'Did you—did you write me this note?'

She began to be awake, but she could not answer. She could only gaze. How had he come into possession of that little note?

'Well,' he went on, 'that was why I came down so early. It was awfully good of you to ask me, you know.'

By this time Grace was more than half-awake. 'To ask you?' she murmured, in very great confusion. 'But I didn't. I—I asked Mrs Hobbs's nephew.'

'Quite so. That's me—I mean, that's I—that is'—

It gave her time to recover. They both laughed, and she saw that some curious mistake had certainly occurred.

'But he was to be a *young* nephew,' she cried, 'from Haileybury College.'

'I am really quite young,' said the visitor humbly, 'though possibly I don't look it. And I came from Haileybury yesterday.'

'But—but what do you do there?' she asked helplessly.

'I teach science. Do you mind?'

Then Grace, fully awake at last, saw what had happened. From the first she had taken it for granted that Mrs Hobbs's nephew, coming from a school, must needs be a schoolboy, and of course that dear old lady's manner of speaking of him had encouraged her in her mistake. The realisation was not altogether a comforting one; but he hastened to reassure her. Apparently he was very alert in his sympathetic insight.

'It was extremely good of you to be so kind and friendly,' he said. 'It was—well, it was just what I should have expected you to do if I had really been a schoolboy coming to a strange house where there were no other boys.'

He was just the same! How splendid he was!—how thoughtful! how quick to see! how gloriously protective! how ready! how generous! She could not help smiling as she accepted his protection; and when she smiled she raised those radiant eyes and allowed him to see what they were capable of doing. When he saw, he was so overcome that he was compelled to sit down—beside her. Then they looked at each other, and both of them smiled.

'Are you glad it's me?' he asked, upon an impulse so sudden that he ran far ahead of his grammar.

Of course she was glad; and because she was strong enough to be true to herself, because it was for him that she had been bravely struggling with the *Short History*—for these and other reasons she gave a simple but sufficient answer: 'Yes.'

When Mrs Hobbs knew of all this, or as much of it as they desired to tell her just then, she was at first greatly surprised. This development affected her more than any of the others for which she had been responsible, but she did not express any opinion until she had thought the matter out. Then the first remark she made was characteristically oracular: 'Well, since I've made the bed, I suppose I must lie on it. But it's a good thing it's a feather-bed!'

Then she looked again at the girl whom she had so fully approved already, and recalled the sequence of the events that were opening out so desirably. She thought also of the boy who always sacrificed some of his vacation in order to cheer her loneliness; and then, of course, she found place once again for her favourite maxim: 'Tis love that makes the world a round.'

Whether you are more than you seem, Mrs Hobbs, or only the kindly old lady you wish to appear, we beg you to preach and practise your maxim until the close of your visit. Our world is a shattered sphere to-day, and its voices are shrieking discords of hate and strife.

There are some among us who are ready to despair of the uncompleted Round, and to mourn over the great Purpose so rudely jarred and shaken. Your maxim again offers an old key to the eternal problem, when all other keys

have failed; and you offer it with the serene patience that comes of an unshaken faith. Some day, perhaps, we shall listen, and believe, and be saved.

THE END.

REWARDS OF VALOUR.

By TAFFRAIL.

FROM the very earliest times it has been the custom to reward soldiers who have specially distinguished themselves by their gallantry or prowess in battle. Crowns, torques, and wreaths; gold or silver ornaments to be worn round the neck, forehead, or arm; and neck-chains of some precious metal were all used by the Romans as badges of distinction for personal bravery. In mediæval days esquires were generally knighted on the spot for gallant deeds in battle, and, as we all know, a pair of golden spurs was the outward and visible sign of their knighthood.

The first case of a medal being instituted for the purpose of rewarding individual gallantry in action was in 1643, when Charles the First established a silver badge for soldiers who had specially distinguished themselves in what were known as 'forlorn hopes.' A 'forlorn hope' did not necessarily mean an affair in which the entire body of troops engaged was doomed to almost certain extermination. It referred to that portion of the army which led the attack and was in the forefront of the battle—in other words, to those men who had undergone the greatest risk. There is, unfortunately, no record in existence which tells us how these badges were issued, or to what extent; but no doubt they were looked upon in much the same way as our present Victoria Cross.

From this time onward it was the habit to award special neck-chains, jewels, or medals to officers, soldiers, and sailors who specially distinguished themselves; while in 1665 H.R.H. the Duke of York instituted special medals, chains, and monetary awards for the captain, officers, and crew of any fireship who succeeded in destroying a hostile vessel. Service in a fireship was necessarily hazardous, for a proportion of the crew had to remain on board until she was well ablaze and on her way toward the enemy, and the men ran a grave risk of perishing with their ship. The system of granting special rewards for service of this nature obtained until the nineteenth century; and, so far as can be ascertained, the last fireship medal and chain was given in 1809 to Captain James Wooldridge. His ship, the *Mediator*, led the fireship attack on the French fleet in the Basque Roads, when the boom protecting the harbour was destroyed, and four French sail of the line were driven ashore and burnt.

All the medals and chains mentioned above

were manufactured as required. Their design varied according to circumstances, and it was not until 1845 that what we may call a 'general medal' of uniform type came to be issued for meritorious service. This decoration was awarded to non-commissioned officers and men of the army who 'may have distinguished themselves, or who may have given good, faithful, and efficient service;' from which it will be seen that it was given for long service and good conduct in times of peace as well as for gallantry in action.

Previous to this, in 1837, an Order of Merit had been established as a 'personal award for personal bravery' on the part of native officers and men of the Indian army; but no such distinction had been created for the personnel of the British army or navy.

It is now proposed to deal separately with the various decorations and medals which can be earned by the officers and men of both services for acts of individual gallantry or distinguished service during war. The best-known and most highly coveted honour which it is possible for any member of his Majesty's forces to obtain is, of course, the Victoria Cross. This decoration was instituted in 1856, during the Crimean war, at, it is said, the suggestion of the Prince Consort, and consists of a bronze cross made from captured cannon, with the royal crown and crest in the centre above a scroll bearing the words, 'For Valour.' The definition of acts of gallantry for which the Cross was to be awarded was 'signal acts of valour or devotion to the country in the presence of the enemy.' Clasps, or inscribed bars attached to the ribbon, could be awarded for any subsequent acts of heroism or gallantry; while annual pensions were also granted to recipients below the rank of officers. The first distribution of the Victoria Cross was made in London by Queen Victoria on June 26, 1856, when sixty-one recipients—fourteen officers and men of the navy and forty-seven of the army—received the coveted decoration for services during the Crimean war.

In 1858 it was laid down that the Cross could be granted in cases of 'conspicuous courage and bravery . . . under circumstances of extreme danger, such as the occurrence of a fire on board ship, or the foundering of a vessel at sea, or under any other circumstances in which, through the courage and devotion displayed, life or public

property may be saved.' This, strange as it may seem, meant that the V.C. could be bestowed for services in peace, and not before the enemy; but the only instance in which it was so granted was in 1867, when Private Timothy O'Hea, of the Rifle Brigade, received it for extinguishing a fire in a railway ammunition-van during the Fenian raid in Canada in 1866.

In 1881 the qualification for the Cross was again defined to be 'conspicuous bravery or devotion to the country in the presence of the enemy;' while subsequent royal warrants made all classes of officers and men, and chaplains, of the navy, army, colonial, Indian, and auxiliary forces eligible for the decoration. It was not, however, until King George came to the throne that native officers and men of the Indian army were declared eligible for the Cross; for the Indian Order of Merit, which will be described later, was already in existence for rewarding acts of gallantry in action performed by them.

In August 1902 King Edward ordained that the V.C. should be awarded to the relatives of men who had earned it, but who had been killed in doing their gallant acts. Previous to this the names of deceased winners of the Cross were mentioned in the *Gazette*, while the decorations were hardly ever actually conferred. The order was retrospective, so that relations of those who had been killed so far back as in the Crimean war or Indian Mutiny received the coveted bronze tokens.

One of the very rare instances in which a clasp has been awarded to a V.C. for another example of heroism occurred during the present war. Captain Martin Leake, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, was decorated with the V.C. for a deed performed in 1902 during the Boer war; while in 1914 he was awarded a clasp for another act of great gallantry which would again have made him eligible for the Cross.

The V.C. takes precedence of all other Orders or medals to which a recipient may be entitled, and the ribbon from which it is suspended is blue for the navy and crimson for the army. It seems strange that there should be a difference in the colours for the two services, and that the ribbon should not be more distinctive. The army medals for meritorious service and for long service and good conduct, the Order of the Bath, and many foreign decorations have crimson ribbons; while the Khedive's bronze star for the Egyptian campaigns (1882-89), the Royal Humane Society's medals for saving life, and various others are suspended from blue ribbons. By the casual observer, therefore, the ribbon of the V.C., which is alone worn in undress uniform, may be mistaken for that of an ordinary medal.

The Distinguished Service Order consists of a gold cross, patée convexed, enamelled white, edged gold, having on the obverse, in the centre, within a wreath of laurel enamelled green, the imperial crown in gold upon a ground of red

enamel. On the reverse, within a similar wreath and on a similar red ground, is the imperial and royal cipher. The handsome decoration hangs from a gold bar ornamented with laurel, and the ribbon is crimson with blue borders.

The D.S.O. was instituted in 1886 for the purpose of rewarding 'meritorious or distinguished services in war' on the part of commissioned officers of the navy and army, auxiliary forces, and the Indian and colonial naval and military forces. Recipients are entitled to use the letters 'D.S.O.' after their names, while an officer cannot be nominated to the Order unless he has been 'mentioned in despatches.'

It will be noticed that warrant and subordinate officers of the navy, who do not hold commissions, are not eligible for the award of the D.S.O., and in 1901, to remedy this omission, King Edward instituted a new decoration, called the 'Conspicuous Service Cross.' This was to be awarded to junior naval officers on the same conditions as the D.S.O., and recipients had the right to use the letters 'C.S.C.' after their names.

In October 1914, however, the name of the decoration was altered to that of the 'Distinguished Service Cross,' while its issue was extended to commissioned officers of the navy below the rank of lieutenant-commander 'for meritorious or distinguished services in cases where these services may not be considered sufficient to warrant the appointment of such officers to the Distinguished Service Order.' The letters to be used after the name were, at the same time, altered to 'D.S.C.' The decoration itself consists of a plain silver cross, patée convexed, in the centre of which is the royal and imperial cipher surmounted by a crown. It hangs by a ring from a ribbon of three equal stripes—dark blue, white, dark blue.

The Military Cross, instituted by King George on December 31, 1914, is the army counterpart of the naval D.S.C. It is awarded on much the same conditions as the D.S.C. to officers of the army below the rank of major, and consists of a silver cross having on each arm an imperial crown, and in the centre the cipher 'G.R.I.' The ribbon is white, with a broad purple stripe down the centre; but a recipient is not entitled to use any distinctive letters after his name.

A medal for conspicuous gallantry for petty officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the navy and Royal Marines was established in 1855. It was first intended for the Crimean war only, but in 1874 its bestowal was authorised for all wars in which the navy might take part. The medal is of silver, and bears the effigy of the reigning sovereign on one face, and on the other the words 'For Conspicuous Gallantry,' a crown, and branches of laurel. It hangs from a straight silver clasp, and has the same ribbon as the D.S.C.—blue, white, blue. Annuities of varying amounts may be awarded to men who have earned it.

The naval Distinguished Service Medal was established in 1914, during the present war, for petty officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the navy and Royal Marines. It is awarded to men who 'may at any time show themselves to the fore in action, and set an example of bravery and resource under fire without performing acts of such pre-eminent bravery as would render them eligible for the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal.' The D.S.M. is much the same as the C.G.M. in appearance, except that the reverse has the words 'For Distinguished Service,' and the ribbon is dark blue, with two white stripes down the centre.

The army medal 'For Distinguished Conduct in the Field,' commonly known as the 'D.C.M.,' was instituted in 1854 as a mark of the 'sovereign's sense of the distinguished service and gallant conduct in the field of the army then serving in the Crimea.' It superseded the old 'Meritorious Service Medal' for gallantry in action, and has since been awarded in every subsequent campaign. It can only be bestowed, with or without a gratuity, upon non-commissioned officers and men of the army. The front or obverse of the medal bears the effigy of the reigning sovereign, while the reverse has the words 'For Distinguished Conduct in the Field.' The ribbon is crimson, blue, crimson, in stripes of equal width, while the medal hangs from it by an ornamental scroll-clasp. A recipient of the D.C.M. may be granted a bar to be attached to the ribbon for any subsequent act of distinguished conduct in the field.

The Indian Order of Merit was established in 1837 to afford a means of rewarding any conspicuous act of gallantry in the field on the part of native officers or soldiers of the Indian army, irrespective of rank. The Order comprises three classes, and admission to the third class can be obtained by any native officer or man for gallantry in action. Admission to the second class can only be obtained by members of the third; and to the first, by members of the second for further similar acts. Increases of pay or pension, amounting to one-third, two-thirds, or the whole amount, are granted to recipients of the third, second, and first classes of the Order respectively. The badge consists of a star of eight points, having in its centre two crossed swords on a ground of dark-blue enamel. This device is surrounded by a circular fillet bearing the words 'Reward of Valour,' while the whole of the central device is surrounded by a laurel wreath. The first-class badge is worked entirely in gold, that of the second class has a silver star with the central device and laurel wreath in gold, while that of the third class is worked entirely in silver. The stars are suspended from their ribbons by means of gold or silver rings and clasps, and the ribbon, one and a half inches wide, is dark blue with crimson edges.

The Indian Distinguished Service Medal was

also established in 1907 as a reward for native officers and non-commissioned officers of the Indian army. It can be awarded for distinguished services in peace as well as in war, and bears on one face the effigy of the reigning sovereign, and on the other the words 'For Distinguished Service' inside a wreath of laurel. The medal hangs from a crimson ribbon with broad dark-blue edges.

The Royal Red Cross, established by Queen Victoria in 1883, is the first example of a British Military Order for ladies. It has always been the custom to give war medals to nurses for their services in various campaigns; but the Royal Red Cross may be conferred 'upon any ladies, whether subjects or foreign persons, . . . for special exertions in providing for the nursing of sick and wounded soldiers and sailors,' and also upon 'nursing sisters, or other persons engaged in nursing duties, . . . for special devotion and competency which they may have displayed in their nursing duties with the army in the field, or in naval or military hospitals.' The decoration, therefore, may be conferred for services in peace as well as in war. The badge itself is very handsome, and consists of a gold cross, enamelled crimson, edged gold, one and a half inches in diameter. In the centre is the effigy of the sovereign in gold on a gold ground, while the four arms of the cross bear the words 'Faith,' 'Hope,' 'Charity,' and the date '1883,' in gold. It hangs by a gold ring from a dark-blue, red-edged ribbon one inch wide, tied in a bow and worn on the left shoulder.

This completes the tale of British decorations and medals which can be awarded for acts of gallantry or for distinguished services in war. As examples of decorations which can be granted for gallantry in peace, however, we may mention the Albert Medals of the first and second classes for saving life at sea or on land; the Edward Medal, sometimes called the 'Miner's V.C.,' for saving life in mines; the King's Police Medal, given to officers of the constabulary forces and to persons serving in fire brigades for acts of exceptional courage and skill and conspicuous devotion to duty; the medal of the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, worn on the right breast with a scarlet ribbon; the Board of Trade Medal for gallantry in saving life at sea; and the medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. There are also the bronze and silver medals of the Royal Humane Society, worn with a blue ribbon on the right breast, and given for saving life; and the gold Stanhope Medal, awarded annually by the same society for the bravest deed of the year. Lack of space, however, forbids us to mention these medals in detail.

France has the famous Legion of Honour, the *Médaille Militaire*, and the newly instituted *Croix de Guerre* for rewarding the gallantry of her soldiers and sailors in battle. Russia has the Cross of St George, the equivalent of our

V.C. ; while Japan has the Order of the Golden Kite. Germany has her famous Iron Cross, which has been awarded somewhat profusely and indiscriminately during the present war to

the crews of Zeppelins and submarines ; while her ally Turkey, not to be outdone, has, it is believed, lately instituted an Order of the Iron Crescent to meet her own requirements.

THE ROMANCE OF STAINED GLASS.

By WILLIAM J. STEVENSON.

WHEN, close on a year ago, the German shells crashed down on the Cathedral of Rheims, whatever other damage they may or may not have done, they certainly robbed the world of a masterpiece of ancient art alike unique and irreplaceable. For the chief glory of Rheims Cathedral, one that haunts the memory even more than the soaring lines and mounting spires of its magnificent fabric, was the solemn beauty and vivid, glowing tints of its noble interior, turned by the light streaming through a myriad storied panes to a veritable dream in chiar-scuro and colour. Just so, through those very panes, the light had streamed for close on seven centuries, and the quaint medieval figures of saint and angel had watched serenely the crownings of monarch after monarch of ancient France, had frowned, one might almost think, on the English usurper, and smiled benignly on the heroic Maid whose mission here reached its culmination. Few things, in fact, bring home to us the very soul of the Middle Ages, with all its mystery and longing and romance, more vividly than do these masterpieces of the stained-glass designer's art ; and in this article it may not be uninteresting to trace a little of the history and methods of those old workers whose results our present age can scarcely hope to equal.

The stained-glass window has always been an essentially Christian form of art. Coloured glass, of course, has been known from a very early period. There is in the British Museum a small head of a lion of very fine opaque blue glass which was found at Thebes, and from its inscription dates approximately from the twenty-fourth century before Christ ; and not only the Egyptians but the Greeks and Romans used glass in the manufacture of jewellery and vessels of beautiful shape and hue. But, so far as we can judge, the use of window designs in coloured glass was unknown in classical times. Perhaps the nearest approach to it was in the mosaic pictures with which the Romans decorated their floors and walls, which in the case of the latter were sometimes built up of pieces of glass rather than of vari-coloured stone. At least it is pretty certain that it was from such coloured mosaic pictures that the first idea of the stained-glass window was originally drawn.

The first beginnings of the art arose, however, not in Rome but in Constantinople, where from the earliest days of the Eastern Empire the Byzantine artists were famous for their work in

precious stones, enamels, and coloured glass. It is known that coloured-glass windows existed in the Cathedral—now the Mosque—of St Sophia in the sixth century A.D., and it is even possible that some of the panes still to be seen in the windows of that famous building may date from the time of its building by Justinian, the famous emperor and lawgiver. For glass, one of the most fragile of substances, is also one of the most resistant to the passage of time, which, indeed, in many cases seems to bring it only an added beauty ; as witness the softened tints and lovely iridescent sheen so characteristic of many ancient specimens, not to be imitated in perfection to-day by any processes yet known to us.

From Constantinople the art of working in coloured glass travelled in very early times to Venice, and from that city it was brought to France by a colony of glass-workers who settled at Limoges as early as 979 A.D. Here and in the neighbourhood the process of designing windows in mosaics of coloured glass was developed and perfected, and from here it spread abroad throughout Europe, to Italy, to Germany, and to England.

Probably the oldest stained-glass window still in existence is one in a church at Neuwiller, in Alsace, which represents St Timothy, and which, though dating from the eleventh century, is still in good preservation. Other very ancient examples, which date from the twelfth century, are to be seen in the church of St Denis, near Paris ; but it was not till a hundred years later that the art really reached its zenith, and it is from the thirteenth century that most of the best examples of early stained-glass windows date.

By this time the Italian designers and craftsmen were probably equal to the French ; but, except for an example at Assisi, very little of their work has, unfortunately, come down to us. For the finest specimens of the early school we must turn to France, to the cathedrals of Rheims, Le Mans, Bourges, and (perhaps finest of all) Chartres. Here the genius of the old artist-craftsmen reached its highest point, as no one who has gazed into those 'caverns lit with a myriad jewel-lights' will be at all disposed to deny.

In these islands we are not well off for examples of thirteenth-century stained glass, and such as we do possess—as those at Canterbury and the justly famed Seven Sisters of York

Cathedral—are too fragmentary to exhibit the full effect of the designer's aim. This was totally different from that of a later age, which, with changing ideals, sought to express itself in different forms of art. The Middle Ages were ages of feeling and emotion rather than of reason, and emotion roused through the single medium of colour was the artist's aim. Form to him was quite a secondary thing; and so it is that when, as at Rheims, masterpieces of his art have been shattered, effects so surprisingly good have been achieved by piecing together the fragments without regard at all to the design. The deep, clear, jewel-like colours still remain, and these it is, after all, which constitute the chief beauty of the work.

To the medieval artist the laws of perspective were still in a great measure unknown, and his draftsmanship, though often striking, was always quaint and conventional. The medium, too, was not such as to lend itself readily to accurate drawing. Early stained glass is invariably 'pot metal'; that is, the tints were obtained by fusing the glass in the pot with various metallic oxides. The glass is thus coloured all through, and each tint must be represented by a separate piece separately leaded in. For his tints the artist went straight to nature—to the ruby, the sapphire, the emerald, whose names he gave to the various colours he employed. It was currently reported, in fact, among the vulgar that ground-up dust of sapphires was used to obtain the wonderful sapphire hue that was among his favourite tints.

Such was the stained-glass art of the thirteenth century. With the passing of the next two hundred years a slow but profound change took place, culminating in the Renaissance. Emotion was yielding during these centuries more and more to the growing power of reason, and the change is reflected in the slow changing of the art. The appeal of colour grew less and less powerful; that of perfected draftsmanship and design grew more and more so.

The draftsmanship of the stained-glass window still remained, as it must always remain, conventional, and bound by its own peculiar limitations; but the designer of the period was seeking for a more plastic medium in which to express himself; and this he found in the invention of glass-painting, or, rather, transparent enamelling, which gave his pencil greater freedom, even though it could not hope to equal the masterpieces of colour of the older style. And so stained glass proper yields place more and more to painted glass.

In this process, though the window is still a mosaic—this is indeed an essential characteristic of the art, and the attempts that have sometimes been made to do away with the necessity of 'leading' have been quite mistaken ones—the glass which is used as a base is partly or wholly white. The design is first sketched out on

paper or cardboard, the glass being then cut to the required shapes and sizes, pieced together on a kind of easel, and painted with the required pigments in such a manner as to reproduce the original design. Finally, the colours are 'burnt' into the glass by a process of 'firing,' the exact duration and temperature of which is a matter of great importance to the finished result; and when this is properly done, the results would seem to be absolutely permanent. As in the older process, the pieces of glass are now leaded together into panels, which are cemented into grooves in the stone-work of the windows, and strengthened with copper ties and 'saddle-bars' of iron. A good deal of skill is needed in the proper arrangement of the leads and bars, which should add to, rather than detract from, the peculiar beauty of the design. This aim is not always achieved, however, as in the case of one very old window—otherwise a fine specimen of the art—where the glass forming the eyes is so leaded in as to give the casual spectator the impression that the figures represented are wearing spectacles. With a few minor alterations in technique, the process described is substantially the one now followed.

Though the finest early stained glass is found in France, the later medieval school probably reached its zenith in Italy, where not only was the craftsmanship of the monkish and other glass-painters unexcelled, but artists even as great as Michelangelo did not disdain to lend their genius to the task of designing. Some splendid specimens of the work of this and other famous Italian artists are to be found, though in bad repair and almost defaced by dirt and neglect, in the Cathedral of Florence. But though much fine stained glass is still to be seen in Italy, much more has perished, not only through the effects of war and other disturbances, but also through ignorance of its artistic value on the part of those in authority, and through sheer change of fashion. Not infrequently medieval work of the highest beauty and value has been removed to give place to inferior modern work of no value, and even sometimes, when the accumulated dirt of centuries on the heavily leaded and seldom cleaned panes obstructed the light, to ordinary white glass.

About the middle of the sixteenth century a gradual decline set in in stained-glass painting. Stained glass began to be less and less used, and such designs as were executed became less and less complete, white glass entering largely into their composition. Good work was still done, however, though the general debasement of artistic taste in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries is reflected in the glass-work turned out at that time. But in the course of the nineteenth century a revival set in, and of late years much excellent work has been done. Even the old 'pot-metal' process, so long a lost art, has been revived; and, though it does not

seriously compete with the later method, it is still practised to some extent. In modern stained-glass art the Munich school is, on the whole, predominant; but work of varying degrees of excellence is turned out in France, Italy, and Belgium. Of these three schools the French glass-painters are perhaps the best, though they do not generally show much originality, being content to imitate as closely as possible the work of the old masters. A very fine example of the modern Munich school, said to be one of the best stained-glass windows executed during the last two or three hundred years, is to be seen in the Parliament House, Edinburgh.

In this connection it is interesting to recall, too, that Holyrood Abbey once possessed some

of the finest fifteenth-century stained glass ever painted. This was the work of an artist originally from Lubeck, who had attained great eminence in Italy, and who is referred to in a document of the period as 'the master glass-painter Gambassi, who made works in glass of various kinds, and was held to be the best glass-painter in the world.' This artist, as we learn from a letter written to him which is still in existence, was in Edinburgh on the 26th August 1434, and probably for at least a year before and after that date. We hear of him laying down furnaces for baking the glass, and it is recorded that the work he executed in Scotland ranked among the best he ever designed. That it has not been preserved to us is a misfortune no lover of art can help but regret.

AN ACCESSARY AFTER THE FACT.

POOFF! how the sun baked down on the little court-house! The county magistrate looked round at the closed windows, and shrugged his shoulders, as it was obvious to him that none of them were made to open.

The object that caused the magistrate to be sitting rather beyond his time, and much against his inclination, was a small boy of some ten years of age, with flaming red hair, white eyelashes, many freckles on a fair skin, and bright, penetrating, humorous brown eyes. He had been taken up for attempting to pick the pocket of an officer in his Majesty's army. At least, so Police Constable XX. 24 said in his evidence; but the officer, who stood there lazily staring through his eyeglass at the small culprit, seemed to have his doubts about the matter. He argued, for instance, how could a boy with any sense think for a moment that an officer in his Majesty's army in war-time would have anything worth stealing on him? And, by Jove! the boy looked as if he had plenty of sense; and he polished up his eyeglass afresh as he glanced at the little ugly face.

The heat did not seem to affect the culprit, who looked round the stuffy room with a fearless eye; he did not seem to have any qualms as to his not being let off. The magistrate was a kindly old man, who was known to come down with a thunder of disapproval on wife-beaters only, or such like.

'But you say, constable, that you did not find anything on the boy that did not belong to him?'

'No, yer Honour. 'E was standin' just lookin' at the captain, idle like, who seemed to be waitin' for some one, as I 'ad seen 'im there for some minutes. Then, yer Honour, I saw the boy, as plain as possible, snatch the 'andkerchief from the captain's sleeve. The captain was standin' like this.'

Police Constable XX. 24 did a little personal imitation, much to the amusement of the court.

'E was standin' strokin' 'is moustache with 'is right 'and, an' 'is left was swung careless like across 'is 'ip; an' just peepin' out from the left sleeve was a khaki silk 'andkerchief.'

It was then that Police Constable XX. 24 collared the culprit and accused him of stealing the handkerchief, telling him to 'come along quiet;' and had dragged the captain into the affair, much against his will.

The captain had murmured with surprise, 'By Jove! how awfully energetic the local police are, and on this hot day, too! Handkerchief! No, I don't seem to miss it. But if you say I do I suppose I must, as of course you know best, my man.'

Then Police Constable XX. 24 began to feel an inward uncertainty as he marched the two off.

The magistrate dismissed the case with a warning to the boy to avoid the danger of mixing in bad company.

'Thank ye, yer Honour!' and the boy was gone, but not before both the magistrate and the captain had realised that he had glanced from one to the other with an amused look that spoke volumes.

Captain Mowbray stood a few moments on the court-house steps stroking his moustache, deep in thought. He hailed a waiting taxi-cab, and by a mere movement of his eyebrow ushered a small, red-haired boy therein, who had presumably been awaiting some such result.

When they had driven out of the town about a mile the captain addressed his companion, 'I say, my son, it was neatly done, that trick of yours. How did you do it?' The captain turned the light of his eyeglass on the ugly little face.

The boy grinned with fervency into the

single eyeglass. 'Which sleeve is it up now, sir?'

'Couldn't say at all, my son; you've fairly flabbergasted me. But don't do it again, sonny; it doesn't pay, I promise you. You'll be sorry for it some day.'

The brown eyes sought the floor of the cab for a moment, and the captain became engrossed with the passing scenery.

'Sir, you're a real sportsman for not speakin'; an' I didn't want to steal the 'andkerchief; but ye looked so mighty lazy or bored or somethin' that I thought I would like to see what ye would look like when ye weren't bored.'

'Perhaps you're right, sonny, and it would be better to show a little more feeling, and then I shouldn't rouse the spirit of mischief in the breasts of such as you. And as for not speaking, sonny, why should I when speaking only means further trouble without really mending matters? But think better of it, my son. Anyway, I'd be really glad to learn that trick from you. But where did you learn it, by the way?'

'My father learned me a lot of tricks like that; only 'e's in—"Click!"' The boy made a clicking sound with his teeth and lips, and a movement with his right hand as if turning a key in a lock. Then he continued, 'An' 'e's not likely to come out yet, an' mother an' I are mighty glad. A father like that doesn't do much good to one in life! Now, sir, which sleeve is the 'andkerchief up?'

'Neither, my boy; and Captain Mowbray drew the khaki handkerchief from the breast of his tunic.

'When did yer put it there, sir?'

'Directly I felt you put it up my other sleeve.'

The boy gasped a moment, but soon recovered his equanimity. 'Ye felt me put it there?'

Captain Mowbray nodded, and stifled a yawn.

'Who was the beautiful lady, sir, who drove by? 'Course, if she 'adn't an' you 'adn't saluted, I shouldn't 'ave got the 'andkerchief back without the copper seein'.'

Captain Mowbray remembered every single little incident of the afternoon, but the culprit failed to get an answer to his last question.

'Where are you takin' me to, sir?'

'Taking you, my son? Oh, just for a little outing. Thought you might like some lunch.'

'Golly!' ejaculated the culprit, and then he gave a long, low whistle.

'Ever thought of going into the army, my son?'

'Yes, sir. I do play the drum in the Boys' Brigade.'

Captain Mowbray's eyeglass fell with a faint flop against his tunic. He then opened his mouth as if to speak, but thought better of it. 'Ah, well! here we are. Out you pop.'

The culprit popped out accordingly. It was at an old-fashioned inn, where they lunched

sumptuously on things that well pleased the heart of the culprit.

Captain Mowbray lit a cigarette, tilted back his chair, and watched the boy, who was engrossed with the delightful process of eating gooseberry-tart and cream. 'Then I take it from you, sonny, that you have thought of the army?'

'Yes, sir. Got anything goin' that might suit me? Lancers, ain't you?' And he eyed the captain's badges and the ribbons on his breast with a certain amount of awe.

'How old are you, sonny?'

'Eleven goin' on twelve. I'm small for me age, they say; but I guess I ain't wantin' in the upper story.'

'No, I guess not.'

There was a world of meaning in the captain's reply, and he smiled slightly behind a strong brown hand. 'Well, sonny, we want a drummer-boy; the last one went out before I came home on furlough.'

'Do you mean dead, sir?'

'Yes, I'm afraid I do. Do you mind risking it? Don't do it if you think by any chance it will bore you, for to be bored is the very worst evil that can happen to you.'

'Bored! Lor' lummy! it's the very thing I should like, sir; you just gi' me the chance.'

By-and-by 'the culprit' had his chance, and he took it like a plucked un.

'Halt! Who goes there?'

'A friend. And take me to the colonel at once.' So spoke a breathless and dusty soldier.

What had been a family mansion was now a mass of tumbled bricks and charred timbers, all except the kitchens and some lean-to out-houses. These were used for the officers' quarters, and the few men that they had left to them were billeted in the cellars beneath the wreck of what once had been a beautiful French château. They were supposed to be taking a well-earned rest, but had come in contact with several stray scouting companies of the enemy, and had lost a number of good men; and now they were awaiting fresh orders. They thought they would be required to escort some long-delayed transports, but the orders had not come yet.

'Yes; what is it?'

'He's missing, sir!' It was the breathless, dusty soldier who spoke; he was a sergeant, and had come back with his three men from doing scouting duty.

'Who's "he," might I ask?' snapped the colonel.

'Our drummer, sir; Sunny Jim.'

'Want some men and an order to go back to look for him, eh?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, off with you. He's the most amusing monkey I've ever come across, and I'd be very sorry if he got into the enemy's hands.'

—Yes, Captain Mowbray, what can I do for you?’

‘Will you order me to go with the party, sir? You know that he is my protégé.’

‘Oh, very well, if you must I suppose you must; but, mind, great care. No lives must be lost, and our position must on no account be given away.’

They went, that small band of men. They hunted about for the better part of the scorching afternoon, and at last they found him in a small copse not far away from the château. He lay there quite still and frightfully wounded, beneath a silver birch-tree, the white bark of which was bespattered with his young blood. Captain Mowbray stooped over him and felt the lad's heart, which was still faintly beating; then he lifted the light body in his strong arms.

As the small band passed the sentry, and he challenged them with the old words of ‘Who goes there?’ as if in answer the eyelids fluttered and lifted themselves off the brown eyes, and they looked straight into Captain Mowbray's lazy gray ones, as he put the little figure gently on the ground out of the sun, in the shelter of a pile of bricks.

‘I kept 'em away, sir, an' I'm goin' out like the other chap did.’

The eyes closed once more, and Captain Mowbray supported the young head on his knee. Then the voice uttered a few unintelligible words, and again was silent; he was evidently going fast. Suddenly he again opened his eyes as the surgeon stooped over him.

‘Hopeless?’ The captain formed the one word with his lips, and the surgeon answered, ‘Quite!’

‘Captain, stoop lower. I—I—want to whisper something. Sir’—

The captain stooped lower, and took one of the little, dirty, blood-stained hands in his. ‘Yes, my son, I can hear. Is it anything that you want?’

The brown eyes opened wider, and a weak laugh came from the poor, drawn lips. ‘Thank ye, sir, for once more callin' me that. What was it—that—the magistrate said ye would—

have been—if—if he had found out—that you had helped—me—out of that scrape?’

‘An accessory after the fact.’

‘Yes—that was it. An' if ye ever told any lies—in court—what would he have said then?’

‘That I had committed perjury.’

The smile still lingered on the lips. Captain Mowbray and the surgeon thought that he was gone, and had not heard the captain's last answer; but they were mistaken, for as the surgeon put out his hand to sign to the other man to put the boy down he suddenly half-raised himself, and the weak voice seemed quite strong again.

‘We're quits now, sir. I told 'em that I had run away miles—an' did not know where I was—an' the more they hurt me an' the more they made me talk the more lies I told. Put me down now, sir; I'm afraid I've dirtied your clothes. I'm a long while goin', sir. I'm sure you're really bored this time. I'—

Captain Mowbray's eyeglass fell with a sudden tinkle against the boy's breast; but he did not notice it. The captain took it carefully up, and polished it with a dirty handkerchief, before fixing it in his eye again.

Again the boy raised himself, and the badly mangled hand went up to the flaming red hair with his last salute, and again he laughed, but this time with almost his natural strength, and fell back against the captain's knee for the last time. For he had gone on his last long journey.

‘Yes, quits, my son! But I'm on the right side this time.’

Then the captain laid the little body gently down, and took from his breast a khaki silk handkerchief, with which he covered the small ugly face.

Yes, quits! And the men who were standing there bareheaded saw that the captain's eyeglass wanted a deal of polishing.

Again the hot sun beat down as they dug the grave of Sunny Jim, and there was not a dry eye there, from the colonel downward, as the solemn words were read over him: ‘Dust to dust!’ And afterwards, when they were relieved, not a man forgot to salute the tiny grave as they went away.

THE WAR-SONGS OF THE GERMANS.

By A. STODART WALKER.

THE many discussions as to the suitability of certain songs to the requirements of our troops on the march have made me have recourse to a small volume published in 1870, *War-Songs of the Germans*, by John Stuart Blackie, and dedicated ‘to my old and esteemed friend’ Thomas Carlyle. The Germany of to-day seems to bear little relationship to the Germany of a hundred years ago. The dominant idea of 1813 was very different from that of to-day. It was

concerned on the political and military side with the question of defence against aggression. The spirit of to-day is not that of defence, but offence; the infliction upon the world of the arrogant claim that the Germans are sent by Providence to dominate the earth; and every form of insolence, tyranny, and piracy is put forward as the necessary means to fulfil what is regarded and advertised as a divine procedure. Despite what the civilised world has told them, the Germans show

little sign of realising that the source of this inspiration seems to spring from something more diabolic than divine. It was not so in 1813. Germany was fighting then a world idea, in much the same way as Great Britain, France, and Russia, backed by the sentiment of many neutral countries, are fighting it to-day.

In 1870 the issue may reasonably be stated to have been that of the Rhine boundary, France maintaining that the Rhine formed their natural geographical limit, while Germany's attitude may be summarised by stating that they considered a range of mountains and not a river to be the natural bounds of a country. The Germans claimed the Rhine as a German river, and would not admit that it was a French boundary line; and out of the opposite claim sprang the war of 1870.

The famous German war-song, '*Die Wacht am Rhein*,' written by Max Schneckenburger to a tune of Carl Wilhelm, is, as Blackie puts it, 'the song of the whole German nation, superseding even the old national hymn of E. M. Arndt, '*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*' with its lofty sentiment and nobly expressed ambition, containing such a verse as the following, which seems to strike strangely on our ears to-day:

This is the German's fatherland,
Where faith is in the plighted hand,
Where truth lives in each eye of blue,
And every heart is staunch and true:
This is the land, the honest land,
The honest German's fatherland.

Schneckenburger's song may be quoted in its entirety, through the medium of Blackie's translation, not merely for the words themselves, but as giving some idea of the stiffness of the task which confronts the Allies when they approach the Rhine. It may be that '*Die Wacht am Rhein*' has become less of a national creed and more of a soldier's boast. It may be that the Germans of to-day are not made of the stuff of 1813 and 1870, and that the determination expressed in this national song may have become anæmic, or the power to carry out the sentiment inefficient to hold back the foe. But it is as well that the British people should know what the sentiment is:

A loud cry swells like thunder's peal,
Like roaring wave, like clashing steel:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who'll come to watch the German Rhine?
Dear fatherland, no fear be thine,
Brave hearts and true shall watch the Rhine.

From heart to heart the quick thrill flies,
And lightning leaps from countless eyes,
Where each true German, sword in hand,
Guards the old border of the land.
Dear fatherland, &c.

And though with Death he make his bed,
No stranger foot thy bank shall tread;
Rich, as in waves thy regal flood,
Is Deutschland in true hero-blood.
Dear fatherland, &c.

He lifts his eye to Heaven's high crown,
Whence his high-hearted sires look down,
And swears an oath to keep thy flood
As German as his true heart's blood.
Dear fatherland, &c.

Till the last drop shall drain our veins,
While in one arm one blade remains,
And while one fuming shot is sped,
No Frankish foot thy bank shall tread.
Dear fatherland, &c.

The oath flies forth, the billows flow,
The forward banners flout the foe!
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine,
True Germans all, we watch the Rhine!
Dear fatherland, no fear be thine,
We watch, true Germans all, the Rhine!

From the numerous messages sent during the present war by the Kaiser to his troops, from the many professorial and editorial deliverances of German savants and German newspapers, we gather that the German people are sophisticated enough to turn what is a war of aggression on their part into one of defence of their Fatherland; and so, when they sing their national song to-day, they may pump up a national resolve similar to that which found a more rational and natural expression in the war of 1870.

Another song, composed by Niklas Becker in 1840, 'on occasion of the alarm given to Europe and especially to Germany by the bellicose preparations and menaces of Thiers,' also deals with the Rhine boundary, and is occasionally sung by the German troops. It is called '*Sie sollen ihn nicht haben*,' and its opening verse runs:

No! no! we'll keep our river,
Our own, our German Rhine;
These foul-beaked ravens never
Shall seize our glorious Rhine.

More familiar in this country, and generally sung to words by Mrs Hemans, is the '*Am Rhein, am Rhein, da Wachsen unsre Reben*,' commencing (in Blackie's translation):

Come, crown your cups with leaves, your brows
with garlands,
And quaff the glowing wine!
No famous stream that rolls in near or far lands
Gives blessings like the Rhine!

and ending:

God bless thy flood, thou regal-rolling river!
We quaff thy glowing wine,
And, while we quaff, the Gaul shall claim thee
never,
Our own, our German Rhine!

The Liberation War of 1813 is enshrined in German literature in more ways than one. Some of the songs are still sung in the trenches; for example, '*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*' suggestive of the world domination idea which is so prevalent to-day. Perhaps the best of many is the famous '*Was blasen die Trompeten?*' descriptive of the deeds of the great Blücher:

Why blare loud the trumpets!—to horse, ye
hussars!
'Tis the gallant old field-marshal that rides to the
wars!
So cheerily rides he his own good steed,
So brightly his sword flashes time to his speed;
Sound fife, trump, and drum! for the Germans
are come!
Hurrah for right and liberty, the Germans are
come!

Like most German songs, it has a super-
abundance of verses, but they are all of excellent
quality. '*The War Dance of the Katsbach*' is
longer still, and is more in the shape of a story
set to music than a marching-song.

Perhaps the most celebrated of German writers
of battle-songs was Körner, that Körner whose
'song inspired the victorious hussar-charge of the
Görhde, which checkmated Davoust at Hamburg
and opened the whole of Napoleon's left to the
irresistible onset of Marshal Forwards, as Blücher
was called.' Of Körner's songs, Lützow's wild
chase, '*Was Glänzt dort vom Walde?*' is the most
dramatic; in fact, no more spirited movement
can be found in any national battle-song, unless
it be in some of those associated with the Jacobite
rising in Scotland:

What gleams from yon wood, in the bright sunshine?
Hark! nearer and nearer 'tis sounding;
It hurries along, black line upon line,
And the shrill-voiced horns in the wild chase join,
The soul with dark horror confounding:
And if the black troopers' name you'd know,
'Tis Lützow's wild Jäger—a-hunting they go!

How roars in the valley the angry fight!
Hark! how the keen swords are clashing!
High-hearted Ritter are fighting the fight,
The spark of Freedom awakens bright,
And in crimson flames it is flashing:
And if the dark Ritters' name you'd know,
'Tis Lützow's wild Jäger—a-hunting they go!

More familiar is the rare '*Du Schuerdt an
meiner Linken*,' the great sword-song of Körner:

Thou sword so cheerily shining,
What are thy gleams divining?
Look'st like a friend on me,
Triumphs my soul in thee.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

'I love my brave knight dearly,
Therefore I shine so cheerily,
Borne by a gallant knight,
Triumphs the sword so bright.'
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

These are Blackie's translations of two of the
sixteen verses, and they give some idea of the
spirit of the whole. In conclusion, I am tempted
to quote in full his translation of Körner's
inspired battle-prayer, '*Vater, ich rufe dich*,'
presenting one of the most sublime unions of
the devotional and the war element in poetry
that any literature can boast:

Father, I call on thee!
Clouds from the thunder-voiced cannon enveil me,
Lightnings are flashing, death's thick darts assail me;
Ruler of battles, I call on thee!
Father, O lead thou me!

Father, O lead thou me!
Lead me to victory, or to death lead me;
With joy I accept what thou hast decreed me.
God, as thou wilt, so lead thou me!
God, I acknowledge thee!

God, I acknowledge thee!
Where, in still autumn, the sear leaf is falling,
Where peals the battle its thunder appalling;
Fount of all grace, I acknowledge thee!
Father, O bless thou me!

Father, O bless thou me!
Into thy hand my soul I resign, Lord;
Deal, as thou wilt, with the life that is thine, Lord.
Living or dying, O bless thou me!
Father, I praise thy name!

Father, I praise thy name!
Not for earth's wealth or dominion contend we;
The holiest rights of the freeman defend we.
Victor or vanquished, praise I thee!
God, in thy name I trust!

God, in thy name I trust!
When in loud thunder my death-note is knelling,
When from my veins the red blood is welling,
God, in thy holy name I trust!
Father, I call on thee!

When we read these inspiring words we are at
once confronted with the question, 'Do the
German soldiers of to-day realise the meaning of
these lines—

Not for earth's wealth or dominion contend we;
The holiest rights of the freeman defend we,

when they gaze on Louvain and Termonde, and
think of the ruin of Belgium? The sophist may
argue that, after all, the Germans are merely
obsessed by patriotism, which remains the
noblest, yet, as Lord Rosebery said in 1882, 'the
most prostituted of all words . . . It urges to
heroism, to self-sacrifice, to assassination, and to
incendiarism. It rebuilt Jerusalem and burned
Moscow. It stabbed Marat and put his bones
in the Pantheon. It was the watchword of the
Reign of Terror and the motto of the guillotine.
It raises statues to the people whom it lodges in
dungeons. It patronises almost every crime and
every virtue in history.' *Verb. sap.*

SONNET: I CANNOT LIKEN YOU UNTO A FLOWER.

I CANNOT liken you unto a flower
That grows to beauty just because it must,
When fed on sunshine, summer wind, and shower.
The rose and lily bow their heads to dust
When storm-clouds threaten the sweet summer
skies;
But you I cannot fancy in such case—
You with the brave young brow and steadfast
eyes.

Rather you seem to me like some rare vase
Of finest silver wrought with care and skill,
And gleaming with reflected sunlight clear—
A proof of the brave patience which stood still
And let the artist work, without a tear,
And soften into the most perfect lines
The tracery of Heaven's own designs.

ANTOINETTE DE COURSEY PATTERSON.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

WAS ever retrospect such an ugly thing as now? You will remember that in the days before the war we had a way at the end of every year of making a kind of stocktaking of the life that had been lived in those past twelve months, events that had occurred, achievements accomplished, and even the failures and disasters that had been sustained, for there was generally a balance to the good, and odd losses could be easily borne. We inspected the quality of the personal and general history that had been made, and then passed on to the ensuing year. It is December again, the stocktaking month; but who wishes to look back on 1915? Year of anxiety, suspense, gloom, and horrors it has been, nearly unrelieved by anything good for heart and soul. We have seen the happiness and beauty of life marred as never before since time was started. The capacity of man for inhuman monstrosity has soared to a height that was above the imagination of the ancient Attila. 'My destructive sword!' wrote the chief enemy to the Queen of Greece; and the sorry madman, glorying in the devastation he has wrought on the world and a large part of the human race, may hug this pride without any hindrance into his sadly disordered mind. No one envies him the distinction. This dying year of 1915 has been the year of this pitiable William of the Prussians. Let him have it—the year of suffering, of murder, of destruction. It is his by right, the worst year the world has known. Let him count the crimes, the millions that have been killed and maimed, the more millions of homes that have been cast to sorrow. This is his year! Throw it to the Huns when we have taken from it the pride and glory that belong to us. Let us look forward then.

* * *

It may be recalled as one of the grim coincidences of the times that just when the European struggle began the United States of America was preparing for such a celebration of a centenary of peace between herself and us the like of which had never been known before. It was to have been made a splendid occasion; perhaps in some small measure it was thought it might be an influence upon a restless world.

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But almost at the moment that the first prayers of thanksgiving for this glorious peace of a hundred years were being uttered, the thunder of the guns in Belgium was heard, hell was let loose, and—unfair to the name of war—crimes were committed, with it as an excuse, from the mention of which those chivalrous soldiers who tested the question as to whether America should be under British rule or not would have recoiled with horror. Of all wars of comparatively modern times, this, as was to be expected of it, was the cleanest and most humane. It is, however, as if nothing in the past matters in the least; as though the Old World, with all its achievements, its people, its landmarks in time, has disappeared into transparent ether. No longer does it seem to some minds to matter what happened one or two or three hundred years ago; and there will for ever be a great black mountain between the future and the immediate past, making a definite separation. So one fears the centenary celebrations, happy events as they were until a little more than a year ago, and numerous as they had become, are now as a custom that has lost its meaning. It must pass to the countries that have not been torn asunder. We can give harsh proof of this instant collapse of the system by looking but a little way on to the year that ensues, and pointing to the fact that we are within a few weeks of what would have been the time for the greatest celebration of the kind that the British people ever could have held, and little has yet been heard or thought of it. Few have noticed any suggestion of a particular celebration, when now, but for the din of the guns, the country would have been busy with committees and councils, funds and schemes, for an object to which it would have given a heart full of enthusiasm and gratitude. And there is a pathetic, a most melancholy, comparison to be made. On the 23rd of April of the year that is coming it will be three hundred years since our immortal Shakespeare died. Not poet alone, but, as a prince of words should be, this was the patriot prince as well, a singer for England who sometimes set the thoughts of her soul into phrases that thrilled. With the flaming quality of his work, the extent of his production was an amazing thing. He was only fifty-two years of age when he died (and it is generally

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accepted that he passed away on the anniversary of his birth), and it seems that his genius and the fevered strain at which he worked burnt his system out. Just three hundred years from the time when now you read, he himself began suddenly to realise that this was so. A premonition of death came upon him. He sent for a lawyer to make his will. Then real illness came. His old friends Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton came to his bedside, and when the spring was opening out again upon his England he went away. Three dramas, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, *Henry VIII.*, and *Cardenio* he had been unable to finish himself, and they were handed on to young John Fletcher for completion. The work was well done; but *Cardenio* was lost, and we know nothing of it now. Let it be noted, however, for the sake of the special coincidence which is the burden of these present comments, that it was a drama having for its theme the romantic tale of the lovers in *Don Quixote*. Spain was a land which at that time the great writers felt it were better to ignore. Perhaps they thought less badly of it than we think of Germany now; but they had a certain pity for it, and they despised it. In all the works of Shakespeare there is but one character taken from Spain. Something will be done for the memory of our great Shakespeare when April comes; but England is distracted, and it is difficult now to imagine the more it would have been if the world had been itself.

* * *

Now let us consider the pathos of a strange comparison. A month ago we were thinking in these pages of the odd situation of Spain—of her seeming, but not actual, exclusion from this gigantic turmoil, of her hopes and fears, and of her nervous anxiety, while being largely a friend of the Grand Alliance, to hold herself free and gain something good for herself through it all—a reasonable and proper ambition. Spain remembers her old greatness, and with her own belief in the atavism of nations and a confidence that she still has a strength if she had leaders and means to develop it, she feels she might come again to the front among peoples. Her writers and her intellectuals have been constant lately in declaring that of all countries Spain is the least understood and the most misjudged. It may be so. They believe that she will rise again, that she is rising, and there are discerning men in her country who feel that the time for a quick advance has come. During the struggle of the nations she is making a fine effort toward self-improvement. Her political house is being set in a better order, and there are some signs of a sorely needed clarification in her politics, the politics which have been a worse curse to her than politics have been even to other countries, our own among them. Nowhere in the world have a people lost more through the lunacy of party systems than in Spain. Then

her means of internal communication are being mended, her physical equipment is being better attended to, great education schemes are being handled by her Government, and much is being done in every direction to improve the more material side of things in Spain. But this is not all. Spain has looked upon Europe and seen a sad suspension of activities in the matter of higher life. She has come to realise now that no nation can be great that is not responsive to a call in life that is beyond material things, and—word as it is that has been given a bad odour in recent times—she is devoting herself to culture. Never before in Spain have artists been given so much honour as in these days, and there are signs of a new inspiration among them. The exhibition of the Spanish Royal Academy this year was the best and most successful that has been known. Her writers are paid a new and greater attention. Her musicians are being rescued from a long neglect. It has been thought that Spain had little music in her being. Those who have wandered in the country and listened perhaps to the folk-songs that are sung in Andalusia have known better; but for want of recognition such genius as she has bred has wandered off to Paris and elsewhere, while in the Royal Opera House of Madrid the works of foreign composers have been ceaselessly produced. Now this is being changed. Within the last few weeks, largely through the efforts of the king himself, a new system of management of this national house has been prepared, by which special encouragement is to be given to the works of Spanish composers and dramatists. It is the same in other fields of intellectual labour. Spain is lazier of sculpture than almost any other old country of the world, but monuments are being raised with frequency now. Cities themselves are being improved. One will be sorry to see the old Seville pass away, just as the old Madrid has largely gone; but in many respects it will be the better for the grand changes that are now being entered upon. While the rest of Europe is wrecking, Spain is trying to make and mend. Seeking for some inspiration that would give a great impetus to her cultural movement, she has found the most magnificent of all. By an incidence of divine arrangement does it seem to her that in the coming year, with most of the world save herself probably still at war, there will occur the tercentenary of the great Cervantes, sovereign prince of her own literature. It has been determined by the nation, by the king, the Government, and the people, that this tercentenary shall be celebrated as none was ever celebrated before; and mighty efforts are being made with this great object. Much that is wonderful is to be done. And now for the pathos of comparison and coincidence. It is the most marvellous double in literature that William Shakespeare and Miguel

de Cervantes died on the very same day in the same year, 23rd April 1616.

* * *

Great was Cervantes; but how different was his life and work from that of the towering English genius who passed to Elysium at the same time as the immortal Spaniard! Shakespeare's life was in its way a placid thing; Cervantes' was one of high adventure and quick romance. Hardly is there a more glowing, more colourful character in the whole of literature than this. He suits the Spaniards well, and their remembrances of him now are rich. Some men, it is said, live their romances, and others write them; but Cervantes did both, and better perhaps than any other man. The ups and downs of his life make up a strange medley. One sometimes wonders why Englishmen and Americans who visit Madrid do not pay a special pilgrimage to Toledo, not far from the capital, to see where Cervantes lived and worked, and think about him and what he has done, just as visitors to England seek Stratford-on-Avon at the earliest chance. Cervantes had associations with Madrid. He was concerned also at different times with Seville, Valladolid, Toledo, Cordova, and other places; but at Toledo there is an old house with the typical Spanish courtyard, a combination of the meanest kind of habitation for both man and beast, which is much the same as it was when Cervantes left it. Passing through the old doorway, one comes upon peasants and muleteers lounging with animals about them, and on the sides of the surrounding building there is an old wooden balcony from which a lazy Spanish woman will look wearily upon the occasional stranger who goes that way. By a corner of this balcony is a chamber where Cervantes for a time lived and laboured. He wrote the *Ilustre Fregona* here. It was a cheerful spirit, an accommodating genius, that permitted him to do good work in such surroundings. Thousands of travellers do go to Toledo in the year, and, having crossed the glorious Alcantara Bridge, they enjoy the exploration of a wonder city of the past. Rich are its treasures of the ages; vast are the histories it represents and the memories that it stirs. There is enough for a month and a year of study and thought in rare Toledo. But I have noticed when there that the house of Cervantes is strangely neglected, and the foremost writer in Spanish history is hardly thought of by the visitor who goes there from Madrid. A glance is considered enough; and sometimes, when there is hurry in sightseeing, the guide will suggest that Cervantes may be omitted from the list, and out of it the creator of *Don Quixote* falls. There is a bare, windy plain between Alcazar and Cordova, farther south, Campos de la Mancha it is called, and by its name it speaks at once to readers of *Don Quixote*. Argamasilla de Alba is near to Alcazar, and it is believed

that it was at this place that he began to write his greatest book. He was sent here to collect some rents, for Cervantes was for long only a writer between times, as it were; but the debtors threw him into prison. Then he began his work, and made one of the inhabitants of the place his hero, so they say. All the people of the locality urge that Don Quixote was a reality, and there are even families there who claim to be descended from him. That is the way with them in Spain. In the very prison where he wrote the book an excellent edition of it has been printed.

* * *

Strange were the vicissitudes of the career of this Spanish genius. He was seventeen years older than Shakespeare. Perhaps hardly any other country or time could have given to a writer such odd romance in life. Despite the efforts of some misguided people in Spain to suggest that he had a university training, it is clear that he had nothing of the kind, and that his education was gained from life and the world. But he was a reader, and he had hours and days with the poets and the books of chivalry; and, loving the theatre, the desire to be a dramatist was early born in him. He began to write sonnets, and he wrote them always afterwards. Then Cardinal Acquaviva came to Madrid as a nuncio from Rome, and young Cervantes went back with him, taking a place in his household. When he was in Rome there was a league in formation by Spain, Venice, and the Holy See against the Sultan Selim, war was being prepared for, young Spain was alive with the fervour of it, and Cervantes left Rome to become a soldier. He was in a galley that sailed from Messina in 1571, and on an October Sunday the Turkish fleet was sighted, and soon afterwards engaged with in the famous battle of Lepanto. Ill with fever as he was at the time, he refused to stay below when the fight began, and he received three wounds, two in the breast and one on the left hand. After being in hospital for seven months he went back to the army, and served in three campaigns. All the fighting then being ended for the time being, he set out on a return to Spain, with fine testimonials; but his ship was separated from the rest of the Spanish squadron, and was captured by Moorish pirates. He became a slave in Algiers. Many attempts to escape were failures, heavy punishments followed, and his life was threatened more than once. A hangman's rope was placed round his neck. But after some desperate experiences he was set free by ransom, after being a slave five years. Trial upon trial followed. Having served in the campaign for the conquest of Portugal under the Duke of Alba, he returned to Madrid and tried to settle down to writing. Then he became a naval storekeeper in Seville, and had a small part in the provisioning of the ships for the great Armada. Work under a commission to enforce payment of overdue taxes in Granada

followed; and then, after a long and costly lawsuit, he was wrongfully cast into prison for debt. Afterwards, in Valladolid, a murder of a Spanish noble was committed near his house. Cervantes heard the cries of the dying man, went to his assistance, was found supporting him, and he and his family were then flung into jail on suspicion of having committed the murder. Being found innocent, he was released; and then, with the hurting memories of these and many other hard experiences, he went back to Madrid to spend the ten years of life that remained to him in desperately hard literary work which brought him but a sparse return in money. He was a noble man. He had a fine sympathy and the most magnificent fortitude and patience. How this genius suffered! The quality of his writing we know. Spain may well be proud of Cervantes.

* * *

See, then, what is being done in unconsidered Spain for the celebration of a great tercentenary, while there is little movement in anxious England for a like festival in honour of our Shakespeare. It is being made a national and governmental matter. The king is enthusiastically at the head of it. The full energy of the country is being turned to it. It is to be made the greatest thing of its kind that Spain has ever done. In a sense, in the best sense, it is being made a political affair, the grand object being to bring all of Spanish blood, at home and beyond the seas, to a unity in honour of the illustrious writer. An official manifesto has been issued and widely circulated, saying: 'Miguel de Cervantes wrote a book which was justly termed "The Human Bible," and we feel that the tercentenary of his death should be made a feast of humanity, a banquet of the spirit, to which people of all nationalities should give their assistance.' There has been established a most influential Cervantes Celebration Committee of a national kind. The Prime Minister has taken the chair at its meetings, and a manifesto has been published in the official *Gazette* declaring a general scheme for the celebration. In the Plaza de España in Madrid a fine Cervantes monument is to be erected; invitations are being issued to persons eminent in art and literature in Spain and America to co-operate in the celebrations; a committee has

been appointed, including representatives of the nobility, the army, and the navy, to organise details of the celebrations; in all cities and towns of any consequence Cervantes Tercentenary Committees have been appointed to organise local celebrations, assist in the greater ones, and do their utmost to make the occasion memorable throughout the country; and to the Academia de San Fernando has been delegated the work of organising a Cervantes Exhibition and publishing periodically a journal called the *Cronica del Centenario*, containing all notices of an official character, and any other matter calculated to assist the great object in view. For some time past the local committees at Seville, Valladolid, Burgos, and other centres have been busy. The central committee at Madrid has determined on the publication of a special tercentenary edition of *Don Quixote*, consisting of ten thousand sets in six volumes, each with illustrations by a great Spanish artist and notes by the director of the Biblioteca Nacional. There will be an *edition de luxe* of one hundred and twenty-five copies in four large volumes, and also an edition of a hundred thousand copies for children, consisting of suitable selected passages, with a story of the great writer's life. The six volumes of the main edition are to be published at the rate of one each month, and the first will make its appearance immediately. It has also been determined by the central committee that there shall be a national competition for music set to a hymn of Cervantes, that there shall be more national competitions for Cervantes engravings and sculpture, that there shall be held in April a bibliographic exhibition of Cervantes in the national library, that a large quantity of twenty-five peseta gold pieces with the bust of the king on one side and that of Cervantes on the other shall be coined, that Cervantes postage-stamps shall be issued; that, in short, everything thinkable and reasonable shall be done to make the celebration a great and inspiring event, and one that will do the nation good. That is what is being done in Spain, which, as her great artist Sorolla has lately murmured, is so sadly misunderstood. Spain, say some of her sons, will soon rise from the ashes again like a phoenix. In the meantime the comparison already suggested, the sad contrast, is one that is not happy for contemplation.

TRENCH WARFARE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—II.

By NIMROD.

AT the head of a communication trench, where it opens into the firing-line, stands a group of men at the mouth of what appears to be a shaft similar to the pit-heads of the collieries. The group is composed of miners who have been specially enlisted for the mining and tunnelling

which now plays a prominent part in warfare on the western front, and the shaft leads down to a mine which is being run out beneath the zone separating the British and German fronts until it is well under the hostile parapet. We halt by the group to gain an insight into the work

proceeding, and to glean from the miners some of the exciting incidents and adventures which have befallen them in the performance of their subterranean duties. They are splashed with mud and clay from head to foot, for the soil of Flanders is liquid a few feet below the ground-level, and one must perforce work often knee-deep in mire and slush. Each man has sandbags wrapped over his boots and round his legs as some protection against the oozy soil, and they form a picturesque group, with the sentries and lookout-men on the parapet, and a machine-gun emplacement which occupies a corner of a traverse hard by the mine-shaft. The majority of the men forming this particular mining company are from Scotland, and they have taken up their dangerous calling on the battlefields of France in common with the rest of the men of the new armies we now have in the field. Finer men could not be found than these brawny lads, and they work with a will and energy that is amazing when one considers the physical conditions. But here mining has an interest peculiar to the circumstances demanding it. The object to be attained is a fascinating one, and every yard through the soil is so much ground overcome and brings one nearer to the hostile line, when the work of many laborious days and nights will be consummated and the mine sprung beneath an unsuspecting enemy. It is that the miner looks forward to with keen anticipation, and when his handiwork has been an unqualified success he feels the reward of his labours has been all that could be desired. There is, too, a spirit of keen rivalry, and he prides himself on his superiority over the German at tunnelling. Here he has undoubted reason to be self-satisfied, for it cannot be said that the Boche displays great ingenuity or science in the preparation of his mines. Only three days ago he demonstrated his inferiority by exploding a couple of mines which had been run out toward the British parapet, and presumably should have been directed underneath it, or at any rate in such a manner as would lead to its object being fulfilled. The calculations of the German miner were, however, so much at fault that both mines exploded harmlessly well out in the zone between the opposing fronts, with no loss to the British either in trench or personnel.

Stacked around the shaft are blocks of wood, neatly cut timbers, and flooring-planks, for use as the tunnel is extended, to shore it up andrevet its sides. Here also are piled heaps of sandbags in which the excavated earth is collected and used for improving trench and parapet. It would be difficult to estimate the number of sandbags used in this war; but they run into many millions. Seated on the firing-step is another miner pumping air down into the mine by means of a small air-pump, the handle of which has been smashed by a splinter from a shell that

burst in the trench whilst he was at work, although he himself escaped without a scratch. It is a warm corner here, for the Boche seems to suspect something unusual, and accordingly pays a great deal of attention. The parapet is constantly being struck by bullets, which resound with a peculiar cracking *thud*, whilst others pass overhead with a never-ending *zip*. It behoves one to keep one's head down when passing along this part of the trench, for the German sniper is unrivalled, and he rarely misses an opportunity. There is a reminder of his sinister presence in the sandbagged line only eighty yards away in the form of a notice which has been stuck up on a bayonet driven into the parapet, and bearing the inscription, 'A Hun Sniper here.'

Let us descend into the mine and view the work going on which is to result in its being sprung at a given time, and further to be taken as the signal for an attack on this portion of the German line. Stakes have been driven stepwise into the side of the shaft, and by these we gain the bottom some twenty-two feet below the ground-level. Leading off therefrom is a dark tunnel four feet square which disappears into the bowels of the earth. The floor of the tunnel is lined with planking, and the sides are cleverly reveted in like manner; whilst stout beams are placed transversely overhead to support the unusually heavy clay soil. We creep in on hands and knees, and crawl along the tunnel in rear of our guide—a Highlander from the Isle of Skye. In the distance, which seems endless, we discern the faint gleam of an electric torch, and then the form of a man appears in a crouching attitude working with pick and shovel, and hacking out the earth to his front. Behind him are others stretched out at intervals, the leading one of whom fills sandbags with the soil excavated, and passes them on, and so to the outside, where they are utilised in building up the parapet. The sandbags from the mines are much in request, for the clay soil rapidly hardens, and they become a first-rate protection along the top of the parapet as bullet-stoppers. As already remarked, mining is a slow and laborious task, and only a few yards can be accomplished within the twenty-four hours. The mine we are in is, however, rapidly approaching completion, and, being placed under an important point in the enemy's line, is destined to play no inconsiderable rôle in the forthcoming operations. By the evening all will be ready, the gallery has been completed, the explosives placed in position, the long fuse attached, and every preparation made for the firing of the mine at the given moment. In common with other mines which have been run out under the German positions, the one in question is destined to be the signal for an attack on the German line; and when the vast column of earth and débris leaps into the skies the assaulting infantry will dash forward at the charge. Great deeds are in the making, and on the morrow the

long-awaited offensive is to open, and from the Swiss frontier to the North-Sea the Allied forces will resume the offensive and form in a general attack on the German trenches at certain selected points.

We pass out of the mine, crawling along the damp and gloomy gallery, and so into the fresh September air. There is an unusual bustle and activity going on in the trenches; and as the day wears on the lines of advance of battalions are carefully marked, and the points on which their flanks will rest are noted along the parapet.

Here a digression will prove of interest, and enable us to gain an idea of the operations which are about to enter upon a definite phase. The Allied armies are about to attempt the breaking of the enemy's line which has confronted them for upwards of a year. The defences comprise a labyrinth of trenches, many of them fortified with concrete emplacements, steel cupolas, and all the devices appertaining to siege warfare rather than that of armies operating in the open field. Here and there at all-important points, such as those commanding road junctions, possible lines of advance, or high ground, powerful redoubts have been constructed, linked together by a complicated system of communication trenches. In rear of the first line is a second and a third, between which the ground has been rendered strong and well-nigh impassable by a maze of barbed-wire entanglements. Once the first line is carried, it is essential to renew the bombardment and sweep away these obstacles before farther progress can be made. It is an extremely difficult task for the gunner, since the Germans now employ iron stakes to secure their wire, and an immense quantity of high explosive is required before any effect is produced, and the obstacle torn up. Moreover, the wire is cunningly concealed in long grass and between trees, and has mounds of earth thrown up in front to hide it from view. Thus it happens that in an attack on the German lines the infantry come across hidden wire which has hitherto escaped detection; hence the losses are heavy and farther progress is barred.

Hitherto the weather has been all that could be desired, but this evening a change has set in, and a drizzling rain supervenes. We will pass to the rear of the British line, a mile or so behind the front trenches, and see what is going on. Here, in an orchard, availing themselves of cover afforded by the spreading branches, is a regiment of Garhwalis from Hindustan, who at the fall of night will move forward to take post in the front line. Down the road comes a company of sappers and miners, also from India, laden with picks and shovels, materials for hasty demolitions, and all the equipment necessary rapidly to consolidate ground won. Following them comes a signal company, whose duty it is to link up the firing-line with headquarters of units

and batteries, and ensure that the means of communication will be effective and constant. Unit follows unit, each moving to its assigned position, some to the foremost trenches, others to those constructed to shelter supports and reserves just in rear. Before midnight all are in position, and then a period of waiting commences until the signal in the shape of the exploded mine shall be given. It is, however, by no means a quiet night. On the contrary, there is continual crash of artillery, the sharp crackle of rifle and machine-gun fire, and the deafening noise made by the German *Minenwerfer* bombs as they burst in our trenches. For three weeks a steady bombardment of the German lines has been going on, to accomplish, first, the cutting and destruction of the wire bristling along the hostile front, and, secondly, the breaching of the parapet, and by a rain of shell to deprive it and the trenches of any semblance to fortified works. All day the guns maintain their fire, and at night salvoes of shrapnel are burst over the enemy's lines, whilst persistent rifle and machine-gun fire is maintained to prevent the Germans from repairing their battered wire and trenches. Despite the harassing conditions under which they labour, and the heavy losses they must sustain, the dawn of day often shows a considerable amount of repair-work accomplished. The persistent and relentless bombardment tells, however, in the end, and on the day before the attack the shell-fire is intensified, and all along the front the German wire obstacles are crumpled up and the parapet heavily breached. That night further efforts are made at repair-work by the tireless foe; but the continual fire of rifles and machine-guns, which never ceases throughout the night, compels him to desist. Over the German trenches a strange silence seems to hang, as though the combined effect of artillery and small arms had forced them to evacuate their front line.

The night passes slowly to the waiting thousands who are massed ready to move forward at the appointed hour. Away on our right the thunder of the guns resembles one continual roar, and an hour before dawn it increases to an extent that compels the reflection as to how men can live under such a scourge and remain sane. It is the French hammering hard at the German line and opening the way for a charge on a front of twenty-five miles.

It is broad daylight at five-thirty, and the Germans are standing to arms until perhaps six o'clock. The minutes creep on until the hour indicates five-forty-five. Suddenly there is a trembling beneath our feet, a distinct shock as of an earthquake, and then a mighty column of earth and sandbags, mingled with woodwork and sundry materials, shoots skyward in an awe-inspiring upheaval. The labours of the miners have not been in vain, and the mine has done its work and left a wide yawning breach in the

German line, an opening sufficient to admit the passage of a regiment. Simultaneously with the eruption the artillery bursts forth with redoubled efforts for the space of ten minutes to complete the discomfiture of the enemy and force him to keep under cover. The infantry cross the parapet and rapidly form up preparatory to the forward move. The clouds of smoke and dust, mingled with the early morning mist, obscure the view and blot out the German trenches. The distance to traverse is, however, slight, and with a rush the leading lines are through the torn entanglements and over the German parapet ere the foe has had time to realise the situation. Through the opening laid bare by the mine the stormers pour, a crater in which they blunder and stumble, then emerge on the far side, clearing the few astonished Germans out at the point of the bayonet. Bombing parties break off to right and left to bomb down either flank, and clear the enemy out of dugouts and shelters wherein he may be lurking. A single bomb thrown into a dugout clears it more effectually than any other weapon; for, although one can do much with the bayonet, the bomb stands unrivalled for its qualities of rapid and wholesale destruction. A fierce hand-to-hand struggle goes on, as parties of Germans are rounded up. A Highlander dashes up the parapet and plunges his bayonet into the breast of a Teuton who wears the Iron Cross, whilst by his side another attempts to lay low the kilted soldier; but in the excitement of the moment he misses at point-blank range, and receives in

his turn a bayonet-thrust full in the chest. So the fight goes on until the ground is won, and then the work of consolidation supervenes; and with the fall of night fresh wire is run out, supplies of ammunition are brought up, and the work of collecting the wounded is proceeded with. Already the Germans have hurried up reinforcements and initiated preparations for the counter-attack with a view to recovering the lost ground. As is their custom, they usher it in with a violent cannonade from their heavy howitzer and the *Minenwerfer*, which throws a bomb weighing one hundred and thirty pounds, and bursts with a truly deafening crash. Our own artillery responds energetically, and between the two an inferno is created. The night passes in a series of efforts to re-establish themselves; but morning dawns and finds the victors still holding on. The cold gray dawn reveals the battlefield dotted here and there with the bodies of the gallant dead. Here lies one still grasping the rope handles of an ammunition-box he was carrying forward to replenish the rounds when he was struck down, whilst another is prostrate half-way up the bank of a ditch out of which he was climbing at the moment of death. Yet another clasps in his right hand one of the flags which was to have marked the farthest point gained by the assaulting column. They are pictures of the grim side of war, but they do not damp the ardour of the troops, which remains, as ever, at a high level; and the amazing spirit animating the British forces will lead to the one final and definite object,

THE PIE IN THE OVEN.

By J. J. BELL.

AS his spouse entered the kitchen, Mr John McNab, seated in his arm-chair, turned a lowering countenance from the bright fire. 'Where the mischief ha'e ye been?' he demanded crossly. 'Are we to ha'e nae supper the nicht?' 'I was jist at the gate,' she mildly replied, 'lookin' to see if I couldna hear Flora comin' up the road—wi' the constable,' she added, taking a loaf from the crock and setting it on a platter. The table in the middle of the floor was already laid, more elaborately than usual, for the evening meal.

'Tits, Susie!' he exclaimed irritably, 'can ye no' ca' him "polisman" an' be done wi' 't?'

'Flora likes us to ca' him "constable." She laid a big knife beside the loaf.

He grunted and proceeded to relight his pipe. 'Weel,' he said between puffs, 'did ye hear the polisman comin' up the road?'

'Na, John; but'—

'In that case he'll no' be within a mile o' the hoose. So we'd best tak' oor supper, you an' me. I ha'ena had a proper meal the day. A body wud think ye was tryin' to starve me!'

'Havers, man!' she said lightly; then seriously, 'We canna tak' oor supper afore Flora an' the constable come.'

'What wey that?'

Mrs McNab stepped over to the hearthrug. Her voice was soothing, persuasive. 'Come, come, John, ye ken fine what's bringin' the constable, dacent lad, here the nicht! Ye needna pretend! An' I wish ye wud gi'e him a chance this time. It's nae great blame to him that he's bashfu' an' backward in comin' forward. It's jist his modesty. So ye'll gi'e him a wee bit encouragement to say his say—eh, John?'

'Encouragement! Guidsave, Susie! ha'e ye nae pride? D'ye think I'm gaun to let the man imagine I'm wantin' to get quit o' Flora, the only bairn we've got left? No' likely!'

'But Flora's willin'.' Mrs McNab stooped to open the door of the oven, and a most appetising odour drifted forth. 'Ay, Flora's willin', an' so am I. An' so are you, John, if ye wud but confess it to yoursel.'

'When did I say I was willin'? But that's no' the p'int in the meantime. I tell ye again,

Susie, if Peter Duff wants Flora he can ask for her like a man.' He paused and sniffed. 'What ha'e ye got in the oven, wife?'

'Oh, jist a pie.'

'A pie!' (Sniff, sniff.) 'That's guid! Is't ready, Susie?'

'Ay, it's ready; but it'll keep till they come.' She shut the door, rose, and went over to the dresser. 'I fancied a pie wud be nice for ye efter you an' the constable had settled everything. Weel, I'll prepare the ither things, so as ye'll no' ha'e to wait langer nor necessary.'

Mr M'Nab sat up. 'But I want ma supper noo,' he declared. 'I'm terrible hungry.'

'I'm sure they'll no' be lang,' she replied pleasantly, and busied herself at the dresser. 'Maybe the constable'll no' be sae bashfu' the nicht, puir lad.'

'Bah! The man hasna the pluck o' a hen!'

'Aw, ye shouldna say that efter him catchin' the burglar at Sir Robert's single-handed, an' the burglar wi' a pistol forbye.'

'I dinna believe it was loaded. A—what kin' o' a pie did ye say it was?'

'Ye'll see when the time comes, John,' she replied, removing the bread to the table. 'What wud oor Flora ha'e done if the brave lad had got shot? Promise ye'll gi'e him a chance. Three times has he come here to ask ye for Flora'—

'An' sat like a stuffed owl till it was time to gang to oor beds!'

'I dinna wonder at him no' sayin' muckle, for ye pit the fear o' death into the man. If ye wud gi'e him a bit hint that ye ken what brings him—that ye ha'e nae serious objections to him wantin' Flora'—

'If he wants Flora he can ask for her like a man! I stick to that!' Mr M'Nab rose abruptly and looked up at the clock. 'Listen, wife! We'll gi'e Flora five meenits mair, an' if she's no' in by then we'll tak' oor supper. I'm famishin'. I'll awa' ootbye an' see if there's ony sign o' her.'

Left to herself, Mrs M'Nab sighed and smiled, murmuring, 'Aweel, I'm no' gaun to thole it ony langer. It's got to be settled the nicht. An', someway, I think it *will* be settled the nicht.' She called through the doorway, 'D'ye hear them comin', John?'

His voice replied, 'I hear *him* richt enough!' Presently the outer door was banged, and he re-entered the kitchen. 'They're footerin' awa' at the gate. I suppose he's feart to come in.' Mr M'Nab strode over to the fire. 'I micht as weel get oot the pie, an' we'll be ready to mak' a start.'

She wheeled upon him. 'Ye'll leave the pie where it is, ma man! I'm no' gaun to be affronted in ma ain hoose.'

'D'ye think I'm gaun to be starved in ma ain hoose? What's wrang wi' ha'ein' oor supper first? An' then I'll hear what Duff has got to

say, supposin' he's got onything to say—eh, Susie? What's wrang wi' that?'

'Na, na, John. Business first, plesure afterwards. That's aye a man's motto, at least when it suits him. But it needna tak' ye lang to feenish the business. Jist a bit kindly encouragement'—

'I'll see masel' damp first!' cried Mr M'Nab, throwing himself into the arm-chair. 'If ye've nae pride, I've still some left. A M'Nab doesna ask a polisman to be sae kind as to tak' his dochter—by gravy, no! If Peter Duff haana the spunk to ask for her, he doesna deserve to get her.' He raised his voice. 'An' he'll *no*' get her. I'll see masel' damp'—

'Wheesht, man, wheesht! I hear them comin'.' She ran across to the oven, opened the door, and peered in. 'It's maybe jist a wee thing ower het,' she remarked. 'I'll leave the door open an inch.' She rose. 'My! but it's a bonny smell; is't no', John? Ay, there they are!'

Flora's voice was heard. 'Hing yer hat on that nail, Peter, an' here's a place for yer walkin'-stick.' (Sounds of a hat and stick falling.) 'Oh dear, but ye're awfu' clumsy! Let them lie. Gang ben'—

Peter's voice replied, 'Aw, thank ye, Flora—thank ye. But I doot it's ower late. I—I'll bid ye guid-nicht, Flora.'

Mrs M'Nab flew to the door and threw it open. 'Come awa' ben, Maister Duff,' she said hospitably. 'We're rale gled to see ye.'

Assisted by a gentle propulsion from the maiden, Peter crossed the threshold. His height was six feet two, and he looked miserable and flustered in proportion. He shook hands feebly with the hostess.

'Kin' o' cauld the nicht, is it no'?' she pleasantly remarked.

'Ay, it's kin' o' cauld, as ye say. It is that.' He moved nervously toward the host. 'Ay, it's kin' o' cauld. Ay.—I hope ye're weel, Maister M'Nab; I hope'—

Mr M'Nab granted a brief handshake. 'Sit doon, sit doon,' he said shortly, and turned to his daughter.—'Ye're late, lassie.'

'Am I?' she answered lightly over her shoulder.—'Peter, tak' a sate.'

'Aw, thank ye,' said the constable tremulously; 'but I'll no' sit doon. It's time I was gettin' doon the road.'

Mrs M'Nab placed a chair, rather a low one, for him. 'Hoots, Maister Duff!' she said kindly, 'ye maun bide an' tak' a bit supper wi' us.'

'Aw, thank ye,' was the reply, delivered with the smile of an expiring martyr; 'but I'd best be gettin' doon the road, so I'll jist bid ye guid'—

Mr M'Nab interposed with considerable impatience. 'Are ye on some spaycial duty the nicht?'

'Na, na; but—but I'd best'—

'Noo, Maister Duff,' said the hostess, 'I'll be

sair offended if ye dinna bide for yer supper. So sit ye doon an' rest ye.'

'Aw, thank ye, thank ye; but'—

Flora intervened. 'If he wants to gang,' she said, with a haughty tilt, 'let him gang.'

'I dinna want to gang, Flora,' stammered the wretched young man; 'but'—

'Siddoon, man!' thundered Mr M'Nab.

The constable went down with a crash, all but toppling from the chair.

'Fayther!' whispered Flora reproachfully.

He turned an astonishingly pleasant countenance upon her. 'Weel, ma lass, I'm sure you an' Maister Duff are ready for yer supper this cauld night.' He transferred the beam to the visitor. 'Ye'll be fair famishin'—eh, Maister Duff?'

Peter started. 'Me? Aw, as sure's death, Maister M'Nab, I couldna eat a bite.' He wilted under the other's sudden scowl.

Flora turned to her mother. 'Is the supper ready? Can I help ye? I'm as hungry as a hawk.'

At that her father grinned once more and rubbed his hands. 'That's richt, Flora! Ye'll fin' the pie in the oven.'

Mrs M'Nab smiled placidly. 'Dinna heed the pie the noo, Flora. Rin awa' an' tak' aff yer things, an' I'll see aboot the supper—*when the time comes.*'

'A' richt, mither,' said Flora agreeably, and, with a glance at Peter, who appeared to be dead to the world, left the kitchen.

As the door closed, 'Mercy!' exclaimed Mrs M'Nab, 'I forgot to tell her something. John, you an' Maister Duff can ha'e a smoke an' a crack till I come back.' She went quickly to the door.

Peter rose in a panic. 'Aw, it's time I was gettin'—'

'Siddoon!' snapped the host so smartly that Peter flopped a second time.—'See here, Susie, I'm famishin'! Let's ha'e oor supper wi'oot ony mair palaver.'

'Patience, patience,' she mildly returned. 'Ye'll get yer supper'—she went out—'when the time comes,' and closed the door.

With a gesture of impotent wrath Mr M'Nab threw himself back in his chair, glowering at the guest, who sat motionless, staring at his feet. In a little while, however, he moved his chair forward, and, bending over the arm, sniffed at the aroma stealing from the oven. Then, as though in order to forget it, he sat up and relighted his pipe.

A groan, doubtless involuntary, came from the constable.

Mr M'Nab leaned toward him and said slowly and distinctly, 'Did ye speak?'

'Eh?' with a violent start.

'I'm sayin', did ye speak?'

'Na—oh, na, na.'

'I thocht ye was maybe tryin' for to say something.' Mr M'Nab emitted several puffs.

'Regardin' that burglar o' yours,' he resumed in a milder voice, 'was his pistol loaded?'

'Burglar? Pistol? Oh, ay; ay, a' the chambers was loaded.'

'Did ye guess they was loaded afore ye tackled him?'

'Ay,' answered Peter absently, 'I suppose I did.'

'An' ye wasna feart?'

'I couldna say.'

'It's a peety,' said Mr M'Nab with deliberation—'it's a great peety I'm no' a burglar.'

'Eh?' said Peter, looking more dazed than ever.

'Oh, naething,' the other replied shortly. He smoked for half-a-minute. 'It's been a fine day,' he remarked, and there was a longish pause. 'I'm sayin', it's been a fine day.'

'A fine day—so it has.' Another pause, in the course of which the constable shuddered.

'If ye're cauld,' said the host, 'draw in' to the fire.'

'Aw, thank ye.' Peter moved his chair a couple of inches. 'I'm no' exactly cauld,' he added, taking out his handkerchief and wiping his brow.

'Dod, ye're sweatin', man!'

'Ay, I'm sweatin', but I'm no' exac'ly warm either.' Peter transferred the handkerchief to his neck. 'It's a sort o' cauld sweat.' He blew his nose, coughed, wiped his brow again, and put away the handkerchief. He then sought to twist his ankles together and gripped the bottom of the chair with both hands, as though he were afraid of being drawn into space. Presently he spoke, with an obvious effort. 'As ye observed, it's been a fine day. If—if it hadna been a fine day I—I was gaun to ask ye, Maister M'Nab—I'm sayin', Maister M'Nab, I was gaun to ask ye a—an important question.' He got out his handkerchief again.

'Noo it's comin'!' said Mr M'Nab under his breath. He sat very erect, laid aside his pipe, pulled down his waistcoat, and assumed an attitude of stern attention. 'Ye was sayin'!'

'I was gaun to—to ask ye'—

'I'm listenin', Maister Duff; I'm listenin'.' The listener hooked his thumbs into his waistcoat armholes and looked perfectly terrifying.

Peter writhed. 'I was gaun to ask ye— Oh, ma gracious goodness!' he sighed.

Mr M'Nab, either from pity or from a certain sense of guilt, removed his gaze to the ceiling. 'Ye was sayin' ye was gaun to ask me. Weel, what was the question aboot, Maister Duff?'

'Aw, it was aboot—it was aboot—that coo o' yours that was badly.'

Mr M'Nab fell back. 'The coo's deid,' he snapped.

'Oh dear me! I'm vexed to hear that, Maister M'Nab; I'm vexed to hear that. But I—I hope the ither beasts is—in guid health.'

'I ha'ena heard them complainin'.'

'That's nice.' Peter mopped his face. 'An' the p-poultry?'

'There's naething wrang wi' the poultry.'

'Oh, that's gratifyin', extremely gratifyin'! An' the p-pigs?'

'They're fine,' said the host, barely restraining himself.

'Oh, that's splendid! It's splendid when the pigs is fine. An' ye're keepin' brawly yersel', I hope?'

But this was too much. 'Ach, man, haud yer tongue an' gi'e yer brain a rest!' said Mr M'Nab rudely.

Peter recoiled and bowed his head in his hands just as Mrs M'Nab came briskly into the kitchen. She passed swiftly to the oven, examined the contents, and shut the door with a dubious wag of the head which did not escape her husband.

'Aweel,' she said resignedly, as she retired, 'if the pie's ruined, I suppose it canna be helped.'

'Susie,' implored Mr M'Nab, 'what's the use o' a' this palaver? Wud it no' be faur better to—'

Ignoring him, she disappeared.

'Susie! Susie! Oh! this is no' to be endured.' He addressed himself to the unhappy guest. 'I'm sayin', this is no' to be endured, Maister Duff.'

'Ay,' groaned Peter, 'it's hellish.'

'What! I thoct ye said ye waana hungry.'

'Hungry?'

'Tits, man! dae ye no' smell the pie?'

'Whatna pie?'

'Whatna pie, ye gowk!' Mr M'Nab leaned over and opened the oven door. 'The pie in the oven—see!'

'Aw,' said the constable stupidly, 'is that a pie?'

'I thoct a polisman,' the host observed with extreme bitterness, 'wud ken a pie when he seen it! Can ye no' smell it?'

'I—I'll try,' said Peter, making to rise.

'Keep yer sate! Can ye no' smell it where ye are?'

'Ay, I think'—sniff—'I smell it.'

'If ye was pittin' less pomade on yer hair'—Mr M'Nab began, and checked himself. 'Weel, wud ye say the pie was burnin'? Na, na, I didna mean *on fire*! Does it *smell* burnin'—or singein'.'

Peter appeared to consider. 'I coukna say which,' he answered at last, and once more employed his handkerchief. 'Aw me!' he murmured in his misery.

Rising abruptly, Mr M'Nab kicked the oven door to. 'I'll stand it nae langer!' he grunted. Delaying only to shake his clenched fists above the unseeing guest, he strode across the floor and flung open the door. 'Susie!' he shouted.

'I hear ye,' replied his wife, without appearing. 'Has anything happened?'

'The pie's burnin'!'

'Aweel, I canna help that. But here's Flora comin'.—Flora, rin an' see what yer fayther's wantin'.'

'Ay, haste ye, Flora,' called Mr M'Nab.

The girl came hurrying into the kitchen. 'What is it, fayther?' Glancing at the collapsed constable, she whispered, 'Has he—has he said anything?'

'Na, an' he never will! But the pie's burnin'. Look shairp!'

Flora sighed and went to the oven. He followed her.

'Tak' it oot noo, like a guid lass,' he said softly, 'an' we'll ha'e oor supper.'

She shook her head and closed the oven, remarking, 'Na, it's no' burnin'—yet.'

'Guidsake! are we to wait till it's brunt?'

'Looks like it,' curtly.

He strode, furious, to the door. 'Susie! Susie!'

Flora halted behind the abject Peter, and whispered, 'For only favour be a man!'

'I—I canna.'

With a gesture of despair she fled, slipping past her angry father in the doorway, who bawled after her, 'Tell yer mither if she doesna gi'e me ma supper instanter I—I'll kill somebody.'

Slamming the door, he returned to his chair and sat down with a grunt. 'What a terrible thing a female can be when she gets a notion in her heid! See here, young man,' he grimly added, 'never you seek to get marrit!'

'Oh, certainly not—certainly not!' gasped Peter.

'What!'

'I meant for to say—aw, I canna say it. But, Maister M'Nab, supposin' I was to ask ye—respectfully ask ye to'—(gulp)—'Guess what I'm thinkin' about the noo.'

It must be confessed that Mr M'Nab was somewhat taken aback. 'Guess what ye're thinkin' about!' He stroked his beard. 'Aweel, I winna say I couldna guess if I was tryin'. But wait a meenit.' Rising, he stole on tiptoe to the door and listened.

Just as he began to appear satisfied, his wife's voice came from the other side, 'Was ye wantin' anything, John?'

'Oh—a—merely to see if the door was properly shut.'

'I see. Ye're terrible speechless in there.'

'We wud need to be,' he growled, as he retired crestfallen and angrier than ever. Resuming his seat, he remarked in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the cottage, 'Na, young man, I ha'e nae desire to guess what ye're thinkin' about the noo.'

'Then,' said Peter, in utter despair, 'Heaven help me!'

'They say that Heaven helps them that helps theirsels.' And in the same instant Mr M'Nab was struck by an idea inspired, indeed, by his own remark. 'By jings!' he exclaimed, and

smote his fist upon his palm. 'Duff,' he commanded in a sharp whisper, 'tak' aff yer buits!' And he proceeded to unlace his own.

'Eh?'

'Tak' aff yer buits an' ask nae questions. Ye've got to help *me*, if ye canna help yersel'. Quick, man! Dae as I bid ye, an' I'll no' forget it.'

'But what's up, Maister M'Nab?'

'Aff wi' yer buits, or leave this hoose for ever. Hurry up!' Mr M'Nab removed one of his own and laid it aside quickly.

Peter's nervous hands dropped to his feet. Fortunately he was wearing shoes.

'Gosh, but I've an appetite!' the other muttered. 'It'll be fun to see Susie's face when I tell her I've *had* ma supper.'

Presently he stood up in his stocking-feet. Grinning, he opened the oven door and laid hands on the pie-dish. 'Piff! but it's het!' he cried, wringing his fingers. He tiptoed to the dresser, and returned with a cloth.—'Hurry up, Duff! Ye should wear carpet slippers.' Removing the pie from the oven, he carried it cautiously to the table. From there he beckoned to the constable, who had at last got rid of his footgear.

Peter came with reluctance. 'Oh, surely,' he said, 'surely ye're no' for eatin' the pie.'

'Wheesht, man! Jist what I'm gaun to dae; an' ye're gaun to eat yer share.'

'Aw, I couldna, Maister M'Nab. I'—

'Ye'll eat yer share, ma lad, or, by heavens, you an' me'll cast oot! I can be a terrible enemy.' Noiselessly he placed a chair in position. 'Gang over to the dresser an' fetch twa plates—big yins. Haste ye! *Sh!* Dinna thump yer feet like that! Dod, but I'm hungry!'

With his large, trembling hands Peter took down a couple of plates. At the same time he disturbed something on the dresser—a large rolling-pin. It reached the floor with a resounding thump.

'Oh, ye great goat!' the host remarked in a savage whisper.

'Oh, ma tae!' groaned Peter, writhing on one leg.

'Haud yer tongue!' After several seconds of dead silence, 'It's a' richt. Come on!' said Mr M'Nab.

Peter limped half-way to the table and stopped short.

The door opened. Mrs M'Nab appeared. 'Oh, is that what ye're efter, ma man?' she exclaimed, rushing to the table and securing the pie.—'An' you a constable!' Turning upon the hapless Peter, she upbraided him until it was apparent that he was too dazed to appreciate her remarks.

'Aw, I think I'd best be gettin' doon the road,' he said weakly, moving toward the door.

'Let him gang,' said Mr M'Nab in tones of disgust indescribable. 'It's a' his fau't.'

'Let him gang,' cried Susie, 'in his stockin'-

soles an' wi' ma guid plates? No likely!—Stop, constable!' Peter halted.—'An' mark ye this, John—she raised the pie above her head—'if ye let him gang, *I'll drap it!*'

Mr M'Nab turned an awful face upon the young man. 'Stir an inch,' he said, 'an' I'll kill ye!'

While Peter stared helplessly from one to the other, Flora came in.

'Oh lassie,' said her mother, 'look at the twa o' them! I caught them stealin' the pie, in their stockin'-soles. An' him—wagging her head at Peter—a constable!' She carried the pie to the oven. Her husband followed.

Flora removed the plates from her lover's grasp and laid them on the dresser. 'Oh Peter, is this a' ye care for me?' she said, and, with a sob, ran out.

'John,' said Mrs M'Nab in a low voice, 'will ye gie the man a chance noo?'

'Never! I'll starve first.'

'Weel, I canna hinder ye.' As she passed to the door she gave Peter a little pat on the arm.

Mr M'Nab threw himself upon his chair and turned his lowering face to the fire.

At the end of a minute the constable gave him a furtive glance, and took a halting step in his direction. In an almost inaudible voice he said, 'Maister M'Nab.'

'Eh?' said the other without moving.

'Maister M'Nab.'

The owner of the name wheeled sharply. 'What the mischief dae ye want?'

'Oh, naething. I jist want—I jist want—Flora.'

He recoiled as the other leapt to his feet.

'Guidsake, man! what wey did ye no' say that at first?' Mr M'Nab dashed to the door, and bawled, 'Here, Flora! Susie! something's happened.'

Ere they arrived he was conveying the pie to the table.

'Flora,' he said over his shoulder, 'tak' him! He's yours!'

'Fayther!' in a shocked tone of voice.

'Weel, weel, you're his. An' the pie, praise Heaven, is mine!'

'Oh John, John!' sighed Mrs M'Nab, her apron to her eyes.

He put his arm round her shoulders and led her to the table. 'Never heed, auld wife,' he said softly. 'Ye got the best o' me; but what's the odds as lang's we're happy?—Come awa', Flora; and you likewise, constable.'

Flora led the blushing Peter to his place.

'I—I think,' he stammered, 'it's time I was gettin' doon the'—

'Siddoon, man!'

Peter flopped, and they all took their seats.

Mr M'Nab, flourishing a knife and fork, shouted gaily, 'Wha says pie?'

His wife held up her hand. 'Wheesht, John! Ask a blessin'.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONY.

ONE of the most remarkable of recent achievements in telephony has been recorded in the United States. For many months past ceaseless experiments in long-distance etheric telephoning have been in active progress, and these have been crowned with complete success, conversation having been maintained with ease over a distance of two thousand five hundred miles between Arlington, Virginia, and Mare Island, California. In addition, communication was also opened up between New York and Mare Island, *via* Arlington, the messages being sent over the ordinary trunk line to the last-named point, and there transferred automatically to the wireless apparatus. Even a greater feat was that announced by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, whereby the voice of John Mills, an engineer on the New York staff of the company, speaking into the receiver of the apparatus at Arlington, Virginia, was heard at the Pearl Island naval station, in Hawaii, four thousand nine hundred miles away. The experiment had been carefully planned by cable. At an appointed hour Mr Mills began to count into the transmitter at Arlington. His numbers and a few simple words which followed were caught by another engineer of the company stationed at the receiver in Hawaii, and were returned, with confirmation of the time when they were received, by cable. Bernard Gherhardi, engineer of the company's plant, says that when the conditions abroad are such as to permit of experiment there will be within talking distance the leading capitals of Europe—London, Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Petrograd, and Rome, and probably Rio de Janeiro, in South America. Further equipment at Seattle, as at Arlington, might make it possible to speak to Yokohama, Japan, a distance of four thousand eight hundred and fifty miles. Mr Gherhardi admits the possibility of speaking round the world. This might be accomplished by a series of wire and wireless connections, wire wherever possible, and wireless across the gaps. But for the outbreak of war it is quite probable that Buenos Aires would have been brought into wireless telephonic touch with London before now, while it is certain that conversation would have been opened between Carnarvon and New York. Experiments were in progress, and the results were highly promising; but further developments were abruptly interrupted by the outbreak of hostilities, the Government exercising its prerogative, and taking over all wireless stations. At the same time, however, wireless telephony has made distinct progress in this country, especially in the navy, a perfect system over a limited distance now being in continuous opera-

tion. But wireless telephony suffers from the same disability as etheric telegraphy. If other instruments are in tune with those engaged in the conversation the latter may be overheard, and, if expedient, the transmission of messages may be very effectively disturbed, 'jamming' being far more destructive in talking than in connection with telegraphy. When one remembers, however, that the first radio-telegram was sent across the Channel only a few years ago, and that to-day one is able to talk through space for four thousand nine hundred miles, one is able to gather a striking impression of the tremendous speed with which progress and development in this field have advanced. Moreover, it is as well to remember that it was only in the early part of this year that it became possible to telephone over the wire between New York and San Francisco.

A SIMPLE WATER-STERILISING PROCESS.

Water sterilisation by means of the ultra-violet rays has long since passed from the laboratory stage to practical application, many municipalities upon the Continent having introduced elaborate equipments for purifying domestic water in this manner. At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris a French investigator introduced a new and simplified application of this process, which has aroused considerable interest. Monsieur Billon-Daguerre, the scientist in question, has perfected his system, and it should prove extremely useful in connection with the sterilisation of water for consumption upon the battlefield, although it is equally applicable to any other conditions where pure water is demanded. In this process the water is made to flow in a very thin sheet or film over a surface, and during the passage is exposed to intense ultra-violet radiation, the outstanding feature being that the treatment takes place immediately before the water is drawn off for use. The apparatus may be placed in the ordinary or other tank, and includes a special outlet of T-shape made of pure transparent quartz, provided with a window or slot. A mercury vapour lamp is placed in the pipe so as to occupy this slot; consequently the water in passing to the outlet must first traverse the surface of the lamp, and thus become exposed to the maximum ultra-violet radiation. The process was subjected to exceedingly searching tests. The water to be treated was drawn from the Seine below Paris, and was further contaminated with germs of cholera and diphtheria. Indeed, every effort was made to render the water under test as poisonous as possible. The germ-contaminated water was then drawn off in the usual manner, being induced to flow over the lamp, and upon withdrawal was

found to be absolutely sterile, all contagious germs having been completely destroyed as a result of exposure to the ultra-violet rays. The test was sustained for a prolonged period; but it was discovered that after three thousand hours' continuous operation the water was as germ-proof as the first gallon withdrawn. The process is extremely economical in operation, and the apparatus cheap to install. The output can be varied to meet requirements, the practice being to increase the number of lamps proportionately to the hourly consumption of the water; but two quartz mercury lamps suffice for treating a flow up to two thousand five hundred gallons per hour. When the consumption is below one thousand gallons per hour one lamp suffices. For field installations it is pointed out that it would only be necessary to mount the delivery tank upon the deck of a motor-car, using the engine to drive a small dynamo to feed the lamp or lamps with the necessary current. Seeing that the automobile has been adapted to operate searchlights by the aid of the car's own engine, its application to water sterilisation should prove equally simple.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING FOR THE FARM.

During the past two or three years the employment of electricity upon the farm has undergone considerable development in Great Britain. One great objection to this system of illumination has been the fear that highly skilled labour is essential to its installation and maintenance; but the increasing utilisation of oil-engines as a source of power has dispelled this illusion. Accordingly a British firm conceived the idea of putting on the market a complete electric-lighting installation of simple design, highly efficient, virtually 'fool-proof' and capable of being installed and maintained by a farmer of average intelligence. At the same time the question of initial expense had to be borne in mind. However, an experimental installation was prepared, and was displayed at an exhibition. It aroused instant and widespread attention, the average farmer having long since appreciated the inconveniences and dangers attending antiquated oil-lamp illumination. The result is that the farmer's electric set has come into extensive favour, and is having a promising vogue. The installation comprises everything that is required, including a small petrol-engine, some seventeen lights of various types to meet the decorative scheme of different apartments and buildings, sufficient supply of wiring, fuses, lamps, switch-board, dynamo, and a special type of storage-battery. Moreover, the set is made up in such a manner that nothing else whatever is required, while the task of installing can be carried out by the owner himself without any extraneous aid. The whole equipment is of substantial construction, the parts which ordinarily demand careful handling and supervision being unusually robust.

The battery is of sufficient capacity to supply two-thirds of the lights at the rated candle-power for eight hours continuously, the battery being recharged during the hours when the light is not required.

A DUSTLESS DUSTING-MOP AND DUSTER.

In a recent issue we drew attention in the 'Month' to a new polishing-mop which had been placed upon the market. Owing to its success another mop constructed upon identical principles has been perfected for dusting walls, ceilings, furniture, and similar surfaces. In its general appearance it resembles the floor-polisher, the outstanding features being the unbreakable steel frame, a point in front to penetrate corners, and the spring handle. With this mop it is not a question of merely disturbing the dust at one point to settle somewhere else. The dust is collected by the mop. By its means walls may be cleaned with ease and hygienically, and from the floor-level, so that physical effort is reduced to the minimum. Another valuable acquisition to the home is the dustless duster. This is a chemically treated cloth, of open mesh, which, in use, absorbs the dust with which it comes into contact. The dust cannot be shaken out; it can be removed in one way only—by washing with soap and water. This treatment does not impair the dusting qualities of the duster, as it is instantly ready for use when dry. This duster is ideal for polishing furniture, cleaning glass and even delicate fabrics such as velvets, silks, or plush.

A VACUUM CLOTHES-WASHER.

A handy device which appreciably reduces the fatigue of washing clothes has been introduced into this country from Canada, where it has an extensive vogue. This is the vacuum clothes-washer. It is of simple construction and easy to manipulate. It comprises a metallic bell, the cone of which is fitted with a ball valve attached to a hollow handle. All that it is necessary to do in the laundry operation is to allow the clothes to soak in the usual washtub solution, and then to move the washer up and down in the manner of a stick. In so doing, the vacuum which is formed in the bell forces and sucks the boiling suds through the clothes, the dirty liquid forced to the top of the bell escaping into the handle of the contrivance. The ball assumes its normal position, thereby preventing the dirty suds returning to the tub; while a new vacuum is formed in the bell. The washer does not disintegrate the fabrics, but merely draws the liquid through them, the dirt being sucked away in the process. The washer can be used in connection with any articles from the heaviest blankets to lace curtains, and practically no effort is required in its operation. From tests which have been made it has been found possible to wash a tub

of clothes within three minutes. The contrivance can be applied to any vessel in which laundry operations are carried out, be it washtub or pail. Owing to the fact that the hands do not require to be immersed in the water it is possible to have the latter scalding hot, with the result that the cleansing operation may be completed more satisfactorily. The washer is not only applicable to the 'wet' system of cleansing, but can also be employed for dry-cleaning with equal facility, petrol or benzine being used in this instance instead of water.

THE DEMAND FOR INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL.

The situation in the motoring industry—indeed in all ramifications of activity in which the high-speed internal combustion figures—is rapidly assuming a serious aspect owing to the increasing difficulties concerning the supply of a suitable liquid fuel at a fair price. Petrol is the ideal fuel for motor-engines, but in this country we are entirely dependent on foreign sources of supply. Many of the centres whence our oil-supplies were derived have either been ravaged by war, rendered inaccessible, shut down, or their output acquired by the Government. The outlook is aggravated by the circumstance that competitive fuels, such as benzol and shale spirit of British production, are no longer available. The first-named, which is a by-product of gasworks and coking-ovens, has been taken over in bulk by the Government to ensure an increased supply of high explosives such as T.N.T., T.N.A., and so on; while the shale spirit has been similarly acquired for national purposes. The result is that this country is now virtually dependent upon America for its supplies; and as the American output is controlled by a trust, there is every indication that the prices will be forced to an abnormal level which otherwise would be impracticable were the competitive fuels available. But the position is not confined to this country. A similar state of affairs exists in France, which has no local oil-beds for exploitation. But our ally is resolved to check the moves of the monopolist. The petroleum trust dreads nothing so much as the extensive production of industrial alcohol, which can be derived from almost any organic substance, and, what is more, can be produced at such a cheap figure as to ensure its supremacy over the petroleum rival. What is required is merely the organisation of the country's facilities to ensure the production of the fuel upon a sufficiently extensive scale to assure all requirements being met. There is every indication that France intends to pursue such a line of action. The first decisive move will be consummated in the year 1917, when the manufacture of industrial alcohol will become a State monopoly. The French nation is loyally supporting the movement, more especially as the human consumption of alcohol is being rendered difficult

by the imposition of heavy duties. In these islands it would be wise to emulate the French example, partially if not entirely, the main consideration being to support home industries and to free them from the American oil octopus. In Britain the extensive manufacture of alcohol fuel has been discouraged, the authorities fearing that it would lead to illicit and clandestine drinking of impure spirit, which undoubtedly would mean widespread physical ruin. Industrial alcohol developments are being held up until an efficient denaturant is evolved, and the discovery of this agent constitutes the crux of the problem. This country is quite capable of producing all the volatile fuel which industry demands. In some quarters it is maintained that the coming of alcohol would render it necessary to carry out alterations in the motor; but this is not an insuperable technical problem. The light motor which we know to-day had to be designed especially to operate upon a volatile fuel; and if to-morrow the import of petrol were rendered impossible by the imposition of a prohibitive duty, the incidental and, as it were, compulsory stimulation of our inventive resources would result in the production of a motor running on alcohol, and every whit as efficient, reliable, durable, and silent as the petrol-engine of to-day.

HUMOGEN—BACTERISED PEAT.

Few developments in the science of agriculture have aroused such extreme attention during late years as those carried out by Professor W. B. Bottomley, of the Botany Chair, King's College, London. It will be recollected that some years ago this scientist perfected a means of bacterial culture for the propagation of legumes upon a more profitable basis, the treatment consisting of the inoculation of the soil to stimulate and to multiply growth. Recently he has made another discovery of equal significance, the features and results of which he has communicated in the course of three interesting papers presented to the Royal Botanical Society under the title of 'Wonders of the Soil.' In this instance he has dealt more particularly with his latest invention—bacterised peat, the new plant-food called 'humogen;' and undoubtedly the most fascinating feature of his lectures was the production of samples of potatoes and other vegetables which had been raised therewith. Not only is the produce larger and healthier than that grown under normal conditions, but the yield is far more prolific. Radishes and tomatoes had been produced in sand watered with a weak solution of the preparation. An acre of land treated with a ton of the peat had produced 41 per cent. more potatoes than similar land treated with eighty tons of manure. One tomato-plant gave sixteen pounds of fruit. In view of the indefatigable efforts which are being made by the Government to encourage the more

widespread raising of vegetables to meet home requirements under the stress of war, the utilisation of this discovery upon an extensive scale would tend to render the culture of such produce more profitable. Professor Bottomley has announced his readiness to assist the country for the period of the war by the presentation of his interests, patents, and rights to manufacture the bacterised peat. The Council of the Royal Botanic Society have formed the nucleus of a national committee in order that Professor Bottomley's great discovery might be made of benefit to the nation as a whole. See *The Spirit of the Soil*, by G. D. Knox (Constable), to which Professor Bottomley has written a preface.

THE CERTAINTY OF OUR WHEAT-SUPPLY.

Despite the fact that Russian wheat cannot be shipped to this country until the Black Sea is rendered accessible, there is no necessity to feel apprehensive concerning the continuity and adequacy of our wheat-supply. Upon the outbreak of war the Canadian Government strongly urged that more and more stretches of the vast Western prairie should be broken and brought under grain cultivation. The farmers responded to the call with striking enthusiasm, and owing to the propitiousness of the season and continuity of favourable weather during the ingathering of the grain, our North American colony has enjoyed a bumper harvest. The grain which is now available is adequate to carry these islands through another year, and yet leave ample to spare. In June of this year, despite the unprecedentedly heavy shipments to Great Britain and Belgium, there were some fifteen million bushels of wheat still remaining in the Canadian elevators, which represented about 25 per cent. more than that available at a similar period of the previous year. There was an appreciable reduction in the coarse grain, but this was explained as being due to the extremely heavy demand which had arisen for oats, the bulk of which exportation had been for military purposes. While the harvest this year is far in excess of that of any previous years, and is throughout of excellent quality, there are ample facilities for storing it against shipment to this country. The railways, partly owing to deficiency in other business, but mainly to meet the national demands, have concentrated their transportation resources upon the rapid removal of the grain from the fields to the distributing ports; and, owing to the completion of two new trans-continental railways a short time before the outbreak of war, the movement of the grain has taken place far more smoothly than hitherto. In other words, the railway accommodation is now superior to, instead of being less than, the demand, with an incidental diminution in congestion at the clearing centres, combined with expeditious movement to all the available ports. Lack of facilities is experienced in only one

direction—the shortage of vessels, owing to the demands of the military and Admiralty.

THE HOMING PIGEON AS A MESSENGER.

From the earliest times recorded in history the homing pigeon's wonderful faculty of 'getting home in a hurry' has been utilised in conveying messages. In the days of the Pharaohs navigators sailing to Egypt released pigeons with messages to let the people know they were coming home. In the seventh century the Arabs maintained a pigeon-post. Pigeons also rendered valuable services to the Dutch at the siege of Leyden in 1574. The siege of Paris, during the Franco-Prussian war, fully established the value of the homing pigeon as a messenger. During the siege seventy-four balloons ascended, carrying pigeons to Tours and other points. It was estimated that eight hundred pigeons were sent from the provinces to Paris during the siege, and that the total number of messages carried by these winged messengers would make a library of five hundred volumes. So successful was the pigeon-post that Bismarck established a pigeon-loft in Berlin for the use of the army. There were also lofts at Cologne, Metz, Strasburg, and Baden. The Emperor gave prizes to encourage the sport of pigeon-racing. Ten years after the war there were no fewer than one hundred and seventy-eight private homing-pigeon societies in Germany, owning a total of fifty-two thousand two hundred and forty pigeons, exclusive of the military flocks. In the French army the breeding and training of the pigeon-messenger service are both under the care of the Engineer Corps. The pigeon-houses are placed facing the north-east, which is opposite the direction from which the worst rains come. The average flock consists of about a hundred birds, each of which receives daily rations of an ounce and a half of peas, beans, and vetches, divided into three meals, with unlimited mortar, salt, sand, and oyster-shells to aid digestion. As soon as they can fly, which is when they are about five weeks old, their training begins, and continues throughout their useful life, which averages about fifteen years. Great care is taken to prevent them from perching on anything when they are taken out for their first flight. Those that do perch on neighbouring roofs are shot without mercy. The command to fly is given by shouting and clapping of hands; and the signal to return is a whistle. As soon as the young pigeons have acquired confidence in their wings they are taken a couple of kilometres from home and released. The distance is increased daily to three hundred kilometres on the thirty-fourth day. After the pigeon is fully trained, so that it can find its way home from any point of the compass from a distance of three hundred kilometres, it is exercised morning and afternoon daily, except when the weather is bad. Despatches are written on strips of paper, or else

they are photographed from manuscript on to films. In the French army two methods of attaching the message to the pigeon are used. In one a goose-quill an inch and a half long is slipped over one of the tail-feathers; then the message is inserted, and held in place by a very small wooden plug. Another method is to attach a tiny aluminium cylinder containing the message to one leg. Sometimes the message is written on a strip of very thin, strong paper, six inches long by three-fourths of an inch wide, which is simply rolled about one leg and held in place by a rubber band. An ordinary homing pigeon can be relied upon to make a flight of two hundred and fifty miles in from five to seven hours. A few can fly from five hundred to six hundred miles. Some of the finest records have been made by American birds. One of these remarkable birds made a flight of two hundred and forty-three miles in two hundred and thirty-seven minutes.

THE NEW ZEALAND TUI.

Mr S. F. Whitcombe of Dunedin, a constant reader of this *Journal* for over forty years, writes to correct a misstatement made by Mr R. W. Reid in his article on 'New Zealand's Tuatara.' The writer said that 'fears exist that the sweetest singer of all New Zealand's birds, the tui, may have been heard for the last time. The Govern-

ment last year despatched officials to search the interior of the larger forests and other solitary places with the object of, if not capturing the tui, making sure that it continues to exist. But up to the present time no tui has been discovered.' As a refutation of this statement Mr Whitcombe says: 'There are, I am thankful to say, thousands of our dear old tuis, or parson birds, still to be found wherever there is bush country. He is called the parson bird because of a tuft of white feathers hanging from his breast, which bear some resemblance to a parson's choker, without the dog-collar attachment. The huia, the bird that has practically vanished, can scarcely be called a singer at all. During mating-time huias have one or two sweet call-notes, and the male bird has at all times a peculiar and long-drawn-out whistle. The tui, on the other hand, besides his own beautiful notes, is a wonderful mimic, and can "take off" all the other bush birds.' The New Zealand Year Book says the tui (*Prosthemadera nova-zealandiae*) affords one of the most beautiful sights in the New Zealand forests, and charms visitors with its silvery notes.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

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ENTITLED

THE DAY OF WRATH,

By LOUIS TRACY.

Readers of mature age can hardly fail to remember the sensation caused by Mr Tracy's serial story *The Final War*, which began publication on 1st January 1896. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of people followed that remarkable piece of fiction week by week. Now, twenty years later, after having in the interim produced such works as *Rainbow Island*, *The Pillar of Light*, and *The Terms of Surrender*, Mr Tracy has again written a war story. This time the theme is fact, not fiction; he deals with the tremendous issues of the present war as a skilled novelist. He shows *Kultur* at work in all its vileness, yet maintains the reader's unflagging interest in the adventures of a noteworthy hero and a most delightful heroine. *The Day of Wrath* should appeal to young and old. Its history is that of the hour.

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END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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CHRISTMAS 1915.

A WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

By J. J. BELL

CHAPTER I.

'MUCH of what you say, my dear Thanet, is undoubtedly true—to a certain extent,' said the lawyer, in his most soothing tones. 'While I can scarcely admit the term "dishonesty," I grant you that the methods of your opponents are, to put it mildly, grossly unfair. Unfortunately you have no remedy. The expert whom I have consulted assures me that there has been no infringement of your patent.'

'But, confound it, sir! the thing is glaring!' cried the little, gray-headed, gray-whiskered man, his usually mild blue eyes ablaze with wrath. 'It—it's immoral!'

'Unmoral, if you will. Believe me, I sympathise with you most heartily. I know as well as you do that this is not the first time'—

'Nor the second, nor the third, nor'—

'I know—I know. You must grin and'—

'Hanged if I do!'

'My dear sir, you have no recourse. Helmer and Co. have the art—a fairly common art nowadays—of imitating another firm's specialities to the very verge of infringement. You invent an article which promises to have a good market, and immediately Helmer & Co. produce an article which in appearance appeals to a non-discriminating public as'—

A

'They produce cheap rubbish, and give it a name and appearance almost similar to mine. That's what they do, Benson! If they turned out honest goods, if they used genuine materials in their manufacture, if they had to pay for highly skilled labour, then I would not whine, for I could fight them on level terms. But their stuff is the cheapest trash; they flood the market with it, gull the public, and kill the sale of my goods—*my* goods, which have provided them with the ideas!'

'Nevertheless, Helmers are doing a perfectly legitimate business.'

'Legitimate! Nowadays, when a man dares not call his trade honest, he assures you it is "perfectly legitimate." The word is the last refuge of the mean and fishy trader. Oh——!' Mr Thanet reddened. 'I beg your pardon, Benson.'

The lawyer waved a plump hand. 'These walls have heard worse from clients less provoked than you,' he remarked kindly. 'But, as I have already said, you have no recourse. I could easily enough get up a case for you, but you would lose; I have not the slightest doubt of that. In your inventions you are by way of being a pioneer, and it seems to be the fate of most pioneers to pay more than they receive.'

The reward comes to the people who develop, not to those who discover.'

'Thanks! Very comforting, I'm sure!' snapped the little man. 'You'll be telling me next that the world's progress is largely sustained on the thefts'—

'Annexations, please.'

'I'll call it cribbing—the wholesale cribbing of the inventor's ideas!'

'It is so. You see, there are so few real inventors, and so many clever imitators. But we can't get on without either.'

Joseph Thanet gave a grunt of exasperation. 'When I look into certain shop-windows, when I see certain advertisements, I feel sick to think of the widespread and barefaced cribbing that goes on at the present day.'

'Yet it all means labour and wages, and food and fire, and clothing and education, and recreation, and—one hopes—some happiness. You can see only the inventor's side, Thanet, which is natural enough.' The lawyer took up a pencil, and began making dots on the blotting-pad. 'The master of ideas,' he continued, 'is the servant of humanity. Helmer & Co. are supplying the great public with more or less useful articles—please let me finish—which but for you would still be non-existent. The Helmer methods may not be admirable, but through them you are serving humanity.'

'Sophistry! sophistry! Since Helmer & Co. started the game my wages bill has gone down 40 per cent.'

'I should not wonder if theirs has gone up 80.'

'And therefore I ought to rejoice?'

'That is hardly to be expected. But you might take the larger view without adding to your sorrows.'

'I don't follow you.' There was a brief pause, and then the little man's passion broke out again. 'I tell you, Benson, people like the Helmers ought to be whipped out of business. If they knew all the harm they have done'—

'Men never know all the harm they have done, nor all the good either. As to the larger view: must you go on regarding Helmer & Co. as your worst enemies?'

'What else are they? You know what they have done to me. You have my last balance-sheet. Have you gone over it yet?'

Mr Benson appeared to be engrossed in the dotted circle he had sketched on his blotting-pad. His lips came together, and remained tight for about thirty seconds. Then he said gravely, 'Yes, I have studied the balance-sheet carefully.'

'Well?'

'I have a suggestion to make to you.'

'Go ahead.' Thanet had paled slightly. 'By the way, am I moving in the direction of—insolvency?'

The lawyer faced his client and friend. 'You cannot stand another two years like last year.'

'H'm! Well, what were you going to suggest?'

'That you instruct me to arrange an interview with the Helmers.'

'What?' Thanet jumped up and fell back into his chair.

'Pray, be calm.'

'Hang it, man! do you think I'm going to offer to sell my business—or what is left of it—to Helmers, the scoundrels?'

'That was not my idea. Amalgamation is what I would propose. Your inventive brain in conjunction with the Helmer business minds would'—

'Never!' With clenched fist Joseph Thanet smote the chair's arm. 'Never! I'll fight to the bitter end. I'll begin now and fight Helmers on their own ground, with their own methods! By God, I will! And I'll cost them something before I go down. Not another word, Benson. I know you mean well, but you have understood me very little in the past if you imagine that I could ever give your suggestion a moment's serious consideration. No, sir! Joseph Thanet may be the victim, but he's not going to be the backbone of a sneak-thief firm like Helmer & Co. I'll go my own way till I'm stopped by bankruptcy, and after that they can hunt about for the brains of another decent man to pick. There! That's my last word, Benson.' He snatched up his hat, and held out his hand. 'Good-bye.'

The lawyer had risen also. 'It's four o'clock,' he said pleasantly, 'and I usually drink a cup of tea at that hour. Stay and join me. I shan't refer to business further except to say that I'm always at your service, Thanet. Now sit down again.'

Thanet grasped the other's hand and made for the door. But there he halted, grinning a grin that distorted his naturally open and kindly countenance. 'Guess where I'm going now?' he said thickly.

Benson's heart misgave him, but he smiled as he replied, 'To see your niece, perhaps. I suppose she is now fairly settled in'—

'Look here, Benson,' the little man interrupted. 'Are you hinting that I would borrow from my niece? Because if you are'—

'My dear Thanet, I had not thought of your asking her for more than I have just offered you—a cup of tea. Doubtless her company will do you more good than mine could. All the same, since you have mentioned the word "borrow," I'll venture to remind you that she wrote you about a year ago, when she came into her fortune, offering you all you cared to ask for.'

'So she did—God bless her!' said Thanet, his face softening. 'I had forgotten I told you at the time.'

'It's a pleasant thing to remember, at all events.'

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'Yes.' But the ugly grin came back. 'However, Benson, as it happens, I'm not going to call on Lydia now. I'm going across town to call on Helmers'—

'What's that?'

'And tell them exactly what I think of them!' He dashed out, banging the door behind him.

'Crazy!' muttered the lawyer, with a gesture of helplessness.

CHAPTER II.

IN the United Kingdom, at this time, there could have been few stores, ironmongers, and fancy goods shops, which did not stock the Helmer products. The detailed list of these products would make wearisome reading. Enough to say that it included vacuum flasks, tin-openers, pocket electric lamps, corkscrews; all more or less novelties in their respective ways. They were made to sell, and they sold. They always looked attractive, even when they were most exasperating. Some of them withstood the uses to which they were intended to be put for quite a long time; others made gentle women sigh and strong men swear. But they were so cheap—so amazingly cheap! People purchased whether they required them or not, and wondered how on earth the manufacturers did it. Which was precisely what the manufacturers themselves must have wondered when they analysed a week's sales, for the margin of profit on many articles was so thin as to be almost invisible. Only an enormous output, combined with indefatigable economising, could have made the Helmer business worth while. And Richard Helmer, the son, had lately begun to ask himself whether it was worth while, after all.

Stephen Helmer, the father, was a big, handsome man, with keen gray eyes and a coldly courteous manner. He spent ten hours of the day at his business, and put work into every minute save the fifteen during which he lunched. Richard had his father's build, but his dead mother's brown eyes, and there was nothing repellent in his bearing. He performed his duties conscientiously rather than eagerly; his life was not wholly absorbed in the business. Between the two men existed a great and abiding affection.

They were together in the private room when Mr Thanet was shown in; but when the storm broke, which happened almost with the closing of the door, Richard at a sign from his father went out.

One of the most painful of human spectacles is that of a sober, earnest man, distracted by a sense of injury and injustice, real or imaginary, his self-control shattered, giving vent to hysterical breathings of threatnings and slaughter; and 1915.]

only pathos is added when his opponent remains apparently unmoved and cynical. Wherefore the greater part of the interview between Joseph Thanet and Stephen Helmer is here suppressed.

'We are engaged in a legitimate business,' said Helmer coolly, when the other paused breathless. 'We supply a public demand. We find ideas where we can, without infringing legal rights. If you think we have infringed yours, you have your remedy. At the same time, you should really not behave as if you had invented electricity itself, or the principle of the corkscrew. Personally I am sorry to hear you are finding trade dull; speaking for my firm, however, I fear we can do nothing to stimulate it for you.'

'Legitimate!' shouted Thanet, beside himself. 'You coward! But—but listen! I'm going into the legitimate business myself—ha! ha! Two can play at the game, Mr Helmer, but only one can win!' He made for the door. 'And I think I shall win! Have you anything to say before I go?'

'I would suggest that you purchase a bromide on your way home, Mr Thanet,' was the polite reply.

The little man looked about to burst. 'I go,' he stammered—'I go to begin a legitimate business! I go'—

'Oh, go to the devil!' said Helmer, angered at last.

Richard Helmer, looking worried, returned to the private room. 'What was the matter with him?' he asked. As citizens of a town of moderate size, his father and Thanet, he was aware, had met before now. 'What brought him here?'

'I'm rather sorry for the man,' said Helmer senior, 'and for myself. He began by losing his head, and I ended by losing my temper. But he was impossible to deal with. Things are going against him, and he lays the blame on us. He was as nearly mad as I ever wish to see a human being.'

Richard sat down at the desk opposite his parent. 'What exactly was his grievance, father?' he asked uneasily.

'Oh, he accuses us of taking advantage of his inventions. I didn't deny it; in fact, I admitted it. These inventors never see their own thefts. You needn't say anything, Dick. I'm aware of your delicate feelings on the point; but you and I are not going to fall foul over a question of ethics—or ideals—are we?'

'We are not going to fall foul over anything. Still, it's rough on Thanet if things are as bad with him as his behaviour suggested.'

'They must be very bad,' said Helmer senior thoughtfully, 'and yet he left me with a threat; declared he would play our own game and break us, or words to that effect, by which I suppose he meant that he was going to undersell.'

'He can't do that. He hasn't got the plant for producing our class of goods.'

'Nor the money to provide the necessary plant. All the same, my boy, there was something behind his talk.' Helmer senior's face was grave. 'I confess I didn't like it. We haven't any reserves to spare for a fight. Things have been cut too fine for that.'

Richard returned no comment, but he appeared so perturbed that his father said sharply, 'What's the matter? You look as if something had hit you.'

The young man forced a smile. 'Something has hit me—an idea. We have got to remember that he is the uncle of Miss Lydia Thanet;' and he added, rather bitterly, 'the Argentine heiress.'

'Ah!' murmured Helmer senior, 'that ought to have occurred to me. Still, they must be practically strangers. Her father and Thanet quarrelled badly many years ago. She was a mere child when her father took her out to the Argentine, and she has never been home until now.' Something like a smile dawned in the keen gray eyes. 'Why, Dick, you must know her a good deal better than her uncle does.'

'A few meetings in Buenos Aires and on the steamer coming home do not necessarily involve a very close acquaintance,' the young man replied, a trifle stiffly. 'Why did he suppress the fact that the few meetings on shipboard had happened daily?'

'You have not seen her since your return?'

'I chanced to meet her in Queen Street yesterday.' A slight pause. 'She was good enough to invite me to call on Sunday afternoon.'

'That was friendly. I think you told me she was a good business woman?'

'In Buenos Aires they said she knew nearly as much about her father's affairs as he did. At any rate, he left his fortune to her without restrictions of any sort. So there is nothing to prevent her handing over a portion of it to her uncle if she feels so inclined.'

'So!' muttered Stephen Helmer. Then, 'I say, Dick, would you like me to climb down, and—er—apologise to Thanet?'

'Good heavens! Are you afraid for the business?'

'For once,' said the elder man slowly, 'I was not thinking of the business. I was thinking of you.'

'Of me!'

Their eyes met. In Helmer senior's was the suspicion of a twinkle. Helmer junior reddened. Then they both laughed, but not unconstrainedly.

'Look here, father,' said Richard, 'it isn't like you to go in for absurd notions. Please understand that.'

'Is it absurd?'

'Absolutely.'

There was a short silence, and then the elder man said in his ordinary brisk voice, 'Well, it

remains to be seen whether Thanet was bluffing or not. Anyway, we'll let him make the opening move.'

CHAPTER III.

ON the following Sunday Richard took tea with Miss Lydia Thanet and her companion, a maiden lady of some fifty summers, whose disqualifications for her position of duenna to a wealthy young woman included an ungovernable sympathy for comparatively poor young men, and an ineradicable mistrust of rich ones. She was an amiable, tender, timid creature. No chaperon was ever more carefully protected by her charge than was Miss Melrose by Lydia Thanet.

Lydia's person was a mingling of northern fairness and southern grace. With her fine, fearless eyes, short straight nose, provocative mouth, and (by way of compensation) dignified chin, she had proved attractive enough to many young men—too attractive to some. Richard was as deeply in love as a young man may be, and as hopelessly as an honest one must be, with a maiden whose worldly possessions have been recently officially valued at a million and a half sterling. Yet Richard had never felt so hopelessly hopeless as on this Sunday afternoon. On the deck of an ocean liner, on a summer sea, no dream of happiness need seem quite vain; but beyond the fair illusive horizon the solid land awaits the dreamer with the coldest of realities and the hardest of facts.

As for Lydia, if she were not actually in love with Richard, she probably liked him better than any man she had yet met. Certainly she had felt glad when she first learned that he belonged to the town wherein she was going to live for the year of her stay in the Old Country; and surely she had given him at least her friendship, for she had by no means grudged him her company on the homeward voyage. One cannot be positive on the point, but one may imagine that her regard for Richard may have had something to do with a somewhat freakish action committed by her a few days before the ship reached port. Her English agent had engaged for her occupation a mansion with a hundred acres of grounds and an army of servants. To his stupefaction, he received a wireless message to the effect that, firstly, Miss Thanet had decided not to reside in the mansion; secondly, that Miss Thanet desired him to secure a villa on the hill above the town, with a secluded garden and a couple of maids. Well, this may or may not have been done to avoid the flaunting of wealth before the eyes of a young man whose fortune, as she had guessed, was mostly in the future. If a girl does not know exactly what is in her own heart—and

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she does not always—then nobody else need hope to find out. But whatever result the action was fated to have so far as Richard was concerned, it created immediate excitement in the town and vicinity. Countless theories were aired, the least fatuous perhaps being that Miss Thanet had suddenly lost all her money. Later it was reported that she was saving up to buy a steam yacht, price two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Now, if Richard had been an exceptional young man—that is, a young man who not only always thinks what he says, but always says what he thinks—he would have spent his little hour of that Sunday afternoon very differently. He would have begun by getting rid of Miss Melrose, who, as a matter of fact, would have wept and obeyed with joy had he requested her to retire; and he would then have proceeded to say what he was thinking—to wit: 'Lydia, you lovely, adorable girl, I love you better than all the world. I wish you hadn't so much money, and I wish I hadn't so little. But, oh my dear, if you would only care for me a tenth part of what I care for you, I'd be the happiest man alive.'

Being just an ordinary young man, Richard sat there and drank tea and manufactured futile conversation, feasting his eyes at intervals and starving his heart all the time. At five-thirty he abruptly, yet reluctantly, took his leave, and presently went forth with a smile on his lips and despair in his soul. It had been an eminently unsatisfactory call. Lydia, who had gone with him to the door, returned to the drawing-room, saying something about 'a horrid, hateful changeable climate' in an unmistakably pettish tone of voice, with an accent on 'changeable'; and Miss Melrose went up to her bedroom and sobbed quietly for five-and-twenty minutes by the clock. She usually celebrated with tears the departures of nice, ineligible young men; but hitherto she had never exceeded ten minutes.

On leaving the garden, Richard, preoccupied with his misery, and assuring himself that he would never call again (and thinking she might, at least, have asked him to do so), turned to the right. Had he turned to the left he could hardly have missed seeing the approaching figure of Mr Joseph Thanet.

Mr Joseph Thanet recognised Richard at once, and almost made a false step. 'Now, what was young Helmer doing there?' he said to himself. 'If they are friends, it might be awkward. I'd better be careful.' Astonishing how quickly the simple soul acquires guile when it goes out to look for revenge!

Forty-eight hours had passed since Thanet's scene with Helmer senior, and few of these hours had the little man spent in repose. His passion had not evaporated; it had congealed. A bachelor, and a lonely one as a rule, Thanet had filled the hours with brooding and writing,

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until his mind was charged with plans, his table littered with calculations and estimates. He was heavy with weariness; even as he rang the bell he yawned. But if all went well, he told himself, he would sleep sound in the coming night.

His niece received him with all cordiality. 'But,' she continued severely, when he was seated, 'why do you neglect me, Uncle Joseph? This is only your second appearance, and I have been here three weeks.'

'I have been very busy, Lydia,' he answered apologetically—'very busy.'

'But you are free for to-night. You'll dine with us.'

'Not to-night, thank you. I'd be dull company. I have several bad nights to make up for.'

'You do look tired, poor man!' She rang the bell, and when he had refused a stimulant, ordered tea despite his protest. 'If you had come a little earlier,' she remarked, 'you would have had Mr Richard Helmer's company. We met him in Buenos Aires—Miss Melrose and I—just before we left. He was out there on some business, I think.' Why did she not refer to the homeward voyage? 'Of course I mentioned your name, and he said he—or was it his father?—had met you once or twice.'

'Yes, we've met,' said Thanet, controlling his voice; 'but I could hardly say I'm acquainted with Mr Helmer—the senior, I mean. The young man I know only by sight. I know very few people; I so seldom go anywhere. My business is my hobby.' He managed to smile, and began to ask questions regarding her life in the Argentine.

'Yes,' she said in reply to one, 'I must go back in a year to look after things; but I shan't settle down altogether. I must see some more of the world.'

'I heard you had bought a yacht, Lydia,' he said.

'Not exactly, Uncle Joseph. I am going to have one built; but I have only got the length of the designer, though I hope to sail in my own boat a year hence. Perhaps you will take a holiday and come with me. I'm sure you need one.' The expression of her eyes became very kindly. 'You know,' she went on, 'I always wondered why you and father didn't get on. I don't want to hear the story—if there is a story; but I'd like you to believe that your only niece, Uncle Joseph, is your friend. She doesn't like to see you looking so tired and worried. Is—there anything she can do for you—anything?'

Sometimes the door is opened ere we dare to knock. Thanet, struggling in the dark, nerving himself to ask, suddenly found himself in the light, his desire being pressed upon him. He was dazzled—overwhelmed.

'Do you mean that, Lydia?' he said faintly, at last.

'Do you?' she cried. 'Oh uncle, can I really do something after all? Is it—money?'

'Yes, my dear, it's money—a lot of money,' he replied.

She clasped her hands; her eyes sparkled. 'Oh Uncle Joseph, how happy you have made me! Quick! tell me what you need.'

'I'm afraid,' he stammered, and stuck fast. He had intended to ask for a loan of ten thousand pounds.

'Afraid!' She laughed softly. 'Do you know, you are so like father that the very thought of doing anything for you is beautiful. And you are my only relation in this country. Come, tell me. Is business not so good? Or are you wanting to extend, and haven't quite enough capital? Or perhaps'—

'To extend,' he interrupted, clutching at the word. He was still dazzled, but with a new and colder light. The more capital he could command the sooner would he confound his enemies and begin to recoup himself and her. And what was ten thousand pounds to Lydia? It was not mere greed that inspired him to raise the figures in his mind to twenty thousand pounds. He was touched; but, yes, he was also dazzled. 'To extend,' he repeated, and was glad of the interruption caused by the arrival of tea.

'Tell me all you care to tell about it,' she said, when she had served him. 'I know a little about business, and I sha'n't interrupt.'

He told her all he cared to tell about it. (How easy she had made it for him!) For the first time in Joseph Thanet's business life the truth did not come naturally to him. Still, the sin was more of omission than commission. He simply left out the Helmer element, which, to be sure, was equivalent to leaving the spirit out of the wine.

He was not far from tears when, an hour later, he bade her good-night. She had given so generously, so joyously. 'Better have plenty, Uncle Joseph,' she had said, smiling up from her fine, bold writing.

The cheque in his pocket-book was for fifty thousand pounds.

A little way up the road he halted. The huge wonder of the thing had smitten him, and literally taken away his breath. He panted. He could have prayed then. But his gaze fell on the town lying there in the shallow valley; it travelled to the eastern end of the town, to where the low enclosing hills sloped into the far-stretched plain, over which the full moon was climbing through the clear, windless sky. Yet the face of the moon was sullied, it seemed. Athwart the great silvery disc a thin trail of smoke drifted upward. Joseph Thanet's gaze rested there awhile, then sank to the tall chimney of the Helmer factories.

The little man grinned, and said, half-aloud,

'By God, there won't be much smoke a year hence!'

Verily, he was dazzled, and now the light was tinged with red.

CHAPTER IV.

INVENTIVE brains and commercial wits are a rare enough combination, and tragedy lurks behind the fact that the possessor of the former recognises not his lack of the latter. Yet while we may easily detect the madness in the methods of Joseph Thanet, we must still admit a method in his madness. By the ruin of the Helmer firm he would secure not only his revenge, but the command of a huge and profitable trade—profitable because, with the Helmers crushed out of business, he would be free to raise prices all round. To plead insanity on his behalf would be absurd, unless we are prepared to regard the world's money monarchs—reigning or dethroned—as merely more or less brilliant monomaniacs.

Thanet derived strength from his very weaknesses. A man cannot estimate the cost of revenge; but his ignorance is his boldness. A man need not be a born fighter to prove himself a stubborn one. The human soul that most meekly endures all manner of wounds and bludgeonings of sorrow and disappointment leaps up in fury at the poisonous prick of injustice. Without Lydia's help, Thanet would still have flung himself and the inadequate, feeble weapons he possessed against the enemy. Now he was magnificently equipped. Never before had he controlled such forces—such golden legions! Fifty thousand pounds! God bless Lydia Thanet!

The old semi-dormant factory awoke into volcanic activity. Furnaces, long cold, roared and glared. Rusted chimneys belched flame and smoke and vapour. Rotting floors were relaid. Ruined window-frames were reglazed. Tottering brickwork was rendered secure. Great galvanised sheds took shape with amazing rapidity and horrid clangour. Trucks of new machinery arrived. Men and women thronged the office with the word 'Employment' over the door.

Thanet's first blow at the Helmers was a shrewd one. He bought up their foreman, their most skilled workers, their most capable agents. A time was coming when the firm would have small use for the services of these people; but the desertions now created confusion and difficulties and expenses more easily to be imagined than described.

Six months later, the Helmers held a council of war.

'He is getting the business,' said Richard, looking up from the weekly abstract of sales.

'That was to be expected,' the other commented, with an attempt at a cheerful tone. 'But
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what is it costing him? Something enormous, I guarantee.'

'This is what it is costing us,' and Richard read figures from the abstract.

'So much as that!' Helmer senior winced. 'Well, my boy, there is nothing for it but to fight on. He can't keep it up. His niece will get tired of sinking money. Now that he has taken to advertising as well as underselling, the end can't be far off. By the way, are you going to dispose of those mining shares of yours?'

'They're sold. We'll have the money on Friday.'

'Hard on you, Dick. Well, I arranged this morning for a bond on the house—one thousand eight hundred pounds. So we'll sink or swim together. If only we had more capital! All the same'—Helmer senior's eyes were fierce—'I want to beat that crazy fool!'

'There are eleven machines idle to-day in No. 2 Factory,' remarked Richard; adding bitterly, 'though that should really be a matter for congratulation. The smaller the output the smaller the loss.'

'But we can't stop! We daren't stop!'

'We'll be forced to stop if the sales continue to dry up as they are doing at present.'

'That's looking a long way ahead. Our customers will come back to us.'

'I wonder!' said Richard. 'You know that Thanet's travellers have instructions to undercut everything on our latest list, and there's hardly an article on the list that shows a profit.'

'Dick!' exclaimed Stephen Helmer, 'surely you're not telling me you want to throw up the sponge?'

'I! Certainly not, father. But what are you going to do if—if Thanet wins?'

'What are you going to do?'

'I don't matter. But you made the business; you've lived in it, and for it, all those years.'

'And I'm ready to go down with it, Dick! Let it go at that. But we're not beaten yet. Sufficient unto the day—— Well, are you and I going to see the thing through together?'

'You don't need to ask that!'

They shook hands, smiling, with renewed courage.

Seven months later, in the same place, they shook hands, gravely, as men who respect each other for having done all that a man can do.

CHAPTER V.

FIFTY thousand pounds is a large sum of money—a very large sum—until it is spent. Then the adjective most applicable is 'insufficient.'

At the end of thirteen feverish months, Joseph Thanet applied it; but with a reservation. The 1915.]

money had been quite enough for his purposes thus far. It had gained him his revenge and an enormous trade; its insufficiency was apparent solely with regard to the future. The money had been sunk; to recover it more money would be required. Not a great deal, he assured himself. Say ten thousand pounds. Having once handled fifty thousand pounds, the uncommercial person is apt to be glib about lesser sums, especially if he happens to possess a rich and generous niece. Thanet did think of asking the bank to advance the amount; but the bank, he felt, would probably have the impudence to request a sight of his last balance-sheet, the exhibition of which would involve him in troublesome and perhaps not very satisfactory explanations. The town was already discussing the affairs of Helmer and Co.

So, on a pleasant day in July, rather early in the afternoon, he called upon his niece. He had not done so for several months, but her pleasant greeting removed any qualms he might have felt as to his reception. Nevertheless, he remained in a painfully excited state. He began by congratulating her on her appearance of brilliant health.

'I have been enjoying short cruises on the yacht,' she informed him. 'When are you going to take that holiday? Soon, I hope, Uncle Joseph; for my time here is nearly over.' She had more than once postponed her departure, for no reason that can be discovered. Richard seemed to have forgotten her. She had not seen him since February. Miss Melrose had heard that he was representing his firm in London, and coming home only for the week-ends. Doubtless the good lady would have wept had she known that he was making a last bid for the firm's existence—doing the work of three representatives; striving to find markets for the few remaining Helmer products that might still be sold at a profit.

Joseph Thanet expressed regret that Lydia's stay in the Old Country could not be indefinitely prolonged, hoped he might yet manage to take a little cruise in her yacht, and plunged bravely, if not boldly, into business.

It was all just as easy as before. She heard him out sympathetically, asked one or two general questions, and then went over to her desk. For the moment he was dumb with relief.

She filled in the date on a cheque, wrote 'Joseph Thanet, Esq.,' and paused.

'Are you sure ten will be enough?' she asked him.

'Quite enough, my dear—quite enough,' he stammered, wriggling in the easy-chair and 'washing' his hands. The experiences of the past year had not improved his nerves, but they had increased his self-importance. At times he was almost childishly bumptious.

'In a month or so,' she said, 'I shall be a long

way off, and perhaps not easily to be found at short notice. When one is building up a great business'—

'But the business is built, Lydia! From to-day it will yield splendid profits. Nothing to prevent it.' He went red in the face. 'I've done what I set out to do a year ago. Yes, I've done it!' He lost his head. It was his first opportunity of proclaiming his victory. 'I've broken the opposition—smashed 'em! Yesterday they had bills dishonoured. To-day I heard of a paltry little cheque payable to a tradesman being returned. They've nothing left. I've got it all—all! Thanks to you, Lydia. Oh, I don't forget that it's thanks to you, my dear. Couldn't have done it otherwise'—

'What is all this, Uncle Joseph?' she interrupted, but so mildly that he did not notice.

'I never could have done it! And yet a year ago—two days before I knew you would help—I stood up to Helmer, and said I would beat him at his own game. Well, I've done it. Helmers are as good as broken.' He stopped short, gaping—aghast.

Lydia had risen, the pen slipping from her hand. She was pale; her fine, fearless eyes hard—merciless. She seemed to tower over him. 'What have you told me?' she demanded. 'What have you dared to tell me?'

He shrank in the chair, speechless, all colour gone. Beads came out on his forehead.

'Answer me! Good Heaven! have you been deliberately working the ruin of—of another firm *with my money*?' She stamped her foot. 'Ah! you do not deny it!' She turned her back upon him, and something in the action suggested an effort at self-restraint as well as anger and disgust.

He found voice. 'Lydia, I have built up a grand business with your money.'

She wheeled upon him. 'It shall come to nothing—do you hear me?—nothing! You shall struggle on with your accursed business till it falls about your ears. I will not raise a finger to save it. You have built it up on deceit—yes, deceit! Do you think I would have given a penny to such an iniquitous scheme? Oh, how could you do it?'

He broke into a torrent of protestations and explanations.

'You should have told me all that before,' she cut him short. 'Now, please, go. We shall not meet again.'

He rose, looking ill and aged. 'You will not listen to my story,' he said, and his manner was no longer utterly undignified, 'so you cannot give me fair judgment, Lydia Thanet. But if it can be done, if making myself a beggar can do it, you shall have your fifty thousand back.'

'God forbid!' she said cruelly. 'It is too filthy now.'

He winced, glanced at her piteously, and passed to the door.

All at once her passion was spent; her heart smote her. The man's humiliation was too severe.

'Uncle Joseph,' she cried, 'I had no right to speak to you as I have done! I forgot myself. Forgive me. I can't talk now. Come and see me to-morrow. I'll write. Please go quickly.'

The door closed. She threw herself on the couch. But her tears were soon shed.

'Something has got to be done,' she said to herself, 'and at once.'

About five o'clock a clerk showed her into the Helmers' private office. She was apparently cool and collected. Stephen Helmer—not the cold, confident man of a year ago—received her with a grave bow.

'Pray be seated, Miss Thanet. I am pleased to see you,' he said politely. 'I believe my son has the honour of your acquaintance. He has been away for some time, but returns to-night. Now what can I do for you?'

'I will come to the point in as few words as possible,' she said, smiling. 'I am going abroad shortly, and I have a notion—a sentimental notion, if you like—of making an investment in an industrial concern of my father's native town. I am tired of lawyers and bankers; I prefer to deal direct with my possible future partner or partners. I have heard that your business is a progressive one, and it occurred to me that you might desire to extend it further. I apologise for approaching you in this fashion—of course, I had expected Mr Helmer junior would have introduced me—but I hope you will pardon the intrusion, and help me, if you can. I could invest any sum between twenty and forty thousand pounds.'

A gleam came into the tired man's eyes—flickered, and went out.

'Miss Thanet,' he said slowly, 'I once heard—from my son, I suppose—that you were called a good business woman in Buenos Aires.'

'Quite true, Mr Helmer,' she said readily. 'That is why I prefer to do my own business.'

'Then, before proceeding further, you would naturally wish to inspect our latest balance-sheet.'

'Oh, I—I don't think that's necessary.'

'I have it here, Miss Thanet. It was made up yesterday—roughly, yet correctly enough for your purpose. Permit me.' He was handing her a double sheet of foolscap.

'No, really, I don't wish to see it,' she exclaimed, and coloured deeply.

He threw the foolscap on his desk. 'Miss Thanet,' he said gently, 'you may be a good business woman, but you are a bad actress. You are afraid to face the balance-sheet of Helmer & Co., and yet you have offered to put money into the business. Well, you have touched me more deeply than I can say, and I am not easily touched. I can guess how you heard of our misfortunes. They will be public

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property in a few days' time. But let us say no more about it.'

'Mr Helmer, for Heaven's sake, take the money—more, if you need it. Don't you understand that I am responsible for your misfortunes? It was money of mine that'—

'Please,' he requested, 'please let the matter rest. It is the fortune of war. I have got past the recriminating stage. After all, it might have been worse. My son and I can pay our debts, and the world is wide; even an elderly person like myself may reckon on its wideness!' He actually smiled. 'And, you know,' he added, 'we would have beaten Mr Thanet—if we could. Well, Dick will be glad to learn of your wonderful sympathy. That will be one pleasant thing to tell him to-night, poor boy.'

Lydia got up. 'Can't I persuade you, Mr Helmer?' she faltered. She felt herself to be a failure—a fool.

'Indeed, you cannot, my dear. There is nothing left here to invest in. But you have done me good.'

He went with her to her car. As he took her hand, she said, 'Would you mind saying nothing to your son?'

His disappointment was plain. 'May I not?' he said wistfully.

'I beg that you won't. And, Mr Helmer—if I'm not too informal in asking another favour—will you and your son dine with us to-morrow night, at seven-thirty? As I told you, I must go abroad soon, and—well, I hope you can come.'

After a moment's hesitation, 'I thank you for Dick and myself. At seven-thirty,' he said, with something of his old chilly courtesy.

On reaching home, Lydia wrote to her uncle. She wrote also to Richard Helmer a short, formal confirmation of the invitation entrusted to his father; but there was a P.S.: 'For a reason which I will explain later, I wish you to delay your arrival until seven-forty-five, and to do so without letting Mr Helmer know why.'

CHAPTER VI.

AT seven-twenty, in strict obedience to his niece's note, Joseph Thanet entered the drawing-room. He was far from confident of his reception, despite the kindly written words, until Lydia, who was alone, pressed his hand warmly, whispering, 'Let us forget the past, Uncle Joseph, and begin again. Shall we?'

'By all means, Lydia,' he replied gratefully. He had not quite forgiven all the hard things she had said the previous afternoon; but periods of self-communion during a restless night had not increased his self-esteem, and a long day in the office had brought him to see the barrenness of his victory. The business could not be carried
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on without additional capital, and in cold blood he clearly perceived that, beggar himself as he might, he could never repay anything but a miserable fraction of the fifty thousand pounds.

So he sat down and nervously adjusted his shirt-front and cuffs, and spoke fatuously of the weather, upon which subject Lydia encouraged him, until the door was opened, and the maid announced: 'Mr Helmer.' It was certainly a terrible shock to Joseph. Helmer flushed, but gave no other sign of his annoyance, as he came forward to meet his hostess.

'Uncle Joseph,' said Lydia bravely, 'don't you know Mr Helmer? Mr Helmer—Mr Thanet.'

Helmer made an ironical inclination; while Thanet, four yards away, simply stared.

'Won't you shake hands?' said Lydia. 'It would be so much pleasanter for me if you did.'

At this Helmer smiled grimly, bowed to Lydia, and went forward and held out his hand, saying, 'Perhaps I ought to congratulate you, Mr Thanet.'

'Oh dear!' thought Lydia, 'he's going to be haughty and spoil everything!'

'Me?' gasped the little man, shrinking, yet accepting the proffered hand into a limp, momentary clasp. With a sudden stiffening of courage, he looked squarely at his enemy's cold, emotionless face, and in his soul, amid the embers of hate and the ashes of revenge, a little new flame sprang up—admiration. For what manner of man was this who could stand so firm and debonair amid the wreckage of a lifetime's labour and ambition? 'Congratulate me! Good God!' he exploded, 'I'm in practically the same boat as yourself!' And turned away.

'Gentlemen,' said Lydia, with a tremulous smile of relief, 'I congratulate you both.' She touched a bell, and before the silence had become positively oppressive Miss Melrose appeared.

A few minutes later Richard arrived, and his natural disconcertion was cut short by the announcement of dinner. Lydia, if an indifferent actress, was not such a bad stage-manager.

It was not to be expected that the ensuing hour would be without constraints and embarrassments; but, thanks to the unfailing cheerfulness of the hostess, the *sang-froid* of Helmer senior, and the inconsequent chirpings of Miss Melrose, it passed without acute discomfort for any one. Uncle Joseph's and Richard's contributions to the conversation were fitful and small. The old man was feeling ashamed of himself; the young one was in a state of mystification.

Shortly after coffee had been served, a message was brought to Lydia. She immediately gave the signal to Miss Melrose; then, rising, said, 'Mr Helmer—Uncle Joseph—Mr Benson, the

lawyer, has called; so I shall send him in here to smoke a cigar with you. We shall see you all later in the drawing-room.'

Richard, whom she had ignored, remained standing at his place, uncertain; until from the door she gave him a little nod, whereupon he followed the ladies.

Miss Melrose stood at the drawing-room window. She was all of a twitter. There was 'something in the air'—of that she was sure. At long last her favourite, comparatively poor young man had come back, and dear Lydia's eyes were quite changed; they had not shone so happily for months. Miss Melrose wanted to run away to her bedroom—she felt 'such a gooseberry'—but feared it might not 'look nice.' But as she suppressed a sigh and took up her crochet-work from the window-seat, an inspiration came to her. 'What a lovely evening it is, Lydia!' she said, in a not very natural voice. 'Would not Mr Richard like to smoke a cigar in the conservatory or the garden?'

'Would you, Mr Helmer?' said Lydia; and, without waiting for his reply, led the way to the glass door at the far end of the room.

'Will you come with me?' he whispered.

'Yes. I owe you an explanation, and I—I'd like to get it over.'

They passed through the conservatory and into a small garden with high walls. A faint twilight still lingered. The path was just broad enough for two. The air was still, warm, fragrant. A sweet moment to Richard Helmer after bitter days! His soul rose in passionate rebellion, and fell back in despair.

'Won't you smoke?' she said. 'It would help me a little if you did.'

He lit a cigarette.

'In the first place,' she began, 'I want to tell you that just before you came to-night Mr Helmer and my uncle shook hands—not willingly, I admit, yet the action gave me hope. Don't you think, Mr Helmer, that when two men—real men, not snarling curs—have fought their big fight to a finish, there is a good chance of lasting peace?'

'In the present circumstances, which you seem to be familiar with,' he said slowly, 'there is an excellent chance of lasting peace, since one of the combatants has been so thoroughly beaten that his fighting days are over'—

'Don't take it like that,' she softly interrupted him. 'So much that is good may grow out of peace—even friendship, or at least a friendly alliance. Let me go on, please. I have taken some great liberties, Mr Helmer; but I could not stand by and do nothing. You believe that my uncle has won in the struggle; but I have to tell you that his victory, if so it can be called, is an empty one. He has gained a great business, and cannot carry it on. But I'm afraid he could never carry on a great business

successfully, even with money behind him. He is a very clever man, but not a good business man. I found that out in five minutes. I helped him because he was my father's brother. But he did not tell me everything. I don't wittingly help one man to hurt another.' She paused for a brief space.

'At the present moment,' she resumed, 'Lawyer Benson is with your father and my uncle. He is laying before them the main details of a scheme for the alliance of the two businesses in a private limited company, for which sufficient working capital shall be provided. Your father and my uncle are invited to work together, yet separately so far as their especial abilities are concerned. They will be the heads of the company, and there shall be no interference with their plans from any source whatever. If they can see their way to accept this they will be asked to sign a preliminary agreement to-night.' Her voice shook slightly. 'That is all I have to say. But, oh Mr Helmer, do you think there is any hope of their accepting?'

It was, of course, absurd of him, but just then the question of their acceptance seemed of secondary interest, just as did the apparent exclusion of himself from the proposition.

'Why are you doing all this?' he demanded.

'Don't be angry with me.'

'Heaven knows it isn't that. But why are you doing all this for my father?'

'It is as much for my uncle as for your father.' She spoke as though defending her action. 'Did your father care for the business he had built up, the business he had worked for nearly all his years? Did he care much or little?'

'He cared everything; but'—

'So did my father. And that is why I cannot bear to see a man's life-work being taken away and broken up, all for lack of a few miserable pounds sterling.' She drew herself up. 'Besides,' she said, with a small laugh, 'I'm a business woman. I know a good investment when I see it.'

They covered a dozen paces before Richard spoke. 'You have a very beautiful and merciful mind,' he said, 'and no man can value your generosity more than my father; though, I fear, he will not be able to accept it, Miss Thanet. He and I will never forget it.'

'Ah, don't say that he will reject my plans! You will persuade him to accept, won't you?'

The earnestness, the anxiety, in her voice were poignant.

'You overwhelm me,' he said. 'You never spoke to my father until yesterday. What is my father to you that you seek to remove his burden?'

Unconsciously they had halted. To Lydia the moment had arrived—arrived sooner, perhaps, than expected—the moment when all her heart's

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desire and all her future happiness, as she imagined it, depended on one brave sentence from her lips. Her heart cried, 'Speak!' Her maidenhood whispered, 'Be silent!'

Pale she was in the friendly darkness, drooping, and a little faint. As from afar, she heard his voice—yet not his voice as she had known it—'Lydia, Lydia, what is my father to you?'

For an instant she raised her eyes. 'He is yours.'

Miss Melrose sat alone in the drawing-room. The clock struck ten, and she applied a damp handkerchief to her eyes and smiled.

The door was smartly opened, and Lawyer Benson, his countenance radiant, bounced in. 'Mr Richard Helmer, your signature is desired. —Ha! he's not here! Pardon me, Miss Melrose; left my glasses in the other room. Where is Mr Richard Helmer?'

'In the garden with Miss Thanet. I—I don't think they will be long.'

'But he's wanted at once. However, I'll soon find him. Which way. Ha! I see.'

Somehow Miss Melrose was in the conservatory doorway before him.

'You must wait, Mr Benson,' she said desperately.

'But, my dear madam, Miss Thanet's presence is required also. Pray'——

'I know Miss Thanet does not wish to be disturbed. She and Mr Richard are engaged'——

'What's that?'

'In a very private and important conversation,' stammered the poor lady.

'H'm! May I ask, have they been—h'm—engaged for long, Miss Melrose?'

'N-not much more than—forty minutes.'

Which was a very fair guess, and as near the truth as any one need desire.

SUPERFLUOUS.

'Sorry,' said the medical officer, 'but I can't pass you.'

WITH a snatch from 'Tipperary,' and a rhythmic tramp of feet,

One of our new-made regiments comes marching down the street.

I linger on the pavement, and catch my breath and sigh,

My heart is dead within me, and a tear is near my eye,

As I watch the line of soldiers go gaily swinging by.

Oh gallant lads in khaki, keen eyed, and leal and true

To Britain in her hour of need, would God I marched with you!

My friends are all in uniform; it's hard to loaf in tweeds,

And read on every hoarding that 'it's men the country needs.'

They ask me if I'm proud of them, and why I stay away?

And how I'll feel when they return, that looked-for joyous day?

They mock my gaze each walk I take, and I can only say,

Oh gallant lads in khaki, of years I'd give a few,
If the doctor who forbade it let me march as one of you!

I see a field with smoke o'erhung, deep-pitted by our shells;

I see our lads in khaki charge—Ah God! the bayonet tells;

I hear a shout of victory that echoes to the sky;
Not without grievous loss, alas! but what a death to die!

While he who lives can proudly say, 'I've fought for Britain—I.'

Oh gallant lads in khaki, from my soul I envy you,

For he who shares the danger will share the glory too!

Yet, strange, there are young men about both hale and fit to go,

Content to let their neighbours train to meet and beat the foe.

They live their lives as usual, they work and rest and play,

As though no war were raging; you may see them any day,

Dressed in their best and courting girls—meet mates for such as they!

Oh 'gallant' nuts in mufti, arrayed in garments new,

Although I'm not in khaki, thank God I am not you!

C. D. L.

THE BAD HAT.

A NAVAL STORY.

By TAFFRAIL

CHAPTER I.

'ORDINARY Seaman Charles Whitlock!' bawled the master-at-arms peremptorily. 'Shun! Off cap!'

The youngster in question, an undersized, rather weakly looking youth, hurried forward to the defaulter's table. Behind it, gravely surveying the buff-coloured charge sheet, stood his captain, while the commander, the lieutenant in charge of Whitlock's division, and a couple of solemn-faced ship's corporals, one of them busily turning over the leaves of an enormous quarto volume—the Conduct Book—completed the little group on the quarter-deck.

'Ordinary Seaman Charles Whitlock,' continued the master-at-arms, 'did make use of insulting and insubordinate language to Petty Officer Henry Burton when ordered to tidy up his mess for the rounds.'

The culprit, very ill at ease, shifted his feet nervously and fidgeted with the cap in his hand. The sight of his grave-faced commanding officer behind the table rather appalled him, and what could he, an ordinary seaman, say or do with two officers to bear witness against him and a third to act as his judge?

'What's this case?' asked the captain, looking up.

'Petty Officer Henry Burton!' called the master-at-arms.

The individual in question came forward.

'Make your report,' said the commander in an undertone.

'At eight-forty-five yesterday evening, sir,' he began, 'I was going round the mess-deck to see it properly cleared up for the rounds. I noticed that this man's mess was all anyhow, with the supper not even cleared away; so, as he was cook of the mess, I sent for him to tidy it up.' He hesitated.

The 'owner'* nodded.

'Well, sir, when this ordinary seaman comes, I asks him why his mess wasn't cleared up. He says it was cleared up, and when I says it wasn't he turns round and tells me to go to—and mind my own bloomin' business.'

The captain concealed a smile. 'Did he say it quite so politely as that?' he asked.

'Hardly, sir. He used some horrible talk, but I can't rightly remember his exac' words.'

It was an untruth. Burton remembered every word; but he did not wish to increase the gravity of the offence.

'Humph!' grunted the skipper. 'Was his manner disrespectful? Did he seem at all excited?'

'Yessir.'

'Right. What happened then?'

'Well, sir, I didn't wish to be hard on him, so I tells him he'd best be careful or else I'd take him on the quarter-deck before the officer of the watch. He calls me more names then, so I orders him to fall in on the quarter-deck, and goes away to report the case to the master-at-arms. That's all, sir.'

The captain turned to the culprit. 'You hear what Petty Officer Burton says. What have you to say to the charge?'

'I didn't mean no 'arm, sir,' the ordinary seaman stammered.

'You didn't mean it! That's no excuse at all. You've been quite long enough in the service to realise that you have to curb your temper. A petty officer, you must understand, is put in authority over you to uphold discipline. It's your duty to obey him and to treat him with respect. Don't you know that?'

'Petty Officer Burton 'as 'ad a down on me ever since I joined the ship, sir. 'E's always naggin' at me, an' tellin' me to do this an' that as if I wus a dorg!'

'If you had any reason to imagine that you'd been unfairly treated you could always have asked to see me,' observed the captain, seeing through the perennial excuse at once.—'Let me see his previous record.' He turned to the ship's corporal with the Conduct Book.

'H'm!' he remarked, glancing down the well-filled page. 'Not at all good; very bad, in fact. "Absent from his boat," "Absent from his place of duty," "Skulking from divisions," "Asleep on the mess-deck during working hours,"' he read out. 'You're always in trouble by the look of it.' He eyed the culprit critically.

The ordinary seaman could not stand the steady gaze of those steely blue eyes. 'They orl seems to 'ave a down on me, sir,' he mumbled indistinctly, hanging his head and reddening. 'I don't seem to be able to do nothing right no'ow.'

The captain bit his lip. 'How does he do his work, commander?' he asked.

The commander hesitated. He was a kind-

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* The captain of a man-of-war is sometimes known as 'the owner.'

hearted man, and hated to hit a man when he was down; but Whitlock certainly was a perpetual nuisance to him. 'He was not very promising when he joined the ship, sir,' he answered, 'but he's improving. Oh yes, he's certainly improving.'

The captain saw through the little deception at once. 'And you, Travers,' he said, turning to the lieutenant; 'has he given you any trouble?'

'Not lately, sir.'

The skipper nodded, and thought for a minute. 'Look here, my man,' he continued, dropping his voice and speaking more like a father to an erring son, 'how long d'you think this sort of thing can go on? Don't you realise that we're at war, and that we all ought to do our level best for the country? That doesn't mean getting into constant trouble, you know.'

'I does my best, sir,' mumbled the ordinary seaman.

The captain shook his head. 'That's not true,' he pointed out. 'You don't try. You needn't think I like punishing men,' he added, 'and I'm glad to say I have had very few men to deal with since the war started. However, I cannot overlook your case. I have a very good mind to put you in cells;* but I'll give you one more chance. You shall have fourteen days number ten; but if you come up before me again you'll go straight to cells, my lad—understand that!'

'Fourteen days number ten!' echoed the master-at-arms, mildly surprised at the captain's leniency. 'On cap, 'bout turn, double march!'

The little comedy was over, and the group of officers and men dispersed and went their several ways.

The plausible hypocrite Whitlock ambled forward with a broad grin on his face. He had bounced the 'old man' into believing that he was willing to reform.

Reform? Not he! Fourteen days number ten meant nothing to him. He had done so much of this particular brand of punishment that a fortnight more or less made little or no difference. It was merely pouring water on a duck's back. Stoppage of grog, turning out of his hammock half-an-hour before the rest of the men, extra work in his spare time, and musters at odd hours throughout the day did not worry him. They had become a mere matter of routine.

But Whitlock was also a revengeful hypocrite; for, as he slouched forward, he muttered sullenly under his breath. 'If I 'as 'arf a chawnce,' he remarked, *sotto voce*, 'I'll bash that 'ere Burton—Mr bloomin' Petty Officer Burton—blarst him!' He said it very venomously, glanced round to see that nobody was looking, and then, very deliberately, spat on the deck. That was

an offence in itself, but it showed his contempt nevertheless.

Now Burton weighed perhaps twelve stone two, and had a chest like an ox and a fist like a leg of mutton. Whitlock, puny and undersized, turned the scale at about nine stone three, and to 'bash' the burly petty officer would require some doing.

But the ordinary seaman, to do him justice, was no coward. He had pluck of a sort, and at the time he fully meant every word he said.

CHAPTER II.

IT so happened that the opportunity for the 'bashing' of Petty Officer Burton never came; for exactly three days later, at dawn, the *Clytia* found herself in sight of a three-funnelled cruiser, hull down, over the horizon. Her appearance was greeted with no small amount of excitement on the part of the British cruiser's ship's company, for the stranger, though she was fully fifteen miles distant, bore every resemblance to the *Prinz Friedrich*, one of the last German men-of-war operating on the British trade-routes in the South Atlantic, which the *Clytia* and her consorts had been sent to seek out and destroy.

The two ships were fairly evenly matched as regards armament. Both were 'protected cruisers,' built long before the days of Dreadnoughts, and while the German mounted twelve 5.9 and eight 3.4-inch guns, the *Clytia* carried eleven 6-inch and eight 3-inch. In the matter of speed, however, there was some disparity, for the *Prinz Friedrich* was popularly supposed to be capable of 21 knots. The British vessel, on her trials in 1898, had done 20.3, having actually been designed to do 19.5. But now in 1915, at the age of seventeen, she was no longer a chicken, and had reached the stage at which her engineer-commander doubted if he could induce her to do more than 18½ to 19. He had qualms as to whether her engines and boilers were capable of more.

The captain of the *Clytia*, high up on his bridge, looked anxiously at the strange cruiser through his glasses, and before long became quite certain in his mind, though he could not distinguish her ensign, that she was German. Orders had already been transmitted to the engine-room for full speed, and the poor old ship, palpitating like a jelly, was pounding along with dense volumes of smoke pouring from her two funnels. Word had been passed round that an enemy was in sight, and the stokers, feeling they were on their mettle, shovelled coal on to the blazing furnaces for all they were worth. The officers and men in the engine-room, too, had quite made up their minds to get 20 knots or to 'bust things up' in the process, and their efforts were successful. The revolu-

* 'Cells' = solitary confinement on bread and water. 1915.]

tions of the elderly but carefully nursed engines gradually increased—17.6 knots—18.5—19—20—20.1. At 20.1 she remained steady. It was her limit; nothing could drive her faster.

The captain put down his glasses with a smile. 'I think,' he remarked to the lieutenant (N.) at his side, 'that we've gained on her.'

The navigator was doubtful. 'I'm not so sure, sir,' he said, shaking his head.

'Pessimist!' laughed the skipper. 'I know we have! She was hull down when we sighted her, and now I can see her upper deck. Still,' he was forced to admit, 'she may not be going full speed, and we've fully seven miles to gain before we get into range. If only'— He paused.

'If only what, sir?'

'If only this ship were a brand new twenty-five knotter instead of the ancient old bus she is. We're going something over twenty knots now, and that's a miracle; but that fellow over there'—he waved his hand toward the horizon—'can give us a clean pair of heels if he wants to.' He spoke regretfully; for the *Clytia* had not fired a shot in anger since the commencement of the war—had not seen an enemy, in fact—and a 'scrap,' as they would call it, was the one thing in this world that her officers and men were longing for.

The thought which now beset the captain's mind was whether or not his enemy would turn and give battle. Things were so evenly matched that the probabilities were she would; but for the first three hours she still steamed away, with the *Clytia* pounding along after her. During this time the British vessel had managed to close in to within about twelve miles; but by 6.50 A.M. the foreigner had increased speed and was holding her own.

Ten minutes later the commander, bubbling over with suppressed excitement, came up on to the bridge to interview the captain. 'We've cleared for action, sir,' he said. 'Shall I send the men to breakfast now?'

'You'd better,' returned the other. 'But if she does turn, they'll have to come up at once, breakfast or no breakfast.'

The commander laughed. 'I don't think they'll mind that, sir.'

The ship's company were piped to their meal, but it is to be feared that few of them ate very much. Their excitement seemed to do away with all desire for food, for a quarter of an hour afterwards practically every soul in the ship, except the stokers, was smoking on the fore-castle and gazing anxiously at the dim gray shape of the German cruiser on the horizon. Petty Officer Burton was there, and so was Whitlock.

'Strewth!' grumbled the latter, 'e's runnin' away! W'y cawn't e turn round an' give us a show?'

An able seaman close beside him laughed.

'Ark at 'im!' he exclaimed jocularly, eyeing the puny figure of the first speaker. 'Ark at our bloomin' warrior! Bloodthirsty little devil, ain't e?'

Whitlock seemed rather put out. 'If it does come to a scrap, I bets I puts up as good a show as you, Mister bloomin' Nobby Clarke!' he retorted wrathfully. 'We ain't all 'ulkin' great brutes six foot 'igh, thank Gawd! but I reckons we've orl got guts, an' that any one o' us is as good as three o' these bally dagoes. S'welp me I do!'

'Orl right, my little cock-sparrer! Orl right! Don't get yer dander up. I didn't mean nothin' nasty.' He patted him on the shoulder.

'Don't talk so wet then,' Whitlock returned. 'You ain't the only man in this 'ere ship. I reckons——' 'Ullo!' he broke off. 'What's the racket?'

A buzz of excited talk suddenly burst out from the crowd on the fore-castle. The two speakers craned their necks to see what had caused it, and an instant later the ordinary seaman gave vent to a little whimper of delight. 'Strewth!' he murmured happily, 'she's turnin' this way!'

There was no doubt about it. At first the strange cruiser had been showing her stern to the *Clytia*, but now she had turned to starboard until she presented a foreshortened view of her side. She was still circling, for presently she was broadside on, and then, finally, she was heading bows on for the British ship.

The subdued murmur from the men gave way to a deep hum of excitement and a brief outburst of cheering, but an instant later everything was interrupted by the brazen blare of a bugle.

'General quarters!'

In ten seconds the fore-castle was cleared and the men were hurrying to their stations for action. The gun's barefooted crews, stripping off all their superfluous clothing, clustered round their weapons. Little heaps of brass cartridge cases and piles of ominous-looking yellow and black projectiles were placed close to each gun, while down below in the magazines and shell-rooms the supply parties were waiting to whip up more ammunition as it was required. Hoses were spouting all over the decks to lessen the chances of fire. Everything was ready.

'All guns, load!' came an order through the voice-pipes.

The projectiles were rammed home, with their cartridges behind them, and the heavy steel breech-blocks slammed to.

Whitlock, who formed one of the crew of the foremost 6-inch gun on the port side of the upper deck, began to feel anxious. The hostile cruiser was coming nearer and nearer, and it was the first time he had been in action. He felt his knees trembling ever so slightly, for the *Clytia's* 6-inch guns were in open shields on her upper deck, not behind armour. He experienced

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a sickly sensation in the pit of his stomach, and looked round curiously to see how the others were taking it.

His glance fell on Petty Officer Burton, the gunlayer. He had his eye glued to his telescopic sight, and was calmly keeping his weapon trained on the approaching enemy. The petty officer, too, was feeling nervous, but he did not show it. The ordinary seaman noticed his unruffled exterior, gulped twice, and felt better.

CHAPTER III.

AT the time the German turned toward the *Clytia* the two vessels were about twelve miles apart, the enemy being slightly on the port bow of the British cruiser. Both ships were steaming at about twenty knots, and in six minutes the range had decreased to fourteen thousand yards.

The suspense became intolerable as the *Clytia's* range-finder operator in the gun-control position monotonously droned out the distance of the enemy. 'One three five nought nought,' he chanted, without removing his face from the instrument. 'Thirteen thousand'—'One two five nought nought.'

The gunnery lieutenant was becoming impatient. It was a very clear day, and he was keeping his glasses focussed on the *Prinz Friedrich*; and so close did she seem that he could even pick out the details of the flaunting ensigns at her mastheads. The time hung heavily. Would they never arrive within the predetermined range for opening fire?

'Twelve thousand.'

He sighed with relief, passed a muffled order through a voice-pipe, and then stood up with his binoculars to his eyes.

There came a loud roar and a sheet of brilliant orange-coloured flame as one of the fore-castle 6-inch guns went off. The cruiser trembled a little; and then, as a billowing cloud of brown cordite smoke went drifting slowly to leeward on the gentle breeze, the projectile, distinctly visible against the blue sky, could be seen sailing off into space like a meteorite. It soon disappeared, and presently a shimmering white column of spray leapt silently into the air some distance short and to the left of the enemy. It was a miss, but it gave the expert the information he wanted.

He passed another order to the gun. Another roar and a flash, and this time the shell pitched just short of the German, ricocheted over her, and finally plopped harmlessly into the sea beyond.

The enemy did not reply, but presently both ships altered course to the eastward until they were steering on converging courses, with their broadside guns bearing on each other. The

Clytia had found the range, and her weapons opened a slow and deliberate fire.

Now that he had something to do, Whitlock lost all his original fear, and found himself extracting the smoking brass cartridge cases each time his weapon went off as if he had been at the job all his life. Roar after roar broke out; concussion after concussion shook the cruiser; and flash after flash leapt out from her side as her guns spoke.

In the rifts between the semi-transparent clouds of brown cordite haze the ordinary seaman caught an occasional glimpse of the dull gray shape of the *Prinz Friedrich*. The two vessels were closing in fast, and the range was now about ten thousand yards—nearly six miles; but even at this great distance the *Clytia* was finding her target. The hostile cruiser was all but hidden in spouting upheavals of spray as the projectiles drove home, but every now and then he saw the dull red flash and a cloud of gray-yellow smoke as a shell struck the ship herself and detonated.

He had plenty to do in extracting the spent cylinders as his gun fired; but the work was largely automatic, and he had ample time to think. He wondered vaguely to himself whether or not the enemy had opened fire. He could not see any flashes darting from her gray side, and so far the *Clytia* did not seem to have been struck. He had not very long to wait. Suddenly a great plume of spray sprang into the air about two hundred yards short of the ship. It was instantly followed by another, then another, and another. He held his breath, for he knew they were hostile shell falling short; and then, in the midst of the dull booming reports of the British guns, his ears were filled with a terrifying screeching, like a whistling express tearing its way through a railway station, shrill and very penetrating.

He ducked his head instinctively, but a moment later raised it again with a jerk. Of course! He remembered. The projectiles had fallen short, and though they might screech like ten thousand baffled, infuriated demons, they could do him no harm now. He grinned with relief.

The *Clytia's* guns were firing faster now; but with what effect Whitlock could not see. Boom! boom—boom—boom! boom! they went in irregular volleys. The air became full of the acrid, bitter taste of burning cordite as the smoke of the discharges drifted astern.

The ordinary seaman glanced at the enemy again. He saw the spray fountains springing up all round her as before; but in the midst of them were the angry, sparkling flashes of her guns. A breathless pause, and then a great upheaval in the water barely thirty yards off the *Clytia*. Another and another, and all in practically the same spot.

The shells detonated as they struck, and

almost at once Whitlock heard the humming whistle of their sharp-edged fragments as they drove through the air. By the time he heard them, however, they were probably past, for almost simultaneously with their whizzing he heard them clanging against the funnels and superstructure.

But one of them found a billet. There came a loud cry for 'stretcher-parties,' and glancing round instinctively the ordinary seaman saw a figure lying on the deck barely ten feet away. The man's clothes had been badly torn, and a horrible red gash could be seen in his side where a steel sliver had ripped the flesh. The blood, welling from the wound, was slowly dyeing the poor fellow's garments a vivid crimson and mingling with the water on the deck.

Whitlock felt very sick. He longed to run away and hide himself somewhere out of harm's way, but was suddenly brought back to his senses by a none too gentle prod in the back.

'Come on with that ruddy cartridge!' some one shouted angrily. 'What the 'ell are you waitin' for!'

He went back to his work automatically, feeling rather shaken. He gave another glance at the enemy, and saw that she had closed in. She was barely five thousand yards distant, but his heart jumped with relief when he noticed that her third funnel had disappeared. Volumes of black smoke and tongues of vivid red flame shot into the air from between the spot where the funnel had stood and the mainmast. She was on fire then! So much the better! His spirits revived. He felt as if he wanted to cheer.

'Give 'em hell, lads!' he found himself shouting. 'Give 'em hell!'

Suddenly there came an appalling crash from aft. Whitlock glanced round, and, in the midst of a sheet of orange flame and a cloud of grayish smoke, was vouchsafed a fleeting glimpse of one of the 6-inch guns slowly toppling over backward. He noticed fragments of something flying through the air, and then the smoke drifted by in a cloud, and he could see no more. He had no time to wait until it cleared, but in that brief second he had noticed that the *Clytia's* after funnel was pierced through and through like a gigantic nutmeg grater, and that the steel superstructure seemed fantastically mangled and twisted.

He extracted one more cartridge from his gun, but an instant later there was a frightful detonation and a brilliant purple flash quite close at hand. He felt as if he had been picked up in a gigantic hand and flung bodily to the deck. He felt himself slithering along it—then came blackness, utter blackness.

He had been knocked senseless, and how long he lay there he never knew. Presently he came to, to feel a horrible burning pain in his left arm and side. He sat up and looked down at

it, and then laughed stupidly. 'Strewth!' he murmured, very much surprised, 'I've bin wounded!'

The blood was dripping down his side on to his once white trousers. It hurt abominably, but not quite so much as he had expected. Then his glance wandered round the deck. The 6-inch gun—his gun—looked utterly foolish. He almost laughed at it, for the weapon had been stripped of its armoured shield, the sights and other excrescences seemed to have vanished, while the muzzle pointed up into the air at an absurd angle. One or two bodies lay on the deck close beside the wreck.

Then he suddenly experienced a sensation of heat, and looking round saw a pile of cartridges blazing like a bonfire within six feet of him. All round them lay lyddite shells in their canvas bags. 'Gawd!' he muttered, gazing stupidly at the conflagration.

Some of the guns still seemed to be firing; he could hear their dull booming reports; but just then one of the prone figures raised its head with a piteous groan. It was Petty Officer Burton, and he was badly wounded, but Whitlock had no time to attend to him.

His fuddled brain had resumed its control. 'My Gawd!' he muttered again, licking his cracked lips. There was a touch of anxiety in his voice this time. He had every reason to invoke the name of his Creator, for the cordite charges were burning merrily in spite of the water on the decks, and the shells were perilously close to the fire.

If the heat caused them to explode the resulting detonation would fling every living soul in the vicinity into eternity. It would blow a gaping hole in the deck, and might even cause the ship to founder. He did not understand the gravity of the situation at the time; he only thought of saving life; and tottering to his feet, swaying like a drunken man, he cautiously approached the pile of blazing ammunition. The effort hurt him hideously, but he gritted his teeth and persevered; and hardly realising the awful risk he was taking, for the shell might explode at any instant, he reached the fire and seized a burning cartridge in his bare hand. He dropped it at once with a whimper of pain, for the brass cylinder was practically red-hot. It rolled across the deck with the gentle movement of the ship, and lodged in the waterway near the ship's side.

He had intended to throw all the cartridges overboard; but that, since they were too hot to be touched with bare flesh, was obviously impossible. If, however, he could roll them all into the waterway it would do equally well, for there they could burn themselves out without danger. There were perhaps ten of them burning, and one by one he rolled them out of harm's way with his feet. How long it took him he never knew. It seemed an eternity

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before he had removed them all; but at last he had done it, and sat down on the deck, breathless and faint with pain. 'Thank Gawd!' he muttered thankfully.

The guns had ceased firing, and there came the sound of cheering. He, too, tried to cheer; but the effort was too much, and, falling backward to the deck, he sank into utter oblivion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE evening was well advanced when he came to and found himself in one of the cots in the sick-bay. He knew it was the sick-bay, for he had been there before, but now the place was full of a sweet, penetrating odour—chloroform. He tried to look over the edge of his bed, but the movement brought a twinge of pain. Then he remembered, and lay back, blinking his tired eyes.

A couple of officers came to his bedside and looked down at him. One was the captain himself and the other was the staff-surgeon.

'Ha! you've come to, young fellow!' remarked the staff-surgeon cheerily. 'That's good! You got a nasty smack.—We had to cut away a'—he went on, whispering some technical details to the captain; 'but he seems to be pulling through all right.'

'How d'you feel, Whitlock?' asked the skipper with a smile.

'Pretty bad, sir,' mumbled the ordinary seaman. 'Can you tell me, sir'—He hesitated.

'Tell you what?'

'Did we sink her, sir?'

The captain smiled happily. 'Yes, Whitlock, we did,' he answered with a nod.

'Thank Gawd, sir!'

But the captain was talking again. 'You did a very gallant thing, my man,' he was saying; 'a very gallant action!—You must get him fit again as soon as you can, doctor,' he added, turning to the staff-surgeon. 'The fellow's a hero. Mr Parr, who was down in the battery, saw exactly what happened. Whitlock undoubtedly saved Petty Officer Burton's life and the ship from very severe damage, if not from sinking. If those shell had exploded'—He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

The ordinary seaman gasped with surprise. Him a hero! Could it be true? He must have been, for Leading Seaman Charles Whitlock, as he is now—he was an able seaman exactly a week ago—wears a silver medal with a blue, white, blue ribbon.

It is very rare in the navy, and goes by the name of the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal. The recipient sometimes thinks he did not deserve it; but Petty Officer Burton, his best friend, knows that he did.

THE FIERY CROSS.

SET the Fiery Cross ablazing, send it speeding up
and down,
Let all eager eyes upgazing see it sparkle o'er each
town;
See it shine o'er hill and valley, glare o'er each
great city's pain,
Standing o'er each fetid alley, lighting every loath-
some lane.

Let it wake men from their slumbers with its wild
and fitful gleams;
Let it rouse them, pale upleaping, from their
pleasant, peaceful dreams;
Bid them leave their easy couches, and obey the
desperate call
Of the weary submerged numbers, where they
bravely fight—and fall.

As of old that signal flaming swept its message
to the clan,
And the chief's dumb whisper—claiming every
weapon, every man—

ALGIERS.

Ran in silent, lurid warning through the glens all
far and wide,
Till the dawning blush of morning showed an army
by his side.

So may now this sign uplifted, flaming brightly
high and low,
Through dark clouds of custom rifted, like that
fiery emblem go;
Feed and pile the fire with fuel, let it light each
darksome place,
Show the bitter bonds and cruel that have beaten
down our race.

Let it stir men, let it thrill them, with its sparks
of sacred fire,
Let it melt them, let it fill them with a great and
grand desire;
Let it hang bright o'er each city, blazing bravely
day and night,
Till men's hearts are wrung with pity, and deep
wrongs are set to right.

MARY M. CURCHOD (MYRA).

HENRIETTE.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

By ANDREW W. ARNOLD,

Author of *The Attack on the Farm*, *Pepita*, *The Colonel's Murillo*,
The Interrupted Wedding, *Père Mumbart*, &c.

'NO,' said Mazin, in a low voice. 'War is all very well for those who like it, *mais ce n'est pas mon métier*. I am very glad, between ourselves, to get out of it. I don't mind going to Germany; I shall get rest and peace there; and when it is over I shall come back and marry Claudine. But this heat,' he continued, with a gasp, 'is awful; I can't breathe.'

The last remark had some sense in it. Eleven of us, all prisoners, had been herded into a carriage at Metz in the early November morning, almost before it was light, and for hours the train had crawled along, shunted time after time to make way for military trains; and now we were all in the dark but for a dim lamp above, without a single window open, because a fat brute of a Prussian would not allow it. This man, who was in the Landsturm, and a clockmaker by trade, was not perhaps a bad man at heart; but he had been torn from his wife and family, and had lost a son, and this made him bitter. And when we started he gave us a long harangue, telling us the Emperor was a fool, and the whole war was due to the Empress and the Jesuits; and instead of sending us to Germany, it would have been far cheaper and better to shoot the whole lot of us. However, as I and Mazin were the only ones who understood a word of his hog-like gutturals, it did not matter what he said. Then this glutton, for our edification, would take out bread, sausages, and cheese every few hours from a newspaper parcel he kept under the seat, and smack his lips in a vulgar way, and roll his eyes in ecstasy as he gorged himself, ere he lighted a great china pipe, which filled the compartment like fog and made it more stifling than ever.

'Luckily for me,' continued Mazin, 'being a chemist, I was kept in the hospitals, though sometimes I had to go out to the front with the ambulances. The Germans were very careful not to shell them;* still, the shells came near enough for me, and I shall never forget it, nor what I saw in those ambulances and in our hospitals. I tell you I have such a dread of pain that I always carry two little packets about with me. If I were to get torn in the stomach

by a piece of a shell, rather than writhe in agony for hours I would swallow this, and in a minute all my sufferings would cease;' and as he spoke he produced one, and also a small phial of water.

'How much would send a fellow to sleep?' I asked, taking it from him, apparently to examine what appeared in the paper as a fine gray powder.

'A mere pinch,' he replied.

'All right,' I answered. 'I'll keep this. You say you have another.'

'But why do you want it?' he asked anxiously, turning a trifle paler; but I told him that was my affair.

Now I, François de Vigny, architect, of Strasbourg, had different ideas from this poor delicate fellow. I was young and strong, I loved adventure, and I liked my duties; and on rejoining my regiment I had very soon been made a brigadier. With this packet in my possession, I saw I might still be able to do something for my country. I glanced at the half-sleeping German in the corner. I knew that he had practically no knowledge of French.

'*Mes amis*,' I said quickly, in a low voice, to a couple of *lignards* and a hussar, whom I thought might like to know of an idea that had flashed into my head when Mazin had spoken of his powder, 'I have had enough of this. I am going to take the "key of the fields" if I get the chance.'

'Yes; but how are we to get hold of the key?' they asked.

'You will see if you wait,' I answered.—'*Herr Officier*'—he was only a private, but he liked to be addressed in that way—I said in a loud voice, 'when we come to the first station, where we can get some beer, may we have some if I give you a double *bock* first?'

His small swine eyes beamed with pleasure, and he willingly agreed.

I had been in the hospital when we were at Metz, my horse having been shot under me and my arm broken as I fell. It was practically all right now, but the doctors had advised me that it was better to keep it in a sling. With the arm hidden by my cloak, buttoned at the throat, it would be an easy matter to drop the powder into the glass.

'*Ein mark* for a double *bock*!' I shouted as I leaned out of the window, as at last we slowed down into a station.

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* German *Kultur* has made great strides since 1870; but Mr Archibald Forbes told me that he had never known the ambulances to be shelled by the Germans. It may have happened in a fog during the siege of Paris, but it was never done intentionally.

This price quickly had the desired effect. Paying no attention to those clamouring from other carriages, the man came straight to me. I had the powder all ready, and dropped it in, and politely handed it to the German, and then bought some more beer for myself and the others.

'It's not bad,' said our guardian, 'but it tastes a trifle musty.'

'Yes, so it does,' I said in German, taking my cue from him, and giving Mazin a nudge, who said he thought so too; but the rest, not knowing what we said, were loud in their praise of it, and also of my generosity; and even the German became quite civil.

I thought the train would never start. Outside nothing was heard but the steady patter on the roof, but at last the train slowly moved on. Gradually the Prussian became quieter, and in a quarter of an hour he was fast asleep.

'I hope you have not given the poor devil too much,' whispered Mazin to me, with some concern on his face.

'Jolly good thing if he has,' muttered the hussar.

'But suppose we don't stop!' said a *lignard*. 'Where shall we be then?'

'You can suppose all manner of idiotic things,' I returned irritably, as I began to feel uneasy myself when I looked on the helpless figure in the farthest corner. On and on we went, the storm outside seeming worse than ever as the rain beat and swished against the window. Then a thrill went through us, for the train gradually began to slow down, and finally came to a standstill.

Gently letting down the window on my side, I looked out; but such was the pitch darkness one could see absolutely nothing.

'Now, *mes enfants*!' I cried, '*je me de file*; you can enjoy yourselves here if you like.'

'No; we are coming!' cried most of the others.

Quite forgetting about my wounded arm, I leaned back, and got hold of the gutter of the carriage; and, with plenty of help, got up on the seats, pulled my legs up and got them outside the window, then I hung for a moment and dropped outside. But almost before I knew what I was about I tripped over a wire connected with the signal, and went rolling down a steep bank till I was stopped by a bush. The first thing I knew was that I had injured my arm again; but I had no time to think of that, for, looking up, I saw against the light one fellow after another dropping out of the carriage; and as each one was successively tripped up by the confounded wire, I thought I should be stifled with laughter as I heard their muttered oaths of surprise as they rolled down the embankment. Indeed, I slipped a little lower myself, for fear of one coming on top of me. Above us the engine kept hissing as we lay in the long damp grass in the soaking rain. It seemed as if the

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train would never move; but at last a signal clacked, the engine whistled, and like a huge snake the lighted train disappeared into the darkness, and we knew we were free. Voices then came from all directions. Some seemed right at the bottom of the embankment, and one cried out there was a stream there; and, a moment after, another said he was in it. The hussar was very jubilant, for he had had the wit to help himself to the German's paper parcel, and was giving some of the contents to those near him; but he shouted out that he had kept a sausage for me out of gratitude for his release. Nothing at first could exceed our joy. We were as merry as schoolboys. The little stream, knee-deep, was quickly crossed; but then we found ourselves in a wood. I had not noticed it in my first excitement; but now, apart from my arm aching, I found I had sprained my ankle badly. Mazin and I, the hussar, and three others kept pretty close together; but what became of the rest I never knew.

Gradually our spirits became lower. We seemed in an interminable forest; nothing was heard but the moaning and the creaking of the trees above us as they bent before the storm, while the rain descended without pity. I was in such pain that I felt inclined to lie down and take my chance till the morning, when a voice cried out, but with a German accent, 'Why, you are French!' In a moment all was silence. We feared we had come across a Prussian picket; but we were quickly reassured by the man telling us he was a *garde champêtre*. The good fellow's name was Lettner. His delight at our escape was almost as great as our own.

'Come to my cottage. I'll do my best for you,' he said. And, *ma foi*, he did; and his wife, who was worthy of him, did hers. It appeared that the morrow was an anniversary of the worthy couple's wedding-day, and a huge rabbit-pie had been made. This was put in the oven, while we dried our dripping clothes before the blazing fire. Mazin set my arm in splints and bandaged my ankle. What with the warmth, the good fare, the beer, and tobacco our kind host brought out, and our new-won freedom, a merrier, happier evening few of us had ever spent. The extraordinary part of it was that none of us had any idea what part of the world we were in!

I was both surprised and delighted to learn that we were not far from a village named Halsweiler, where my aunt, Madame de Farlier, lived at the old château, and where as a lad I had spent many happy days.

'Now, *mes amis*,' said our host, 'I strongly advise you all to get as much rest as you can, and slip off to-morrow as soon as it's light. A squadron of Uhlans has its headquarters at the château of Mulbach, nearly two leagues off. The *france-tireurs* have been paying their attentions to the railway, and these Germans are always

on the *qui vive*. One never knows when they may turn up. They often call here and have some beer, which I dare not refuse to give them, and if you are found in your uniforms and without arms to defend yourselves, then the *bon Dieu* help you! By way of a *plaisanterie*, they made the last lot of *francs-tireurs* that they caught dig their own graves before they shot them, to save themselves trouble!

We saw the truth of his advice, and determined to get as good a night's rest as we could. It was barely light when Mazin woke me the next morning. All the others had slipped off, and, as it turned out, it was a good thing they did.

I had been sleeping on a sofa, but as soon as I put my foot to the ground I realised I could never get a hundred mètres, far less reach my aunt's abode. I begged Mazin to save himself while he could.

'No, I won't go yet,' he answered. 'Lettzner will send the children out on the road, and at the first approach of these brutes they will warn us. Perhaps, after all, they may not come to-day. But look here,' he continued, 'I have had enough of this war. I have fifty francs. Can you lend me another fifty? I must buy some civilian clothes, and then, I tell you, I shall go to Switzerland. I don't care if I walk all the way. My *fiancée* and her family are there, and so is my mother. The good woman here says she will get me the clothes.'

Of course I willingly gave him money.

A letter to my aunt was soon written, and the lad, who was about twelve, set off. And soon after the keeper's wife went to get some sort of clothes for Mazin.

I was quietly smoking, about ten o'clock, when Mazin, who completely lost his head, rushed in. 'The child says the Uhlans are coming!' he cried. 'Let's get out of this.'

'It's all right,' said Lettzner calmly. 'There is plenty of time; they are coming up the hill. Still, perhaps you might be safer in the woodshed; and, in spite of my sprain, in a very short time I was in the shed, which was close to the road at the side of the cottage.'

'Don't you worry,' said Lettzner as he hid us behind some faggots.

Looking through a chink, I saw him calmly seat himself on a small upturned barrel. The next moment I heard the clatter of the horses, which drew up not five mètres from me.

'Good-morning, *Herr Hauptmann*,' said the keeper, rising. 'We have run short of beer, but I kept a *bock* for you.'

'I have no time for that now,' said the other in a worried voice. 'I have something else to do. It appears that about a dozen French prisoners escaped out of the train last night.'

'You don't mean it!' said Lettzner, in well-assumed surprise. 'Where did it happen?'

'That's what we don't know. They did not find it out till the train got to Strasbourg, and

then they telegraphed up the line. The fellow in charge of them, they say, had a fit.'

'The prisoners must be leagues off by this time,' said Lettzner, and this remark caused me to give Mazin a nudge.

'Of course they must,' replied the captain. 'However, they were in their uniforms, and we will make short work of them if they are caught.'

'Well, you would despise me,' said Lettzner, 'if I pretended to be sorry that they have got off.'

'I dare say you are not,' replied the officer sharply; 'but just remember this, that if you do hear anything about any of them, and you don't tell us, you will be shot and your cottage burnt to the ground.' And, giving the word of command, he trotted off.

The natural jovial expression of the game-keeper had died away when we got back to the cottage. He had a wife and family at stake, and it was enough to depress any man; but soon his wife returned with some clothes, which Mazin quickly donned; and, after vowing eternal gratitude to the couple and thanking me, he set off on his journey to Switzerland, where, I may state, he arrived in safety about a month afterwards.

'Here comes Dr Bachelet with my son in his gig,' said Lettzner, only a few minutes after Mazin had departed; and next moment a tall, thin, very bald-headed man descended. I have known some good men in my time, but I have never met his equal. He had a singularly gentle, sympathetic manner; but his sharp, bright eyes, that seemed to look through one, showed that he would be a very difficult man to deceive. Aunt Elizabeth, good, careful soul, had forgotten nothing, and sent me some old clothes.

The doctor did not attempt to set the arm or even look at the foot, saying that he would see all about that afterwards; in fact, before I could half thank my kind host for all he and his wife had done I was bundled into the vehicle, and by a circuitous route we were hurrying on to the château. 'We will carry through the business,' said my companion with a chuckle. 'I have enough carbolic here for a hospital; and he went on to tell me that he was going to make out that I had smallpox, so that would keep the Germans away from the house.'

Apart from his good heart, I soon found that Bachelet had a fine sense of humour; and he beguiled the way so pleasantly that I was quite surprised when we turned into the drive and I saw the fine château straight in front of us.

'There's madame and *la belle mademoiselle*.'

'Whoever is she?' I asked, as I saw a beautiful tall girl, in a long velvet coat trimmed with brown fur, and a collar of the same material, and a broad-brimmed black felt hat with just one little bright scarlet flower stuck at the side of it, standing by madame on the steps. But before I could get over my surprise or get an answer from the doctor he had pulled up.

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'Ah, my poor dear François!' cried the good old lady, throwing her arm round me as she kissed my cheeks, 'your letter was a surprise; but oh, *ma foi!*' she continued, drawing back a little and looking me up and down. 'Ah, *c'est drôle!* That coat I got from Jacques the cowman; and that is the coachman's hat. But, anyway, I have got you; and here, you see, is Henriette to welcome you.'

I had never thought of what an object I must have looked till then, and, confused and stupid, I gazed at her companion.

'You remember your cousin Henriette?' said my aunt.

'I don't believe he does,' replied her niece. 'It is years since the last time we met at a children's dance on *le "trêve des Confiseurs."*'

'Of course,' I replied, 'I remember. Yes, but'—

'But what?' she asked.

'I remember you as a dark, plump little girl, a regular *rondelette*, with fine eyes certainly, but giving no promise of extraordinary beauty.'

'Look here,' interposed the doctor, 'the sooner you are upstairs the better. We don't want some Uhlans to interrupt us.' So, with his help and old Guillaume's, the major-domo, I was soon in a fine room, where a log-fire was brightly burning. The doctor set the arm and bandaged the ankle. As I sank back in the warm bed it seemed as if I were in Paradise—at any rate, for a time, till a blanket soaked in carbolic was hung up outside. When at last I got over the horrible smell it set me laughing to think of the doctor's ruse.

Surrounded as I was with every luxury, my aunt's solicitude, and above all the presence of such a charming girl as my cousin Henriette, I look back on those days as some of the happiest of my life. Though as regards Henriette, she was really no relative at all, for she was the daughter of Monsieur Farlier's brother, Colonel Farlier, by his first wife. She inherited her mother's money on the death of her father, who had died two years before; and, being independent and not caring much for her step-mother, she had come to live with my aunt.

'You know, François,' said the latter, as she sat beside me that evening after we had been talking of the war, 'there were lots of things I remember now that one thought nothing of at the time. It was but a few months before your dear uncle died that, to my surprise, one summer day he brought in to *déjeuner* two charming young Germans. One was an artist and the other a mere amateur painter—so he said. My husband found them just outside our gates with their easels in front of them. He innocently told them that he could show them a far prettier view than they had chosen, which he did, and they thanked him very much. In the afternoon, as I was coming a short way through the hops, I heard one of them say, "Well, that is
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the key of the position. Just give me the height of those two hills." They were very much surprised at suddenly seeing me. I asked them to show me their sketches. One of them did, and very bad they were; but the other hastily put his away, saying, with a laugh, they were really too poor to exhibit. I cannot say that I thought much of it at the time. But only two months ago I was told that a captain of the artillery wished to see me. He said that as he came through the village he had heard of the death of my husband, and he wished to say how sorry he was. In his uniform at first I really did not recognise him, till he told me, with a peculiar smile, he was one of the artists we had entertained, adding that the other had been killed near Metz. When I recovered from my surprise, I fear I spoke rather freely of their conduct; but he took it in good part, and said, with a smile, that "all is fair in love and war." I remember, too, a fellow who was about the district last year for some weeks with a hand-organ and a monkey. However, they say he has got his deserts.'

These and many other stories I heard from my aunt, and from others, of the German spying that went on before the war, and dearly we have paid for our simplicity. Under such good care I soon made rapid progress; but both my aunt and the doctor thought it advisable that, though I could soon hobble about, it was imperative, as a smallpox patient, that I should keep upstairs; and it was a good thing I did.

The carriage-drive was a long one, and from the house the entrance to it could be seen; but the drive took, from the elevation of the house, a sharp turn which was hidden by shrubs close to it. I was lying here on a sofa one morning. Henriette had lighted a cigarette for me, and was seated on a stool at my feet, drinking in every word I was telling her of the battle of St Privat, and my aunt was knitting by the fire, when old Guillaume came up breathlessly. '*Prenez-garde, madame, les Uhlans viennent.—Prenez-garde, monsieur, allez-vous coucher tout de suite.*'

'All right,' I said calmly. 'Don't you trouble about me. Get some carbolic and throw it about the hall; let the brutes smell it.'

'Yes; that's a fine idea,' laughed Henriette, springing up. 'I'll see to that while aunt talks to them.'

It is only fair to say that little damage had been done to the various cottages and châteaux in the district. The army that had traversed the district belonged to the kind-hearted Crown Prince, and his orders were very strict as regards pillage. Besides, madame had been fortunate in the first place. A Lieutenant-General Graf von Malstein, an officer with a high position on the staff, had been wounded, and my aunt had nursed him, and he had given her a letter, expressing his gratitude, for her to show to any

who might be billeted in the house, and assuring her if she had any trouble she was to let him know at once. This letter had had a wonderful effect. It did not, of course, prevent the Germans taking what they wanted; but the house received no damage. As for our visitors, on this occasion they had taken up their quarters at the Château de Mulbach, belonging to Baron de Longe-Goubart; but often when it suited them the officers came in to *déjeuner*, attracted perhaps by the beauty of my cousin, though she never came near them if she could help it.

'Good-morning, Captain Schlachgruggè,' said Aunt Elizabeth on the steps below. 'I think it only fair to tell you we have a case of smallpox in the house. Would you like anything brought out?'

The captain consoled with her; but said that as in Germany every one was vaccinated two or three times, smallpox was immaterial to them. And to our chagrin they dismounted; but the smell of carbolic that met them was more than they bargained for, and they only gorged and drank and smoked for an hour, whereas in the ordinary way they would have stayed three or four. In a moment I had recognised the voice of the captain as being the same who had visited the gamekeeper, and I laughed to myself as I thought how near I was to him again.

'It's like,' I said to my cousin, "'the hide-and-seek" we used to play as children.'

'Well, I only hope it won't be played once too often,' said Henriette when I told her this afterwards.

I remember her words, for it nearly came true, and she was the innocent cause; though the danger did not come from the Prussians, but from one of my own countrymen.

The property of my aunt was bounded by that of the Comte de Rontaize, and some belonging to a Baron de Longe-Goubart.

The baron was enormously rich. His father, an Auvernat, was a man with no scruples, who had worked his way up, became a *député*, eventually reaching a great height in the imperial political circles, and was made a baron through the influence of De Morny, the Emperor's half-brother, whose financial methods in conjunction with a lot of cosmopolitan Jews are well known. Among the many shady methods by which the baron amassed his wealth it was even said that he used his high position to take government contractors' tips; but, instead of this being condemned, it was openly winked at by his political supporters, because only too many were tarred with the same brush.

To inherit his large fortune he had but a weakly son, who was a humpback. The young baron, as he was called, had all his father's craftiness, and at this time was about thirty. As a humpback, of course, it was easy for him to get off serving. There was not the slightest doubt, as I was soon able to see for myself, that he

was excessively handsome; his pale, anæmic features were perfectly classical. The only thing against him was his bright, shifty eyes that, with men at any rate, bred distrust at once; but even with men, if he had an object in view, his apparently frank manner would disarm it. As for women, he was so rich, and such a polished liar, such a fine musician, and had such a very perfectly trained tenor voice, that they quickly forgot his deformity, and, in fact, everything else.

Now it was quite impossible for any one to be in the proximity of a girl so beautiful and withal so charming as Henriette without falling in love with her, and I was no exception. I soon began to dwell on the tones of her voice, to watch her every movement, and to think of what she would like and what she would say and do; and so I could not be surprised when I heard of her numerous admirers, and how many offers she had had, and that among the most ardent of her lovers was the baron. The war had sent most of the men away; so, till my arrival, the baron had had the field practically to himself. Whether Henriette guessed my love for her I was not sure; but my aunt soon found it out, and quite favoured it, though she said she would give her niece quite a free hand.

'Of course, you know, François,' she remarked one day, 'Henriette could marry the baron to-morrow if she liked, and there is no denying it would in many respects be a very fine match, even for her, to be the *châteline* of that fine château. He swore to me that he would settle a million francs on her, to be her own for ever. However, she has always put him off till now by saying she would not change her creed; but the last time I saw him he said he would change his; but, as he is so rich, I fancy monsieur his *curé* would have a word to say about that.'

It was Bachelet, who hated him, that had put me on my guard against the baron. On account of the smallpox report he had never been near us; and Bachelet said, 'If you only knew his naturally nervous disposition, the fright he gets into about his health, you might be very sure he would stay away.'

Great, then, was our surprise, after I had been at the château about a month, when we were seated in the *salon* one morning, we saw Baron Longe-Goubart just in front of the window.

'*Oh ciel!*' cried my aunt, 'there's the baron! It's too cold upstairs, François; you go into the *petit salon*. I will keep him out.'

Henriette ran up to her room, and the doors had hardly been closed on me when I heard our visitor in the hall.

'Good-morning, madame!' he said, before she could open her mouth. 'I congratulate you; it was a very clever idea. I was—and so have those German hogs—been completely taken in by your ruse.'

'Whatever do you mean, baron?' she asked, though she could hardly conceal her vexation.

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'Why, the smallpox idea,' he laughed. 'Quite a *beau garçon*, I am told. I shall be quite jealous. You must introduce me to him. I was afraid to come, yet I have been dying all this time to see mademoiselle. See, I have done myself the honour of bringing her these violets. I have also brought her some songs. One cannot get any music from Paris now, but I found some old English ones that had been put away. They are perfectly charming. I think they would suit her voice.—Ah, here you are, mademoiselle. I am delighted to see you as beauteous as ever. Smallpox is contagious. The sun itself, they say, has spots; but, at any rate, you show no signs of any marks.'

The baron had been educated at a Jesuit school in England, and spoke the English language perfectly; so at least said those who, like myself, did not know a word of it.

'But I don't know a word of English,' said my cousin.

'That does not matter. I don't know Italian, but I can sing it.' And then he sat down and sang two of the songs. Prejudiced as I was, I could not deny the beauty of his voice, the sympathetic *timbre*, the whole masterly way they were sung. If he had had to get his livelihood by his voice, without a doubt he could have easily done so. But it was in the florid love songs of Bellini and Donizetti that his real powers came out. He stayed, evidently with the idea of being asked to *déjeuner*; but my aunt, being taken by surprise, for several reasons did not ask him. As he was leaving, Aunt Elizabeth asked him as a patriotic Frenchman to keep to himself the secret he had discovered; and this he promised to do. But he added, 'What I know, of course others know.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Madame Farlier. 'There must be treason about. Is it fair to ask you how you got your information?'

'I have given my word not to do so, and I dare not; but the fact that this interesting patient has been seen in the park walking with mademoiselle in a bitter wind, with his arm in a sling, a fortnight after he was seized by that dreadful malady, first led to my inquiries. A sling,' he continued dryly, 'is not altogether an adjunct of smallpox.—Adieu, mademoiselle. I hope very soon to bring you more violets and fruit. All that I have, you know all too well, is at your disposal.'

Now, to listen to this fellow's honeyed compliments to my beautiful cousin was a horrible experience. I never realised till then how dear she was to me; they aroused, as nothing else could have done, all my dormant jealousy. I determined to be introduced to him at the first opportunity. In his presence I should easily be able to judge by her manner whether Henriette really cared for him; but this I resolved to keep to myself. My aunt was very much upset by the baron's visit. She saw, as I did, that I

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was to a certain extent in his power, and said so; but the difficulty was to find out what he did know, and what he did not.

'I am certain, François,' she said, 'that no servant in my house or out of it would betray you. Apart from Dr Bachelet and the *garde champêtre*, no one else really knows how you came here, or what you are.'

'I am perfectly safe with those two,' I answered.

'Perhaps,' remarked Henriette, who had been singularly quiet till then, 'the children of the keeper may innocently have babbled about it; besides, all those others who have escaped may have talked when they got a safe distance, and the news has gradually spread. It's a beautiful day, so why should not François and I go and see Letzner after *déjeuner*? We will keep well in the woods all the time.'

My aunt thought well of this, and I naturally was delighted. It was a glorious December day, with a clear sky overhead, the ground as hard as iron, and we set off. The rabbits scurried across our path as though intent on keen business, a robin sang now and again as though from pure *joie de vivre*, and I for my part shared their spirits from the presence of the lovely girl beside me, for the keen air had brought the colour to her cheeks and made her more beautiful than ever. Somehow, however, she was *distracte*; she only spoke on casual subjects, and her usually buoyant spirits had disappeared. I soon noticed this, and in my turn became more quiet, and finally uneasy. A *souçon* of jealousy came over me. 'She is thinking of that cur's sickening love songs,' the demon whispered. 'But if it were so,' I said to myself, 'why should she be going of her own accord to find out if I am really in danger?'

'François,' she said seriously, almost stopping, '*il faut que vous aillez*. Yes,' she repeated quickly, 'you must go.'

I stood still, astounded. To my shame—such is jealousy—the thought flashed through me, 'She wants to get me out of the way; she loves that contemptible humpback.' Thank God, with all her quickness, she could not read my horrid, unjust thoughts.

'It is cruel of you, Henriette, to want to make me leave you!'

'No, it isn't,' she replied with a blush; 'it would be better for you—ay, and for me!' she said excitedly, her rosy cheeks becoming even more scarlet. 'I know the baron; yes, I know him. He's got you completely in his power; and he will use it, I tell you. He will say you are a *franc-tireur*; you will be shot straight away, long before aunt can hear from General Graf von Malstein. If you won't think of yourself, think of me; think of aunt. They will burn her house down for having harboured you. I beg you, I implore you, to go!'

Her words came in a torrent; I was quite

taken aback. I had never seen or dreamt of her like this. In a second I saw from the imploring look of mingled anxiety and love in her eyes that it was for my own sake.

'My darling!' I cried, throwing my arms round her and kissing her, 'I love you too much not to do what you wish, what'—

'You really love me?' she whispered, with a questioning look.

'Of course I do. How could I help it? But, *ma chérie*, we must be guided by circumstances. That fellow won't do anything yet; he, too, will be guided by circumstances.'

'Yes, yes; you are right,' she replied. 'I am happy now,' she continued softly; 'I have got your love. I will do what you advise. *Allons!*' and with light steps we went toward the keeper's cottage.

'Now,' she said, with a merry glance, 'we must be cold and formal. No one must suspect what we are to each other.'

'No; no one must know that,' I answered.

Letzner soon reassured us. 'No; I am certain the children have said nothing. You say the baron knows. Well, I know him, and he is *bien rusé*. There must be something behind that I don't know. There must be a woman in it; but you may rest assured that neither he nor the German hogs will get anything out of me or my family,' and we felt instinctively he would be as good as his word.

We did not hurry back, as we were too happy making wondrous plans for the future, as lovers do; and it was only the sight of the December sun, bright as the bottom of a new copper kettle, just setting over the crest of the purple mountains that made us at last hasten home.

'No one must know but aunt,' said Henriette as we approached the house, 'and I will tell her first,' and so she hurried in; but I soon followed her.

'Well, I am pleased,' said my kind relative as I kissed her when I found them both together; 'but it seems to me, François, your position, and I may say mine also, is now more dangerous than ever. No one, not even old Guillaume, or any of the servants, must know. In such a matter you could not expect women to hold their tongues. They all know and love Mademoiselle Henriette, and your betrothal would be all over the countryside; the baron would know as soon as any one, and then heaven help us! I don't like the idea; but you must do as I say. A letter has just come for you, François, from Geneva,' she continued, giving it to me; 'but it must be from your *fiancée*.'

This letter, as it happened, was from Mazin.

She was perfectly serious.

'My *fiancée!*' I cried. 'I don't quite follow you.'

'Don't you see,' she answered, with a smile, 'if you are engaged you can talk before every one about your *fiancée*.'

'How pleasant for me!' interposed Henriette.

'It will soon be known to the baron,' she continued, 'and it will ease his mind, and he will meet you in quite a different spirit.'

'And make love to Henriette before my face!'

'I cannot help that; Henriette will know how to take care of herself. You must both behave perfectly naturally; perhaps rather more formally than you have done. If you don't agree to this, François, then I think, as your arm is nearly right, you had better go at once.'

Of course, neither I nor Henriette wanted to be parted. We saw, after all, the forethought, and in reality the kindness, of the plan, and for the first time at dinner that night my aunt asked me casually something about my *fiancée*. I made a slight answer, but it was enough to set the ball rolling.

'So monsieur is engaged!' remarked Guillaume, with the familiarity of an old servant, as he placed the *café* and some cigarettes by my bedside the next morning. 'I congratulate you. Mademoiselle must be pretty, indeed, if she can beat our Mademoiselle Henriette; ay, and rich too!'

'Yes; my *fiancée* is indeed very beautiful,' I replied; 'but there is, alas! many a slip between the cup and the lip; but I promise you that you shall come to the wedding, and then you will be able to see for yourself what she is like.'

The plan succeeded beyond all expectation. All the world was deceived; but the restraint we two had to exercise was horrible.

The baron was not long in paying us another visit, anxious to know what progress Henriette had made with the songs. He and I were duly introduced, and I think I succeeded in hiding very successfully the dislike I had for him; so much so that he asked me to go shooting with him. But I naturally easily excused myself on account of my arm; besides, I told him, as he had the Germans quartered on him, it was best for me to keep out of their way. I expressed my admiration for his wonderful voice and the way it was trained, and being *au fond* extremely vain, and seeing he would swallow any amount of flattery, I gave him his fill, and completely put him off the scent; but, alas! only for a time, for he was so often coming to the house with flowers or game. On these occasions he was always accompanied by a half-witted, cunning lad named Kaspar, who carried the game for him.

After her husband's death, Madame Farlier had gladly let some of her woodland property to the baron for shooting. Often when I and Henriette took our walks in the woods, the only opportunity we had of talking to each other freely, we came across this crafty ne'er-do-well; but, engrossed in each other, we never thought of this Kaspar, merely looking upon him as a harmless idiot; and this was our ultimate undoing. Ah, when I think of it I could wring his neck! But, after all, it was my own fault. I was

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perfectly well now; even Bachelet, when he came to see my aunt, who always suffered from rheumatism in the winter, never alluded to my injury. It was my duty, therefore, instead of staying on, to have gone off again to fight for my country.

In the middle of December the Uhlans, who had hitherto patrolled the district, and who were Württembergers and seasoned soldiers, were replaced by some Prussian dragoons, and consequently far rougher; in fact, perfect brutes. The men were half-trained conscripts, and their horsemanship was a sight for gods and men. By their very brutality to the inhabitants they came across they had roused the fury of the countryside. The *franc-tireurs* in revenge derailed a train, and a sergeant and four of their men were ambushed. For that the nearest cottages were burnt, the wretched people who lived in them were turned out in the snow, and the district had to pay an indemnity of ten thousand francs, and seven *francs-tireurs* who were caught soon afterwards were shot. The bulk of this money having to come from the Baron de Longe-Goubart, the Comte de Rontaize, and my aunt, we thus suffered from no fault of our own. It was lucky for us that the Germans, like those who had gone before, probably because of the fine cellar and cuisine, took up their headquarters at the baron's; but that did not prevent them from paying us frequent visits. The captain himself, who was half Austrian, was not such a bad fellow; but his two subalterns were young swaggerers of the *Junker* class.

It was just before Christmas—the cold was intense—on a bright, cold day that I and Henriette were walking in an *allée* of the forest, when we were startled by a sharp report, the shot rustling through the dead leaves quite near us, and a wounded hare limped slowly across the path.

'Poor thing!' cried my companion, when she had recovered her composure. 'Oh, do catch it!' So I ran to do so.

'*Grand ciel!*' shouted a voice in the wood, 'is that you, Mademoiselle Henriette?'

'Yes!' she cried; 'and your shot nearly touched me.'

'I should have been more careful,' he answered, and went on to make the most profound apologies for his carelessness.

'*Wen sie hier ist,*' suddenly said the idiot beside him, with a grin, '*der andere ist nicht weit*' ('If she is here, the other is not far off').

But Love gives wits.

'Do you think,' cried Henriette, blushing indignantly and looking the creature up and down, 'that with these Prussian ruffians about—ay, and some of these poaching *francs-tireurs* are not much better'—

'You are right in that, mademoiselle,' interposed the baron, who suffered sadly at their hands in this respect.

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'Do you think—though I always carry this,' she continued angrily, producing a small revolver—'that I should dare walk about by myself?'

At that moment I returned with the hare that I had put out of its misery; but the idiot's shaft had gone home. Those fateful words were remembered.

The baron and I shook hands, and talked of the war and casual subjects; but I noticed a constraint, and an uneasy suspicion in his manner; and as we parted I fancied I saw what I might call a look of hatred in his cunning eyes. However, I had not long to wait for his newly aroused jealousy and malice.

Christmas had gone, and I had firmly resolved to leave after my aunt's birthday, which was the 29th December. The frost on that day was suddenly succeeded by bitterly cold showers of sleet and rain that completely thawed the snow.

It had always been the custom of my good aunt on her birthday to have a little gathering for all her farm-hands, and even some from the neighbouring hamlets. On account of the war, and so many men being away, I thought she would have postponed it. But she, with her good heart, said, 'No; the poor things, with all the misery and wretchedness around them, there is all the more reason to give it as usual, just to cheer them up. High and low, rich and poor should at this time draw more closely together in their misfortunes.'

So, though it was a horrible morning, Henriette started for the little village to see to the preparations. A certain uneasiness had clung to both of us ever since our last meeting with the baron. We dreaded, too, meeting that idiot again; so I left her at the end of the park, and old Guillaume accompanied her. But she came back by herself. My aunt and I were sitting quietly before the fire when she burst into the room, flushed and trembling. I rushed forward and threw my arms round her. 'What is it, *ma chérie!*' I cried.

'Well, I met that horrible little humpback,' she answered, 'and he began, of course, with his fulsome compliments; then, though I tried to keep him off, he asked me to marry him. I told him it was impossible. "Ah!" he cried savagely, "you love that Strasbourg lout. I know it, mademoiselle; you cannot deceive me. I saw through that smallpox ruse!"'

'By the help of your half-witted spy,' I replied.

'I will not think so meanly of you that you would allow yourself to be kissed by that fellow, as you have been seen to do, if he really had a *fiancée* elsewhere.'

'By your spy again,' I answered.

He stopped for a moment, stung by my words, and I hurried on; but he was soon beside me. 'You won't have me?' 'No,' I replied; 'I have almost as great a contempt for the man that employs a spy as I have for the creature himself.' 'Very well, mademoiselle, if you

won't marry me—at any rate, you sha'n't marry *votre cher ami*. Yes," he continued, his little, shifty eyes gleaming with hatred, "I know more than you think. I know he is a *franc-tireur*." "You know he has served his country, which you were afraid to do," I replied. "He, and you, and your aunt," he continued, "are in my power, as you will find out;" and, turning on his heel, he left me alone. Listen to me, dear François!' she cried imploringly, throwing her arm round my neck. 'Go upstairs, get your coat, and go while you have yet time.'

I saw she was right, and I should have acted on her advice had I followed my own ideas, but my aunt broke in. 'Have no fear, my child; that cur's bark is worse than his bite. He says François is a *franc-tireur*; that shows how much he knows. That new captain has not seen General Graf von Malstein's letter that I have. I will telegraph to the General; he will intercede, if necessary, with the Crown Prince. Have no fear; remember how Henriette Dodu was saved.* These Germans dare not do anything. No, my children; this is my fête-day. Let us think of something else than that humpback *et ses barbares*. It is getting dark; my guests will soon be here, and we must attend to them.'

I felt I was stupid, yet I had not the moral courage, for fear of being thought a coward, to follow Henriette's sage advice; and I paid for it.

It was about six o'clock; the worthy old people had begun their meal, and all was merry and bright, when we heard a clatter outside. With a cry of alarm, Henriette flew toward me as though to shield me from my foes. The next moment the *oberlieutenant* came into the room, followed by some troopers.

'Ah, my *franc-tireur* friend!' he said confidently, 'we have caught you at last.—Here, seize him!' he cried to the men; but Henriette clung to me.

'Have no fear, *ma chérie*,' I said calmly. 'It is all right; they will find they are mistaken.'

'I am truly sorry for you, mademoiselle,' said the *oberlieutenant*, who had never seen my *fiancée* before, and was evidently taken aback by her beauty. 'For your sake, we will not put him up against the wall to-night; we will give him till nine o'clock to-morrow.'

'Yes; and I am sorry for your sake when your superiors hear of it,' replied Henriette.

In the confusion I had not noticed that my

aunt had gone. Now she returned, with a letter in her hand.

'*Herr Oberlieutenant*,' she said, quite calmly, 'you know of General Graf von Malstein?'

'Of course, madame, by repute,' he answered, with a puzzled look.

'Read that,' she said, giving him the letter.—'Guillaume, go upstairs and get my nephew's uniform.'

The German read the letter, evidently surprised.

'Now listen, *Herr Lieutenant*, and you people too,' she continued, turning to her guests. 'I know who has misled you; it is that contemptible little humpback of a baron, who this very morning proposed to my niece.'

'Did he though!' exclaimed the young officer, with a grin.

'Yes, he did,' continued my aunt. 'She refused him, with all his château and all his money, and he told her she should suffer for it, and he has kept his word. My nephew, as a dragoon, has fought for his country, and he is not, and never has been, a *franc-tireur*. There, you can see for yourself,' she added, as Guillaume arrived with the uniform. 'You dare not shoot him to-morrow. I will telegraph to the General, who is, you know, with his friend General von Blumenthal at present on the Staff of the Crown Prince at Versailles.'

The bluster had gone from the manner of the young *Junker*.

'Well, I will do nothing without my superior's orders; but I have got my prisoner, and I mean to keep him.'

I always had an admiration for my aunt's cleverness, but I never fully realised it till now. 'I know, *Herr Oberlieutenant*, you will find you have been mistaken,' she said, quite changing her manner. 'Send him to his room if you like, place a sentry outside the door, and below his window; and then, as it is my birthday, and I have a few poor people here to commemorate it, I shall feel glad if you will join us, and allow your men to take part in our little festivities.'

Henriette, too, joined her in the proposal.

'Well,' he said, 'I think, madame and mademoiselle, I will; I may as well sleep here, on such a rough night. I will send a corporal and two men to my superior to tell him so. The captain is ill, but he has my subaltern with him. Now I will go up and see the room.' So, with one man in front of me and one behind, we went up.

'Where does that door lead to?' he asked.

'It is my aunt's dressing-room; it's locked on the other side.'

'All right,' he said; and he went round and took the key.

He agreed that I might have my dinner sent up, and, leaving a sentry outside the door, he departed. As in many old houses, one room led into another. It was possible for Henriette to

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* One of the bravest deeds performed in the war, an act which gained her the Legion of Honour, was done by Henriette Dodu, the postmistress near Pithiviers, who took copies of the German telegrams. Thus all their movements were forestalled; they fell into ambushes; their convoys were destroyed. The Prussians guessed the reason, but could not find out who did it, and turned out all those living in the post-offices. Henriette Dodu took up her residence at a neighbouring convent, and again tapped the wires successfully for a time; but she was betrayed by the inmates of the convent, and was condemned to death, and only saved by the intercession of the Prince Frederick Charles.

enter her room on the other side of the house ; in fact, her door on the other side of the landing was opposite to mine, where the sentry was posted. It was about half-past seven when I heard a slight tap at the door of the dressing-room, and a note was inserted underneath ; there was a faint rustle of a dress, and all was still again. The note ran as follows : 'The guard is changed at eight and ten. Open your window at 9.30 as near as possible. I shall come and say to the sentry, "It is my aunt's fête-day. I am sorry for you in the bitter wind and rain ; I have brought you some warm drink." I shall pretend to trip and upset it all. Leave the rest to me. Guillaume is to bring your dinner with everything necessary ; and he is now plying the troopers with drink. The lieutenant is going to dine with us. Don't get jealous, *mon chéri*, if you hear any music. I must go now. Leave everything to me. Adieu, adieu, *mon chéri*, *tout à vous*.—HENRIETTE.'

I saw the scheme of the brave, quick-witted girl, and I had hardly kissed her letter when old Guillaume came in with a tray. He spoke in a fairly loud voice of the awful wind and rain outside ; but all the time he was speaking, he uncoiled a thin rope from under his coat, and pointed significantly to the extra loaf on the table, and gave me a large flask from his pocket. 'Is there anything else you require, monsieur ?' he said, for the benefit of the sentry outside, as he opened the door.

'No, thank you,' I replied. 'Be sure and call me at eight to-morrow. Good-night.'

I had not much appetite. I could only think of my darling Henriette ; admiration for her, and the fear of the risk she was running for me, for a time took from me all desire to eat. But I pulled myself together and ate something, thinking it best to do so while I had the chance.

At eight I heard the guard changed in the house and outside. While they were occupied in this, I gently opened the window, which luckily moved inward. I heard the password 'Weissemburg,' but the wind prevented me from catching the countersign. Suddenly, in the *salon* beneath, I heard the piano ; then I knew what Henriette had meant when she spoke of the music, for soon I heard her beautiful voice soaring in '*Robert toi que j'aime*.' Never had I heard her sing it so divinely, though the tremolo in it showed her real nervousness. I could almost hear the congratulations of the soldier. Then I heard them talking. Evidently she was persuading him to sing, and naturally she succeeded ; and in a fair but rough, and to tell the truth, rather a thick voice he sang a *Volkslied*.

'We always go to bed early, *Herr Oberlieutenant*,' I heard Henriette say, in a purposely loud voice, in the hall, 'as my aunt suffers from gout ; and it is a quarter past nine now. Guillaume will look after you ; you will find cigars
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and a decanter and some papers in the billiard-room.'

Then the ladies came upstairs, and all was still but for the shuffling of the sentry outside my door. Everything was now ready. I had the rope firmly tied to the leg of the dressing-table. I had got my heavy coat on, the pocket full of provisions, and a brace of loaded pistols that had belonged to Monsieur Farlier, and which I would not have hesitated to use, for my blood was up, and I would have risked everything if either the lieutenant or the sentry had come in. The window was wide open, the night as dark as pitch, while the rain beat into the room on to the parquet.

It must have been half-past nine to the minute when I heard Henriette's silver voice below calling the sentry. Looking out—a perfectly safe thing to do, such was the storm and darkness—I saw the glimmer of a lantern. I knew it was Henriette who held it.

'It is my aunt's fête-day !' she cried, in a purposely loud voice. 'She is so dreadfully sorry for you in the rain ; I have brought you this hot cognac. Oh !' and she gave a little scream, and I saw she had fallen. 'Ah, now it is all upset ; but never mind. I will get you some more. Come round here.'

'Oh, I dare not, *Fräulein*,' replied the man.

'You need not fear the sergeant, for he, I am sorry to say, is so intoxicated he will know nothing about it.' As she spoke she held the lantern above her, so that its gleams fell on her lovely face and the frizzly curls under her hooded cloak. The sight of her beauty was enough. Then followed, what always has done, and always will do, if a woman is only sufficiently pretty. The man was but as wax in her hands. The dolt followed her. In a second I was out of the window and on the ground. I did not forget to cut the rope as high up as I could, for fear of it tripping the sentry as he marched up and down. Tearing across the lawn and flower-beds, I reached some shrubs, and then made a bee-line for Dr Bachelet's house, which I knew was not much more than a league off ; but, short as the distance was, it took me nearly an hour.

I told the good doctor everything. He quickly grasped the situation.

'I had my own doubts,' he said, with a smile, 'about that *fiancée* of yours that we heard of so unexpectedly ; she would indeed be a wonder if she were nobler or more beautiful than *Maiselle Henriette*. But you are too near the *château* here ; those German hogs will be scouring the country to-morrow ; you must get farther away. While you are drying your clothes I will put the horse in myself. My man is in bed. That's well ; for the fewer that know anything the better. Now,' he said, 'I am taking you to a farm up in the mountains due south—three leagues off, and no very great distance from Phalsburg—to a man named Lannoy. He will

do anything for me, and I know he will for you when he hears your story. He hates those Prussians like poison; he has lost one son at Beaumont, and the other has come home crippled for life.'

If I had had some personal claim on him I don't think the worthy farmer—though he knew the terrible risk a man ran by harbouring a fugitive—could have received me better.

'Now you stay here,' said Bachelet. 'I shall have to be up at the baron's to-morrow to see that German captain, who is really ill with pneumonia. I shall learn a good deal there, and then I will go on to see your aunt. If I can't come myself, my young son shall come over to-morrow.'

The following evening the doctor's son brought me a letter that told me everything. Early in the morning, it appeared, while I was still supposed to be a prisoner, my aunt had driven to the station and telegraphed to General von Malstein at Versailles, telling him that her nephew, a dragoon, who had come as a convalescent to her house, was in danger of being shot on account of some outrages by *franco-tireurs* in the district, and begging him to use his influence to save him.

When she returned, she found the *oberlieutenant* perfectly furious; for he had just learnt of my escape.

'You don't mean it!' she said to him, pretending to be greatly surprised. 'Why, he need not have troubled to do that, for I have just telegraphed to Versailles.'

'Himmel, you have!' cried the young *Junker* in alarm; and, leaving a few men, he mounted his horse, and set off to see his captain, Von Hagenbreck. The result of the telegram was that he returned about midday and made the fullest apologies; all his anger being now turned on the baron, who had deceived him. Though he did not think I was in much danger, the doctor advised me to lie concealed where I was till I heard from him. I thought this best too; for I knew if the baron got at the truth of the matter, that I was really an escaped prisoner, a very different complexion would be put on it, and that I should be shot without delay.

However, my spiteful enemy had his own troubles to occupy his cunning mind, for the whole countryside had learned how he had tried to get me arrested, and the reason why he had done so; and, warned by what his spy told him of what was said outside, he was afraid to venture beyond his own house. And he did not find it very pleasant even there by reason of the sneers of the infuriated *Oberlieutenant* von Schwobgruntz and his subaltern.

What bothered me more than anything else was that I was so near to Henriette and yet I could not even see or speak to her. Often I almost thought I would risk anything, if but for a moment to hold her in my arms and kiss her

and thank her; but I knew it would be mere selfishness, and I had given both her and my aunt enough trouble already. About a week after I had been in the cottage, Bachelet turned up, to my surprise, in broad daylight.

'I have such news to tell you,' he cried, 'that, busy as I am, I could not but come over. You have nothing to fear now, for the baron has disappeared; and I doubt if he will be seen again for many a day. Captain von Hagenbreck was so ill yesterday that he begged me to stay the night at the château. The baron had asked Monsieur le Comte de Rontaize to come to dinner, for he wished to give him his account of what had taken place as regards you and Henriette, as the Comte is a man of great influence. Of course the two German officers were there. With his emotional, excitable temperament, Longe-Goubart is far too cunning to take much wine, for he knows he might make a *faux pas* if he did; but it was quite otherwise with the Germans. The *oberlieutenant* was still savage at the way he had been fooled as regards your being a *franco-tireur*, and, with Teutonic coarseness, he made some sneering remark to his host as to how he liked getting his *congé* from *la belle* Mademoiselle Henriette.

'I will tell you,' retorted the baron; 'you make love to a girl in what you call French, and then you will find out.'

'After that I cannot say what followed, as I went upstairs to see my patient; but the sneers and mirth of these young *Junkers*, as they drank more and more heavily, became so gross that the baron, with all his cunning, was obliged to take notice of them, and eventually demanded satisfaction of the *oberlieutenant*. Except for the presence of the Comte de Rontaize, he would undoubtedly have swallowed all that was said; but by asking him to dinner that night he was caught in his own trap. The meeting was arranged for eight this morning, and the old Comte stayed the night at the château to act as second; but the baron was not to be found.'

The doctor's story had taken a great weight off my mind. All I wanted now was to see Henriette, and to my ineffable delight Bachelet arranged that I should meet her at a place half-way between us. Ah, what a meeting that was! Ah, how I caressed that brave, beautiful, and noble girl! but, alas! the interview was all too short. Still, I had seen her, I had thanked her, I had kissed her; and, whatever might happen to me ere I went to fight once more, I felt I had had some satisfaction.

The following day I set off with my host to go to see some relatives not far from Mülhausen, from whom I reckoned I might get information as to what regiment I should join.

We had not got half-way when Lannoy said, 'We shall come to "Le Lapin Noir" very soon. I know the landlord there. He is an old quartermaster; he was in the Crimea; and

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we will get something to eat.' Just as we arrived, I saw a horse, that had evidently been hard ridden, being led round to the stable. I jumped out first, leaving Lannoy to put up the trap. I had hardly entered the inn, which is not too light, when I actually saw the humpback before me.

'You little scoundrel!' I cried, rushing at him.

In the tenth of a second he had drawn a pistol and fired. I felt the sting of the bullet; but I closed with him, and, wrenching the now smoking weapon from his hand, stunned him with it. The whole occurrence had not taken a minute. Three or four rough countrymen who had been quietly smoking, taken by surprise, had bolted in all directions, and another had got under the table.

'*Grand ciel!*' cried the landlord, who alone had kept his composure, as he gazed on the baron's ashy face. 'Why, you've killed him!'

'And a good thing too,' I replied. 'You saw that he fired at me first. Here, cut my sleeve off,' for I could feel the warm blood trickling down my arm.

While I was speaking, Lannoy came hurrying in, and was aghast when he learnt what had taken place; but he soon explained to the villagers, who had now crowded into the little inn, the true facts of the case. The *maire* and the *curé* also arrived. Having nothing to fear, I told them I was a brigadier of dragoons, and they could see my number on my boots.

By this time the baron showed signs of consciousness. This was enough for me. The landlord's wife had bandaged my wound, but I still had the bullet in me. No one knew where the village doctor was; he had left some time ago. So I determined to go back and send for Bachelet. By five o'clock I found myself once more in the cottage, and in an hour or two Bachelet had extracted the bullet. From the jogging and jolting of the cart I had lost a great deal of blood, and the pain which the good doctor could not avoid made me sick and dizzy. I was grieved that for a month or so I should have no chance of doing anything for my country. But, at any rate, my proximity to Henriette gave me a secret pleasure; though both I and Bachelet thought it best not to let her know anything for a time. Bachelet, by his care and attention, had, so his patient declared, saved the life of Captain von Hagenbreck. The latter would be invalided back to Germany as soon as he could be moved, and he was deeply grateful for what had been done. Then Bachelet, in the presence of the *oberlieutenant*, told him what had happened to the baron, much to the delight of Lieutenant von Schwobgruntz.

'Who did it? Why did he do it?' asked the latter.

'Well, as I told you, he was wounded; but he 1915.]

is a French soldier, and I don't want you to take him prisoner. If you are really grateful, as you say,' continued Bachelet, 'for what I have done, and will promise me to let him go free—in a word, to wink at it—I will tell you.'

'I know who he is, and I give you my word,' said the *oberlieutenant*. 'And as I shall be in command, I swear I will do nothing; in fact, if I dared, I would thank him. I won't let any one go near the house; so you can remove him there, and tell Madame Farlier I said so.'

'If I had only been going to stay,' said his superior, 'I would have agreed too. I should have been only too glad to have such an easy way of repaying you for all your kindness.'

The very next day, and it was indeed one of the happiest in my life, I found myself in the same room from which I had escaped that stormy night. Ah, what a welcome I got! One would have thought no one had ever been wounded before.

'Monsieur,' said old Guillaume with conviction, 'you spoke of your *fiancée*; but I knew the girl did not exist who was superior to Mademoiselle Henriette;' and as I put a louis in his hand I told him he was right. The *oberlieutenant* was as good as his word, and discreetly never came near the place till the day after peace was signed, when my aunt insisted on his coming to dinner, when Henriette and I had the chance of thanking him.

As for the baron, when peace was declared he went to Paris to give his own version of the rumours that had reached that city; but he never came into Alsace again, and only lived a few years, as his naturally delicate constitution was undermined by dissipation.

As soon as the war was over, not wishing to live under the harsh brutal conditions imposed on the Alsatians, my family emigrated to France; and Aunt Elizabeth did the same, but not till after Henriette and I were married from her house, as she was anxious that the wedding should be from there; and a very grand wedding it was. There were many noble and many rich people present; but none were more honoured than some of the humblest, for neither I nor Henriette forgot what we owed to Letzner, the *garde champêtre*, and the worthy Lannoy. All the world could see for themselves the beauty of the bride, but these good people knew her worth and courage. Of course, in a way, my father and I had to commence the world again. But soon we were as successful in Paris as we had been in Strasbourg, for we had many powerful clients; and, as the country recovered from the ravages of the German vandals, houses had to be restored and new buildings and factories erected. While my family remained in the city, Henriette and I took up our residence near St Cloud, where, as in fairy tales—but in our case it was really true—we have lived happily ever since.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

By ARTHUR O. COOKE

CHAPTER I.

IT all began, so far at least as I was concerned, with the foolish and ill-considered suggestion of Mrs Vinnicombe's married daughter. Mrs Vinnicombe, excellent soul, possessed a Devonshire tongue and an ample waist, and had for some three years been happy and contented as my housekeeper-cook-parlour-maid, when some spirit of evil put it into her daughter's head to beg her to go and 'end her days'—those were the woman's very words—with herself, her husband, and her six small children, in a four-roomed house in a back street of Exeter. Had Mrs Vinnicombe been sensitive she would have resented the suggestive wording of this offer, for she was a healthy, hearty woman of not more than fifty-five, and the close of her career on earth seemed yet far off. Had she been sensible she would have rejected an invitation which called her from reigning supreme in the kitchen of my comfortable little house to go and occupy an already overcrowded dwelling in the slums of a large town. Indeed, her leaving me is something I still fail to understand. But, then, I am a bachelor, a hater of towns, and something of a recluse by nature; characteristics which, as I am frequently told by female relatives, tend to blunt the understanding.

Of course when once Mrs Vinnicombe had taken the step which at length she did; had asked me, though with many discursive apologies for thus upsetting the calm tenor of my life, and long discourses on my kindly treatment of her, and upon the comfort of her 'place;' when once Mrs Vinnicombe had asked me to 'suit myself' at my convenience, the news was all over the little Dartmoor hamlet like a train of lighted gunpowder, for reticence was never my good housekeeper's strong point. It was therefore necessary to take instant steps to discover a suitable successor. Why such immediate haste, you ask, since Mrs Vinnicombe would not be leaving for at least a month? Innocent—and happy—reader, you do not know that indefatigable woman, Mrs Riddlesby, our vicar's wife! Had I delayed a moment to secure a housekeeper, *vice* Mrs Vinnicombe resigned, Mrs Riddlesby would have had a note on my study table announcing that she had discovered a person 'in every way most suitable' for my needs. This nominee I should have had to accept, with, as the auctioneers say, 'all faults,' or take the consequences of mortally offending Mrs Riddlesby.

A state of hostility with that lady I might perhaps have accepted with an equal mind had it not necessarily involved an embitterment of my relations with her husband. Now the Reverend Rufus Riddlesby, M.A., while an excellent and industrious parish priest, was a yet more industrious student of French history and memoirs, and a great admirer of France and her people generally. Mrs Riddlesby did not share this taste of her husband's; but I did. The vicar and myself exchanged ideas and borrowed one another's books, so that I was most anxious to live peaceably with Mrs Riddlesby so far as in me lay.

I had business in Exeter the day following the reception of Mrs Vinnicombe's ultimatum, and I there caused it to be proclaimed in a widely read local paper that a 'Single Gentleman requires Cook-Housekeeper for small Country Cottage.' That and my other business disposed of, I turned my steps toward afternoon tea with an acquaintance of mine, a Mrs Devine, the wife of one of the leading booksellers in a city where booksellers are many and good. With her husband I had, as a book-buyer of moderate means and few other expenses, pretty frequent dealings, always satisfactory to myself and, I believe, not unprofitable to him; and I was going to ask my hostess a favour, the granting of which, by the way, I had taken the liberty of anticipating. Would she allow the written responses to my appeal to be addressed to her, and also interview, and to some extent weed out, such candidates as might present themselves in person? Yes, being a good-natured woman, it appeared that she would; and she promised to let me know as soon as a sufficient number of applicants should have presented themselves, either by letter or in person. I went home that evening well pleased. Mrs Riddlesby was from home for a few days. By the time of her return I should no doubt be able to announce that I had some one 'in view.'

How very greatly is the power of money overrated. Millionaire manufacturers occasionally prate to interviewers of the wonderful results of judicious—and costly—advertising. Little they know how much may be obtained at little cost. Let them pose as a single gentleman, advertise for a cook-housekeeper, and see what happens. This was my first experience of the powers of advertisement. Mrs Vinnicombe had been requisitioned for me by the all-active Mrs Riddlesby,

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while her predecessor had been an old servant in my family.

Three days later I heard from Mrs Devine. She was a woman with a powerful sense of humour, and, moreover, a most charming letter-writer; but, as I read, I gathered that her nerves were slightly jarred. She had already received, she told me, two hundred and seventeen written applications, and had also interviewed sixty-three personal callers. She added that her parlour-maid had given notice, having found the work of answering the street-door bell more arduous than she had been led to expect when taking the place. The kitchen chimney had been on fire, owing to the cook having burnt all the envelopes at one fell swoop. The letters had taken my correspondent two entire evenings to read and sort; and on the second evening her husband, usually the most domesticated of men, had remarked that as she seemed too busy to talk to him he would step round to the club for half-an-hour. He had done so, returning at twelve-thirty A.M., bringing with him an indifferent temper in place of the sum of one pound twelve shillings and sixpence lost at auction bridge, a game with which he was but imperfectly acquainted. Would I, Mrs Devine concluded, take some steps to arrest the still-flowing tide of replies, and also come to Exeter and make my choice from the very large selection offered me.

I obeyed both these requests without delay; despatching a second advertisement stating, with a disregard of strict truth perhaps excusable, that the vacant position was now filled; and calling on Mrs Devine the following afternoon. To the maid who opened the door I expressed my regrets for the excessive labour she had lately had on my behalf, at the same time slipping into her hand an apology of another kind, which quickly dispelled a scowl doubtless due to overfatigue. To Mrs Devine I made sympathetic inquiries as to the cook and the kitchen chimney, protesting my responsibility for any legal expenses entailed should the accident have been observed by a vigilant policeman. To Devine himself, who chanced to come in for tea, I hinted discreetly at new branches of French literature to be explored, and even at researches planned in other directions. And then I plunged into the mass of letters and notes which my hostess had placed on a side-table for review.

'Now that the kitchen is at peace and clean again, and Ann was looking so much brighter when she brought in tea—perhaps she will stay on, after all—it's really rather fun, you know,' said Mrs Devine, as we seated ourselves; 'there's such an infinite variety of these poor things, and some of them are so absurdly unsuitable. There is a girl of fourteen, whose mother wants to get her a first place; and there's a widow of sixty-nine. Here is a woman who can neither read nor

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write—her son writes the letter; and this lady can apparently do both, for she offers to read aloud to you in the evenings when the household work is done; you'd like that, wouldn't you! Here is a poor creature who would have to bring her imbecile son with her; but she says that he would not interfere with you, as he is quite happy sitting in the sun in summer or beside the fire in winter. Another woman wants to bring twin-children of eighteen months old; but she takes that fully into consideration, offering to come for eight pounds a year! Then here is'—

But I stopped her; horror on horror seemed accumulating on my head. 'My dear lady, it is terrible! Are they all like that? And even if they aren't, how can I ever choose? I had better return, like the prodigal son, and throw myself into the arms of Mrs Riddlesby.'

'No, no; don't give up like that. Some of the letters sound quite suitable, and many persons called, too, who were very nice. Oh, by the way, there was a Frenchwoman. How would you like her?'

'A Frenchwoman!' I exclaimed, clutching mentally at anything outstanding and tangible in these waste waters of uncertainty. 'What a curious thing! And, really, a French house-keeper would be rather nice; she would probably cook divinely. But had she references, and did she seem—er—respectable—and middle-aged?' for my thoughts flew toward Mrs Riddlesby.

'Yes, she had references, and looked quite thoroughly respectable, and was certainly—oh—over fifty. She has been helping at the Mount Hotel for the last three months, and came there with a testimonial from a London restaurant. See, here is her name—Antoinette Bachmann; and she wants to get into a quiet country place.'

'She will find the moor quiet enough; I doubt if she will come. I suppose she speaks English, though really I would just as soon that she did not.'

'Yes; she spoke English very fairly. But here is another rather likely person, Mrs'—

'No, thank you. To talk of or consider any more of this regiment would make me giddy. Who could have dreamed that one two-line advertisement would have such terrible results. I am going now, this moment, to see Madame—is she Madame?—Antoinette Bachmann. A thousand thanks for what you have done for me, and ten thousand apologies for all the havoc I have brought into your peaceful home. Good-bye.'

Ten minutes later, in the manager's room of the Mount Hotel, Antoinette Bachmann was shown in to me; coming straight from the kitchen, wearing an apron, and with sleeves rolled up, but serene and composed. She was a tall, finely built woman, with dark eyes, arched

eyebrows, dark glossy hair, and a large, firm, yet mobile mouth.

'Yes, monsieur, I wish to find myself a quiet place in the country. No; loneliness will make nothing to me. But monsieur will permit that I should ask him where he lives?'

I told her, adding that the nearest place larger than a hamlet was Princetown.

'There is a convict prison there, as possibly you know,' I said; 'but we are two miles away, and the convicts will not interfere with you.'

'Assuredly they will not interfere with me, monsieur,' she answered, in her full deep tones, adding, 'Poor men!'

The hotel manager spoke of her in high terms, and much regretted her wish to leave; she was a first-rate cook, and he had contemplated promoting her to a higher place than that which she now occupied as an assistant in the kitchen. She had come to him with a six-months' reference from a well-known London restaurant, and she also produced a testimonial from a former French employer—the *curé* of a village near to Épinal, her native district being Lorraine. She was a childless widow, having lost her husband, a German *douanier* at one of the Vosges frontier passes, twelve years back.

I think the *curé* settled it. I had once dined with one, a rubicund old gentleman, at a small village near to Nancy, and I still had happy recollections of that meal. Before I left the hotel Antoinette Bachmann had agreed to come to me in a month's time.

So Toinette came to the little house, where the hall-sitting-room looked out, across the young and rippling Dart, upon the boulder-strewn and fern-clad hill beyond; while from the library—my only other living-room—one looked up the small valley to the moor and its great tors.

Toinette came, and within half-an-hour of her coming she had taken sole control of house and occupant alike. She cooked my meals—and with what matchless cookery! she swept and dusted without fuss or noise; she kept my clothes in perfect order; she did everything. I was incomparably content.

Less satisfied, perhaps, was Trimble, my gardener, from whom the new queen of the kitchen made what he chose to consider in the light of unreasonable demands in the matter of vegetables; asking for many ingredients for salads of which he had so far ignored the very name, and insisting on their being planted forthwith if not already in cultivation. Trimble groaned under the extra exertion involved, grumbled loudly, and rebelled—fruitlessly. To his hints of leaving a place where the most 'outlandishest' things were asked for, I turned a deaf ear. Trimble had a good place, and knew it; moreover, I knew that he knew it, and I merely walked away from all complaints. I

dined each day as I had never dined before in England, and not invariably in France; and if Trimble exerted himself more than was altogether pleasant to his feelings to aid in the preparations of my dinners, I admit the question of his sufferings left me cold. I have been told I am a selfish man.

I had told Toinette, as she had at once requested me to call her—'It was so did ever Monsieur le Curé'—that she might have the assistance of a charwoman from the village for rough work when she required it; but she had at once declined this aid.

'A thousand thanks, monsieur; but a little house so charming and convenient as this requires but the work of one woman. Matters arrange themselves without difficulty. Besides, I do not greatly like your women of the chair—*drôle* of a name; they make more work than they do not perform. Is it not so, monsieur?'

I cannot say that I was an expert in the habits of what Toinette called 'women of the chair' as regards work; but I did know that all those who had assisted Mrs Vinnicombe and her predecessor had possessed active tongues and most penetrating voices, together with a fine gift for narrative, of which scraps—not always wholly suited for the ears of a single gentleman—had reached me at frequent intervals during the hours of their visits. If Toinette preferred to dispense with the services of these ladies, so much the better.

My bedroom window was almost directly over the kitchen door. Mine was a small room; but I liked it, for it caught the morning sun. While shaving on fine mornings in early summer—have I yet mentioned that it was in spring that Toinette came to me?—and on sundry other occasions, I could not always avoid overhearing her conversations with Trimble, with the man who brought milk from a neighbouring farm, and with others who came to the house.

I overheard little, but that little gave me the impression that Toinette was a clever woman. With me she invariably spoke French, at my request. Her English had a noticeable foreign accent, and was, moreover, somewhat halting and broken. Yet she always seemed to have sufficient at command to make Trimble understand what she needed from the garden, and to give perfectly clear and comprehensible orders to the tradespeople who called. And there, these needful orders given, all her conversational powers seemed to end. She would listen with a smile, but with seemingly little comprehension, to any gossip of the neighbourhood; and often quite a simple question failed to draw an answer from her lips. There would be a shake of the head, accompanied by, 'Ah—no understand.' I came to the conclusion that she wished to keep the village people at a distance, and I thought no worse of her for that.

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CHAPTER II.

ALTHOUGH my new factotum performed to a miracle of perfection all the work I have enumerated, and I dare say much more of which a mere man knows nothing, yet she never seemed flurried, and had often hours of leisure on her hands. What walking I did—a good deal—was nearly always done in the morning. I had adopted, with Toinette's arrival, the French system of meals; an early roll and cup of chocolate, sometimes before I dressed; luncheon at noon; and dinner between six and seven o'clock. This gave me a long afternoon for books or desk.

When Toinette had been with me about a month, I chanced to speak with some annoyance of a simple errand which I had forgotten in the morning, and which would necessitate my going to Princetown that same afternoon.

As Toinette served my lunch she said, 'Monsieur permits that I should go to Princetown and get what he needs? Monsieur is perhaps tired, and upon so fine an afternoon I should enjoy the promenade.'

'Certainly go, if you don't mind,' I said; and she looked so genuinely pleased that it occurred to me to add, 'there is really nothing to prevent you from taking a stroll for an hour or two almost any afternoon, Toinette, if that pleases you. Nobody comes between two o'clock and four; and if they do come it does not matter.'

So it came about that Toinette was often out for an hour or more on several afternoons a week. Once, when I knew that she had been to Princetown, I inquired on her return if she had seen any convicts; meaning, of course, those who are marched out in gangs to perform open-air labour at a greater or less distance from the prison.

'Yes, monsieur,' was the answer, in a calm tone; 'I saw convicts.'

I looked up from a book, expecting her to add some comments on that far from pleasing sight, only to find that she had left the room.

One afternoon I had asked her to take a message to a man who occupied a cottage a short distance off the high-road between my house and Princetown. In describing to her the position of the man's house, I said, 'It is a little way down the last lane on the right as you go from here to Princetown, Toinette; the fifth turn from here, I think.'

'Pardon, monsieur, it is the fourth,' was her reply. 'Monsieur may have observed that there are but four turnings on the right, though there are five on the left.'

Often as I had walked the road I did not know that simple fact; but Toinette did, for she carried the message to the right house without difficulty; and indeed I verified her statement for myself a few days later. Clearly she was a woman who observed small things.

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Spring passed, and summer; autumn came, and I was still content. Mrs Riddlesby was not; but my comfort was such that I had made up my mind to defy, if needful, even Mrs Riddlesby. She had of course questioned me as to Toinette's religion. Looking her squarely in the face, I had replied I did not know what my new house-keeper's beliefs might be. I had not asked. The vicar's wife had pursed up her lips, and expressed the hope that my new *treasure*—word underlined viciously—would prove satisfactory. I had replied serenely that I felt quite sure she would. But I felt also that the vicar's wife was on the watch.

Autumn had come; November took its usual place among the months, and with November came November fogs. We had enjoyed an exceptionally fine summer and early autumn, and I was looking forward to the winter with some foreboding. What if Toinette should find our Dartmoor fogs too much for her? But Toinette accepted them philosophically; I could even have said with apparent interest, as though they were some not wholly unwelcome phenomenon, the coming of which she awaited with curiosity.

'A Dartmoor fog!' I said to her one evening when a peculiarly perfect specimen had come down suddenly upon the moor, blotting from sight the slope of hill across the stream; blotting out every object at a few yards' distance from the door. 'What do you think of it, Toinette?'

Toinette shrugged her shoulders. 'The sun will shine again in time, no doubt, monsieur,' said she. 'There are even those to whom the fog may be the welcome one. Is it not thus that prisoners may escape?'

'They often try to escape during fog, no doubt,' I said; 'but they rarely succeed. Nearly always they are caught in a few days; generally in a few hours.'

Toinette's face changed suddenly, as though with pain.

'Poor men!' she said, almost below her breath, and left the room. Apparently she had a sympathetic heart.

During that fog no sound of rifle-shots, no tolling of the prison-bell, proclaimed that any convict had attempted his escape. A second and a third fog came, and still without alarm. It seemed as if the jail's inhabitants had realised at length the hopelessness of such attempts.

And then, one afternoon about the end of January, a fog came down upon us, as a Dartmoor fog so often does, within the twinkling of an eye. The morning had been pleasant, even mild, after long days of heavy rain. Kept busy at my desk before and after luncheon, I had strolled out on the moor at three o'clock. By four I was returning, still a mile from home, and feeling my way along a moorland path with some difficulty through the thick wall of vapour. Then through the darkness came the dull and muffled sound of a report. Another and another.

Some few minutes later there boomed out the warning of the prison-bell. Some one had struck for liberty at last.

I could have wished that the fugitive had chosen another occasion for his flight. The path I was upon led up directly to the moor where rocks and other hiding-places might be found. It was an extremely likely direction to be taken by the runaway—and also by his pursuers. I kept my ears open for the sound of footsteps, and my hands ready to be held up if challenged.

But I met no one till I struck the valley of the river, a few hundred yards above my house, and was descending by the stream. Then, from the bank above me, came a sudden call.

'Halt! Hands up, or we fire!'

I promptly obeyed, at the same time shouting my name. There was the sound of several persons scrambling down the slope, and three warders quickly surrounded me, coming up at the double. Two of the three were armed.

A glance at my face and dress was of course enough for them.

'Sorry, sir,' said one of them civilly; adding with polite diplomacy, 'a good thing you are not a nervous gentleman. One of our lot has got away, but we shall have him before long. He came this way; we saw him not ten minutes back. Are you quite sure he has not passed you, going upstream?'

'Not on this side the river certainly,' I said, and added a description of my course for the last quarter of an hour.

'Then we'll try back with you,' remarked the leading warder; and the four of us moved off in the direction of my house.

Five minutes later we had struck the narrow path which led up from the river to my garden gate. As we mounted it, and the house came into view, a broad oblong patch of befogged light showed me that the front-door was standing open.

'We'll just look round the garden,' said one of the warders.

'And the house as well,' added his leader; and he nodded toward the open door.

He kept at my elbow, while the two other warders turned off down the garden path. But they rejoined us hastily on hearing the loud exclamation which we uttered as we reached the porch. For, in the hall beyond, a dozen table-knives were scattered on the floor; there were dark stains on the black and white tiles which Toinette took such pride in keeping spotless.

The door leading to the library was closed; that to the kitchen stood wide open, and a sound of moaning reached us from within. Two steps gave us a view of the interior. Toinette, white-faced, with half-closed eyes, half-sat, half-lay on a box-ottoman which stood against the wall. Her right hand held a blood-stained handkerchief to her left wrist.

'Ah, monsieur!' she cried out feebly upon seeing me. Then her eyes closed, and her head fell back as she fainted.

'Some brandy, sir—a stimulant of any kind,' the warder said. 'I understand first aid; it's loss of blood—that's all.'

I ran to the hall cupboard for brandy, meeting the two remaining warders as they dashed in from outside.

In a few minutes Toinette opened her eyes and looked at us; then round the room. 'Ah, shut the door, monsieur, I pray of you!' she gasped. 'He went out, but he yet may come again.'

'Who was it—who went out?' the head-warder asked gently.

'Ah, a man most terrible—in clothes of the prison.'

The warder was swiftly and capably binding up the deep cut in Toinette's wrist with strips of linen taken from a handkerchief which he had snatched up from an airing-rail before the fire. He continued this work steadily and gently, only saying over his shoulder to his two companions, 'Out again—sharp! Fire three shots in the air, and whistle to call up more men. Search the garden; the man cannot be far off. When the rest join you, send a man to me.'

Soon Toinette was sufficiently revived to tell her tale, brokenly but intelligibly. She was setting the table ready for dinner, and was passing from the kitchen to the hall with a knife-tray, when it occurred to her to open the front-door and see if the fog was still thick; she was, she said, beginning to be anxious about me. The moment she opened the door, a man clothed in the well-known dress with the broad arrows had dashed in from the porch, and had snatched at one of my overcoats which chanced to be upon its peg. Toinette had interposed; the convict snatched a bread-knife from the tray she carried in her hand, and slashed her wrist. Then, but without the overcoat, he disappeared into the gathering night outside. All had happened not two minutes before our arrival. Toinette had endeavoured to stanch the copious flow of blood; then, feeling faintness coming on, had dragged herself into the kitchen and had sunk upon the ottoman.

Soon she became almost herself again, and forthwith she was only anxious, like the devoted housekeeper she was, about my inconvenience, and the upset house and meal.

'See, then, the tablecloth, monsieur, so soiled with blood!' she cried, pointing with one hand to the hall, where the snowy tablecloth did indeed bear marks of the attack. 'But there are others here.' And, rising unsteadily to her feet, she lifted the lid of the ottoman, displaying piles of linen neatly arranged.

With some difficulty, the warder and I persuaded her to concern herself no further with

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my dinner, but to sit and rest. In a quarter of an hour another official put in an appearance, and was despatched for the local doctor to examine Toinette's wrist.

Meanwhile, she was rapidly recovering herself, and I said to the warder, 'What about searching the house?'

'Well, yes, sir, please,' he said; 'not that I expect to find him here—not for a moment. He went out through the door again, she says; he was hardly likely to return that way. The back-door, too, is locked and bolted, I see. But still, we'll just go through the place.'

We did so, searching my small home thoroughly, upstairs and down. All was in order, and no trace of an intruder could be seen.

Nor was he found that night, nor yet the following day, in spite of the confidence expressed by the officials of the prison as to his ultimate recapture. By daylight the next morning warders were in and around my garden, carefully examining the ground for footprints. But to a great extent their search for these was vain. The path from the gate to the porch was paved with granite slabs in 'crazy' pattern, and displayed no prints. The road outside the gate was stony; in the night there had been heavy rain, which left but little soil. The garden paths and beds only showed footprints of the warders who had searched the place.

But the officials were still confident. Somewhere the man was hiding, probably upon the moor; few villagers, even supposing them disposed that way, would run the risk of heavy punishment by holding him concealed. He might be taken any day or hour. The moor was searched and guarded; the police of all the neighbouring towns, especially the ports, were notified, and were upon the watch.

Another night and morning passed. The moor had now been searched from end to end, and the whole district was placarded with a full description of the runaway; but without success. Police and warders still professed their full conviction that the man's capture was merely a matter of time; but capture did not come.

Local interest in the escape began to slacken. We still talked about it daily, but we now found time to talk of other things as well.

Toinette's wound healed quickly. I had forced her to yield to my engaging a woman from the village to assist her for a day or two; but she accepted this help with the greatest reluctance, barely allowing the charwoman to do more than touch the outskirts of the work, so to speak, and assuring me each evening that it would be needless to engage her for the following day. And after the third day, she came no more.

That was a Monday; the escape had taken place the previous Friday. On Monday afternoon, throughout the night, and till midday on Tuesday, from a leaden sky there came a heavy
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fall of snow. Early on Tuesday afternoon sharp frost set in. It was at once a question if the convict would be found alive. If he were, as most thought likely, still in hiding on the moor, he would be snowed up, frozen, starved. Meanwhile all further search was hopeless on that snow-clad waste. Weeks, months hence, a shepherd or ranger would perhaps come upon a body, wedged in some cranny of the tors, or laid bare by a melting drift.

Something else fell besides the snow. That frosty Tuesday night a thunderbolt descended on my unsuspecting and devoted head.

CHAPTER III.

IT was a little before midnight, and I was still reading by the fire in the library. An hour or so had passed since I had heard a certain stair creak as my housekeeper went up to bed. I was just on the point of closing my book for the night, when, much to my surprise, I heard it creak again. Had Toinette merely forgotten something, or was she ill and coming downstairs for assistance? I was about to spring up, when the door opened softly, and from the darkness of the hall Toinette, still fully dressed, came in. She closed the door, and then crossed swiftly to my side.

My face doubtless expressed the astonishment I felt at such an unusual proceeding on her part; for she held up a warning finger, with an air in which entreaty mingled with command.

'Monsieur,' she said in a low tone, 'I beg you, do not speak; who knows who may be listening to us from outside. Monsieur,' Toinette went on, still in a tone hardly above a whisper, 'I come to throw myself upon the goodness of your heart. Listen, monsieur, for there is much to say.'

I must confess that Toinette's words and manner alarmed me greatly. I could not help thinking of Mrs Riddlesby's pursed-up lips, and fancied I could hear her say, 'I told you so.'

But I motioned to Toinette to sit down. She did so, drawing a chair beside me, and continued speaking in a low soft voice.

'Monsieur, I ask your pardon a thousand times, for I have compromised you.'

Again I thought of Mrs Riddlesby, and felt that in this at least she would heartily agree with Toinette. But my housekeeper's next words soon drove Mrs Riddlesby from my mind.

'Monsieur, I lied to you. That escaped one, that convict, did not go out again into the fog, as I said to you and to the guardians. He was still in the house when they searched it with you; he is in the house now.'

I involuntarily looked toward the door, half-unconsciously expecting to see a figure in the

well-known hideous dress appear in confirmation of her words.

But she went on. 'He was in the kitchen, monsieur, and is there at this moment—in the box-ottoman.'

I stifled an exclamation, and managed to lower my voice to match that of my companion. 'You have hidden him, Toinette! But, good heavens, why, when he had attacked you so brutally? What object had you in doing such a thing?'

'He did not attack me, monsieur; that which was done I did myself.'

'You did it yourself! You cut your wrist yourself! I do not understand. Do you know what you are saying?'

'Perfectly, monsieur. But to make you understand all will take time. Let me tell you that which is most important in two words. That convict in the kitchen is my son.'

'Your son!'

'Yes, monsieur; that poor hunted one is my son—Pierre. Monsieur will understand why I have lied—to save my son.'

My head whirled! Five minutes before I had been a placid and contented individual of moderate means, with quiet tastes, no family worries, and cared for materially by a most excellent housekeeper. And now a convulsion had shaken my well-ordered world. For four days my hitherto respectable house had harboured an escaped convict, and I was probably liable to pains and penalties, as to the exact extent of which I was a little hazy, but imagined much. And by my side, at a few minutes before midnight, sat a calm, pale woman prepared to unfold to me the circumstances under which such unexpected toils had meshed me round.

'You had better tell me the whole story,' I said; 'then perhaps I may have some notion of what you mean.'

'That is the best, monsieur,' said Toinette, as calmly as though she proposed to initiate me into the secrets of one of her excellent *plats*. 'I will tell you the whole tale; a dreadful tale for me, monsieur, believe me. I told monsieur that I was a Frenchwoman, that I had married a German from the frontier, and that I was a widow. All that is the truth. But I told monsieur also that I had no children; there I lied, monsieur, for I have one son. I lied because it seemed to me better to tell one great lie at once and quickly, rather than to tell many little ones; to invent—invent always—if one asked me kindly questions of that son. How could I answer where he was or what he did?'

'But I will tell monsieur of him now. Of my dead husband—no, I will not speak. He was all fair outside; blue eyes, fair hair, oh! a fine man. And clever, but clever! But inside, when I came to know him well—ah-h-h-h! It is enough for me to tell you that I was not sorry when he died, monsieur.'

'He died not soon enough; he had already used his evil skill upon my son. The boy was fourteen, and his father had already made him his companion with his wicked friends. After his father's death, these kept their hold upon him; they have ruined his life.'

'It was they who told him of fine occasions in England; told him he should see the world. There are two years since they got for him a situation in an English house of affairs in London. Then, after a few months, they found for him another one; he was made secretary—clerk—I do not know—of some great Englishman. They got him placed there for their own bad ends.'

'For they were spies, monsieur, and they were making of my son a spy. He stole what they instructed him to steal; papers or plans, I do not know exactly what. But there were also bank-notes in the packet he stole, and he was caught and tried. Those wicked, clever heads that worked behind him, they escaped; they were not seen—oh no! But my poor Pierre was sent into your English jail for seven years.'

'When was all this?' I interrupted for the first time.

'Just eighteen months ago, monsieur; shortly before I came from France.'

'I see. You came to England to be near him, and to help him to escape,' I said. 'But how on earth have you managed to do it? How did you know where he was?'

'I listened and observed, and asked a question now and then, monsieur. And presently I came to know that after a time he would be taken to Dartmoor, and I heard that Dartmoor prisoners sometimes got away in fogs. And it was so I came to Exeter in order to be near.'

'And then you answered my advertisement. Supposing that I had lived nowhere near Princetown, what should you have done?'

'I should have found some excuse, monsieur, not to have come. But you lived here, and it was that which I desired most of all.'

'But how have you got into communication with your son? Surely you were not allowed to write and tell him where you were?'

'No, monsieur; I have never written. I should not, perhaps, have been permitted; that I do not know. In any case, it was far safer not to write. He did not know that I was here until I came.'

'You have seen him before last Friday?'

'But yes, monsieur. You kindly permitted me the afternoon promenade. Always I went to Princetown, past the prison, looking ever for the convicts working in the fields. At last one day I saw my son, and he saw me. That was a great thing gained; he knew that I was near to help.'

'But you could not speak to him! How did he find out where you lived? Was it by chance that he came here the other night?'

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'Oh no, monsieur. I thought much of the means to let him know my dwelling-place. When that was done, there would be nothing but to wait. At last I found the way. You perhaps observed, monsieur, that all last summer many prisoners worked at building something by a little wood just opposite the prison gate. My son worked there. I knew that he was quick, and would be always on the watch for anything I wished that he should know.'

'One night, when you were sleeping, I rose, dressed, and went to write a message on the wall beside the prison gate. Or no, monsieur, I did not write it, but drew such a simple matter as some little child in passing by might make. Firstly, a line some inches long and wavering. That meant the road. At one end was a large thick dot; that was for the prison. On either side the line were other lines; these were the turnings off the road—four on one side, five on the other.'

I thought of the occasion when Toinette had corrected me on a matter of local topography, and I admired her wit and resource.

'Finally, on our turning, monsieur—the fifth to the right after leaving the prison—I placed a quite small dot to represent the little house so charming of monsieur.'

'Then in my walks I tried to catch his eye as he worked near the road. In two days I had done so, and I glanced then quickly toward the prison gate. My son, he is not dull—too clever perhaps—he understood. Nothing remained but to await the fog. That is the tale, monsieur.'

'Not all,' I said. 'Why wound yourself? And—good heavens—you yourself opened the box-ottoman, under the warder's very eyes, to get a tablecloth! Why run so great a risk?'

'Monsieur, I thought it best. My son—the convict—got away that afternoon and came here, whistling outside a tune that I had taught him when he was a child. I opened the front-door, brought him in, hid him in the ottoman. It was the place I always meant to hide him, and it was prepared.'

'But you came quickly, monsieur, and those men with you. I heard your voices as you came up from the river, and I had not time to calm myself—to be prepared. I knew that I was pale. And suddenly I thought that if I was found wounded, bleeding, some would aid me. Englishmen think first of women always; others would go quick to catch the man. That was what happened, monsieur, was it not?'

'Then you deliberately cut yourself with the knife?'

'Precisely, monsieur; and then flung myself on the ottoman, where I should be permitted to remain that I might recover.'

'But why open it?'

'Monsieur, I grew too frightened, and I think it was the fright that made me bold. It was of the chief guardian that I was most frightened; 1915.]

he of the keen eyes. I thought that if I myself drew his attention to the hiding-place—showed him the linen—he would less suspect.'

'But was your son merely hidden by the linen?'

'By the shelf also upon which the linen lies, monsieur. Monsieur may not know that there is a shelf—or tray, you call it—which lifts out. There was not anything below that tray, monsieur, except my son; there had been nothing there for many weeks. Always when there was fog I was awaiting him.'

'And he is there now?' I said.

'Yes, monsieur; he is there now. All day, since Friday, he lies there. Each night, when monsieur sleeps, I descend to release my son, and he then takes a little hour of exercise and food. Of monsieur's food, I own; but I will pay,' added Toinette; and this touch of scrupulous honesty was, in such circumstances, half-comic, half-pathetic.

'But, Toinette, this is a terrible affair. What do you propose to do now?'

'Ah monsieur, I have now done all I can. How to get him away I know not. Therefore I have confided myself to monsieur.'

So I saw; and I heartily wished that she had continued to arrange her son's affairs unknown to me.

'My clear duty, Toinette,' I said gravely, 'is at once to summon warders from the prison, and to give your son into their keeping. If I do not, I render myself liable to severe punishment, for to conceal or aid an escaped convict is a serious offence. That crime you also have already committed. Do you understand all this?'

'Perfectly, monsieur. Are not the penalties all printed so that one may read? Monsieur will then call the guardians. My son will return to his prison and to more severe punishment. I also—I shall go to prison, as monsieur has said.'

I do not for one moment deny that the delivery to justice of the escaped convict and the denouncement of his accomplice, his mother—but that matter was a detail which would have little bearing to a legal eye—was the course to which public duty, good citizenship, the maintenance of law and order, and a host of other high-titled virtues, called me; but, as has been already mentioned, I am something of a recluse. A recluse is always more or less an egotist; and I found myself viewing the probable results of any such righteous course of action from a standpoint which, I fear, I cannot call other than personal and selfish.

What would be my feelings when I saw Toinette and her son marched off in ignominy? For the son, as centre of the whole detestable business, I indeed cared but little; though I was inclined to believe Toinette when she represented him as being the tool of riper villains,

and more sinned against than sinning. But for 'Toinette herself I had a very real regard. She had done her duty to me ten times over; she had nursed me capably and tenderly through a week's sharp attack of influenza in the early winter. How could I blame her for acting as she had done for her imprisoned son?

Then, too, supposing that I steeled my heart against 'Toinette, there yet remained to be answered a question which, if selfish, was, I still think, not unnatural. Where, to employ a vulgar but expressive phrase, should I 'come in'?

Not, I could clearly foresee, in a position likely to prove agreeable to a person of retiring tastes. It was possible, perhaps even probable, that by forthwith denouncing the fugitive I should clear myself in the eyes of the authorities from all complicity in the affair; should satisfy them of my total ignorance of the man's presence in my house during the last four days. Such an establishment of my innocence was doubtless an important matter; but there were other considerations which appealed to me almost as strongly.

I saw myself dragged, infinitely reluctant, into prominence as one of the leading figures in a sensational affair; I saw with clearness how there was about to shine on me the blinding limelight of the public press. There was no war on hand just then, no *cause célèbre*, no reason why the readers of that press should pass us by. Pierre, 'Toinette, and myself, would be the victims in a triple sacrifice, and I shuddered at the details which presented themselves to my imagination. I could almost read the newspaper headlines: 'Escaped Convict Recaptured. — Sensational Discovery. — Author Tells a Strange Story.'

Even that would not be all. I could well hear the chatter in the village for long days to come; the sneers at my belief in the virtues of my French housekeeper. I thought of the Devines and other acquaintances, and of what they would say; especially did I think of Mrs Riddlesby, and of what *she* would say.

And, as I thought, virtue and public duty grew each moment lighter in the balance of my mind. After all, the custody of criminals was really a matter for their duly appointed guardians, toward the support of whom I paid, punctually and unmurmuringly, rates and taxes. If such allowed their charges to escape, why should my life be embittered through rendering amateur aid? I had my own affairs and occupations to consider; nor were these wholly selfish. The volume on a certain aspect and period of French literary history, with which I was just now busy, promised to be one of real value; not, however, if its author's mind was to be harassed at this juncture with such disagreeable matters as prison-warders, magistrates, witness-boxes, reporters, and badly reproduced photographs.

After all, I had a public, select if small, whose welfare it was my evident duty to consider and to guard.

No, a thousand times no, I would not wittingly step into any such position of ridicule as would most plainly be my lot did I but raise a finger to deliver up this son. Fate had played me a cruel trick by bringing into the peace of my existence, first 'Toinette, and then her convict son. There, however, they were, and I felt justified in restoring tranquillity and innocence to my dwelling with the least possible discomfort to myself. I must help the son to get out of the country, and he must go in such a manner as should be known to him, to 'Toinette, and to me alone. But how?

The embers rustled in the grate. The clock upon the mantelpiece struck one in its soft, silvery tones. I looked up, and my eyes met those of 'Toinette gazing steadily at me.

'Monsieur has decided?' she asked quietly.

'Well, 'Toinette,' I said, 'I understand your feelings, and why you have acted as you have done; and, understanding that, I cannot bring myself to denounce your son. But I do not see how you are going to get him away from here. He will run a terrible risk of being taken when he gets outside this house.'

'Yes, monsieur; and I do not see what I can do further. So it is to monsieur I confide myself.'

Now that I had yielded so far, it was obviously to my own interests that the *corpus delicti* should disappear from the neighbourhood with all possible speed. But I had hardly bargained for the active rôle of escape agent.

'Is he still dressed in prison clothes?' I asked.

'Ah no, monsieur! those terrible clothes. No; I have dressed him—otherwise.'

'And the prison clothes; where are they?'

'Burnt, monsieur. I tore them up and burnt them, little by little. The boots, too—everything is quite destroyed. There is no sign.'

That, at any rate, was a step to the good.

'How is he dressed, then? In things of mine?'

'In monsieur's clothes! But no, assuredly,' replied 'Toinette, with the air of one resenting the imputation of a liberty; 'no, monsieur. Pierre is small and slender. I have dressed him as a girl.'

'As a girl!' I exclaimed. 'But where did you get the clothes?'

'I bought them in London and Exeter, monsieur; clothes, shoes, and coiffure—everything.'

What methodical, patient foresight the woman had shown!

'If your son is awake, I think I had better see him.'

'As monsieur wills.'

'Toinette opened the library door without a
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sound, crossed the dark hall to the equally dark kitchen, and again without a sound returned.

I nearly bowed; for at her side there stood the figure of a girl—a girl who was almost charming; pale-faced and thin, but still charming, with fair curling hair low on the forehead, curved lips, and large blue eyes. Only the hands betrayed her; small, they still bore tokens of that manual labour which had helped their owner to escape. The figure wore a coat and skirt of dark-gray tweed.

The girl—I mean Pierre—stood quietly before me, quite unembarrassed, which was more than I was.

'You must remain where you have been for the last four days,' I said, 'until I can think of some suitable plan. I will not give you up; I promise that for your mother's sake. Of yourself I know nothing.'

'I understand, and I thank you a thousand times, sir.' The voice was soft and low, well suited to conceal the speaker's sex.

'We will leave monsieur now,' said 'Toinette. Both figures disappeared into the darkness, and presently I heard the stair creak, telling me that 'Toinette was once more upstairs.

The clock had struck another hour, and another still, before I followed her. For I sat on thinking out a method of extricating young Bachmann—and incidentally myself—from his difficulties. Before I went to bed I had decided on a plan; risky, indeed, but perhaps as good as could be looked for from so unskilled a plotter as myself.

CHAPTER IV.

'TOINETTE served my *petit déjeuner* the following morning with an unmoved countenance. I could almost have imagined that the night just passed had been a dream. Unfortunately I knew it for a most unpleasant reality; and I said to 'Toinette, in the tone of one giving a casual order, 'Nothing will take place to-day, 'Toinette. To-morrow evening it is possible that something may occur.'

'*Merçi, monsieur*; I now leave all to your goodness,' was the reply.

And nothing happened that day, so far as 'Toinette and her son were concerned. But I wrote a letter to a discreet friend whom I knew to be at that moment in London, and in the letter I enclosed a slip of paper bearing two or three brief lines. Then I got through the hours of the day as best I might.

The following morning likewise passed without event. But in the afternoon observant people might have seen that I was restless, as if in expectation of something about to happen. The 'something' duly materialised about two o'clock in the arrival of a telegraph messenger from the Princetown post-office. 'Toinette took

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in the message, and brought it to me in the library, while the boy waited for an answer in the porch.

'This is very annoying, 'Toinette,' I said, following her out to the hall, and speaking in such tones that the boy waiting in the porch might hear; 'I must go to London to-night. A friend is leaving unexpectedly to-morrow for South Africa—ordered there by his doctor—and he wants to see me first.'

'Monsieur will then take the train from Princetown,' said 'Toinette, who had required but little coaching to enable her to play her part.

'No, I shall not; I cannot stand slow trains, and waiting, and changes, in this weather. I shall take the evening express from Tavistock, and I must have a carriage to take me there. —Can you,' I went on to the boy, 'take me a message to the hotel?'

He could and would. I wrote the order for a carriage and pair, and went back to the house. 'Toinette helped me to pack my bag; then brought in tea.

It was already dusk when the rumble of wheels and the tramp of a pair of horses announced the carriage at the garden gate. The driver came up the path to ask if there was any luggage to be carried down. He found me in the hall, engaged in giving 'Toinette orders as to my return.

'While I am there I may perhaps stay a day or two,' I said; 'I will send you a card or telegram.'

'I shall make that little change in the furniture of monsieur's bedroom while he is away,' said 'Toinette.

'No, 'Toinette,' I replied, 'you will not; that chest of drawers is much too heavy for you to move alone. Nor must Trimble help you; he is far too clumsy in a house.'

'Toinette's face assumed to perfection the appearance of genuine disappointment. 'Of course, if monsieur forbids,' she said; 'but it would have been a convenient time.'

I looked at my watch. 'There is at least ten minutes to spare.—Look here, my man, could you just give me a hand in changing the position of a piece of furniture upstairs? My house-keeper will stand by the horses.'

The driver came readily upstairs, and in two minutes we had changed the position of a chest of drawers in my bedroom, moving it from one side of the fireplace to the other. That done, I descended the stairs in front of the driver, went on before him down the garden path, and, entering the carriage, shut the door myself. By the time he had reached the gate I was leaning from the window, saying a last word to 'Toinette. Then I spread a large travelling-rug over myself, and also over another occupant of the carriage, who was crouched upon the floor between the seats.

So far my plan had worked smoothly; everything looked perfectly natural. I had arranged the receipt of a sudden call to London; for I had decided that I should only know peace of mind when I had seen Pierre out of England, or at least out of the district. He had been smuggled into the carriage by his mother during the brief absence of the driver upstairs, arranged by a simple pretext. I had now got him clear of the house.

But not clear of the neighbourhood. My driver had seen a locally well-known middle-aged gentleman get into the carriage; it was obvious that he must not see him descend at Tavistock accompanied by a young and not unattractive lady! But I had a remedy for this difficulty, or hoped I had.

'Listen,' I said, leaning down toward the face of the lad—for he was scarcely more—who crouched upon the carriage floor; 'so far we have done well, but the dangerous time is still to come. You cannot leave the carriage with me at the station; you must slip out before we reach the town. There is a steep part of the road into Tavistock which the horses will take at a walking pace; it will be dark by then, and also there are trees which give deep shade. You'll have to get out there.'

An hour and more we journeyed on. I did not speak further to my companion. For one thing, it would be dangerous, for the driver might have overheard. And I had another reason for silence; I did not feel in a position to play the part of mentor—was I not condoning the offence?

The lights of Tavistock shone out before us; presently the horses slackened to a walk. 'Now,' I whispered, 'slip out quietly, and then keep just behind the carriage till we have gone on some little way. Do not lose time; but do not seem hurried or you may attract attention; the first turn to the left, and then the second to the right, will bring you to the station. I shall be there, but do not look at me. I shall perhaps glance at you as if from curiosity. Your mother has given you money. Take a third-class single ticket to Exeter; do not get into an empty carriage; choose one where there are several people—take a "ladies only" if you can. Get out at Exeter, and walk up and down the platform till I speak to you.'

He listened with attention, and said, 'Yes, monsieur.'

I cautiously turned the handle of the door on the near side of the carriage and swung it open. Pierre glided softly out, and I passed to him a small handbag of his mother's.

Five minutes later I was at the station; tipped my driver, not forgetting his exertions with the chest of drawers, and then stood by the fire in the entrance-hall, waiting until the issue of tickets should begin. When the wooden window rattled up I took a first-class return for

London, and at once walked out upon the platform.

Another five minutes went by; the signal fell for the express. I began to quake inwardly. Had I underestimated the distance, when telling my charge not to hurry? Had he by some misfortune missed his way? Or—dire possibility!—had he been recognised and arrested?

No! I heard a sound of light, quick footsteps in the booking-hall, and turned to see a ladylike figure at the ticket-window. A moment later Pierre was on the platform. The slim, veiled figure in the gray tailor-made costume walked on composedly, swept the small crowd of waiting passengers with one swift glance, and then took its stand in the shadow of one of the pillars supporting the roof. Certainly Pierre played his part well.

Two minutes later the express came in. I saw Pierre scan the line of lighted windows till he saw one with the papered notice 'Ladies only.' Then he hastened towards it up the train.

During the hour's ride to Exeter I sat on thorns. I had not dared to accost Pierre on the Tavistock platform, or to enter a carriage with him. The stationmaster knew me as a fairly frequent traveller, and I had town acquaintances who might have possibly been there. Yet I was alarmed at the danger of his being drawn against his will into some conversation in the train. This would be still more probable during the long run from Exeter to London, and I had determined that from that point we should travel in company.

At Exeter I sprang from my compartment; then watched Pierre descend from his as I had ordered him. I hurried across to the booking-office, purchased his ticket for London, and returned at a leisurely pace toward my carriage till I passed him on the way. 'Why, Mademoiselle Levasseur,' I said, raising my hat and feigning a start of pleased surprise, 'what good wind blows you here?'

Again Pierre played up splendidly, smiling a welcome from behind his veil, taking my outstretched hand, and beginning to recount a remarkably glib story of a visit to friends in Exeter. I led him to the carriage I had left, taking care to pay him all the little attentions obviously due to so charming a lady.

But, the train once started, our conversation became difficult to keep up, and I was relieved to see that he had provided himself with a magazine during my absence at the booking-office. Dinner in the restaurant-car was announced; and, reflecting that he had better eat there than with some chance table companion in a London hotel, I suggested the meal.

I have seldom enjoyed one less. It was necessary that Pierre should raise his veil and unglove his hands, and I fancied—I dare say quite mistakenly—that neighbouring diners and

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the passing waiters eyed him curiously. But the ordeal was over at last, and we returned to our compartment. There the fellow once again showed his grasp of the situation and of the necessities which it entailed. He closed his book, yawned, remarked in a drowsy voice that railway journeys always made him sleepy, and sank into what appeared to be slumber until Waterloo was reached, only opening his eyes in a sleepy manner at each stopping-place.

From Waterloo we drove to a west-end hotel where I had never stayed. There I took Pierre to the office and registered him as Mademoiselle Levasseur, who was very tired and would go to bed at once. While in the taxi I had cautioned him to breakfast in his own room, and to be ready when I called for him at an early hour the next morning. From the hotel I drove on to my club.

Soon after half-past eight the following morning I was running up the steps of the hotel. My heart was growing lighter every moment; Pierre was now practically clear of all danger of pursuit or recognition. Still, for the sake of greater safety, I would go with him as far as Dover—see him clear of England's shores.

Pierre was awaiting me; a correct and well-dressed figure, seated on a low divan in the long narrow hall. My eyes fell on him at once. The next moment my hair almost rose on end. For, by his side, upon the same divan, there sat the very last person whom I wished to see at such a time and place—Mrs Riddlesby!

I suppose the fact that the light from the door was behind me, and my face thus in shadow, saved the situation to some extent; for I am certain that my countenance expressed a portion of the horror and alarm I felt. With an effort, of which I hardly thought myself capable, I pulled myself together and went forward. It was too late to ignore Pierre; I was already walking quickly toward him with a smile upon my lips. As to ignoring Mrs Riddlesby, pretending not to see her, any one who knew her would realise how utterly such a plan was out of the question.

'Well, mademoiselle,' I said, shaking hands with Pierre, 'are you quite ready? Have you slept all right?' Then I turned and offered my hand to the vicar's wife.—'Who would have thought of seeing you here?'

'Not you, apparently,' said the lady in cool level tones, allowing me to take her hand, but by no means returning the warmth of my pressure. Then she looked at 'mademoiselle'; looked back again at me. There was obviously but one thing to be done.

'Let me present Mademoiselle Levasseur,' I said. 'I came up rather unexpectedly last night, and had the good fortune to meet mademoiselle at Exeter. She has been paying a visit in Devonshire, and is returning to her friends in France, whom I know well.'

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'Oh, indeed,' was the reply, following a stiff bow to the new acquaintance.

Things could not remain here.

'I did not know you were in London,' I went on; though I had known she was from home.

'I, too, arrived last night—from Oxfordshire. Now I am going to Charing Cross on my way to Sittingbourne for a few days. I am just waiting till it is time to take a cab.'

If you have to be bold you cannot well be too bold. Besides, I knew that Mrs Riddlesby well loved a small economy.

'There is no need for two taxis,' I said; 'we shall be delighted to take you in ours.'

A shade, a mere hair's-breadth, of relaxation crept over the lady's stern features. I signalled to the hall-porter, and in a few minutes we were bowling down the street.

I saw that I must readjust my plans. To meet at Exeter an attractive and youthful lady of foreign birth, travel with her to London, establish her at a hotel for the night, and call to take her to her train the following morning, was already much for Mrs Riddlesby to stand. To leave Charing Cross with the lady in the direction of France, and that under the very eyes of the vicar's wife, would never do. Mrs Riddlesby was quite capable of waiting all day at Waterloo to see if I came back! No, Mademoiselle Levasseur must now go to Dover by herself.

Naturally, I declined Mrs Riddlesby's proffered share of the cab-fare. I saw to the labelling of her luggage, and I ascertained the position of her train, which left a few minutes after the departure of the boat express. She thawed visibly at these attentions. But this was a doubtful benefit; for she plied my companion with small talk, in which the note of interrogation was for ever cropping up. She came with us to the carriage, and she stood to see the interesting traveller off; thus burdening my already heavy-laden conscience with a host of otherwise needless untruths in the shape of polite compliments to Monsieur and Madame Levasseur, with jocular messages to '*le beau petit Victor*,' brother of mademoiselle. Women like Mrs Riddlesby have much to answer for.

But the train glided out at last, and I was free.

That is my story, or at least there is but little more to tell. Within a week 'Toinette' had news of the safe arrival of the fugitive in Paris. A little later came the blow I had anticipated from the first. 'Toinette' now told me that she must return to France; she must be with her son. And in the days of early spring she went.

It will be natural if my readers ask me how I dare to tell this tale. Have I no fear of tardy punishment for Pierre, for 'Toinette,' for myself?

Fear I have none. 'Toinette! Well, who would punish her—a mother crossing the much-dreaded 'silver streak' to save her son? Nor for myself. For I am living far from England now. 'Toinette had spoilt me; spoilt me for plain English cooking, spoilt me for the excellent but long-tongued English housekeeper whom Mrs Riddlesby soon found. I had long thought of, had sometimes half planned, a residence abroad; and twelve months after 'Toinette left me I put that plan into action.

And least of all I fear the consequences for the fugitive—for Pierre. He paid his lapse in full not three months since, fighting for France,

going down beside his captain in a furious charge.

And Mrs Riddlesby died recently, much occupied until the last, as I have heard from a late visitor, an English friend, with matters such as German spies. On this subject she seemed to have some special lights, always asserting that there was something about a spy, and especially a German spy, which she felt sure she could detect at a glance. She little knew, poor lady, that she once sat quite contentedly beside one in a taxi-cab, conversing pleasantly the while he slipped from the law's hands.

MINCHMOOR AND YARROW.

We were laughing Romany rovers
With a clanging gipsy lyre;
We hailed the broad sun gleaming
With the rapture of desire;
We flung our morning greeting forth,
Melodious and rare,
As hand in hand we tramped along
By ghostly gray Traquair.

The white road stretched before us,
The green hill hung above;
The woodland flowers in shady bowers
Were whispering tales of love;
While we—great-hearted pilgrims,
Hill-gipsies with a rhyme—
In God's own wide cathedral
Went roaming for a shrine.

The hill-road swung before us
Like a ribbon o'er the heath,
The silver river rippled low
Traquair's gray walls beneath,
And, like a lone grim sentinel,
Lee-Pen sank in repose;
While to the blush of noon-day
The heights of Minchmoor rose.

I glanced at you, my rover,
My bright-eyed gipsy maid;
I read the riddle in your eyes
Within the hazel glade.
Your merry laugh like music pealed
Among the purple heather,
As hand in hand we climbed the crest
Of fair Minchmoor together.

The curlew and the plover there
In concert loud were singing,
As lightly o'er the heather bells
Our eager feet went springing.
We heard the call of nature,
We breathed the breath of God,
We drank the wine of Heaven
On the winding green hill-road.

The pensive song of Yarrow
Came stealing on the breeze,
It murmured o'er the Dowie Dens
And sobbed among the trees;
It echoed round the proud profile
Of Newark's stately tower,
And died in sorrow far beyond
The fairy-haunted bower.

The white road stretched before us,
The green hill hung above,
And Yarrow's murmuring waters sang
The old sweet song of love;
While we—great-hearted pilgrims,
Hill-gipsies with a rhyme—
By lore-enchanted Newark
Laid our tribute on the shrine.

I glanced at you, my rover,
My laughing gipsy maid;
I read the riddle in your eyes
Within the hazel glade.
Your Romany face reflected then
The sunset and the heather,
As hand in hand we tramped along
The great white road together.

JAMES HOPE BROWN.

THE BROKEN BLADE.

By ELINOR KENT.

EVERY one in Rarawa knew Jinks—Old Jinks, with his one leg, his bald head, and his rusty suit of 'Bannockburn.' There were people who remembered a time when his head had been covered with thick brown curls; when, too, his saddle-stirrups held the usual complement of square-toed brown boots; but there never had been a time when Jinks had not worn the 'Bannockburn.'

'I shouldn't feel at home in anything else,' he had said once, when his *fiancée* had attempted to coerce him into buying a new outfit. 'I've had good times in my old brown—some of the best. I like the feel of them, and it never struck me they might be a bit past their prime. Are you ashamed of them, Lulu, and of me?'

And Lulu had been obliged to admit that, though they were shabby, there was 'class to them,' 'and a sort of cut kind-of.' She did not know, and he did not tell her, that this suit had been the favourite of his first year after leaving college. In it he had spent hours of glorious freedom, tramping his father's moors in Scotland. The mere feel of the rough texture had power to bring it all back to him—the scent of the sun-warmed heather, the click of cocking hammers, and the whirr of startled birds; almost to summon to his side his sweetheart of long ago—Sheila Bethune. What a glad, mad time it had been, ending all too soon and very suddenly. He had gone the pace a bit, as a matter of course, for it was the way of all young manhood in his world. Yet his family had viewed the matter with a severity that he felt to be inconsistent with all their ideas as previously expressed. Even at that time he had felt their displeasure overdone, their severity a trifle laboured. But all that was beside the point. The issue had landed him in New Zealand, one of the scattered army of 'remittance men,' while Sheila was the wife of his elder brother, according to the robust will of the two old county families. Well, there were guns and pheasants enough in Rarawa, and sweethearts too. Lulu was the sweetest girl that ever wiped a tumbler or stood behind a bar.

Yet after all he had not married Lulu. That had all ended when the remittances did. On the whole, it would be more correct to say that Lulu had not married Jinks.

Since that time he had pursued many and various callings. There had been winters when he toiled over the blackened hillface, sowing grass-seed on the soil that lay palpitant under its covering of charred logs and feathery ash, awaiting the coming of the seed. Long summers he

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had sweltered in Stringleman's iron shed, shearing beside the professionals. At odd times he dug post-holes, or carried battens on Lorimer's fence-line. Then for the whole of one spring and summer he had lain in hospital, emerging with one leg missing at the end of that weary time. His career as a bush-chopper had ended at the moment that saw a mighty rata-tree crashing to an untimely rest in a miscalculated bed, and pinning Jinks's lower limbs in its fall. During what he termed his 'cork age' he had served his fellow-creatures in less sprightly fashion on the box-seat of the mail-coach that made its weekly trip up the coast, or piloting sheep and cattle between fattening paddock and slaughter pen.

He counted his 'jobs' as milestones on the way of life, and arrived by this means at some estimate of his own age. And the tale of it all landed him here in Rarawa, in the summer of 1914-15—a man in the middle forties, lean and wiry as to frame, with eyes unquenchably youthful in their wistful, humorous gleaming. His occupation was that of packer, attached to the service of M'Kinley, general storekeeper, his mission in life to deliver goods to all such residents of Rarawa as lived on trails, accessible only to his string of pack horses. He rode now, behind these beasts, fathoms deep in a passionate contemplation of his life and times.

'This is the war of wars,' he muttered; 'and every man who can hold a gun and shoot at a mark is worth more to-day than ever before in the history of the world. The prime of life is before me, and I am prisoned here, lifeless as any of these dead trees on the hillside, and as useless. A broken blade! A broken blade!'

His weary beasts, a broken-winded, broken-spirited crew, strung themselves out for the crossing of the log bridge that spanned the river and led to their paddock at the back of M'Kinley's store. Their packs of incoming provisions bulged and swayed at every motion, and made of them a company of goblin monsters, weird and misshapen, in the half-light of that summer evening.

Jinks's soliloquising ended in the hubbub of welcome from dogs and men on the store veranda.

That night he was silent and glum, he alone of the men who were gathered round the log fire in the government whāre. It was a toil-worn, hard-bitten group for the most part. There were two strangers from up the coast, bound for a muster of wild cattle on the ranges back of

the Mohakatina River. M'Kinley's wagoner and a couple of road labourers made up the party. A mail had arrived during Jinks's absence on his three-day journey. He settled into the depths of his easy chair—a thing of sacks slung across pine-battens—and relapsed behind the *Weekly Budget*. The surge of argument and discussion broke over and around him, yet failed to rouse him from his oblivion. There was a 'Home' or English paper as well—the one recurrent link between him and his early environment.

He read detailed accounts of battle and scrimmage, records of gallant deeds. There were many familiar names on these pages, and as he read he was carried back in memory to incidents in the lives of those who bore them. It was news to know that 'Flaxy' Allerton, his one-time fag, was now a colonel in the Guards, even though he lay in hospital with a shattered limb or so. And Percival—dear, cheery, old Percival, the chum of his youth—Jinks learned for the first time that he had married a famous actress, and left her now a widow with four sons, while he slept in a casual grave in France. The bushman laid the sheet across his knees, drew hard upon his stubby pipe, and thought.

'Percival is dead, and he was strong and clever. But that is not all. There are thousands more like him snuffed out. All the boys I used to know will be there—in the trenches and behind the guns, in the air or on the sea. And the women will be nursing them, cooking and sewing for them, looking after the soldiers' wives, cheering and helping every one who needs their care.' He was able to picture it all, because not only were the printed stories graphic; but also they evoked a host of recollections of that other older world. He was able to construct a dream-life that he knew was real to thousands and thousands of English men and women at that period. It was the easier to do this because the externals were stripped away, all those artificialities that for so long had muffled and enwrapped the national heart. Only the simple, the essential, and the never-changing facts of existence counted now; and, as he conjured it all up before him, his discontent ceased merely to chafe his spirit. It became an acute pain, an evil that worked within him, and roused him almost to madness. The voices about him continued in argument and declamation, only he was no longer indifferent. From the buzzing of bees, which they had hitherto resembled, they now became like a swarm of harrying insects, stinging and poisonous.

'Kitchener's got 'is 'ands full if 'e's goin' to lick that mess o' raw stuff inter shape before spring,' one of the strangers remarked. 'Lot o' pap-fed infants, that's what them 'ere bank-clerks an' baby-lawyers will look like when they're stood up beside Tommy Atkins.'

But the wagoner swore mightily an oath of utterest dissent. 'There's some of those same

baby-clerks that'll lead the Tommies to a lively tune. It's all in the spirit, I say; an' twenty years of clerking it on an office stool ain't agoin' to change the nature of a bull-pup.'

'All the same,' Bellamy, one of the roadmen, put in, 'there's a somethin' wantin' in them English chaps, like as if they were cut to a pattern, an' fitted out for just sitch an' sitch a case. What I'm waitin' for is to show 'em how the Colonials can give the world a shove around every once in a while, 'stead o' waitin' for it to catch up to 'em. There's a kind o' horse-sense to our chaps that's been missin' or snowed under in all the Home fellers I've struck. You'd say I suppose that our boys have got 'initiative.'

He offered the last word tentatively, as if expecting it to be trampled upon; but meeting with no disclaimer, he turned to Jinks. 'Hey now, you been out here long enough to know something about us blokes, an' I don't suppose you quite forgot what sort o' chaps you met back Home there before you dropped your swaddling clothes. Which team are you backin' for the big event?'

Jinks arose suddenly from his chair, and turned to his tormentors a countenance distorted with dumb wrath and anguish. 'You're a nasty offensive lot of talk-slingers,' he enunciated slowly. 'You make me sick. Sick! It's all words, words, and blanky blatherskite, when the world wants men and deeds.' There poured from him a torrent of eloquence, mingled with abuse, while his hearers sat before him puzzled, uncomprehending, yet vaguely ashamed.

'Sounds like a bloomin' recruit officer,' one murmured restively.

Jinks caught the words, and was dammed at full tide. There came into his eyes a cloud of painful realisation. His hands went uncertainly to his forehead, and crying sharply, 'A broken blade! a broken blade!' he stumbled across the earthen floor and took shelter in the bunk-room.

There was silence round the fire for some minutes. Ridley the wagoner threw on more logs, and under cover of the hiss and crackle of the flames, Bellamy whispered, 'Looks like old Jinks's troubles is goin' to his head.'

'Troubles!' snorted another of the group. 'E ain't got no troubles. Never was a livelier cuss than that bloke. You ain't never seen 'im outside on the bust, or you wouldn't say that of 'im. If you suggest it's 'is sins catching up on 'im, why, I'm willin' to follow you there; but troubles it ain't, I'll swear. Never was a jollier sinner than Old Jinks. You can take your oath on that.'

'The reason don't matter so much,' Ridley threw in peaceably. 'It's the fact that counts. And the fact is, Jinks is gettin' to be a mighty queer sort of cuss. Time was when 'e used to have us all goin' of an evenin' with 'is stories

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and 'is jokes. There's not a man can tell a better tale than Jinks, nor tell it more humorous. Something must a happened to 'im, an' something darn serious, to make 'im mope an' mumble the way 'e does nowadays. That's what I say. Folks that saw 'im after 'e lost 'is leg tell 'ow 'e took it all a-laughin', even when 'is body was wrung, an' the water drippin' out of 'is eyes. It was always the same; 'e'd up an' 'and 'em out a fresh joke, or show 'em some bit of a trick that would make even the fine town doctor 'old 'is sides.'

'Well, that may be,' conceded Bellamy; 'but I don't like the tone of 'im now. Any one might think we were a blessed lot of shirkers, 'stead of hard-workin' married men with families to support, an' none of us missin' when the 'at goes round for the Belgians neither.'

And on that the meeting broke up.

That was the first of many such lapses for the exiled Englishman. He went about in a trance-like state, tending his sorry steeds, and fitting them for their daily journeying; but, though he abated nothing of his wonted vigour, his heart was not in the job. He, like the rest of that small community, turned over a large share of his weekly wage to the various war-time funds that had been set afloat. Yet he was not satisfied with his part. While the rest of the world was up and doing he and his comrades were inactive; that was what galled him. It was well enough to give money. What he wanted to offer was personal service. Even the women could make or mend for the destitute or for the wounded, and at some personal sacrifice of time and energy; while he, for want of some profitable occupation, spent long idle hours over the whāre fire.

Jinks had one treasure. In an old leather trunk, squeezed into the narrow space beneath his bunk, folded with clumsy care and sprinkled with crumbled camphor, was disposed a dressing-gown. It was thick and soft, and roped about with a tasselled silken cord, the front bedecked with sensible big buttons such as the most impatient fingers might manipulate with ease. This garment filled one side of the trunk completely, so that the rest of Jinks's wardrobe had to be compressed into the second compartment. There were a couple of white shirts with frayed collars and cuffs, half-a-dozen soiled ties, and some virgin socks. Jinks had been too long a wanderer to harbour relics of a sentimental nature; but he told himself that the dressing-gown was the sort of thing that might be wanted at any time. Yet he never had worn it, and no one even suspected that the shabby trunk contained such a garment. It had come one Christmas, more than fifteen years ago; for at that time he was still in receipt of occasional gifts from his own people. However gratifying it may have been to know himself kindly recollected, the character of these offerings

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was certainly perplexing to a man of his habits, and in his particular circumstances. 'You give us so little to go upon,' his family had complained. 'Could you not describe your cottage to us? We might then be able to help you with your appointments, and send you suitable ornaments, linen, rugs, or pictures.'

Jinks gazed round the rude iron shack with its earthen floor, its cobwebbed walls and ceiling, dwelt for a space on the crude slab table with its litter of greasy tin plates and chipped crockery. He realised the futility of attempting to convey to them any impression of the reality of his interior. Even the thought of such an endeavour made him smile wryly.

So there had been a time when Jinks's bunk was draped heedlessly with a portière of beautiful old tapestry, picked up by his eldest sister during a trip abroad, and voted 'just the thing for dear Anthony.' At another time the men who forgathered round his humble board had spilt soup and set their pannikins upon a tablecloth, a thing of sheer linen marvelously embroidered. It was the storekeeper's wife who had rescued it from a state of drab dishevelment bordering on decay. It took many wash-days and the frosts of a whole winter to restore it to a state of seemliness, and before that time its owner had 'humped his bluey' into another province, leaving it in the hands that had laboured so zealously for its redemption.

It had, of course, been a present from Sheila—this beloved dressing-gown. At the close of a day of Christmas shopping with her sisters-in-law they had been minded to buy some trifles for 'Anthony, poor fellow,' and Sheila had begged to be allowed to fill a corner in the parcel. She had never understood just how or why her boy-lover had been jerked out of her life. There had been talk of wild doings—drinking-bouts, gambling, and all such indiscretions of newly emancipated youth—and then he had been shipped off. She was hazy as to the geographical position of New Zealand, but she had enough imagination to picture the conditions of his place of exile, and to comprehend that embroidered waistcoats were not an integral part of a bushman's wardrobe, nor his table likely to be designed for the display of priceless pieces of old china. So she had aimed at something comfortable, personal, and generous, and hit upon the quilted dressing-gown, with the result that it was the girls, after all, who had to take the corners of the parcel. Jinks had suffered a whirl of bitter-sweet distresses on receiving this substantial token, and it had been with him ever since. It was the only thing he clung to as he walked down the pathway of the years.

One evening, when his mood was of the blackest, Jinks opened the trunk and took out his treasure. He unfolded it lovingly, and held it at length before him, pinching the soft warm

folds of it 'twixt finger and calloused thumb. Finally he drew it about him with a lingering sigh. 'You can't lie rotting there while there are brave men needing you,' he apostrophised the luxurious garment. 'I can't go, but you can; so it's off to the front for you.' And next day he carried the parcel, jealously shielded from stray glances, and watched it disappear in the big packing-case which was to contain Rarawa's contribution to the Red Cross Fund. He felt better than he had done for many weeks, although it had been almost like parting with his remaining leg to see it go. At last he had been able to sacrifice something, and for the time being he was happy.

Then came the news of fresh disasters, and dragged his soaring spirit back to earth broken and disabled. He fumed in a frenzy of impotence, and his mates, utterly uncomprehending his state of mind, drew away from him. There was no longer any desire to give him a place in the circle about the fire in the Government whāre, where he had been so long an honoured guest. He was subject at times to outbreaks of violent objurgation; but for the most part he sat in gloom or walked apart. The account of his changed state was bruited abroad, and settlers on the more remote trails received him with an air that was at once placatory and defensive. There was no doubt that he was 'barmy.' He did the maddest things. In one hut he was discovered examining a pile of woollen garments that had been dried inside the spacious fireplace of one of these huts. When the housewife entered he flushed guiltily, and cast aside the baby's petticoat that he had been muttering over. Then, too, he became studious of all such magazines and fashion journals as came in his way. More than that, he became acquisitive.

Mrs Sturrock, up in the Waihola Valley, declared that she'd caught him in the act of rifling her mending cupboard. 'I'll swear that he got away with somethink too,' she maintained; 'but for the life of me I can't find anythink missin', less'n it was Dan's weskit (but I think the pups ate that), or a set of rusty knittin'-needles.'

If M'Kinley had been a talker, and his words had chanced to come cheek by jowl with those of Mrs Sturrock, light might have been thrown on this matter. As it was, Hepsy Sturrock was a home-keeping woman, and the storekeeper chose to humour his employé's vagaries, and to keep silent about them. When Jinks composedly asked for all the gray wool in the shop he made up the package without comment, and for him the incident closed when the coins rang in the till.

Jinks, from being the most popular man in Rarawa, was now become the most forsaken. He seemed even to prefer it thus. He had removed himself with his depleted wardrobe into a deserted shack at the back of the store, and

whether it was the allurements of its wooden floor, or verily in appreciation of peace and solitude, he seldom left the shelter of the cramped abode. Except when he set forth behind his horses, or on his return from each trip, he was seldom seen. As the weeks and months went by he became more and more a recluse. More than one of his old companions speculated as to what went on behind the sack-screened window of Jinks's whāre.

It was young Bill Dollamore who rent this veil of mystery, and reconstructed this sorry situation. He had been Jinks's protégé ever since his earliest years, had learned from the genial Englishman all that he knew of life and the world outside Rarawa, and had imbibed from him the notions that led to his entering himself for training on one of his Majesty's ships. And now Bill (otherwise and most commonly known as Podgy) had reappeared in his native place with the roll of a Jack Tar like a brand upon him to mark him from his kindred of the valley. He appeared one day accoutred in clothes new and irksome, with the pressure of unaccustomed leather about his feet, and a mind crammed to the brim with joyous expectation of a crowded glorious fortnight under the wing of his tremendous hero. What a tale then was this of Jinks's obsession! 'Jinks barmy?' he scoffed, incredulous and vastly scornful. 'You chaps want to get your heads read. It's about time I came back, I think. You'll be sending him off to Porirua next—I don't think.' But for all his gallant partisanship, he had to admit to himself that things looked mighty queer.

It was ever Podgy's way to go straight to the heart of a difficulty. Next day he gave the matter his earnest consideration. On a log in the shelter of the bush he sat and pondered. After a while he tugged at his boots, hated concession to the conventions of longshoremen, and slung them heedlessly about his neck. He was able to think more clearly after that, and when at length he rose to go in search of his horse there was the gleam of decision in his blue eyes. So absorbed was he in his own reflections that he remained unconscious of the abhorred footgear dangling incriminatingly at his neck.

That evening, in pursuance of his plan, he paid a surreptitious visit to Jinks's whāre, and made several minute alterations to the sack curtain that veiled the square of dusty window-pane. Next, satisfied that not even Jinks's searching eye could detect the artfully contrived peephole, he took cover under a corner of the hut. As he lay prone under the low flooring amongst a litter of old bones and empty sardine-tins, he thought, 'It seems pretty low down to be spying on the old boy like this; but it's for his own good.' A moment later he hugged himself at the good-luck hidden in the fact that Jinks had

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never kept his dogs near his dwelling-place, and that he need not fear detection from that quarter.

He was at the point of desperation when he heard Jinks's footsteps crossing the soft grass of the whāre paddock, and with renewed patience he settled lower in his uncomfortable lair. He heard Jinks's foot on the sill, and the closing of the door as he stepped within. Sundry thuds and scrapings told him that Jinks had served himself with the contents of the camp-oven that had sizzled all day over the banked-up fire. Then after a period of silence he heard the rattle and splash that told of soapsuds in conjunction with dirty dishes. It was not yet dark, so Podgy continued to lie prone amongst the tins.

A sound, a sort of droning murmur, impressed itself upon his consciousness. It sounded as though some one—and he knew that some one must be Jinks—was counting just above his head, but not by the use of any numerals that Podgy knew. It was low and solemn, almost like telling off beads on a rosary. This went on for a long time. It was now quite dark, and the boy thought it safe to worm his way out into the open. He stretched once or twice, and felt his numbed limbs before he applied his eyes to the peephole he had improvised. It was as he had arranged it, and through the opening he was able to see Jinks seated at the table, and lit by the glow of a smoky oil-lamp. His back was bent toilsomely over some object that he held in his hands. It took Podgy some time to make out what this object was. At first he thought the man was whittling at a boat, only the motion was too regular, and he could ascribe no reason for the low monotonous chant.

Suddenly something rolled from his knees and skimmed toward the pile of ashes in the fireplace. Jinks leapt to save it, and Podgy had an amazing vision of flashing knitting-needles, and something that looked like the cowl of a chimney done in gray wool.

Jinks recaptured the ball, and resumed his seat on the kerosene case by the table. It was evident that something untoward had occurred. His eyes were glued unalterably upon the piece of work, his tongue within his cheek worked convulsively. Podgy Dollamore had not experience to warn him that the drama of the dropped stitch was being enacted before his eyes.

A horse clattered over the bridge, and a man whistled shrilly. Jinks before the watcher's eyes made a hurried dart toward the pile of dishes on the bench by the door, and hid the knitting under a wash-bowl.

When Podgy knocked at the whāre door half-an-hour later, there was a minute of silence, a slight chink as of disturbed crockery, and then he was admitted. Nothing in the interior of the 1915.]

place was different, save that the table had been hastily littered with newspapers. Any one might have thought that Jinks had been enjoying an idle evening with pipe and paper. And there was no doubt that Podgy's old friend was pleased to see him. He asked eager questions concerning Podgy's life on the training ship, and on hearing of his adventures afloat and in foreign ports he was minded to refer to some episodes of his own varied career. Finally, he set about preparing one of the suppers that he and the boy had been wont to enjoy. During its preparation the guest roved about the room, as though no apprehensive eyes were upon him. It was when Jinks was hunting for the can-opener that he found an opportunity to displace the wash-bowl.

'Why, Jinks,' he exclaimed, 'what's this? You been knittin' for the troops I'll bet. I wish we had you on the *Eurydice*. We chaps aboard were wondering if we couldn't do something like that in our spare time, only there was no one to show us how it was done. And where in thunder did you pick up that stunt?'

He had kept on with his rigmarole until the look of alarm had faded from Jinks's eyes, and been replaced by a look of gratitude that was almost childlike. 'Oh, there was an old dame at home, our nurse when we were kids, and she taught us to keep us out of mischief on wet days. I thought I'd like to do something for the troops, and there isn't much a chap like me can do. Bit of a broken blade, you know, I am. I used to fret about it sometimes,' he confided with simplicity, 'got a bit grouchy in fact, until I thought of doing this. But I didn't dare let the other fellows know. They would not have understood.'

'But where did you get the tools and the stuff?' the boy cried; 'and how did you know the different shapes?'

'M'Kinley had the wool.' Here Jinks hesitated a moment before taking his plunge, and then came up boldly with the confession, 'I stole the needles from Hepsy Sturrock up at Waiholā. They were rusty, and she had plenty more. But the shaping was a harder matter, and I would have been stuck if it hadn't been for the journals I found lying around. They were full of information, and any one that knew their stitches as well as I knew mine could not go far wrong. And then sometimes I'd get a hint from looking over a kiddy's petticoat, or a coat perhaps. It was slow work at first; but now I can sail along as easy and natural as you like, if it's anything plain, until I drop a stitch; and then'— Jinks found it quite impossible to convey the direfulness of such a catastrophe.

Before the evening was over, Podgy had been shown the collection of garments—socks, scarfs, and the more ambitious flights represented in the Balaclavas. Had Podgy known it, the work was excellently done, and not a matron in Rarawa

need have disdained to claim it as her own handiwork. As it was, he was profoundly stirred; and Jinks, so far from being furtive, was a proud and happy man. He voiced a thought a little wistfully before they parted.

'I've often thought,' he said with simplicity, 'if only the other fellows had been different, had seemed more interested, we might have had a sort of club. It could be very jolly all gathered around the fire knitting and arguing and cussing each other in the jolly old way, and yet all the time feeling we were doing our own little bit. We shouldn't have felt so much cut-off from the boys over there that are sweating and suffering

and dying. I suppose it sounds funny to you?' he queried with a touch of anxiety.

'I think it would be just splendid!' Podgy asserted. 'I'm coming like a streak, and I mean to teach the fellows on the *Eurydice* when I go back. They'll be no end keen.'

'It's been a kind of a dream with me, sitting here alone at night. But I knew I'd never dare to speak of it. They're such holy terrors for a joke, I felt sure they would only laugh. I knew it could never be anything but a dream.'

But as Podgy tramped off across the grass he privately resolved that this particular dream should speedily come true.

FAREWELL.

HERE once you stood and swore eternal faith,
Where the broad chestnut fans in summer stir;
Now autumn winds wail roughly overhead,
Among the woods of fir.

For tranquil summer long has borne afar
Those silences that broke in softest sounds;
With other dreams they've passed to far-off lands
Beyond earth's narrow bounds.

Long night I watched the moon grow overhead
From curving scimitar to gold-red ball,
As through the cloudless skies she calmly sailed
Triumphant over all.

Slowly she moved across the starlit sky,
From the horizon landlocked to the sea;
Then vanished in that void, strange as the heart,
As great a mystery.

Now all the quiet months have run their course,
And through dark brooding skies a slim, wan moon,
Like some fair craven girl a-face with fate,
Creeps as if half in swoon.

The river, that has sung its placid song,
Races, in threatening wrath, as white as curd;
From shadows dark as those which veil my heart
Its warning voice is heard.

But little now I fear approaching storms
As I discount the joys that once were mine,
And dream of days when a remembered word
Stirred my heart's blood like wine.

The oleander's reddening flame fulfils
The promise summer gave before she fled;
But for the heart no resurrection comes,
Once numbered with the dead.

No resurrection follows faith and love
In this world lost, they know no further
grace;
And all the riches that can fall to me
Within my soul find place.

Unto our past I give this one last hour,
Where once waved slow the broad green chestnut
fans,
And I with you dreamed life at length secure
From all that bars and bans.

Now to win peace that hovers o'er love's grave,
I live with sorrow, drink her cup of myrrh,
And bury all my frustrate hopes and fears
Among the woods of fir.

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